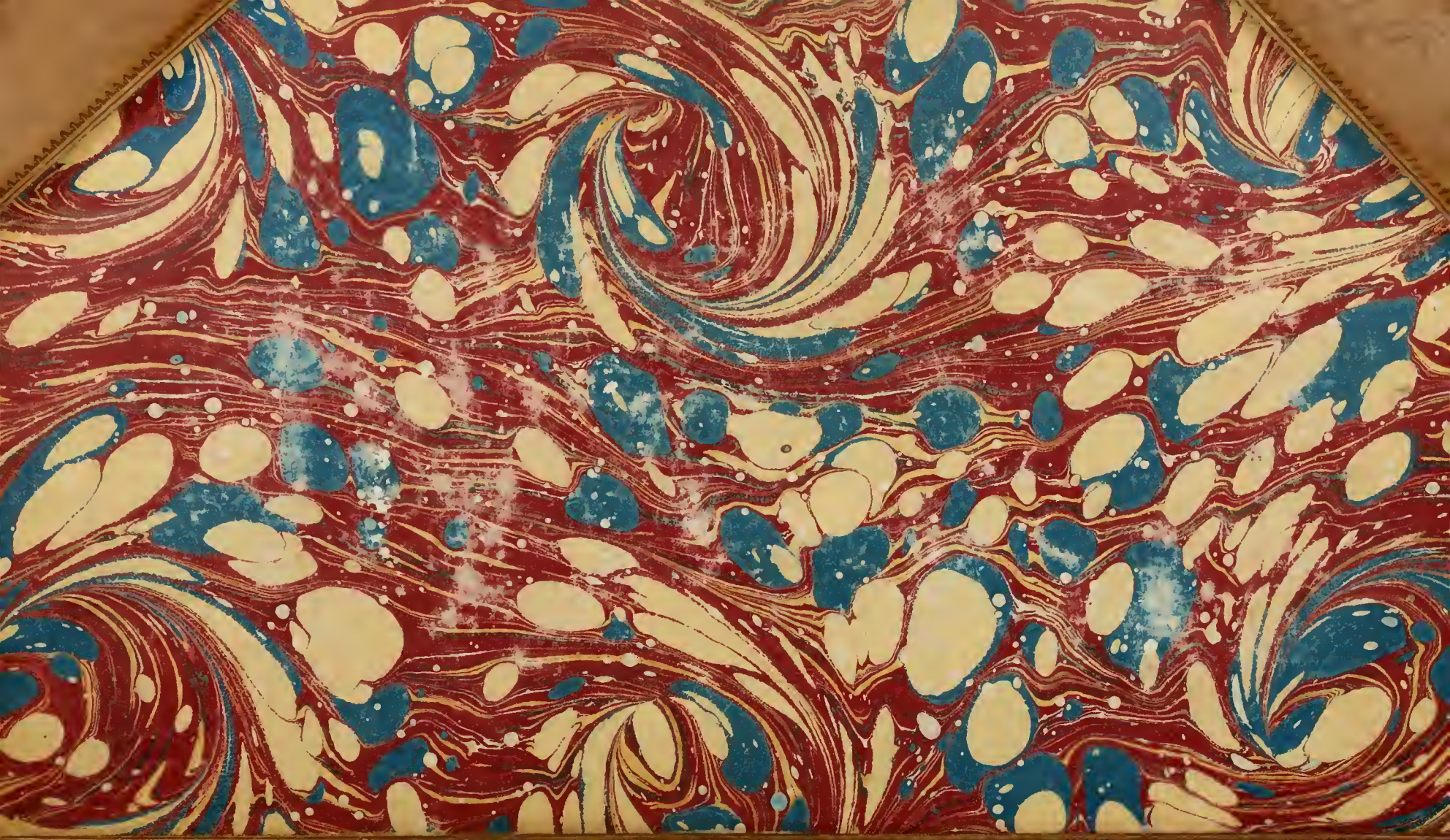

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QUEEN VICTORIA.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

New and Revised Edition,

CONTINUED TO THE END OF 1873.

VOL. VIII.

FROM THE OVERTHROW OF LOUIS PHILIPPE TO THE AFFAIR OF THE "TRENT."

CASSELL PETTER & GALPIN:

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PREFACE.

THIS, the Eighth Volume of our HISTORY OF ENGLAND, brings the story of our country's vicissitudes and triumphs down to a period within the memory of nearly every one now living. The last Volume of this History was chiefly occupied with the record of Parliamentary contests, and the gradual progress in the country of those principles of Free-trade and enlightenment which found their temporary culmination in the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the passing of Lord John Russell's Bill for the extension of the Franchise in 1832. As, in due course, we read of these triumphs in social and political progress, so full of hope and promise, we might naturally have expected that to record the increasing growth of these principles would have been the chief task of an historian of modern times. But so varied are the fortunes of any great nation, that having devoted the greater portion of our last Volume to the records of peaceful industry and internal progress, we have in this Volume to assign the chief portion of our space to the annals of war. The earlier Indian campaigns, with which the brilliant achievements of Gough are ever associated, seem to have been the commencement of a series of wars, of which it is questionable whether we have yet seen the end. These will be found faithfully and accurately recorded in this Volume. The wars which naturally call for the most minute record of their progress are those in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and the Italian Struggle for Independence; to these, therefore, a very considerable portion of our space has been devoted. The narrative of the Crimean War which we have here given will, we believe, be found one of the most complete and impartial records of that brief though intensely interesting campaign. We have not confined ourselves to a mere record of battles and an obituary of generals; we have endeavoured to trace the origin of this war from those complications arising out of the enfeebled condition of Turkey, and the natural ambition of every European nation either to become themselves the possessors, or, at least, to prevent others from being sole masters, of the great highway to the East. While particular attention has been given to minutely recording the Allied Campaign against Russia, the home policies of France and England, which so much influenced the actions of their respective commanders, have not been lost sight of, but are recorded with care, so as to show the reader the real source of certain actions, which, viewed from a partial stand-point, would seem inexplicable. The same course has been followed in treating of the Indian and Italian Wars. The causes which led to the outbreak of mutiny amongst the native troops in India are accurately stated, as well as the changes which have been made in the administration of our government in that country. Similarly, in the case of the Italian Revolutions, the evidences of the long-smouldering embers of revolution are pointed out. In this case,

however, it will be the duty of future historians to record the final triumph of those principles whose early successes in Italy we have endeavoured to depict.

In the concluding chapter of the Volume, the subject of the great conflict which for a time rent in twain the American union is taken up, and pursued to the end of 1861. An attempt is made to trace secession to its true causes, and to supply materials for forming an impartial judgment upon the political and ethical character of the movement, as well as upon the motives of those who opposed it.

Such are a few of the more remarkable topics treated of in this Volume, but there are others of less renown, though not of less importance; such as the Parliamentary and Diplomatic History of Queen Victoria's reign, the History of Social Progress, Intellectual Advancement, Commercial Prosperity, and Manufacturing Industry, and a host of other topics which cannot be enumerated under any general categories. To each and all of these a space of this History is devoted, proportionate to their relative importance and interests.

In a subsequent Volume it is intended to carry down the History of England to a date ten or eleven years later, so as to present the reader with a connected view of the events of a period which, though one of undisturbed industrial and commercial development for England, witnessed greater changes on the continent of Europe than have ever happened within an equal number of years—a period during which Austria was crushed and expelled from Germany, the Italian kingdom extended everywhere to the Mediterranean and to the Alps, Denmark despoiled, the Russian serfs emancipated, the house of Bourbon expelled from Spain, and the fabric of the Napoleonic empire shattered into dust amidst the defeat, humiliation, and dismemberment of France.

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CHAPTER I.

The French Revolution—Louis Philippe—Guizot—Resistance to Reform—Corruption of the Government—Criminals in High Places—M. Teste—Duke de Praslin—Unpopularity of the Government—The Prince de Joinville on his Father's Policy—The Spanish Marriages—Solemn Warnings—Flattering Assurances—The Reform Banquet prohibited—The King's Obstinacy—Impeachment of the Ministers—Excitement of the People—Resignation of Guizot—A Reform Administration announced—Public Rejoicings—The Troops fire on the People—Funeral Procession of the Victims—Insurrection in Paris—Abdication of the King—Proposal of a Regency—"Too late"—The Duchess of Orleans in the Chamber of Deputies—A Republic proclaimed—Sacking of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal—Respect of the Rioters for the Duchess of Orleans—Flight of the King and Queen to England—Character and Death of Louis Philippe—Proclamation of a Provisional Government—All Vestiges of Royalty destroyed—The Red Republic—De Lamartine—The Constituent Assembly—The French Republic solemnly proclaimed—"Organisation of Labour"—Insurgent Movement of the Red Republicans—Movement in favour of Louis Napoleon—The National Workshops, and their ruinous Effects—Distress of the Working Classes—Insurrection and Street Fighting in Paris—General Cavaignac Dictator—Death of the Archbishop of Paris on a Barricade—The Insurrection suppressed—Louis Napoleon a Member of the National Assembly—His Election as President of the Republic.

Louis Philippe, "the Napoleon of Peace," had been the subject of constant eulogy, for the consummate ability and exquisite tact with which he had governed France for seventeen years. It was supposed that the "Citizen King" had at length taught his restless and impulsive subjects the blessings of constitutional government, and that they were perfectly contented with the free institutions under which it was now their happiness to live. Guizot, regarded as one of the greatest statesmen on the Continent, was at the head of affairs in 1847, and it was hoped that his profound wisdom and keen sagacity would enable him to guard the state against any dangers with which it might be threatened by the Legitimists, on one side, or the Democrats, on the other. But the whole

aspect of public affairs in France was deceptive, and the unconscious monarch occupied a throne which rested on a volcano. The representative government of which he boasted, was nothing but a sham—a gross fraud upon the nation. The basis of the electoral constituency was extremely narrow, and majorities were secured in the Chambers by the gross abuse of enormous government patronage. The people, however, saw through the delusion, and were indignant at the artifices by which they were deceived. The King, who interfered with his ministers in everything, and really directed the government, was proud of his skill in "*managing*" his ministry, his parliament, and the nation. But the conviction gained ground everywhere, and with it arose a feeling of deep resentment, that he had broken faith with the nation, that he had utterly failed to fulfil his pledges to the people, who had erected the barricades, and placed him upon the throne, in 1830. His temper was utterly unsuited to the spirit of the French nation. Mean, calculating, and selfish, he devoted himself to the hoarding of money, the acquisition of personal property, and the aggrandisement of his family. To those who could discern the signs of the times, there were various premonitory symptoms of the coming revolution. The people, not only in Paris, but throughout the provinces, had been suffering from the dearness of provisions, and they began to apprehend the approach of a famine. Various depôts and warehouses containing corn were sacked, and boats laden with corn were pillaged. In some places the populace rose, and insisted upon a fixed price for corn, but which the venders were obliged to sell, failing the protection of the authorities. Bands of men went through the country, demanding bread and labour. Outrages and assassinations occurred in some places. The rioters were tried; three were condemned to death, four to perpetual hard labour, and eighteen to various terms of imprisonment, by the Assize Court of l'Indrè. The multitude sympathised with the victims, and execrated the authorities as well as the landed proprietors. The Guizot Ministry became intensely unpopular. He had set his face against reform; and even to Conservative demands for moderate concession, his answer was, "Nothing, nothing, nothing!" In 1847, a proposition was brought forward in the Chambers in favour of electoral reform, which was supported by M. Odilon Barrot, who placed in a strong light the alarming progress of political corruption. But the stern minister could see no necessity for the motion, and denied that any reform was needed. He felt strong in a chamber chiefly composed of state functionaries, who sustained him by a majority of forty-nine. In the meantime, the most astounding system of robbery in the dockyards, arsenals, and other public stores, was brought to light at Toulon, Rochefort, Brest, and other places. Even officials, with small salaries, were discovered to have amassed large fortunes. The contractors supplied worthless articles, and heads of departments were found to be defaulters to an enormous extent. The Government, instead of punishing such delinquents, endeavoured to screen them. Its own members were publicly charged in the journals with shameful acts of corruption. Among these was Teste, a peer of France, and President of the Court of Cassation. A commission of inquiry was appointed, and while the investigation was proceeding he shot himself, but, not being mortally wounded, he wrote to the President of the Chamber of Peers that he would allow judgment to go by default. He was condemned to the penalty of civil degradation, to 94,000 francs' pecuniary fine, and to three years' imprisonment. Another peculator, General Cubières, was condemned to degradation, and a fine of 10,000 francs. The Chamber of Peers was prorogued on the 23rd of July, but within a month it was convoked again to try one of its members, accused of the crime of murdering his wife.

The Duke de Praslin did not live happily with his wife, with whom he frequently quarrelled about the management of their children, eight in number. They had been recently confided to the care of a Madame Deluzy, a governess, who acquired a complete ascendancy over them and their father, which naturally excited the intense jealousy of their mother, who lived in a state of isolation and misery in her hotel. The Duke's temper, at the same time, became daily more violent, and whenever the husband and wife met it was only for the purpose of tormenting one another. About half-past four o'clock, on the morning of the 18th of August, a great noise was heard in the Hôtel Praslin. The bells in the bedroom of the Duchess, communicating with the apartments of several servants, were rung with violence; the servants rushed up instantly, but found the doors which opened upon the bedchamber of the Duchess all securely fastened. They heard the noise of falling furniture, of piercing cries and groans, convincing them that a terrible murder was being perpetrated, yet all their efforts failed to break open the doors. At length they succeeded in reaching the chamber, through the garden. On entering the room, they found the lifeless body of Madame de Praslin, extended on the floor, with no covering but her blood-stained chemise—her forehead, face, neck, arms, and hands, pierced with more than thirty deep wounds. Hearing the cries of the servants, the Duke appeared at the door of the great *salon*, demanding the cause of the noise and tumult. When the corpse of his wife was pointed out to him, he exclaimed, "Ah, poor woman, who has assassinated her?" The police were quickly on the premises, with three doctors. The apartment was minutely examined, and a trail of blood was discovered, leading from it, along the passage, to the chamber of the Duke. He accounted for this by saying that when he was awakened by the cries of his dying wife, he ran towards her, assisted her as well as he could, and returned to his own room, covered with blood. His answer left little doubt that he was himself the assassin. His room was at once searched, and there was discovered linen stained and saturated with blood; also, various sharp instruments red with human gore. His person was then examined, and it was found that the skin was abraded in eight places, proving that he had been engaged in a desperate struggle. Yielding to these overwhelming proofs of guilt, the Duke feigned sudden indisposition, and asked

leave to retire for a few minutes to his room. There he swallowed slow poison, of which he died on the 24th of August.

This atrocious crime, perpetrated by a member of the Chamber of Peers, belonging to the highest order of nobility, and moving in the most select circle about the throne, following, as it did, so closely after the revelation of the gigantic frauds of Teste and his accomplices, gave an immense shock to the moral sense of the nation, and convinced even the middle classes, on which the government of Louis Philippe chiefly rested, that their rulers were wicked and depraved, beyond the hope of redemption. The friends of the monarchy were convinced that it could only be saved by speedy and effectual reform. But the very name of reform was hateful to the King, and his aide-de-camp took care to make known to the members of the Chamber his opinions and feelings upon the subject. M. Odillon Barrot, however, originated a series of reform banquets, which commenced in Paris, and were held in the principal provincial cities, at which the most eminent men in the country delivered strong speeches against political corruption and corrupters, and especially against the minister who was regarded as their chief defender—Guizot. The Prince de Joinville, writing to the Duke de Nemours on the 7th November, 1847, shows that he was aware of the situation of the country. "The fact is," he said, "the King is inflexible; he listens to no counsel; his will must have its way over all obstacles. There are, in fact, no ministers; their responsibility is as nothing; everything proceeds from the King. He is now of an age when he will listen to no observations whatever. We come before the Chamber detestably as to home affairs, and as to foreign, our position is not better. All this is the work of the King alone—the results of the old age of a King who wishes to govern, but who wants the energy to take a manly resolution. I had looked for compensation in Italy, but there we shall be forced to make common cause with the retrograde party, which, in France, will produce a disastrous effect. Alas! these unhappy Spanish marriages! we have not yet exhausted the fount of bitterness they contain—placed between the alternative of making the *amende honorable* to Palmerston, on the subject of Spain, or of making common cause with Austria, to play the *gendarme* in Switzerland, and struggle in Italy against our principles and natural allies. Ours is a hard fate. All this is traceable to the King alone, who has tampered with our constitutional institutions. I look upon all this as very serious."

The "Spanish marriages" here referred to, made great noise at the time, and contributed largely to the ruin of the Orleans dynasty. Louis Philippe insisted that the young Queen of Spain should marry her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assisi, an imbecile prince, to whom she had an aversion. He also arranged, that her sister should marry his youngest son, the Duke de Montpensier. Both marriages were celebrated on the Queen's birthday, the 10th of October, 1846. The Queen and her husband were completely estranged from one another, from the day of their legal union; neither appearing together in public, nor meeting in private.

The French Chambers were summoned for the 28th December, and the King opened them in person, reading a speech, which was vague, vapid, and disappointing. It contained one passage, however, which was sufficiently intelligible. It was a denunciation and a defiance of reform. He said:—"In the midst of the agitation fomented by hostile and blind passions, one conviction sustains and animates me—it is that in the Constitutional monarchy, in the union of the great powers of the State, we possess the most assured means of surmounting all obstacles, and of satisfying the moral and material interests of our dear country." In the discussion on the address, solemn warnings were uttered, by great statesmen, on the situation of the country. M. Barrot accused the Ministers of sordid and shameless negotiations, and traffickings for place. M. Thiers showed, that the floating debt amounted to 750,000,000 francs, and declared that all kinds of property were depreciated—railway shares to nearly one-half. M. de Tocqueville declared that public morals were depraved, and that private morals were deteriorating to the low level of the public. The sense of morality was daily becoming feebler. "It is true," he said, "the working classes are not troubled by political passions, as they were formerly, but their politics have become social. They no longer seek to upset such a minister, to overthrow such and such a government; but they wish to uproot and overturn society itself. When such opinions become prevalent, and sink into the minds of the people, they produce, sooner or later—one knows not the moment—one knows not how—the most formidable revolutions." M. de Lamartine undertook to demonstrate, that in all the affairs conducted by M. Guizot's government at Rome, Florence, Turin, and Naples, from the accession of Pius IX. to the rising in Sicily, the Cabinet of the Tuileries had served the interests of Austria and betrayed those of Italy and France. The Spanish marriages he considered to be the cause of those errors, omissions, and crimes. The debates on the state of the country continued for a month. Day by day, the most vehement denunciations against the Government were read with intense excitement in the cafés throughout France. Two amendments were moved to the address, both of which were lost. M. Barrot said that it amazed him to find ministers putting into the mouth of the Sovereign outrages and insults, addressed to a great number of deputies, behind whom were 60,000 citizens. This was a crime against the Constitution, and must lead to a *coup d'état*, and to resistance. He threw on the Ministry the fearful responsibility of events.

In the address, Guizot and his colleagues prophesied smooth things to their self-willed and infatuated Sovereign. They declared that France, by his courage, deserved the blessing of Heaven; that never under similar circumstances was public order so generally maintained; that the relations of the Government with all foreign powers gave him confidence that the peace of the world was secured; that agitations excited by hostile passions

or blind delusions, would vanish before public reason, enlightened by free discussion, and the manifestation of all legitimate opinions; that they would guarantee the public liberties, and all their development; and that the Charter of 1830 would be transmitted by them to future generations, as an inviolable deposit, and would secure to them the most valuable inheritance which nations could receive—the alliance of order and liberty.

On the following day a meeting of the Opposition deputies was held at the Café Durand, in the Place de la Madeleine, when it was proposed that they should all send in their resignations. This would cause 102 elections, at which the conduct of the Government would be fully discussed at the hustings in differents parts of the country. This was objected to by the majority, who were for holding a great banquet in defiance of the Government. A committee was appointed to make the arrangements, and the announcement caused the greatest excitement. Commercial affairs were in a great measure suspended, and the whole community seemed waiting in anxious suspense for the issue of the contest. On the 14th of February the *Journal des Débats* stated that the Government would pursue a conciliatory course, and that there would be reforms granted before the end of the session; but the article excited the anger of the King in the highest degree. "All the world is for reform," he said, "but I will never yield to this weakness; reform is the coming in of the Opposition, and the entry into power of the Opposition is war, and the beginning of the end. As soon as the Opposition assumes the reins of Government, I will retire!" On the 21st of February the Government issued a proclamation forbidding the banquet, which was to take place on the following day, and at which the National Guards were invited to attend in uniform, "for the purpose of defending liberty by joining in the demonstration, protecting order, and preventing all collision by their presence." The Ministry denounced this convoking of the National Guards as the raising of a Government in opposition to the real Government, usurping the public power, and openly violating the Charter, and concluded thus:—"These are acts which the Government cannot tolerate. In consequence, the banquet of the 12th arrondissement will not take place. Parisians, remain deaf to every excitement to disorder. Do not, by tumultuous assemblages, afford grounds for a repression which the Government would deplore."

The prohibition was obeyed; the banquet was not held. The Opposition journals published a manifesto, stating that in abstaining from the banquet they were governed by feelings of moderation and humanity, but that there remained for them yet to accomplish a great act of firmness and justice. On Tuesday, the 22nd, this great act was performed. M. Odilon Barrot laid upon the table of the Chamber of Deputies an Act of Impeachment, signed by 53 members of the Opposition, which was couched in the following terms:—"We propose to impeach the Ministry as guilty—1. Of having betrayed abroad the honour and interests of France. 2. Falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and attacked the rights of citizens. 3. Of having, by systematic corruption, attempted to substitute for the free expression of public opinion the sordid calculations of private interests, thus perverting representative Government. 4. Of having trafficked in public functions and privileges. 5. Of having ruined the finances of the State, and thus compromised the national grandeur and strength. 6. Of having violently despoiled citizens of an inherent right, guaranteed by the Charter, by the law, and by precedents. 7. Of having, by a counter-revolutionary policy, placed in jeopardy the fruits of two revolutions, and thrown the country into perturbation."

The President, M. Sauzet, instantly adjourned the Chamber without reading the document. In the meantime, great numbers of people arrived in Paris from the country, and immense multitudes from all the faubourgs assembled at the Madeleine, in the Champs Elysées, and at the Place de la Concorde, consisting, for the most part, of workmen and artisans. The people seemed violently agitated, as if prepared for the most desperate issues. The troops were under arms, however, and the King, who was in the gayest humour, laughed with his courtiers at the pretensions of Barrot and the reformers. The excitement, however, increased every moment. When the troops came near the crowd they were received with hisses and assailed with stones. The Rue Royale, the Rue de Rivoli, and Rue St. Honoré, were cleared and occupied by cavalry, and the populace were driven into the back streets, where some barricades were constructed, and some occasional shots exchanged between the military and the insurgents. The principal struggles, however, were between the people and the Municipal Guard, which they abhorred. Wherever they met through the city, the conflict became fierce, sanguinary, and ruthless. But the National Guard had no such animosity against the people; on the contrary, they sympathised with them thoroughly, raised with them the cry of "*Vive la Réforme*," and refused to act against them. The King could not be got to believe this fact till the last moment. To the peers, deputies, generals, and officials, who hurried to the Tuileries, he put but one question, "Can it be true, can it be possible, that the National Guard have made common cause with Thiers, Barrot, the *National*, and the agitators for reform?" We are told that the mournful, despairing looks of peers, deputies, generals, and officials, betrayed the real truth to the astounded monarch.

On the 23rd, the aspect of the insurgent multitude became more fierce, daring, and determined. Guizot had announced the resignation of his Cabinet; the King had sent for Count Molé, then for M. Thiers, who was asked to form a new Ministry. He declined unless Odilon Barrot became one of his colleagues. The King gave a reluctant consent, but Barrot was not prepared to sanction measures of military repression. Marshal Bugeaud, the hero of Algiers, whose exploits there made his name terrible, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the first military division, and

of the National Guards of Paris, but the National Guards were not prepared to fight against the people. The people, knowing this, shouted, "*Vive la Garde Nationale!*" and the National Guard shouted, "*Vive la Réforme!*" In the evening, about seven o'clock, an immense body of the working classes formed in procession, headed by men carrying blazing torches, and marching along the Boulevards, chanted two lines of the Girondists' song—

> "Mourir pour la patrie,
> C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie!"

This was only interrupted by the cries of "*A bas Guizot!*" "*A bas les Ministres!*" These cries, everywhere received with electrical enthusiasm, were uttered with the greatest bitterness about Guizot's house, where an incident occurred that, whether intended or not, sealed the fate of the Orleans dynasty. The people were pressing on the military, and in the confusion a man named Lagrange stepped forward and shot the commanding officer. The troops then fired point blank into the dense mass, and many were killed. When the firing ceased, a funeral procession was rapidly formed, the bodies were collected and placed upon a large cart, their still bleeding wounds exposed under the glare of torch-light. In this way they were borne to the Place de Bastille, moving slowly, while in solemn tones and low monotonous cadences, the vast multitude chanted the dirge, "*Mourir pour la Patrie.*" The effect may be imagined: it thrilled the whole city with feelings of horror and revenge.

But for this incident the monarchy might have been saved. As the storm increased in violence, the King was compelled to give way. The resignation of Guizot and the triumph of reform had been received with joyful acclamations. The barricades had been abandoned; the troops and people had fraternised; the joyful news had spread in every direction that blood had ceased to flow, and that peace was happily restored. The Boulevards were crowded with people, old men, women, and children, and the peaceable bourgeois sallied forth to express their satisfaction as on a high festival. The city began to be illuminated, and all seemed likely to end happily, when a cry of horror was raised, and exclamations were uttered of "Abominable treachery, inhuman barbarity, thus to draw us out of the barricades, and then to shoot us down!—to be guilty of massacre!" They stopped not to inquire the cause of this deplorable catastrophe. Maleville and Arago hastened to the office of the *National*, to learn the details from the editor. "Alas!" said he, "after what has already passed, there is but one cry—the cry for vengeance. The people look upon the troops who fired as the assassins of an unarmed population, and the Government can be no longer saved." New barricades were now raised at the end of almost every street, and the astonished army, who had received no orders either to attack or retreat, remained passive spectators of the insurrection, a prey to emotions of terror and grief. At day-break, on the 23rd, Paris was a vast battle-field. Upon the barricades, hastily constructed of overturned omnibuses, carts, furniture, and large paving-stones, were seen glistening weapons of every size and form. "Vengeance, vengeance, for the murders committed under the windows of Guizot!" was the only cry. The people did not for a moment doubt that the deed was done by the order of that minister. Their feelings were still more inflamed by the appointment of Bugeaud. Even at this moment, however, the King could with difficulty be brought to see his position. "To say that the people require reform," observed His Majesty, "is to repeat a mere casual coffee-house remark. Turbulent demagogues may talk of reform, but the people do not, and indeed they are too sensible to require it." However, his eyes were opened at last, when too late, and a proclamation was issued announcing that Barrot and Thiers were charged by the King with the formation of a Ministry; that the Chamber would be dissolved; that General Lamoricière was Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of Paris, instead of Bugeaud (whose appointment was cancelled); and concluding with the words, "*Liberté, Ordre, Union, Réforme.*" Barrot himself rode along the Boulevards to explain the nature of the changes, but without effect. The people had lost all faith in the King; they would trust him no more; nothing would satisfy them but his dethronement. On the morning of the 24th of February, the Royal family were assembled in the gallery of Maria, where breakfast was about to be served. At this moment it was announced to the King that the troops were quitting their ranks, and delivering up their arms to the people. "Sire," said the Queen, "mount your horse, and, if necessary, know how to die! From the balcony of the Tuileries the eyes of your wife and your children will follow and speed you!" He left the room, and presently re-appeared in military uniform, descended to the courtyard, mounted his horse, and passed some regiments in review. But there were among the troops two battalions of the National Guard, who received their Sovereign with the shout of "*Vive la Réforme!*" Dismayed and paralysed, he instantly dismounted, and returned to his apartments. The Tuileries were now filled with deputies and functionaries of all parties and ranks, all bringing the same tidings, that the city was in possession of the insurgents; that the army had fraternised with the people; that the Ecole Polytechnique were behind the barricades; that the troops had delivered up their muskets and cartouches, and that the revolution was everywhere triumphant. The fatal word, "abdication," was pronounced. The King faltered, but the heroic Queen energetically resisted. "Sire," she exclaimed, "a king should never lose his crown without making an effort to defend it." But, while she spoke, the insurgents were attacking the last post which protected the Tuileries. The fusillade which thundered in the Place du Carrousel reverberated in the chamber in which the King then stood, and already an armed multitude was entering the palace of the ancient kings of France.

At this moment, the King seized a pen and signed his act of abdication, in the following terms:—"I abdicate the crown which I held by the will of the nation, and which I accepted, to restore peace and concord among

Frenchmen. Finding it impossible to accomplish this task, I leave the crown to my grandson, the Count of Paris. May he be more fortunate than I have been!

"LOUIS PHILIPPE."

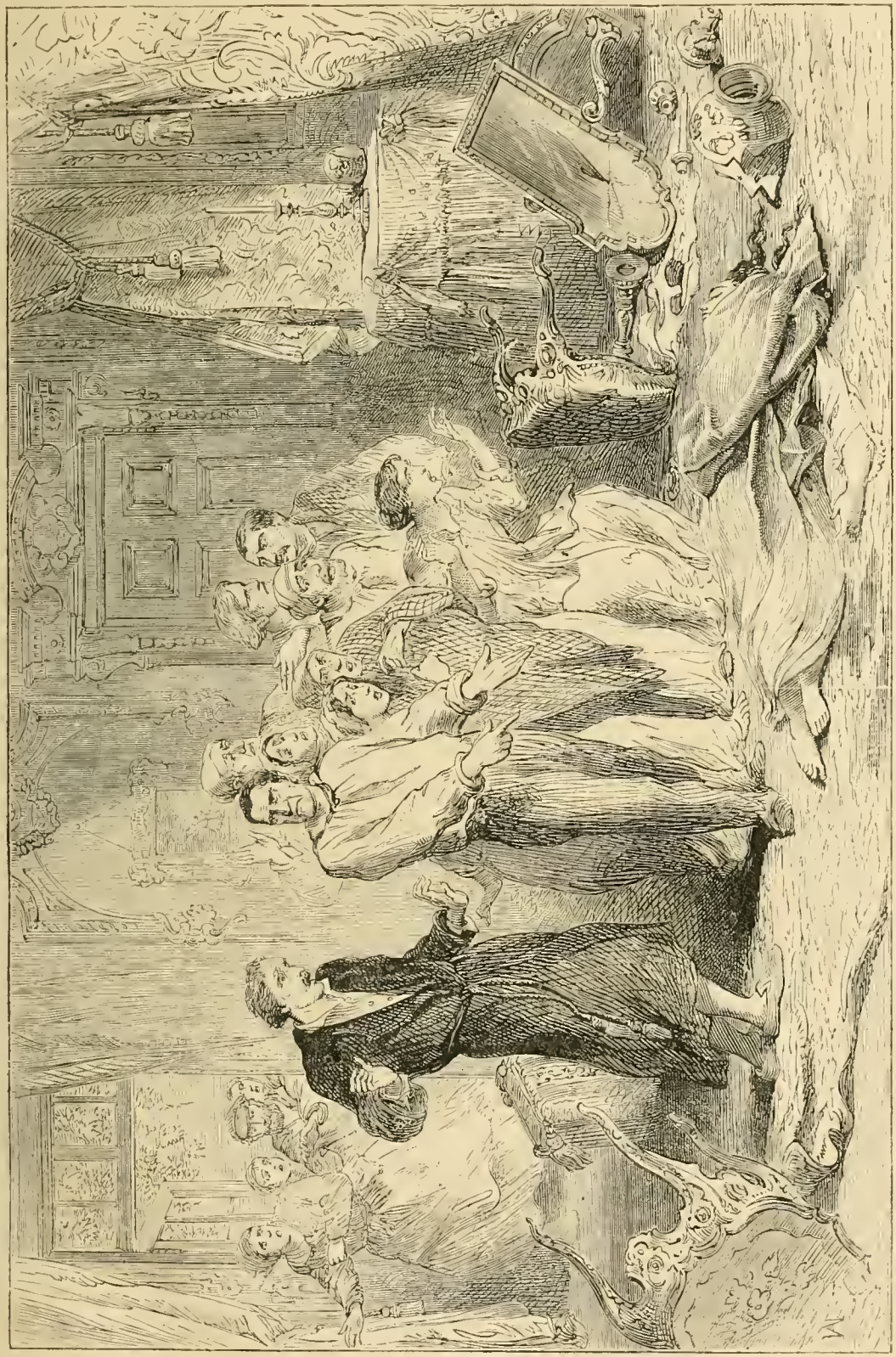
A few minutes after this abdication was signed, the following placard was posted on the walls of Paris:—"Citizens of Paris,—The King abdicates in favour of the Count of Paris, with the Duchess d'Orleans for Regent. A general amnesty. A dissolution of the Chamber. An appeal to the country."

The moment the abdication was signed in favour of the Count de Paris, with his mother as Regent, the Deputies. As she departed from the Tuileries, the tumultuous insurgents were rushing in. She had scarcely entered the Chamber of Deputies, when, like a surging deluge, the populace invaded that place also. There were about 300 members present, M. Sauzet in the chair. It was announced that the Duchess of Orleans had arrived with her two sons, and desired to be admitted. A door was thrown open, and she entered, accompanied by her brother-in-law, the Duke de Nemours. She sat in an arm-chair in the semi-circle, which was crowded with officers and soldiers of the National Guard. M. Dupin then rose,

GUIZOT.

[illegible] proclamation was issued:—"The King has abdicated. The crown bestowed by the Revolution of July, is now placed upon the head of a child, protected by his mother. They are both under the safeguard of the honour and courage of the Parisian population. All causes of division among us has ceased to exist. Orders have been given to the troops of the line, to return to their respective quarters. Our brave army can be better employed than in shedding their blood in such a deplorable collision."

Meanwhile, the Duchess of Orleans proceeded to the Place de la Concorde, and thence to the Chamber of and announced that the King had abdicated in favour of his grandson, the Count de Paris. A voice from the gallery shouted, "*C'est trop tard!*" It was indeed "too late," for these words were the signal for a fearful tumult; the deputies and National Guards gathered round the Royal family. M. Marie ascended the tribune, and demanded that a Provisional Government should be formed. M. Cremieux declared that they could do nothing else at that moment. "I have the greatest respect," he said, "for the Duchess of Orleans, and I have just now conducted the Royal family to the carriages which bore them away. A law already voted



MURDER OF THE DUCHESS DE PRASLIN.

disposes of the Regency, and I cannot admit that it should be abrogated at this moment. Since we have come to the point of undergoing a revolution, let us appeal to the country. I propose a Provisional Government of five members."

M. Odilon Barrot here entered, and ascending the tribune in the midst of tremendous excitement, made a courageous attempt to save the monarchy. "Our duty," he said, "is clearly traced out; it calls on us to unite ourselves to what is most generous in the heart of the nation. The crown of July rests on the head of a child. What I conceive to be most fitting for the situation is this: the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans, and an appeal to the country, to an extent sanctioned by law. Such is my opinion, and I cannot consent to assume the responsibility of any other situation." He had scarcely spoken these words, when an immense crowd burst into the Chamber, armed with swords, pikes, and muskets, and bearing tri-coloured flags. The President put on his hat, which occasioned fierce cries of "Off with your hat, President!" and at the same instant, several muskets were pointed at his head. M. Ledru Rollin mounted the tribune, and at length succeeded in raising his voice above the tumult, exclaiming, amidst deafening shouts of applause, "In the name of the people, I protest against the kind of government which has just been proposed. I do so, in the name of the citizens whom I see before me; who for the last two days have been fighting, and who will, if necessary, again combat this evening. I demand, in the name of the people, that a provisional government be established." The insurgents responded to this, by shouldering their muskets and brandishing their swords.

M. de Lamartine then rose and delivered an eloquent address in favour of a provisional government, at the same time remarking that he shared in the sentiments of grief that agitated the Assembly, in beholding "the most afflicting spectacle that human annals could present—that of a Princess coming forward with her innocent son, after having quitted her deserted palace, to place herself under the protection of the nation; but, if he shared in that testimony of respect for a great misfortune, he also shared in the solicitude—in the admiration—inspired by a people now fighting during two days against a perfidious government, for the purpose of re-establishing order and liberty."

A violent knocking was now heard at another door, which was burst open, and fierce men rushed in, forcing their way to the front seats, and pointing their muskets at the deputies. The Duchess of Orleans, who, during those scenes of violence, sat, in calm and dignified composure, between her two children, now rose and left the Chamber, by a door on the left hand, followed by the two Dukes and the President. The insurgents being now in complete possession of the Chamber, M. Ledru Rollin proceeded to complete the triumph of democracy. He announced the names of the Provisional Government, Dupont, Arago, Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pagès, Marie, and Crémieux. But the uproar was so great that the names could not be heard. They were, therefore, written on a sheet of paper, which was placed upon the end of a musket, and so carried about the Chamber. The multitude then rushed to the Hôtel de Ville, crying "*Vive la République!*" "The populace, like the waves of a surging sea, filled the hall, and with terrific cries, demanded the proclamation of a republic." The Republic was accordingly proclaimed.

M. de Lamartine, an eye-witness, thus sketches the scene:—"A respectful silence immediately ensued. The deputies, in deep anxiety, crowded round the august Princess. The strangers in the galleries leaned over, in hopes of catching a word that fell from her lips. She herself was dressed in mourning; her veil, half raised, partly disclosed a countenance the emotion and melancholy of which enhanced the charms of youth and beauty. Her pale cheeks were marked by the tears of the widow—the anxieties of the mother. No man could look on her countenance without being moved. Every feeling of resentment against the monarchy faded away before the spectacle. The blue eyes of the Princess wandered over the hall, as if to implore aid, and were a moment dazzled. Her slight and fragile form inclined before the applause with which she was greeted. A slight blush, the mark of the revival of hope in her bosom, tinged her cheeks; the smile of gratitude was already on her lips. She felt she was surrounded by friends. In her right hand she held the young King, in her left the Duke de Chartres—children to whom their own catastrophe was a spectacle. They were both dressed in a short black vestment. A white little collar was turned down the neck of each on his dark dress—living portraits of Vandyke—as if they had stepped out of the canvas of the children of Charles I."*

One account states that in the midst of the confusion, some of the most audacious among the mob, ascending the benches, levelled their muskets at the head of the Princess. Her escape was indeed something miraculous, considering the characters by whom she was surrounded. De Lamartine describes them as partly composed of galley slaves, who accepted a revolution as the condition of the disorder it was to perpetuate, the blood it was to shed, the terror it was to inspire; also a part of "that ragged scum of the population of great cities which public commotion causes to rise to the surface, before it falls back into the common sewers from whence it had arisen—men who floated between the fumes of intoxication and the thirst for blood; who sniffed carnage while issuing from the fumes of debauchery; who never ceased to besiege the ears of the people till they got a victim thrown to them to devour. They were the scourings of the galleys and the dungeons." The Duchess, as she retired from the Chamber of Deputies, was with difficulty rescued from the pressure of the mob, till, being closely veiled, she ceased to be known as she mingled with the crowd of fugitives. In the confusion she was separated from the Duke de Nemours and her two sons, one of whom was seized by a ruffian, who appeared about to strangle him, when he

* "Histoire de la Révolution de 1848," vol. i., pp. 175, 176.

was rescued by a National Guard, and carried to the Princess, who burst into tears as she embraced him. The other son had been thrown down on the stairs of the Chamber, and trampled under foot. He, too, was found, and brought to his mother, almost fainting. The Duke de Nemours, having changed his dress, soon joined the Duchess, in a house where she had taken refuge. When night fell, the Royal party left the house on foot, disguised, and having met a carriage in the Champs Elysées, they fortunately escaped from the city.

The Duchess of Orleans withdrew into Germany, where she remained during the year, in a state of great seclusion. During the orgies of the insurgents, after they got possession of the Tuileries, they evinced, in a remarkable manner, their respect for her character. In the King's private rooms, everything was recklessly destroyed; his papers were tossed into the air, and descended in showers, like a snow-storm; rough and ill-looking fellows sat down and consumed the breakfast that had been prepared for the Royal family; several men threw themselves on a state bed, where they lay smoking their pipes, while others enjoyed the cigars of the Princes. Notwithstanding the efforts of some of the National Guard, much valuable property was purloined, such as bank notes, jewels, and other articles of value. Some of those fellows were shot down in the act of plundering; but it was impossible to prevent altogether the wrath of the populace from being wreaked in the work of destruction. Furniture, curtains, dresses, were seen flying out from every broken window, and heaped upon bonfires, made of the royal carriages, which filled the great court with smoke and flame, casting a lurid glare on the surrounding windows. Torn dresses, strips of curtains, ladies' caps, loaves of bread, and legs of mutton were brandished aloft upon the points of the bayonets. Drunken men, their pockets filled with bottles of wine, had drawn silk garments over their greasy clothes; and boys in blouses, blackened by powder and smoke, with pistols in their girdles, and sabres in their hands, bestrode the lions at the entrance to the palace. "The rattling of the breaking windows, the crash of the furniture hurled out of them, were all overwhelmed by the shouting, and the frantic singing of the *Marseillaise*." In the state apartments, the confusion was wilder, if possible. The throne was immediately carried away; the rare and beautiful curtains were torn down; the lustres and candelabra were smashed; the busts broken, and precious pictures riddled with balls; everywhere were to be seen thronging, yelling, half-intoxicated crowds. In the theatre, all was torn and broken.

Mr. T. P. Simpson, in his "Pictures from Revolutionary Paris," an eye-witness of those scenes, thus described the contrast presented in the chambers of the Duchess of Orleans on the first floor:—

"The crowd in those royal rooms was great as everywhere; but it gazed only with curiosity, and touched nothing. In the *salon* was a blazing fire; on the table were several books, among which were the "*Consulat*" of Thiers, and the "*Algérie*" of Alexandre Dumas, the latter turned down upon the table cloth, as the unfortunate Duchess had probably laid it at the moment of her disturbance. On the floor and on the sofa were rows of little card-paper soldiers on wooden stands, set out as if for battle, with which her two boys had probably been playing, when taken from their sports to quit their home, and return to it no more. Touching sight! A boy took up one of the toys, but an armed artisan, one of the rough, honest sort, covered with the smoke of battle, commanded him to lay it down again. 'It is but a toy,' expostulated the little fellow. 'But, if you take a toy, others would think that they might take a treasure,' was the angry rejoinder of the self-installed guard. In the bedroom of the poor Duchess were the bust of her ill-fated husband, his epaulettes, and his whip, under a glass case. The crowd walked round these objects, curiously, but with respect. Some women shed tears. Here was thrown a shawl in the dressing-room; there a silk dress—signs of hasty and agitated departure. Everywhere stood small objects of value and taste; but here no one touched them. What sad tokens were they of the character and domestic life of one born to high destinies, and now a fugitive!"

The King and Queen had escaped through the garden of the Tuileries, and hastened to the gate which opens upon the Place de la Concorde. The royal carriages, which were expected to be waiting there, had been seized, and burned by the people on the Place du Carrousel. The situation was one of extreme peril. Behind, the triumphant insurgents were sacking the palace; in front, the Place de la Concorde was filled with armed men exulting in their victory, excited, raging, uncontrolled. There stood the fallen King with his Queen, and a suite consisting of a dozen personages, all helpless, and at the mercy of the mob. The cry of "To the lamp-post!" might have been uttered at any moment; but a feeling of commiseration for the aged, discrowned, trembling monarch ran through the crowd, and the cry raised was, "Let him go! let him escape!" Two small one-horse carriages and a cab at length arrived. In these the royal party were closely packed. In the first were the King and Queen, and two young children, the latter with their faces close to the windows, looking at the crowd with the utmost curiosity. The coachmen whipped their horses violently, and they set off at full gallop, taking the waterside to St. Cloud; but not feeling safe there, General Dumas procured two public carriages, in which the royal fugitives were rapidly conveyed to Versailles, where they put up in the Trianon. In his hurry and fright in quitting the Tuileries, Louis Philippe had left in his cabinet 350,000 francs in bank notes, and he was now without ready money; while the rest of the family had but a few gold pieces among them. General Dumas went to Versailles, and borrowed 1,200 francs from a friend. Two carriages were then hired, in which the King and Queen, passing under the name of M. and Madame Le Brun, proceeded towards the Château de Dreux, the burial-place of the house of Orleans, where the ex-Queen wished to weep and pray over the tomb of her eldest son, the popular Duke of Orleans, who had been killed by a fall from his carriage,

in the thirty-second year of his age, and who, had he lived, would probably have been permitted to ascend the throne which his father had so unworthily occupied. Having passed there the night of the 24th, the King learned on the following day that the Republic had been proclaimed, and still apprehending that his life was in danger, he resolved to gain the coast of England as soon as possible; the Duke de Montpensier, the Duchess de Nemours, and her two sons proceeding in the direction of Granville.

The King and Queen, attended by General Dumas and M. de Rumigny, took the road to Evreux, and stopped, towards nightfall, at the gates of a small château, the property of one of the King's agents, who, with his family, was absent at that moment. The unknown visitors were, however, admitted, and the owner soon after returned, and by his aid the fugitives escaped to Honfleur, travelling twenty-four leagues without changing horses or taking any repose. It was a wretched journey; the weather was bitterly cold; a north-west wind blew with uncommon violence, and the travellers, it may well be supposed, suffered much in body and mind. They arrived at Honfleur at eight o'clock, on the 26th of February, and after many hair-breadth escapes and fruitless efforts to sail from Tronville, they embarked on the 22nd of March, at Honfleur, for Havre, among a crowd of ordinary passengers, with a passport made out in the name of William Smith. There he was received by the English Consul. He embarked in the "Express," which arrived at Newhaven on the 3rd of March. He wore a rough pea-jacket, borrowed from the captain, and grey trousers; he had on his head a close blue cloth cap, and round his neck a common red and white comforter; his beard was apparently about a week's growth. The Queen was muffled in a large plaid cloak, her features carefully concealed under a thick veil. The royal party reached Claremont, and remained there, under the protection of Queen Victoria, whom he had not long since visited in regal pomp, and whom he had welcomed with parental affection at the Chateau d'Eu. Such are the vicissitudes of human life!

The Extraordinary Commissioner of the Lower Seine at Rouen, adopting the Republican style, officially announced to the "Citizen Minister" that the "ex-King" Louis Philippe, after remaining concealed during several days in the environs of Tronville, crossed at high water from Honfleur to Havre, and there embarked for England in the steamer "Express;" that the preparations for his departure were carefully kept secret, and the captains of the steamers employed on the occasion were ignorant of the mission on which they were engaged.

But the alarm of the poor fugitive was altogether unfounded. At the moment when he was assuming a false name, getting out a false passport, and trying to save his life by all sorts of disguises, the Provisional Government had given directions that he should not be molested, and that if captured, he should be conducted in safety to the frontier. They were happy to get rid of him as quietly as possible. Never was throne more justly forfeited. Never did monarch fall into such universal contempt. He had no friend, and he had so degraded royalty, that there was no man in all France so loyal as to raise his voice in his favour. He reigned solely for the advantage of himself and his family, for which he had unscrupulously sacrificed the honour of his country. He pursued his course of family aggrandisement in a vulgar, tricky, and huckstering spirit. His personal example was demoralising in the extreme. It made public men sordid, insincere, and dishonest. His intermeddling with his ministers in everything destroyed their sense of constitutional responsibility, and his overweening conceit of his own administrative ability was joined to a spirit of obstinacy, which made him altogether unmanageable. But though obstinate, he was not firm. On the contrary, he was restless and undecided, quailing before difficulties, and suddenly yielding up positions which he had long held against the advice of his ministers. When remonstrated with by them, he was accustomed to say, "Where is the experience comparable to mine? Who has witnessed more startling and strange events, or come into contact with a greater number of men?" He occupied his time at Claremont in writing his own life, and talking garrulously to the Frenchmen by whom he was visited. To the last, he never for a moment admitted that he was wrong in his policy. The world, he declared, failed to comprehend his character—his candour and magnanimity, for which kings and people were equally ungrateful. He died at Claremont on the 26th of August, 1850, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Louis Blanc draws a vivid picture of Louis Philippe and his policy. He says:—"Whatever may have been the baseness of Rome under the Cæsars, it was equalled by the corruption in France in the reign of Louis Philippe. Nothing like it had ever been witnessed in history. The thirst for gold having gained possession of minds agitated by impure desires, society terminated by sinking into a brutal materialism. Talent, energy, eloquence, genius, virtue itself, were devoted to no other end but the amassing of a fortune. Renown acquired by money was turned only to increasing it. Literary or scientific, military or civil, everything was venal; glory itself had its price. Oh, the degradation, never to be forgotten, of that noble France which had furnished to ancient times their most illustrious chevaliers, and to modern their brightest genius, their most heroic martyrs! Everything was brought to the market—suffrages counted by crowns. They made, as in a new species of bazaar, a scaffolding of venal consciences, where honour was bought and law sold. This fearful degradation of France was not the work of a day. Since 1830, the formula of their selfishness—'Every one by himself and for himself'—had been adopted by the Sovereign as the maxim of states; and that maxim, alike hideous and fatal, had become the ruling principle of government. It was the device of Louis Philippe, a prince gifted with moderation, knowledge, tolerance, humanity; but sceptical, destitute either of nobility of heart or elevation of mind: the most experienced corrupter of the human race that ever appeared on earth.

It resulted from his government, that during eighteen years the poison was let in slowly, drop by drop, from high places, in an unobserved but continual flow. In the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe, every one surrendered himself, with his eyes shut, to the torrent of corruption. If a revolution was vaguely apprehended by a few, it was only when Louis Philippe was dead, and every one replied by a shrug of the shoulders to those who said, 'This silence is fatal; this repose is ominous. Death is germinating beneath dishonour.'" *

The first proclamation issued by the Provisional Government was the following:—"A retrograde government has been overturned by the heroism of the people of Paris. This Government has fled, leaving behind it traces of blood, which will for ever forbid its return. The blood of the people has flowed, as in July; but, happily, it has not been shed in vain. It has secured a national and popular government, in accordance with the rights, the progress, and the will of this great and generous people. A Provisional Government, at the call of the people, and some deputies, in the sitting of the 24th of February, is for the moment invested with the care of organising and securing the national victory. It is composed of MM. Dupont (de L'Eure), Lamartine, Crémieux, Arago, Ledru Rollin, and Garnier Pagès. The secretaries to this Government are MM. Armand Marrast, Louis Blanc, and Ferdinand Flocon. These citizens have not hesitated for an instant to accept the patriotic mission which has been imposed on them by the urgency of the occasion. Frenchmen, give to the world the example Paris has given to France. Prepare yourselves, by order and confidence in yourselves, for the institutions which are about to be given to you. The Provisional Government desires a Republic, pending the ratification of the French people, who are to be immediately consulted. Neither the people of Paris nor the Provisional Government desire to substitute their opinion for the opinion of the citizens at large upon the definite form of government which the national sovereignty shall proclaim. 'L'unité de la Nation,' formed, henceforth, of all classes of people that compose it; the government of the nation by itself; liberty, equality, and fraternity for its principles; the people to devise and to maintain order—such is the democratic government which France owes to herself, and which our efforts will assure to her. Such are the first acts of the Provisional Government.

(Signed) "Dupont (de L'Eure), Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Bédeau Michel Goudchaux, Arago, Bethmont, Marie Carnot, Cavaignac, Garnier Pagès.

"The Municipal Guard is disbanded. The protection of the city of Paris is confided to the National Guard, under the orders of M. Courtais."

Scarcely had the ex-king found a resting-place on British soil, than every vestige of royalty was obliterated in France. The names of public buildings, streets, and newspapers were all changed. The Tuileries, the magnificent palace of the kings of France, was converted into an asylum for invalid workmen. The republican spirit of the citizens pervaded the army, and there was no longer a regiment which gloried in the designation of "Royal." All the ancient titles of nobility were abolished, and the qualifications and immunities attached to them prohibited. The throne was carried from the Tuileries, and burned at the foot of the Column of July. The Royal Château of Neuilly was attacked by a mob, and burned to the ground. The Provisional Government exerted itself with great vigour, zealously seconded by the mass of the citizens, to protect the rights of property, and in a short time order was restored. The Revolution was not distinguished by outrages upon the clergy, or injury to the churches. On the contrary, religion was respected. When the Tuileries was taken by the mob, they found there a magnificent image of the Saviour. "My friends," exclaimed a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, "this is the Master of us all." The people immediately took off their hats, and bore the figure in procession to the Church of St. Roch, crying out as they advanced, "Citizens, off with your hats! Salute Christ." Even the clergy had not a word to say for fallen monarchy, or the right divine. On the contrary, the sympathy they expressed was entirely with triumphant rebellion, and the sovereignty of the people. The Archbishop of Paris addressed a circular to each curé, in which he said "that they wept for the fate of the victims whom death had struck down, because they were their brethren, and because the clergy had learned once more, what disinterestedness, respect for property, and generous sentiment filled the hearts of the people of Paris." And the Archbishop said, "they would pray for all those who had fallen in the struggle, that God might open to them the place of light and peace." Monarchy was struck out of the Liturgy, and the following words inserted—"Domine, salvam fac rem publicam." Trees of liberty were planted in the boulevards and public places, which were formally and solemnly blessed by the priests, one curé having performed this ceremony on no less than twenty-one trees. The Government decreed that the children of citizens killed during the two days' fighting were adopted by the country; and the Government charged itself with all assistance given to the wounded, and "to the families of the victims of the monarchical government."

The 25th was a day of extreme agitation among the surging masses of the Paris population. The Communistic party were struggling for ascendancy, and for the establishment of the Red Republic. An immense multitude thronged the square in front of the Hôtel de Ville, in such a state of excitement, that M. de Lamartine was obliged to come out and address them from the windows five times. They were vociferous and imperative in their demand that the red flag should float over the hotel, instead of the tricolour, which they required to be pulled down. To this demand M. Lamartine offered a courageous resistance, and by the magic of his eloquence he succeeded in arresting the torrent of popular passion, and turning its course. The following is the memorable

* "Révolution de 1848," pp. 2—5.

peroration of his harangue:—"It is thus that you are led from calumny to calumny, against the men who have devoted themselves, head, heart, and breast, to give you a real republic—the republic of all rights, all interests, and all the legitimate rights of the people. Yesterday you asked us to usurp, in the name of the people of Paris, the rights of 35,000,000 of men, to vote them an absolute republic, instead of a republic invested with the strength of their consent; that is to say, to make that republic, imposed and not consented to, the will of a part of the people, instead of the will of the whole nation. To-day you demand of us the red flag instead of the tricolour one. Citizens! for my part, I will never adopt the red flag; and I will explain, in a word, why I will oppose it with all the strength of my patriotism. It is, citizens, because the tricolour flag has made the tour of the world, under the Republic and the Empire, with our liberties and our glories; and that the red flag has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars, trailed through torrents of the blood of the people."

It was, perhaps, one of the greatest triumphs of oratory on record. The effect was electrical. The multitude unanimously expressed their enthusiasm in cheering and clapping of hands, and the orator was almost suffocated by the pressure of the crowd, and the efforts of the people to shake hands with him. On the 26th, the Provisional Government sat again at the Hôtel de Ville, and proclaimed the result of their deliberations. It decreed the abolition of royalty, the proclamation of a republic, the establishment of national workshops for all who needed employment, and the abolition of the punishment of death for political offences. On the next day, which was Sunday, an immense multitude assembled at the Place de la Bastille, and there, on the steps of the Column of July, M. Arago again proclaimed the Republic, in presence of the whole of the National Guard. Although the rain descended in torrents and the weather was boisterous, the people remained out of doors, and made the day a great festival, in honour of their victory. It was agreed that a Constituent Assembly should be chosen on the 9th of April, and should meet on the 20th; that the suffrage should be universal, and voting by ballot; that all Frenchmen twenty-one years of age should be electors; that all Frenchmen twenty-five years of age should be eligible; that the representatives should be 900 in number, and that each should be paid twenty-five francs a day during the session. They sent "Commissioners" through the provinces, armed with full authority to make regulations. "What are your powers?" asked the Minister of the Interior, Ledru Rollin. "They are unlimited. Agent of a revolutionary authority, you are revolutionary also. The victory of the people has imposed on you the duty of getting your work proclaimed and consolidated. For the accomplishment of that task you are invested with its sovereignty; you take orders only from your conscience. You are to act only as circumstances may demand for the public safety."

The army had declared for the Republic; the clergy were passive; but the great difficulty was with the unemployed workmen of Paris, to whom promises were made which it was utterly impossible to fulfil. They undertook "to put an end to the long and iniquitous sufferings of workmen, and to give employment to every one, at good wages;" for which purpose a commission was appointed, whose president was M. Louis Blanc, and his vice-president M. Albert, formerly a manufacturer, to whose name the word "ouvrier" was always attached. This commission fixed the time of labour as ten hours for all professions. One of the first fruits of its interference with the labour market was a demand that the English workmen should be expelled from the railways and different manufacturing establishments. In many places they had to fly for their lives, to escape the fury of the mob. When the mischief was done, the Provisional Government pleaded with their unmanageable clients, telling them that the formula—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—which headed all proclamations and State papers, referred to people of every nation; that France ought to set an example of liberality to other countries, and that sending away foreigners, for the sole reason that they were foreigners, was a shameful violation of their principles, and, besides, England might retaliate, and banish the 22,000 Frenchmen employed in that country. The commission for the government of labourers sat in the Palace of the Luxembourg, where they were busy from day to day organising their grand scheme—so ignorant of political economy as not to be aware, when they agreed that the Government should take possession on its own account of all establishments which were about to suspend their works, that there would be seen no works to suspend.

The National Assembly commenced its sittings on the 4th of May, in a temporary wooden structure erected for the purpose. The Assembly was addressed by M. Dupont de L'Eure, its oldest member, now an octogenarian. He hailed the deputies as depositaries of the national sovereignty, about to found institutions on the broad basis of democracy, and to give to France the only constitution that would suit her—a Republic. At this the whole Assembly rose, and with right hands upraised, cried, "*Vive la République!*" Shortly after the Assembly rose in a body, with the members of the Provisional Government, and stood outside on the flight of steps facing the Pont de la Concorde; the National Guard filling the space between them and the river. A shout was raised for the colours of the army, which were brought forward amid the pealing of artillery and the cheers of the multitude, and unfurled to the breeze. There, in the presence of 200,000 citizens, the Government and the National Assembly declared, in the "name of the French people and in the face of the entire world, that the Republic proclaimed on the 24th of February, 1848, is, and shall remain, the form of government of France, with the motto—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

In the hurry, confusion, and crushing during the revolutionary tumult, two Provisional Governments had been appointed, but they were afterwards amalgamated; three of the names being common to both,

viz.: De Lamartine, Arago, and Ledru Rollin. There was in the Ministry a strong division of sentiment. It consisted of a moderate and extreme party. De Lamartine belonged to the former, and to his exertions chiefly was due the restraint that was put upon the democracy. The Red Republicans and Socialists were represented by Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert; the latter striving to impel the Government to violent courses. On the day after the Republic had been solemnly proclaimed, the Hôtel de Ville was surrounded by a multitude of workmen, crying out for the rights of labour, and the organisation of labour. The Government

M. DE LAMARTINE.

resisted their demands, and pointed out to them that if their wishes were complied with, the capital which gave them employment would disappear. But they would not listen to reason. Deputation after deputation came from armed men, with cannons loaded and matches lighted. "Citizens," said Lamartine, "if you were to put me at the mouth of one of those pieces of cannon, I would not sign the two words 'organisation' and 'labour' put together. After twenty years' reflection on the subject, I don't understand them. They have no meaning." He continued to explain the matter, and his logical and eloquent appeals had some effect for the moment. But the Socialist and Red Republican elements continued to be very active, and to prevail more and more, till at length an attempt was made to overthrow the Government by another revolution. Blanqui, Cabet, and others headed a demonstration, the object of which was to demand the dismissal of the moderate members of the Government, on the pretence that they refused to go to war for Poland, but the *rappel* was beaten, and two hundred thousand National Guards soon took possession of the streets. The insurgents, who found the Pont Neuf occupied by troops, were met with cries of "*A bas Blanqui!*" "*A bas les communistes!*" After such a reception, they thought the best plan was to retire. One of the first acts of the Assembly was to pass a resolution—that in this, as well as in other respects, the provisional government had deserved well of the country. But the revolutionary passions out of doors were far from being appeased. Secret societies and clubs were actively at work, and on the 11th of May a placard appeared, citing the proclamation of the provisional government dated the 25th of February, in which it unwisely undertook "to guarantee labour for all the citizens," and proceeding thus:—"The promises made on the barricades not having been fulfilled, and the National Assembly having refused, in its sitting on the 10th of May, to constitute a ministry of labour, the

delegates of the Luxembourg decline to assist at the fête called 'de la Concorde.'" On the 15th of May the chamber was invaded by a body of men, carrying banners in their hands, and shouting for Poland. The President put on his hat, and the Assembly broke up. After a short time he returned. The National Guard appeared in force, and quickly cleared the hall. It had acted under special orders, for its general—Courtais—had betrayed his trust. A successor was appointed in the Assembly, while he was degraded on the spot, his sword being wrenched from him, and his epaulettes torn off. He was then driven from the Assembly, with cries of "Down with the traitor!" After these measures were taken to suppress the counter-revolution, the Assembly resumed its labours. A proclamation was issued, stating that the National Guard, the Garde Mobile, all the forces in Paris and the neighbourhood, had driven before them the insane conspirators, who concealed their plots against liberty under the pretence of zeal for Poland.

The Fête de la Concorde took place on Sunday, the 21st of May, and passed off without any attempt at disturbance. On the contrary, the people were in excellent humour, and everything upon the surface of society seemed in keeping with the object of the festivity. On the 26th, the Assembly decreed the perpetual banishment of Louis Philippe and his family, by a majority of 695 to 63. But the ex-King was not the only pretender who occupied the attention of the new Government: a far more dangerous one was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the Emperor, then an exile in London. He had gone over to Paris when the Republic was proclaimed, but acting on the advice of the Government, he quietly retired from the country. So potent, however, was still the charm that attached to the name of Napoleon, that his heir was elected a member of the National Assemby by no less than four constituencies. It was moreover discovered that money had been distributed in Paris by his partisans; that placards in his favour were posted upon the walls, and cries of "*Vive Napoleon!*" resounded through the city. Within four days, three journals had been established in Paris, preparing the way for the candidature of Louis Napoleon as President. After a violent debate, it was resolved by a large majority that he should be permitted to take his seat as a representative. On the 14th of June he wrote from London, stating that he had been about to set off in order to appear at his post, when he learned that his election had been made a pretext for disorders in Paris. He disavowed all connection with those who had made use of his name to excite disturbance. His name was the symbol of order, of nationality, of glory; and rather than be the cause of disorder and of anarchy, he should prefer remaining in exile. But if the people imposed duties upon him, he should be at his post. The modesty of this language seemed to veil but thinly the ambition of the writer. But before the excitement which the reading of it had caused in the Assembly had subsided, another letter arrived, tendering his resignation, and adding, "Tranquillity, I trust, will now be restored, and enable me to return to France, as the humblest of citizens, but also as one of the most devoted to the repose and prosperity of the country." On the 10th of June, M. Leon Faucher said, "France needs a Government. It will not return to its industries without order, security, and confidence, for which it has in vain waited for four months. France, which *will* be governed, when it no longer feels the hand of a Government will throw itself into the arms of a dictator. This dictator I see already in the distance; a name has been pronounced, and adopted in the elections—a talisman against which we cannot too much struggle for liberty allied to order." It was announced that at Troies, when the National Guard cried out, "*Vive la République*," a regiment of the line entering the town, responded, "*Vive Louis Napoleon!*" Upon this, General Cavaignac, Minister of War, declared that, though he had no right to question the innocence of the man whose name had thus been so unfortunately put forward, he could not help delivering over to public execration any man who should lay sacrilegious hands on the public liberties. "Shame and woe," he exclaimed, "to him who would dare to speculate on the difficulties of the times and the sufferings of his native land, and who would turn a glorious name to the account of his personal ambition." On the Monday following, Paris was excited by a rumour that Louis Napoleon had arrived, and while De Lamartine was speaking in the Assembly, several shots were fired, one at the Commandant of the National Guard, another at an officer of the army, and this was done to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur Napoleon!*" "This," said De Lamartine, "is the first drop of blood that has stained our revolution; and if blood has now been shed, it has not been for liberty, but by military fanaticism, and in the name of an ambition sadly, if not voluntarily, mixed up with guilty manœuvres. When conspiracy is taken *in flagrante delicto*, with its hand dyed in French blood, the law should be voted by acclamation." He then proposed a decree, causing the law of banishment of 1832 against Louis Napoleon to be executed. It was voted by acclamation, the Assembly rising in a body, and shouting, "*Vive la République!*"

In the meantime, the *Ateliers Nationaux*, or Government workshops, had, as might have been expected, miserably failed to answer their object, and the working classes were now in a state of great destitution and dangerous discontent. "What," asked M. Victor Hugo, "had they produced in the course of four months? Nothing. They had degraded the vigorous children of labour, deprived them of all taste for labour, and demoralised them to such a degree, that they no longer blushed to beg in the streets. The Monarchy had its idlers, the Republic its vagabonds; but he thought that the enemies of the country would not succeed in converting the Parisian labourers, formerly so virtuous, into lazzaroni and janissaries, or *Prétorians* of *émeute* at the services of a Dictatorship." The number of persons employed in the national workshops had increased to 120,000; misery was extending to all classes of society: one half of Paris was said to be feeding the other half, and it was expected that in a short time there would

not be a single manufacture in operation in Paris. It was therefore determined to reduce the number of workmen employed by the Government, and the reduction was begun by sending back 3,000 who had come from the provinces. But having passed the barrier, 400 returned, and sent a deputation to the Executive Committee at the Palace of the Luxembourg. The interview was unsatisfactory, and the deputation marched through the streets, shouting, "Down with the Executive Commission! down with the Assembly!" They were joined by great numbers, and it was soon discovered that an insurrection had been fully organised; and, although next morning the National Guard appeared in great force in the streets, the people began to erect barricades at the Porte St. Denis, the Porte St. Martin, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and in various other places. The Government, had, however, made effectual arrangements for putting down the riots; but the army, the National Guard, and the Garde Mobile had to encounter the most desperate resistance. There was an obstinate fight at every barricade, and when those positions proved untenable, the troops were attacked from the houses, the walls of which had been pierced with loopholes, and which had been made to communicate with one another by passages opening through the party walls. Mattresses were placed against the windows, from behind which the rebels took deadly aim against their assailants, who fell in great numbers, both in the streets and in the houses, which they courageously entered. Many of the barricades had been successfully defended, and from them the red flag waved over heaps of dead bodies. During the afternoon, General Cavaignac was invested with the command of all the military forces in Paris, and he found it absolutely necessary to have recourse to artillery to clear the streets. As the night closed, therefore, the roar of cannon was heard through Paris; but the insurgents were not yet subdued or dismayed. The barricades that had been levelled were reconstructed during the night. The insurgents were organised according to districts, with commanders whom they implicitly obeyed; the leaders of the insurrection sitting and giving orders in the Hospital of the Hôtel Dieu. Paris was declared by the Assembly to be in a state of siege, and all the executive powers were delegated to General Cavaignac. Next day he was reinforced by large numbers of National Guards from the provinces, and the General issued the following notice: —"If at noon the barricades are not removed, mortars and howitzers will be brought, by which shells will be thrown, which will explode behind the barricades, and in the apartments of the houses occupied by the insurgents." The warning was disregarded, and the fighting recommenced with fury; numbers of the National Assembly, having vainly endeavoured to induce the insurgents to desist, fought gallantly beside the troops. Sunday came, and the dreadful conflict still continued. In the evening of that day the President of the Assembly, announced that the troops of the Republic were in possession of a great number of the strongholds of the insurgents, but at an immense loss of blood. Never had anything like it been seen in Paris. He hoped that all would that night be finished. This day (June 25th) was signalised by a tragedy that will be long remembered in France. The Archbishop of Paris, an estimable prelate, resolved to make an effort to stop the fratricidal war, and the frightful spilling of human blood, by acting as mediator between the combatants. He therefore proceeded, in his episcopal robes, attended by two vicars, towards the Faubourg St. Antoine. He was stopped by a strong barricade erected on the Place de la Bastille, at the foot of the Column of July, where fighting was going on. He mounted the barricade, and began to address the insurgents at the other side. But suddenly was heard the roll of a drum, and the firing recommenced. The heroic archbishop fell, struck by a ball in the loins. The insurgents rushed forward, and bore him into a house within their barricade, where, having received the last sacraments of his church, he soon expired. When told that his wound was mortal, he said, "Well, then, let God be praised; and may he accept the sacrifice which I again offer him for the salvation of this misguided people. May my death expiate the sins which I have committed during my episcopacy."

On the morning of the 26th, the conflict was confined chiefly to the Faubourg St. Antoine and the greatest stronghold of the insurgents, the Clos St. Lazarre. The barriers were built of paving stones of large size, and blocks of building-stone. All the houses commanding them were occupied by the insurgents. The city wall was perforated for a mile in length with loopholes, and from behind it a deadly fire upon the troops was kept up for two days by invisible enemies, who ran from loophole to loophole with the agility of monkeys. General Lamoricière commanded here, and having ordered cannon and mortars, he made breaches in the barricades, and reduced many of the fortified houses to heaps of ruins. The Faubourg St. Antoine was surrounded by troops on all sides. The insurgents were summoned to surrender, and after some parleying, a flag of truce was sent forward, and they finally submitted, permitting the troops to take quiet possession of the district. General Cavaignac immediately announced the result to the President of the Assembly, stating that the revolt was suppressed, that the struggle had completely ceased, and that he was ready to resign his dictatorship the moment the powers confided to him were found to be no longer necessary for the salvation of the public. He resigned accordingly, but he was placed at the head of the Ministry, as President of the Council. During this tremendous conflict between the Red Republicans and the guardians of society, more than 300 barricades had been erected, 16,000 persons were killed and wounded, 8,000 prisoners were taken, and the loss to the nation by the insurrection was estimated at 30,000,000 francs.

In September, Louis Napoleon having been elected by four constituencies—one of which was Paris, where he had 116,000 votes—was declared to be a member of the National Assembly. His maiden speech was remarkable. After thirty-three years of proscription and exile, he

said, he was at last entitled to resume his rights as a citizen. The Republic had conferred upon him happiness, and he tendered to them his oath of gratitude, his oath of devotion. He concluded thus:—"Receive me, then, my dear colleagues, into your ranks, with the same sense of affectionate confidence which I bring there. My conduct—always inspired by duty, always animated by respect for the law—my conduct will prove the falsehood of those who have attempted to blacken me, for the purpose of still keeping me proscribed, and will demonstrate that no one is more firmly resolved than myself to establish and defend the Republic."

The plan of a very liberal constitution was discussed for several days, and ultimately adopted. It is unnecessary here to describe in detail the principles of a constitution so short-lived. One of those principles led to its speedy destruction. It was, that the President of the Republic should be chosen, not by the Assembly, but by the nation at large. This was a very extraordinary course for the Assembly to take, because they must have known that Louis Napoleon would be elected by universal suffrage; whereas their own choice would have fallen upon Cavaignac. The following was the result of the voting:—Louis Napoleon, 5,434,226; Cavaignac, 1,448,107; Ledru Rollin, 370,119; Raspail, 36,900; Lamartine, 17,910; Changarnier, 4,790; votes lost, 12,600.

On the 20th of December Prince Napoleon was proclaimed President of the French Republic, in the National Assembly, by the President, M. Marrast, in the following terms:—"In the name of the French people: whereas, Citizen Charles Louis Bonaparte, born in Paris, possesses all the qualifications of eligibility required by the 44th article of the constitution; whereas, the ballot gave him the absolute majority of suffrages for the Presidency; by virtue of the powers conferred on the Assembly by the 47th and 48th articles of the constitution, I proclaim him President of the French Republic, from this day until the second Sunday of May, 1852; and I now invite him to ascend the tribune, and take the oath required by the constitution." He did so; and while the oath was read to him, he raised his right hand and said, "I SWEAR!"

CHAPTER II.

Effects of the French Revolution in Great Britain and Ireland—The Chartist Agitation—The National Convention—Disturbances at Glasgow—The Monster Petition—Intended English Revolution—Proposed Monster Meeting on Kennington Common—Notice by the Police Commissioners—Alarm of the Metropolis—The 10th of April—Special Constables—Means of Defence taken by the Duke of Wellington—Fortifications of the Public Buildings, &c.—Procession of the National Convention with the Monster Petition—The Meeting at the Common—Feargus O'Connor and the Police Commissioners—Collapse of the Demonstration—Dispersion of the Meeting—The Crowds stopped on the Bridges—Triumph of Order—The Chartist Petition presented—Exposure of Enormous Frauds connected with it—Renewed Agitation in London—Alarming Demonstrations—Arrest of the Chartist Leaders—Prosecution and Conviction of Cuffey and his Associates—Spies and Informers—The New Parliament—Crime in Ireland—Increased Powers granted to the Executive—Mr. Horsman on Irish Coercion—The Murder of Major Mahon—Altar Denunciations—Illness and Death of Daniel O'Connell—Sketch of his Life.

ALL Europe was astonished by the news of the French Revolution. The successful insurrection of the working classes in Paris—the flight of the King—the abolition of monarchy—the establishment of a Republic, all the work of two or three days, were events so startling that the occupants of thrones might well stand aghast at their recital, and tremble for their own possessions. It would not have been surprising if the revolutionary spirit emanating from Paris had, to a large extent, invaded Great Britain and Ireland. The country had just passed through a fearful crisis; great sacrifices had been made by all classes to save the people from starvation; many families had been utterly ruined by gigantic failures, and there was still very general privation prevailing in all parts of the United Kingdom. Under such circumstances, the masses are peculiarly liable to be excited against the Government by ignorant or unprincipled agitators, who could easily persuade them that their sufferings arose from misgovernment, and that matters could never go right till the people established their own sovereignty—till they abolished monarchy and aristocracy, and proclaimed a republic. The Chartist agitation, though not formally proposing any such issue of the movement, had, nevertheless, familiarised the minds of the working classes with the idea of such a revolution. The points of their charter comprised, as we have already seen, vote by ballot, universal suffrage, annual parliaments, payment of the members, and the abolition of the property qualification. But, if these points were granted, and became the law of the land, it is obvious that democracy would be triumphant in the British Parliament, and that monarchy could not long survive such a revolution. Besides, the Chartist leaders had been in the habit of holding what was called a "National Convention," which was a kind of parliament of their own, in which the leaders practised the art of government. It was a sort of normal school for revolution. The train was thus laid, and it seemed to require only a spark to ignite it; but a thick shower of sparks came from Paris, as if a furnace had been emptied by a hurricane. It would have been almost miraculous if there had been no explosions of disaffection in Great Britain under such circumstances.

The first place that reeled under the electric shock of the French Revolution was Glasgow. On the 5th of March, in the afternoon, a body of 5,000 men suddenly assembled on the Green in that city, tore up the iron railings for weapons, and thus formidably armed, they commenced an attack on the principal shops, chiefly those of gunsmiths and jewellers. The police, apprehending no outbreak of the kind, were scattered on their beats, and could afford no protection until forty shops had been pillaged and gutted, and property to the value of £10,000 carried off or destroyed. Next morning, about 10,000 persons assembled on the Green, armed with muskets, swords, crowbars, and iron rails, and unanimously resolved—"To march immediately to the neighbouring suburb of Calton, and turn out all the workers in the mills there, who, it was expected, would join them; to go from thence to the gas manufactory, and cut the pipes, so as to lay the city at night in dark-

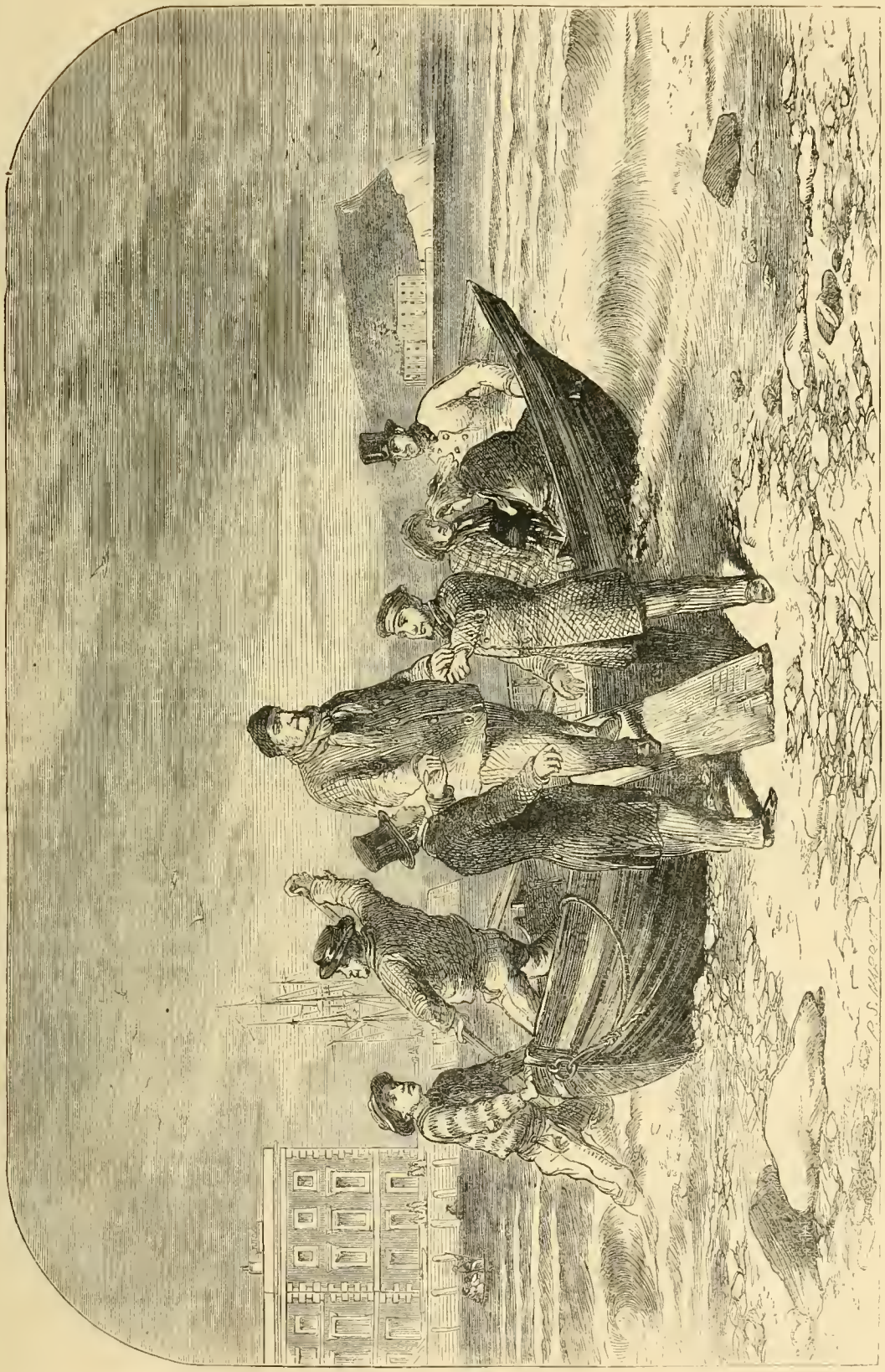
ness; to march next to the gaols and liberate all the prisoners; and to break open the shops, set fire to and plunder the city." They immediately set out for the mills of Calton, meeting on their way fourteen pensioners in charge of a prisoner. These they attempted to disarm, but the veterans fired, and two men fell dead. Instantly the rioters raised the cry, "Blood for blood!" and were wresting the muskets from the soldiers, when a squadron of cavalry galloped up with drawn swords. The people fell back, and the riot was suppressed.* It afterwards transpired that the Chartists in all the manufacturing towns of the west of Scotland only awaited the signal of success from Glasgow to break out in rebellion. The prompt suppression of the movement was therefore a matter of great importance.

For some time a monster petition to the House of Commons was being signed by the Chartists in all the towns throughout the United Kingdom, and the signatures were said to have amounted to 5,000,000. It was to be presented on the 10th of April. 200,000 men were to assemble on Kennington Common, and thence they were to march to Westminster, to back up their petition. Possibly they might force their way into the House of Commons, overpower the members, and put Mr. Feargus O'Connor in the Speaker's chair. Why might they not in this way effect a great revolution, like that which the working classes of Paris had just accomplished? If the French National Guards, and even the troops of the line, fraternised with the people, why should not the English army do likewise? Such anticipations would not have been unreasonable if parliamentary and municipal reform had been up to this time resisted; if William IV. had been still upon the throne; if a Guizot had been Prime Minister, and a York or a Cumberland at the Horse Guards. There would have been no revolution in Paris, had not the King and his ministers been infatuated; and the insurrection would have certainly been put down—as a far more desperate one was subsequently—had Cavaignac been at the head of the army. The Chartists, when they laid their revolutionary plans, must have forgotten the deep-rooted loyalty of the English people, and the intense popularity of the Queen. They could not have reflected that the Duke of Wellington had the command of the army; that he had a horror of *émeutes;* and that there was no man who knew better how to deal with them. Besides, every one in power must have profited by the unpreparedness of the French authorities, and the fatal consequences of leaving the army without orders and guidance. All who were charged with the preservation of the peace in England were fully awake to the danger, and early on the alert to meet the emergency. On the 6th of April a notice was issued by the Police Commissioners, warning the Chartists that the assemblage of large numbers of people, accompanied with circumstances tending to excite terror and alarm in the minds of her Majesty's subjects, was criminal; and that, according to an Act of the 13th Charles II., no more than ten persons could approach the Sovereign, or either House of Parliament, on pretence of delivering petitions, complaints, or remonstrances; and that whereas information had been received that persons had been advised to procure arms and weapons, to carry in procession from Kennington Common to Westminster, and whereas such proposed procession was calculated to excite terror in the minds of her Majesty's subjects, all persons were strictly enjoined not to attend the meeting in question, or take part in the procession; and all well-disposed persons were called upon and required to aid in the enforcement of the law, and the suppression of any attempt at disturbance.

Well-disposed people happily comprised the great mass of the population of all ranks and classes, who responded with alacrity to the appeal of the Government for co-operation. Great alarm was felt in the metropolis, lest there should be street-fighting and plundering, and it might be said that society itself had taken effective measures for its own defence. The 10th April, 1848, will be a day for ever remembered with pride by Englishmen, and posterity will read of it with admiration. In the morning, nothing unusual appeared in the streets, except that the shops were mostly closed, the roar of traffic was suspended, and an air of quiet pervaded the metropolis. No less than 170,000 men, from the highest nobility down to the humblest shopkeeper, had been enrolled and sworn as special constables—a great army of volunteers, who came forward spontaneously for the defence of the Government. In every street, these guardians of the peace might be seen pacing up and down upon their respective beats, and under their respective officers. Among them was Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, acting as a private, under the command of the Earl of Eglinton. No soldiers appeared in the streets; but, during the previous night, the Duke of Wellington had taken the most effective measures to prevent any violation of the peace. Strong bodies of foot and horse police were placed at the ends of the bridges, over which the Chartists must pass from Kennington Common to Westminster, and these were assisted by large numbers of special constables, posted on the approaches at each side. And lest these should be overpowered by the Chartists in attempting to force a passage, a strong force of military—horse, foot, and artillery—was kept concealed from view in the immediate neighbourhood. The public buildings were all occupied by troops and strongly fortified. Two regiments of the line were stationed at the Millbank Penitentiary. There were 1,200 infantry at the Deptford Dockyards. At the Tower, 30 pieces of heavy field ordnance were ready to be shipped by hired steamers to any spot where their services might be required. The public offices at the West-end, Somerset House, and in the City, were occupied by troops and stored with arms. The Bank of England was strongly fortified, sandbags being piled all round upon the roof, as parapets to protect the gunners, while the interior was filled with soldiers. There were also similar barricades to the windows, with loopholes for muskets. In the

* Alison's "Europe," vol. vii., p. 365.

HÔTEL DE VILLE.



LANDING OF LOUIS PHILIPPE IN ENGLAND.

space of Rose Inn Yard, at the end of Farringdon Street, a large body of troops was posted ready to move at a moment's notice, and another in the enclosure of Bridewell Prison. At several points immediately about Kennington Common, commanding the whole space, bodies of soldiers were placed out of view; but ready for instant action. The Guards—horse and foot—were all under arms, in Scotland Yard and in other places.

In the meantime the Chartists had made their preparations, and, in all probability, a provisional government was part of their programme. The members of the National Convention met early in the morning at its hall in John Street, Fitzroy Square, and after this the members took their places in a great car, which had been prepared to convey them to the Common. It was so large, that the whole Convention and all the reporters who attended it found easy accommodation—Mr. Feargus O'Connor and Mr. Ernest Jones sitting in the front rank. It was drawn by six fine horses. Another car drawn by four horses contained the monster petition, with its enormous rolls of signatures. Banners with Chartist mottoes and devices floated over these imposing vehicles, and among them not the least appropriate was the one which expressed Guizot's contempt for the Reform party in Paris: "And Guizot laughed immoderately." The Convention thus drawn in state passed down Holborn, over Blackfriars Bridge, and on to the Common, attended by 1,700 Chartists, marching in procession. This was only one detachment; others had started from Finsbury Square, Russell Square, Clerkenwell Green, and Whitechapel. The largest body had mustered in the East, and passed over London Bridge, numbering about 6,000. They all arrived at the Common about ten o'clock, where considerable numbers had previously assembled; so the Common appeared covered with human beings. In all monster meetings there are the widest possible differences in the estimates of the numbers. In this case they were set down variously at 15,000, 20,000, 50,000, and even 150,000. Perhaps 30,000 was the real number present.

The great car which bore Feargus O'Connor and his fortunes was of course the central object of attraction. Everything about it indicated that some great thing was going to happen, and all who could get within hearing of the speakers were anxiously waiting for the commencement of the proceedings. But there was something almost ludicrous in the mode of communication between the tremendous military power which occupied the great metropolis, waiting the course of events, in the great consciousness of irresistible strength, and the principal leader of the Chartist convention. Immediately after the two cars had taken their position, a police inspector, of gigantic proportions, with a jolly and good-humoured expression of countenance, was seen pressing through the crowd towards Mr. O'Connor. His name was Macrath—no doubt an Irishman. He was the bearer of a message from the police commissioner, politely desiring Mr. O'Connor's attendance for a few minutes at the Horns Tavern. Mr. O'Connor immediately alighted and followed the inspector, whose burly form made a lane through the mass of people—as if he were passing through a field of tall wheat. Murmurs were heard through the crowd. What could this mean? Was their leader deserting, or was he a prisoner? A rush was made in the direction which they had taken, and it was said that their faces were blanched with fear, and that at one time they were almost fainting. Protected by those who were near them, they reached Mr. Commissioner Mayne in safety. The commissioner informed Mr. O'Connor that the government did not intend to interfere with the right of petitioning, properly exercised, nor with the right of public meeting; therefore they did not prevent the assemblage on the Common; but if they attempted to return in procession, they would be stopped at all hazards; and that there were ample forces awaiting orders for the purpose. The meeting would be allowed to proceed, if Mr. O'Connor pledged himself that it would be conducted peaceably. He gave the pledge, shook hands with the commissioner, and returned to his place on the car. He immediately announced to his colleagues the result of his interview, and the whole demonstration collapsed as suddenly as a pierced balloon; and if Guizot were in London, he might have "laughed immoderately," with much more reason than in the Chamber of Deputies. If they could not march in procession with a petition to the House of Commons, for what purpose did they assemble there? Was the revolution, for which they had so fully prepared, to become there and then a ridiculous abortion? Was the labouring mountain to bring forth a mouse? Some brief, fiery harangues were delivered to knots of puzzled listeners; but the meeting soon broke up in confusion. Banners and flags were pulled down, and the monster petition was taken from the triumphal car, and packed up in three cabs, which were to convey it quietly to the House of Commons. The masses then rolled back towards the Thames, by no means pleased with the turn things had taken. At every bridge they were stopped by the serried ranks of the police and the special constables. There was much pressing and struggling to force a passage, but all in vain. They were obliged to move off, but after a while they were permitted to pass in detached parties of not more than ten each. About three o'clock the flood of people had completely subsided; the demonstration was at an end, and order triumphed signally, without the appearance of a soldier in the streets, without the loss of a single life, or the shedding of a drop of blood—a fact which produced a profound sensation throughout the Continent. Had the movement been successful to any extent, it would have been followed by insurrections in the provincial towns. Early on the morning of the 10th, the walls of the city of Glasgow were found covered with a placard, calling upon the people, on receipt of the news from London, "to rise in their thousands and tens of thousands, and put an end to the vile government of the oligarchy, which had so long oppressed the country." Another placard was issued there, addressed to soldiers, and offering £10 and four acres of land to every one of them who should join

the insurgents. Strange to say, the printers' names were attached to both these treasonable proclamations. They were arrested, but not punished.

The history of the Chartist petition was the most extraordinary part of this whole business. It was presented on the 10th of April, by Mr. Feargus O'Connor, who stated that it was signed by 5,706,000 persons. It lay upon the floor of the House in five large divisions; the first sheet being detached, the prayer was read, and the messengers of the House rolled the enormous mass of parchment to the table. A day was appointed to take its prayer into consideration; but in the meantime it was subjected to investigation, and on the 13th instant, Mr. Thornley brought up a special report from the Select Committee on Public Petitions, which contained the most astounding revelations. Instead of weighing five tons, as Mr. O'Connor alleged, it weighed 5¾ cwt. The signatures were all counted by thirteen law-stationers' clerks, in addition to those usually employed in the House, who devoted seventeen hours to the work, and the number of signatures was found to be only 1,975,496, instead of nearly 6,000,000. Whole consecutive sheets were filled with names in the same handwriting; and amongst the signatures were "Victoria *Rex*," Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, &c. The Duke of Wellington's name was written thirty times, and Colonel Sibthorpe's twelve times. Some of the signatures were not names at all—such as "No Cheese," "Pug Nose," "Flat Nose," &c. There were also many insertions so indecent that they could not be repeated by the committee. Sir Archibald Alison describes how the signatures were got up in Glasgow:—"Six persons sat down, three on each side of a high mercantile desk, furnished with pens of various ages and degrees of softness, inkstands of different colours, and a set of old directories, which they transcribed on the parchment. Having exhausted the directories, they went out into the streets, and copied all the names they found on the sign-boards." *

The London Chartists contrived to hold their meetings and to march in procession; and as this sometimes occurred at night, accompanied by the firing of shots, it was a source of alarm to the public. There were confederate clubs established, consisting chiefly of Irishmen, who fraternised with the English Chartists. On the 31st of May, they held a great meeting on Clerkenwell Green. There, after hearing some violent speeches, the men got the word of command to fall in and march, and the crowd formed rapidly into columns four abreast. In this order they marched to Finsbury Square, where they met another large body, with which they united, both forming into new columns twelve abreast, and thus they paced the square with measured military tread for about an hour. Thence they marched to Stepney, where they received further accessions, from that to Smithfield, up Holborn, King Street, and Long Acre, and on through Leicester Square to Trafalgar Square. Here the police interfered, and they were gradually dispersed. This occurred on Monday. On Tuesday night they assembled again at Clerkenwell Green, but were dispersed by a large body of horse and foot police. There was to be another great demonstration on Wednesday, but the police authorities issued a cautionary notice, and made effectual arrangements for the dispersion of the meeting. Squadrons of Horse Guards were posted in Clerkenwell and Finsbury, and precautions were taken to prevent the threatened breaking of the gas and water mains. The special constables were again partially put in requisition, and 5,000 of the police force were ready to be concentrated upon any point, while the whole of the fire brigade were placed on duty. These measures had the effect of preventing the assembly. Similar attempts were made in several of the manufacturing towns, but they were easily suppressed. In June, however, the disturbances were again renewed in London. On Whit-Monday, the 4th, there was to be a great gathering of Chartists in Bonner's Fields, but the ground was occupied early in the morning by 1,600 policemen, 500 pensioners, and 100 constables mounted. There was also a body of Horse Guards in the neighbourhood. Up to the hour of two o'clock the leaders of the movement did not appear, and soon after a tremendous thunder-storm came, accompanied by drenching rain, which caused the dispersion of all the idlers, who came to witness the display. Ten persons were arrested on the ground, and tried and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

It was thought time to put a stop to such proceedings, and several of the leaders were arrested, namely, Mr. Ernest Jones, John Fussell, J. Williams, A. Sharpe, and Y. Vernon. They were committed for sedition, but bail was accepted. At Ashton-under-Lyne, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other places, Chartist and confederate disturbances took place. The police hunted up their leaders, and in some places seized the papers of the clubs as well as the pikes and fire-arms which they had concealed. There had, in fact, been an extensively ramified conspiracy, the head-quarters of which were in the metropolis. On the 11th of August the police, acting upon information they had received, assembled at the station in Tower Street, 700 strong, and suddenly marched to the Angel Tavern in Webber Street, Blackfriars. Surrounding the house, Inspector Butt entered, and found fourteen Chartist leaders in deliberation. Noticing some signs of resistance, he exclaimed, "If any man offers the least resistance, I will run him through. A large force surrounds the house." In a few minutes they were all quietly secured, and marched to Tower Street. On searching the place, the police found pistols loaded to the muzzle, swords, pikes, daggers, and spear-heads, also large quantities of ammunition. Under one man was found seventy-five rounds of ball cartridge. Some of the prisoners wore iron breastplates. Similar visits were paid to houses in Ormond Street, Holborn, and York Street, Westminster, with like results. In the last place the party got notice and dispersed before the police arrived. One man leaping out of a window, broke his leg. Tow-balls were found amongst them; and from this and other circumstances it was believed

* Alison, vol. vii., p. 373.

they intended to fire the public buildings and to attack the police in every part of London. The whole of the military quartered in London were under arms on the night of the threatened attack, and an unbroken line of communication was kept up between the military and the different bodies of police. Twenty-five of the leaders were committed for felony, bail being refused; their principal leader being a man named Cuffey.

The Chartist trials took place at the September Sessions of the Central Criminal Court. The facts disclosed on the trial revealed, to a larger extent than is usual in such cases, how completely the men who are betrayed into such conspiracies are at the mercy of miscreants who incite them to crime for their own base purposes. The witnesses against Cuffey, Lacy, Yeay, and Mullins, were all voluntary spies, the chief of whom was a person named Powell, who joined the Confederacy, aided in its organisation, and had themselves appointed "presidents" and "generals," with the sole purpose of betraying their dupes, in order that they might be rewarded as informers, or, at all events, well paid as witnesses. It was probably by those double traitors that the simultaneous meetings of the clubs were arranged, so that the police might seize them all at the same time. "In fact, so utterly depraved were the principal conspirators, that it may almost be supposed that, excepting a few heated democrats or Red Republicans, the councils of the Chartists were composed of men whose sole purpose was to betray each other." The trial lasted the entire week. On Saturday the jury returned a verdict of "guilty" against all the prisoners, who received the announcement with explosions of ridiculous violence. The sentence was transportation for life. Others were indicted for misdemeanour only, and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, with fines. About a score of the minor offenders were allowed to plead not guilty, and let out on their own recognisances. The judge who tried them was Mr. Justice Erle. The proceedings were enlivened by encounters between Mr. Kenealy, the prisoners' counsel, and the Attorney-General. The latter had said he blushed for Mr. Kenealy, and Mr. Kenealy demanded what right he had to say that. "The Attorney-General," he said, "had spoken in the venerable presence of the judge; if he had said it elsewhere, I should at once have chastised him."

The disorganised state of Ireland, occasioned by the famine and the enormous system of public relief, fostering idleness, and destroying the customary social restraints which kept the people in order, naturally led to a great deal of outrage and crime in that country. At the close of the ordinary session of 1847, the Parliament, which had existed six years, was dissolved. The general election excited very little political interest, the minds of all parties being concentrated upon the awful visitation of Providence in Ireland, and the means necessary to mitigate its effects. The first session of the new Parliament commenced on the 18th of November. Mr. Shaw Lefevre was re-elected Speaker without opposition, some leading Conservatives expressing their admiration of the impartiality and dignity with which he had presided over the deliberations of the House. The Royal speech was delivered by commission. It lamented that in some counties in Ireland atrocious crimes had been committed, and a spirit of insubordination had manifested itself, leading to an organised resistance to legal rights. Parliament was therefore requested to take further precautions against the perpetration of crime in that country; at the same time recommending the consideration of measures that would advance the social improvement of its people. In the course of the debate on the address, the state of Ireland was the subject of much discussion; and on the 29th of November Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, brought in a bill for this purpose. In doing so, he gave a full exposition of the disorganised state of the country. He showed that "the number of attempts on life by firing at the person, which was, in six months of 1846, 55, was in the same six months of 1847, 126; the number of robberies of arms, which was, in six months of 1846, 207, in the same six months of 1847, was 530; and the number of firings of dwellings, which, in six months of 1846, was 51, was, in the same six months of 1847, 116. Even this statement gave an inadequate idea of the increase of those offences in districts which were now particularly infested by crime. The total number of offences of the three classes which he had just mentioned amounted, in the last month, to 195 in the whole of Ireland; but the counties of Clare, Limerick, and Tipperary furnished 139 of them—the amount of offences in those counties being 71 per cent. on the whole amount of offences in Ireland, and the population being only 13 per cent. on the whole population of Ireland." It was principally to those counties that his observations applied; but as the tendency to crime was to spread, they must be applied in some degree also to the King's County, Roscommon, and part of Fermanagh. The crimes which he wished to repress were not directed against the landlord class alone, but against every class and description of landowners. Their ordinary object was the commission of wilful and deliberate assassination, not in dark or desolate places, but in broad daylight—of assassination, too, encouraged by the entire impunity with which it is perpetrated; for it was notorious that none but the police would lend a hand to arrest the flight or capture the person of the assassin. He referred with pride to the different spirit which pervaded the population of England, in case of the perpetration of any act of violence, and reminded the House that on a recent occasion, when Dr. Baring and his brother were robbed in South Wales by two Irishmen—after the true fashion of certain parts of Ireland, in open day, with loaded firearms—the whole population of the district turned out, and lodged them in gaol before midnight.

The murder of one landlord was sufficient to spread terror throughout the whole class, the most recent and horrible case being used for this purpose in the threatening notices. Thus, when Major Mahon was shot, a letter was sent to the wife of another landed proprietor,

warning her that if her husband did not remit all the arrears of rent due by his tenants, two men would be sent to despatch him as they had despatched the demon Mahon. The Lord-Lieutenant had increased the constabulary force in the disturbed districts, and called out the military to aid in the execution of the law. But it was the opinion of the magistrates in those districts that the powers of the executive were not sufficient. The object of Sir George Grey's measure was to extend those powers—not to create any new tribunal, for trial by jury had worked satisfactorily. What he proposed was that the Lord-Lieutenant should have power to "proclaim" disturbed districts, to increase in them the constabulary force to any extent he might think fit out of the reserve of 600 in Dublin, to limit the use of firearms, and to establish nocturnal patrols. He thought that by such a measure the Government would be able to put down the crimes that were disorganising society in Ireland.

Mr. Horsman observed that the prevalence of crime and outrage in Ireland was as familiar to their ears as coercion bills were to their memories. Sir R. Peel had been driven from the Government because he had asked for the very powers which Sir George Grey now demanded. He was afraid that "the poor creatures who committed the outrages were not the parties most to be blamed. The poor man shoots his victim and is hanged; but the party who hired and paid him is spared." "Again," said Mr. Horsman, "the rich man ejects the inhabitants of whole villages, and burns their houses over their heads. Some of the victims take the law into their own hands; they are tried and executed, but the rich men remain unscathed. The same story had been told by every Irish secretary at no very distant intervals since the Union, and they had all traced the outrages to the same source, which was neither political nor religious, but agrarian. Unless other measures accompanied this bill, we should merely be eradicating the symptoms, and leaving the malady untouched." He implored Ministers to show themselves equal to the occasion, by bringing in immediately measures for the amelioration of Ireland. Sir Robert Peel supported the Government measure. Mr. Feargus O'Connor divided the House against it; but was supported by only twenty members. It was soon after read a second time, having been strenuously resisted by some of the Irish members. It rapidly went through committee, and was read a third time, when the majority against it was only fourteen.

The Bill passed through the Lords without alteration. While it was under discussion there, Lord Farnham introduced a remarkable conversation about the murder of Major Mahon. The Rev. Mr. M'Dermott, a priest, he said, had formerly professed great friendship for that gentleman. On the major's return from England, after an absence of six or eight months, he attended the first meeting of the Relief Committee on the 27th of August, and on questioning the clerk, he found that "the Committee" consisted of Mr. M'Dermott and the clerks, and that they had altered the relief lists. These inquiries put Mr. M'Dermott into a great passion; he charged the major with falsehood, called him a stupid ass, and asked him how dared he come at the eleventh hour to question him about his proceedings. Subsequently, the rev. gentleman denounced the major from the altar, and his assassination followed, it was alleged, as the consequence of this denunciation. The authority for this statement was a memorandum left by the major, in his own handwriting. Lord Beaumont, a Roman Catholic peer, considered that such charges were calculated to cast a stain upon the whole priesthood, and it was a painful circumstance that they did not find from "the assembled bishops of the Roman Catholic Church any measures taken to sift the charge. Being now, to a certain degree, acknowledged by the State, they were on that account bound, and the Lord-Lieutenant should be authorised to call upon them, to assist him in bringing to justice those who had abused and disgraced their calling." Lord Stanley concurred in this view. So long as the heads of that church permitted such conduct to remain unrebuked in the abstract, and not deeply censured in the act, so long would the reflecting people of this country, and of the world at large, lay upon those parties the stigma of the moral culpability that attached to those denunciations, and also the stain that attached to neglect of duty on the part of those who had the power of censuring and condemning, but by whom that power was not exercised. Lord Brougham concurred in this view, and felt compelled to say, that if the guilty priests were continued in their functions, the stain would attach to the whole body.

The subject of altar denunciation was brought formally before the House on a subsequent day by Lord Farnham. He disclaimed any wish to attack the priesthood generally, and stated that "Dr. Ryan, the Roman Catholic bishop of Limerick, and that excellent man, Father Mathew, had shown a bright example in denouncing murder from the altar. He quoted some specimens of altar denunciations. At Castlerea, on the 25th of November, a priest named Hughes addressed a public meeting in such terms as the following:—'The poor are left to the mercy of those heartless extortioners—the landlords; their cattle are seized and driven to the pound for the least defalcation; their lands are unproductive and barren; in fact, the law seems enacted for the purpose of crushing and annihilating this unfortunate class. The poor are sacrificed to the rapacity of the rich, and nought remains to the poor but the wild justice of revenge.'" Lord Lansdowne, on the part of the Government, stated that the law was sufficient as it stood to punish instigators to crime, if a conviction could be procured; but he considered that the extraordinary patience of the people during their appalling sufferings from famine was to be ascribed in a great measure to the influence of the priesthood. Lord Campbell declared that under the law as it now stood, all doubt was removed from the subject, and they were able to prosecute an accomplice as an accessory before the fact by a substantive proceeding. It had been determined over and over again that a minister of the Established Church of England or of Scotland, if he said anything from the pulpit detri-

mental to the character of an individual, or anything that led to a breach of the public peace, was civilly and criminally liable for what he said, just as much as if he spoke it from the market cross or from a public platform. There was no doubt about the law, and as little that it was applicable to the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland as well as to the Protestant clergy in Great Britain; but the difficulty in the former case was to procure a conviction, no matter how flagrant the offence. The priest in his denunciations spoke as the champion of the people, by whom he was almost idolised. It would be difficult, except under the greatest pressure, to get a Roman Catholic to give evidence against him; and if there were a single Roman Catholic on the jury, it is perfectly certain there would be no conviction. A verdict of guilty against a priest for denouncing a landlord or agent could be obtained only from a jury of Protestants, and that would be held by the whole Roman Catholic population to be legal murder, and would produce such a commotion as would multiply the disturbed districts one hundred-fold. This was the great practical difficulty with which the Government had to contend in dealing with Ireland. A great deal had been done to conciliate the priesthood. Sir Robert Peel had, when last in power, passed a measure for the permanent endowment of Maynooth College—thus getting rid of the annual recurrence of an irritating debate on voting the estimate for that institution. Parliament granted a large sum (£30,000) for erecting additional buildings, and made provision besides for the education and maintenance of 520 students, giving them advantages not enjoyed by any of the Protestant churches. But so long as the Irish priests spring from the ranks of the people, and are supported by their contributions, they will make common cause with their flocks against those whom, rightly or wrongly, they regard as the oppressors of their race.

Misery and privation in large masses of people naturally engender disaffection, and predispose to rebellion; and this was the state of things in Ireland at the beginning of the memorable year of 1848. O'Connell had passed away from the scene. On the 28th January, 1847, he left Ireland, never to return. He went to London for the purpose of attending his parliamentary duties, but shortly after his arrival there he went for benefit of his health to Hastings. But a still greater change of scene and climate was found necessary, and on the 28th of May he embarked for France, and proceeding to Paris, he was received with great consideration by the Marquis of Normanby, and other distinguished persons. In reply to a complimentary address from the electoral committee, of which Montalembert was chairman, O'Connell said, "Sickness and emotion close my mouth. I would require the eloquence of your president to express to you all my gratitude. But it is impossible for me to say what I feel. Know, simply, that I regard this demonstration on your part as one of the most significant events of my life." He went from Paris to Lyons, where he became much weaker. In all the French churches prayers were offered on behalf of "*Le célèbre Irlandais, et le grand libérateur d'Irlande.*" At Marseilles he became rather better; but at Genoa death arrested his progress. He expired on the 15th of May, apparently suffering little pain. He was on his way to Rome, intending to pay his homage in person to Pius IX., but finding this impossible, he ordered that his heart might be sent to Rome, and his body to Ireland. He was accompanied on his journey by his chaplain, the Reverend Dr. Miley, who, on the day after his decease, wrote:—"The glory and wonder of Christendom is dead! Dead! No: I should rather say, O'Connell is in heaven." From the report of the *post mortem* examination, it appeared that lesions were observed in several organs, some of which showed traces of former inflammation. The brain was found gorged with blood throughout its entire extent, and partially softened; its membranes were inflamed and thickened. It has been remarked that O'Connell was the victim of the Irish famine, and that its progress might have been learned from the study of his face. The buoyancy had gone out of his step; he had become a stooping and a broken-down man, shuffling along with difficulty, his features betraying despondency and misery. His memory was respected by Englishmen, because of the devotion of his life to the service of his country. Born of a conquered race and a persecuted religion, conscious of great energies and great talents, he resolved to make every Irishman the equal of every Englishman. After the labours of a quarter of a century, he obtained Catholic emancipation. "By this great service," says an English writer, "he made himself the embodiment of the best moral force of Ireland—the impersonation of at least 6,000,000 of the Irish population—the representative of a race cruelly oppressed for seven centuries, and of a religion subject to the direst persecutions for many generations. The result is, that the Irish are ascendant in Ireland, and every year sees every Irishman becoming, politically and ecclesiastically, more and more the equal of every Englishman."

O'Connell was born on the 6th of August, 1775. He was educated at the College of St. Omer, whose president predicted that he was destined to make a remarkable figure in society. He witnessed the horrors of the French Revolution, which, he said, nearly made him a Tory in heart. He had not completed his twentieth year when he became a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. Called to the Irish bar, he went on the Munster circuit, and rapidly rose to eminence in his profession. His first public effort as an orator was a speech against the Union. At the time of Emmett's rebellion in 1803, he served in the "Lawyer's Infantry," when a deep impression was made upon his mind by the cruelty of some of the citizen soldiers. In 1815 he delivered a speech, in which he spoke of the "beggarly" Corporation of Dublin, for which he was challenged by one of its members, Mr. D'Esterre, whom he shot in a duel, which took place in a domain about twelve miles from Dublin. D'Esterre fired first and missed. He was hit by his antagonist in the thigh, and died in a few days. There was no prosecution. Soon after he was on the

point of having another duel with Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary of Ireland, but the meeting was prevented by the interference of the authorities. Had it taken place, and had either of those great men fallen like D'Esterre, how different might have been the history of Ireland and even of England! O'Connell was elected for Clare in 1828, and was re-elected after the passing of emancipation in 1829, from which time he continued to occupy a seat in Parliament, representing various constituencies. He died in his seventy-second year. His heart was sent to Rome, as he directed, and his body was taken to Ireland, for interment in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Glasnevin, near Dublin, where a monument was erected to his memory, in the form of a round tower, with a wolf-dog and other national emblems.

Ireland Leaders attacked by a Limerick Mob—Arrest of Mitchell—Trial of Smith O'Brien and Meagher—Transportation of Mitchell—New Powers granted—Commencement of the Insurrection—Parleying with the Police—The Battle of Ballingarry—Arrest of Smith O'Brien—Loyalty of the Constabulary—State Trials at Clonmel—Declarations of the Prisoners on the Passing of Sentence—Commutation of the Sentence of Death to Transportation—Trial of Mr. Gavan Duffy—New Powers granted to the Executive—Smith O'Brien takes the field—Ireland—The Rate in Aid—The Encumbered Estates Act—The Queen's Visit to Ireland—Her Majesty's Reception in Cork—Her arrival at Kingstown, and Reception there—The Royal Procession through Dublin—Visit to the Public Institutions—Levée and Drawing Room in Dublin Castle—Review in the Phœnix Park—Departure of the Queen from Kingstown—Visit to Belfast—Departure for Scotland—Arrival at Balmoral—Return to Osborne.

MR. MEAGHER.

CHAPTER III.

Ireland — Viceroyalty of Lord Clarendon — Disturbed state of the Country—Special Commission in Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary—Concluding Address of the Lord Chief Justice on the State of the Country—The Irish Rebellion of 1848—Leaders of the Young Ireland Party—The *Nation*—The Priesthood opposed to the Young Ireland Party—The Irish Confederation—The *United Irishman*—Alarm of the Government and of the Citizens of Dublin—Preparations of the Government—The City Fortified—Apprehensions of a Red Republic—Lord Clarendon and the *World* Newspaper—Irish Deputation to the Provisional Government at Paris—De Lamartine's Answer—Smith O'Brien in the House of Commons—Increasing Alarm in Dublin—The Young

It was the lot of the Earl of Clarendon to govern Ireland during the most trying period of her history. It was a trying crisis, affording great opportunity to a statesman of pre-eminent ability to lay broad and solid foundations for a better state of society. But though an anxious, painstaking, and active administrator, he was not a great statesman; he had no originating power to organise a new state of things, nor prescience to forecast the future; but he left no means untried by which he could overcome present difficulties. The population had been thinned with fearful rapidity; large numbers of the gentry had been reduced from affluence to destitution; property was changing hands on all sides; the Government had immense funds placed at its command; a vast machinery and an enormous host of officials

operating upon society when it was in the most plastic and unresisting state, and a high order of statesmanship could have made an impress upon it that would have endured for ages. But Lord Clarendon's government, instead of putting forth the power that should have guided those mighty resources to beneficial and permanent results, allowed them to be agencies of deterioration. The truth is, he was frightened by a contemptible organisation, existing openly under his eyes in Dublin, for the avowed purpose of exciting rebellion and effecting revolution. The conspirators might have been promptly dealt with and extinguished in a summary way; but instead of dealing with it in this manner, he watched over its growth, and allowed it to come to maturity, and then brought to bear upon it a great military force and all the imposing machinery of state trials; the only good result of which was a display of forensic eloquence worthy of the days of Flood and Grattan.

The opening of the year 1848 was signalised by the appointment of a special commission, which was convened to try those accused of agrarian murders in the counties of Tipperary, Limerick, and Clare. The judges were the Chief Justice Blackburne and the Chief Baron Pigot. The commission was pre-eminently successful. The trials commenced at Limerick on the 4th of January. The Chief Justice, in his charge to the jury, drew a melancholy picture of the demoralised state of the country. He praised the patience and enduring fortitude of the people under the visitation of famine, which were generally in the highest degree exemplary, and he made this remarkable statement:—"I do not find in the calendar before me, nor after the experience of the last two circuits have I been able to find, a single case in which destitution or distress, arising from the visitation of God, has in the remotest degree influenced this illegal confederacy, or stimulated any of those outrages." The first person tried was the notorious William Ryan, nicknamed "Puck," one of the greatest ruffians ever brought to the bar of justice. He was tried for the murder of a neighbour, named John Kelly, into whose house he entered, and shot him dead upon the spot, in the presence of his family. He was found guilty, and hanged on the 8th of February. He was well known to have committed nine murders during the previous year. A man named Frewin, a respectable farmer, was transported for life, being found guilty of harbouring Ryan, and screening him from justice. The next batch of prisoners consisted of six ill-looking young fellows, all of whom appeared to be about twenty years of age, charged with the abduction of the daughter of a respectable farmer, named Maloney, for whom they were in the habit of working, in order that another farmer, named Creagh, might marry her. She was a pretty, lady-like girl, about nineteen years of age, and her appearance as a witness excited great interest in a crowded court. On Sunday, the 14th of the preceding November, soon after she had retired to bed, about ten o'clock, she heard steps at the door. A window was broken, and she then got up, and throwing some clothes over her shoulders, came out of her room to the top of the stairs; seeing two or three men coming up, she ran into another room, and got into her sister's bed. Three or four of them pulled her out of the bed, one of them taking her by the hair. She caught hold of the bed, and was dragged with it to the door; when forced to let go that, she seized the balustrades of the stairs, and held them till they gave way. They soon forced her down stairs to the door, where a man was standing with an umbrella open, and a gun in his hand. She had nothing on but a frock thrown loosely over her shoulders—no shoes or stockings. In this condition two of the men, putting their hands under her arms, dragged her along a field to a bog. They afterwards took her to the house of Creagh, who, yielding to her entreaties, took her home next morning. The prisoners were all found guilty.

These cases may serve as illustrations of the state of the country at that time. On the 10th of January, between twenty and thirty of the convicts were brought up together for sentence, and it seemed difficult to believe that so ill-looking and desperate a set of villains could be brought together in one place. They had all, with one exception, been found guilty, without any recommendation to mercy from the jury. After an impressive address from the judge, the sentences were pronounced, varying in the amount of punishment assigned. But they heard their doom with the greatest indifference. The commission next adjourned to Ennis, the assize town of the county of Clare, where the results were equally satisfactory. The judges arrived at Clonmel, the chief town of Tipperary, on the 24th of January. There they found upwards of four hundred prisoners in gaol, charged with crimes marked by various degrees of atrocity. The trial that excited most attention here was that of John Sonergan, for the murder of Mr. William Roe, a landed proprietor and a magistrate of the county, who was shot in the open day, upon the road near one of his own plantations. The scene which was presented in this court on the 31st of January, was described in the report of the trials as scarcely ever paralleled. Five human beings, four of whom were convicted of murder, and one of an attempt to murder, stood in a row at the front of the dock, to receive the dreadful sentence of the law, which consigned them to an ignominious death. When asked what they had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, one said, "A long day, my lord;" another declared his innocence, and the rest were silent. The Lord Chief Justice, in passing sentence, said, "The whole course of your crimes has been marked with unrelenting cruelty—with that cowardice which is always attendant upon a cruel and vindictive spirit. You armed yourselves with deadly weapons, you attacked your victims when they were not prepared, when they were defenceless and incapable of resistance, when they expected no danger; and you sent them, with all their sins upon their heads, into the presence of Almighty God. You stand there convicted, not of murder caused by sudden resentment or excitement, or by the infirmities of our nature; but of that worst species of crime, the

crime of assassination—the most horrible and hateful shape that the crime of murder can assume. In the prime of manhood, you all stand there branded with the character of assassins, a disgrace to yourselves, to your country, and to your nature. Oh, that the spectacle which now presents itself may work out the great ends of reformation, and the prevention of crime; that those who are pursuing the same course as has led to your destruction may see, in the fate which shortly awaits you, that if they will not be turned and deterred by other motives from their career of guilt, the course of the law, though slow, is sure; and that, sooner or later, the murderer will be tracked, detected, and brought to condign punishment! But there are other classes who ought to take a lesson of warning from your fate: there are those who have taught you to avenge your wrongs, who have justified, palliated, and excused your crimes; and they must be responsible for the consequences—those consequences which are exhibited in your dreadful cases. Such doctrine and such teaching has been productive of such cases as yours. But there is another class upon whom I wonder that all that has occurred has made no impression. Some of you have wives, some of you have parents, some of you have children, all of you have friends and relatives. Have they done their duty, and warned you against the crimes that have brought you to destruction? Have they, who knew your designs, warned you against their perpetration? Have they endeavoured to prevent them, and used their influence to save you? Sorry am I to say that, from what I have witnessed, the friends and relatives who ought to have been true to you, who ought to have been your protectors, have been the first to assist in bringing you to justice; for if they did not prevent, they have, in some degree, caused those crimes which have brought you here. Let your fate be a warning to them; and whatever may be the calamity and affliction which your death may produce to your friends and relatives, let it be a warning to save from destruction others who are traversing the same course."

Agrarian outrage had thus been effectually put down by the special commission; but a much more formidable difficulty was now to be encountered by the Government, which was called upon to suppress a rebellion. In order that its origin may be understood, it will be necessary to sketch briefly the rise and progress of the Young Ireland party. It had its origin in the establishment of the *Nation* newspaper in 1842, by Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, and John Mitchell. Davis was a native of the county of Cork, a member of the Church of England, and a barrister who had devoted himself to literature. He was a man of genius and enthusiastic temperament, combined with habits of study and a love of system. As a member of the Repeal Association, and as a writer in the *Nation*, he constantly advocated national independence. He was a vigorous writer, and also a poet. He was much respected personally by all classes, and would have exerted a powerful influence, but he was cut off by fever in the midst of his career. His memory received the honour of a public funeral, which was one of the largest and most respectable that had for some time taken place in Dublin. Mr. Duffy, the proprietor and editor of the *Nation*, a Roman Catholic and a native of Monaghan, had been connected with the press in Dublin. Mr. Mitchell, also a northern, was the son of a Unitarian Minister in Newry, a solicitor by profession. These men were all animated by the same burning love of Ireland, and unmitigated hatred of English domination. The *Nation* soon attained a vast circulation; its leading articles were distinguished by an earnestness, a fire, a power, an originality and boldness, till then unknown in the Irish press. Its columns were filled with the most brilliant productions in literature and poetry, all designed to glorify Ireland at the expense of England, and all breathing the spirit of war and defiance against the Government. In addition to the *Nation*, they prepared a number of small books, which they issued in a cheap form as an Irish library, devoted chiefly to the history of their country, and its struggles for independence. By their exertions, reading-rooms were established throughout the country, and a native literature was extensively cultivated. The orator of the party was Thomas Meagher, at a later period general in the American army, son of a Waterford merchant, who was afterwards member of Parliament. He was a brilliant, fluent, ardent, daring speaker; his appearance and manners were those of a gay, reckless, dashing cavalier; and his warlike harangues had won for him the designation, "Meagher of the Sword." His speeches fired his audience with wild enthusiasm. Since 1844, as we have seen, Mr. William Smith O'Brien had become the leader of this party, which differed in spirit and purpose from the Old Ireland party, of which O'Connell had been so long the leader. O'Connell's agitation even for Repeal was essentially religious. Ireland and the Roman Catholic Church were indissolubly associated in his mind. His habits as a *nisi prius* barrister made him an advocate more than a statesman; and having pleaded the cause of his Church for forty years, having been rewarded and retained for so doing by an annual "tribute," collected in the chapels of the kingdom, and having won his unparalleled popularity, and almost kingly power, by his services in this cause, he could not help regarding himself as the special champion of the Irish priests and their people. For them he courted Whig alliances, for them he abused the Tories, for them he sought Repeal, and for their sakes he deprecated war. He knew that the Protestants of Ireland would never sufficiently trust him or his ecclesiastical clients, to join them in a war against English supremacy, which they disliked far less than Roman Catholic ascendancy. He knew that a war for Repeal must be a civil and religious war; and he too well remembered the horrors of '98, and was too well aware of the power of England, to seriously encourage anything of the kind. He talked indeed about fighting at the "Monster Meetings," but he did so merely to intimidate the Government, confident of his power to hold the masses in check, and to prevent breaches of the peace. The State prosecutions and the

proceedings of the Young Ireland party worked in him the painful and almost heart-breaking conviction that he had gone too far. Another essential difference existed between the two parties regarding religion. The Young Irelanders wanted to ignore religion in the national struggle. Their object was to unite all Irishmen in the great cause, to exorcise the spirit of bigotry, and to cultivate the spirit of religious toleration. But neither the Protestants nor the Catholics were prepared for this. The peasantry of the South especially would not enter into a contest in which their priests refused to lead and bless them; and these would neither lead nor bless except in the interest of their Church. This truth was discovered too late by Mr. Smith O'Brien and Mr. Meagher. The latter gentleman is said to have remarked in his prison, "We made a fatal mistake in not conciliating the Catholic priesthood. *The agitation must be baptised in the old Holy Well.*" If so, the war must be a religious war; and a religious war must be a war of extermination against Protestants. It would not be so understood by such men as Mr. Meagher; but the peasantry could understand nothing else; and when once inflamed by the sight of blood, it would be impossible to restrain them.

When the two parties separated in 1846, the Young Irelanders established the Irish "Confederation," which held its meetings in the Music Hall, Abbey Street, and whose platform was occupied by a number of young men, who subsequently figured in the State trials—Mr. Dillon, a barrister, who had been a moderator in Trinity College, Mr. Doheny, solicitor, Mr. O'Gorman, and Mr. Martin, a Protestant gentleman of property in the County Down. The object of the confederacy was to prepare the country for national independence, "by the force of opinion, by the combination of all classes of Irishmen, and the exercise of all the political, social, and moral influence within their reach." They disclaimed any intention of involving the country in civil war, or invading the just rights of any of its people; and they were especially anxious that Protestants and Roman Catholics should be united in the movement. Resolutions to this effect were adopted at a great meeting in the Rotunda, a revolutionary amendment by Mr. Mitchell having been rejected, after a stormy debate, which lasted three days, and did not terminate on the last day till one o'clock at night. This led to Mitchell's secession from the *Nation*, and the establishment of the *United Irishman*, in which he openly and violently advocated rebellion and revolution. He continually insisted on the adoption of the most diabolical and repulsive measures, with the utmost *sang froid*. Every Saturday his journal contained a letter "To the Earl of Clarendon, Her Majesty's Executioner-General and Butcher-General of Ireland." Plans of insurrection were freely propounded; the nature and efficiency of street fighting were copiously discussed; ladies were invited to throw vitriol from their windows on the Queen's troops, and to fling empty bottles before the cavalry, that they might stumble and fall. Precise instructions were given, week after week, for the erection of barricades, the perforation of walls, and other means of attack and defence in the war against the Queen.

Such was the state of things in Ireland when the news of the French Revolution arrived and produced an electric effect throughout the country. The danger of permitting such atrocious incitements to civil war to be circulated among the people was obvious to every one, and yet Lord Clarendon allowed this propagandism of rebellion and revolution to go on with impunity for months. Mitchell might have been arrested and prosecuted for seditious libels any day; the newsvendors who hawked the *United Irishman* through the streets might have been taken up by the police, but the Government still remained inactive. Encouraged by this impunity, the revolutionary party had established confederate clubs, by means of which they were rapidly enlisting and organising the artisans of the city, at whose meetings the most treasonable proceedings were adopted.

In the meantime rumours were in circulation, said to have emanated from the Castle, to the effect that a conspiracy existed to massacre the members of the Government and the loyal citizens. However those rumours may have originated, they spread a panic through the city. People expected that when they woke some morning they would find the barricades up in the leading streets, and behold an imitation of the bloody scenes lately enacted in Paris. The Government seemed to share the alarm. Strong bodies of soldiers were posted in different parts of the city. Trinity College, the buildings of the Royal Dublin Society, the Linen Hall, and the Custom House, were occupied as temporary barracks. The Bank of Ireland was put in a state of defence, and cannon were placed on the roof in such a way as to command the streets. Bullet-proof shutters were furnished for the front of Trinity College. The Viceroy evidently apprehended some serious work, for he ordered the troops in all those extemporised fortresses to be furnished with rations for several days. These preparations for a siege continued during the entire of the months of March and April. For more than three months the chambers of the College were turned into barracks; the troops were paraded in the quadrangles every morning. In all the fortified positions the soldiers were kept under arms at unreasonable hours. In fact, the whole community was in a state of painful suspense, hourly anticipating the attacks of an imaginary enemy. During all this time there was not a single depôt of arms seized nor a single rebellious leader arrested. The clubs, indeed, were meeting and plotting, and the Government spies were amongst them, but they had made no preparations for insurrection that should have excited alarm. There was much talk of the manufacture of pikes, but the only instance made public was one in which a blacksmith had been asked to make one by a detective policeman. "It is not to be wondered at," wrote an observer of these events, "if loyal men believed that Government must have had some secret information to justify preparations of so alarming a character. Men believed that the only protector against the horrors of a Red Republic and Social Revolution was the Lord-Lieutenant. The

state of feeling was not unlike that which made the French people vote Prince Napoleon an absolute Sovereign and sole legislator. An address, with expressions of confidence in the chief governor, tendered to him the disposal, in support of Government, of the lives and fortunes of the subscribers, and was signed by multitudes of names, presenting an unprecedented array of the rank, the property, and the intelligence of the country. The few loyalists who withheld their signatures were marked as disaffected. To disbelieve in Lord Clarendon, or doubt the instant coming of a terrible insurrection, was to expose the unhappy infidel to the imputation of being a rebel. It was then that John Mitchell carried on his rebellion on paper, by issuing his directions about barricades and vitriol. The more horrible the publication the greater the terrors in the Castle and the squares; and instead of stopping the whole matter, as he could have done, in one hour, and confining the terrible rebellion to a cell of five feet square, by lodging the writers of this wicked bombast in the body of a gaol, Lord Clarendon played into their hands, as they did into his, by making serious preparations against their threats, but still permitting them to go on." *

During this protracted agony of suspense and alarm business was almost at a stand-still. Nobody seemed to think or talk of anything but the rebellion—the chances of success and the possibility of having to submit to a republic. There could not be a more striking proof of the inability of Lord Clarendon to cope with this emergency than his dealings with the proprietors of the *World*, a journal with a weekly circulation of only 500 or 600 copies, which subsisted by levying black mail for suppressing attacks on private character. It was regarded as a common nuisance, and yet the Lord-Lieutenant took the editor into his confidence, held private conferences with him on the state of the country, and gave him large sums for writing articles in defence of law and order. These sums amounted to £1,700, and he afterwards gave him £2,000 to stop an action in the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. Birch, the gentleman in question, was not satisfied with this liberal remuneration for his services; the mine was too rich not to be worked out, and he afterwards brought an action for some thousands more against Sir William Somerville, then Chief Secretary, when Lord Clarendon himself was produced as a witness, and admitted these facts. The decision of the court was against Birch. But when, in February, 1852, the subject was brought before the House of Commons by Lord Naas, the Clarendon and Birch transactions were sanctioned by a majority of 92.

While the Irish Government was in this state of miserable trepidation, the Dublin confederates carried on their proceedings with the most perfect unconcern and consciousness of impunity. Among these proceedings was the sending of a deputation to Paris to seek the aid of the republican government on behalf of the "oppressed nationality of Ireland." The deputation consisted of Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher, and O'Gorman. They were the bearers of three congratulatory addresses, to which De Lamartine gave a magniloquent reply about the great democratic principle—"this new Christianity bursting forth at the opportune moment." The destinies of Ireland had always deeply moved the heart of Europe. "The children of that glorious isle of Erin," whose natural genius and the events of its history were equally symbolic of the poetry and the heroism of the nations of the north, would always find in France under the republic a generous response to all its friendly sentiments. But as regarded intervention, the provisional government gave the same answer that they had given to Germany, to Belgium, and to Italy. "Where there is a difference of race—where nations are aliens in blood—intervention is not allowable. We belong to no party in Ireland or elsewhere except to that which contends for justice, for liberty, and for the happiness of the Irish people. We are at peace," continued Lamartine, "and we are desirous of remaining on good terms of equality, not with this or that part of Great Britain, but with Great Britain entire. We believe this peace to be useful and honourable, not only to Great Britain and to the French Republic, but to the human race. We will not commit an act, we will not utter a word, we will not breathe an insinuation, at variance with principles of the reciprocal inviolability of nations which we have proclaimed, and of which the continent of Europe is already gathering the fruits. The fallen monarchy had treaties and diplomatists. Our diplomatists are nations—our treaties are sympathies." The sympathies felt for the Irish revolutionists, however, were barren. Nevertheless, the deputation who were complimented as "aliens in blood" shouted "*Vive la république*," "*Vive De Lamartine*," who had just declared that the French would be insane were they openly to exchange such sympathy for "unmeaning and partial alliance with even the most legitimate parties in the countries that surrounded them."

Mr. Smith O'Brien returned to London, took his seat in the House of Commons, and spoke on the Crown and Government Securities Bill, the design of which was to facilitate prosecutions for political offences. He spoke openly of the military strength of the Republican party in Ireland, and the probable issue of an appeal to arms. But his address produced a scene of indescribable commotion and violence, and he was overwhelmed in a torrent of jeers, groans, and hisses, while Sir George Grey, in replying to him, was cheered with the utmost enthusiasm.

In the meantime the preparations for civil war went on steadily on both sides in Dublin, neither party venturing to interfere with the other. Lest the Government should not be able to subdue the rebellion with 10,000 troops in all the strong points of the city, and artillery commanding all the great thoroughfares, with loopholes for sharpshooters in every public building, an association was formed, to provide loyal citizens with arms, and combine them in self-defence. The committee of this body ordered six hundred stand of arms from the manufacturer, and also some thousands of knots of blue ribbon to be worn by the loyal on the night of the barricades. It

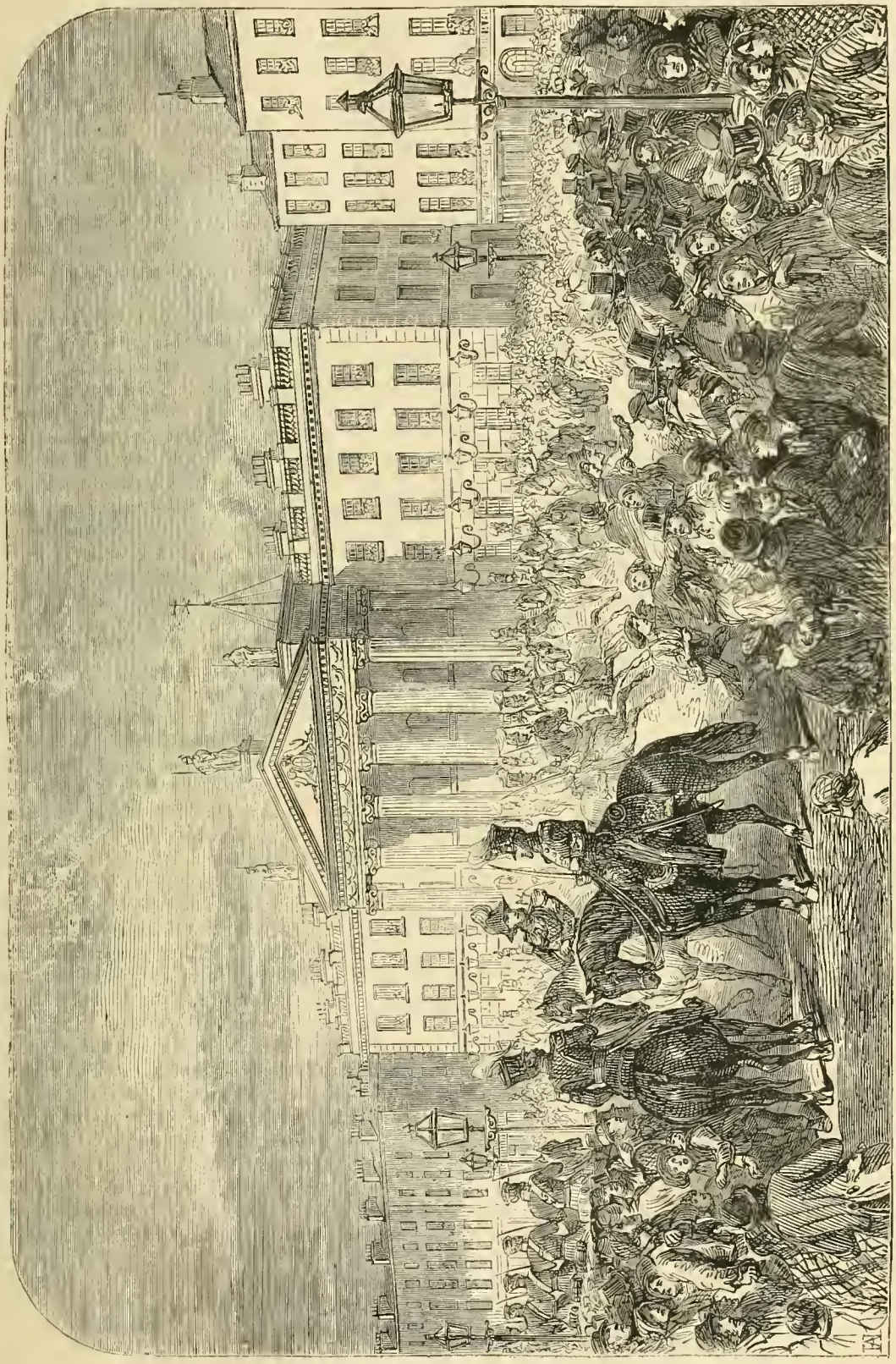
* "Dublin University Magazine," February, 1852.

was intimated that the Government would pay for these things, but as it did not, an action for the cost of the muskets was brought against a gentleman who went to inspect them. Circulars were sent round to the principal inhabitants, with directions as to the best means of defending their houses when attacked by the insurgents. There were instances in which the lower parts of houses were furnished with ball-proof shutters, and a month's provisions of salted meat and biscuits actually laid in. The Orangemen—regarded with so much coldness by the Government in quiet times—were now courted; their leaders were confidentially consulted by the Lord-Lieutenant; their addresses were gratefully acknowledged; they were supplied with muskets; and the certificate of the master of an Orange lodge was recognised by the police authorities as a passport for the importation of arms.

A ludicrous episode in this rebellious movement occurred on the 29th of April, in the city of Limerick. The Sarsfield Club in that place invited Messrs. Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher to a public *soirée*. The followers of O'Connell, known as the Old Ireland party, being very indignant at the treatment O'Connell had received from the Young Ireland leaders, resolved to take this opportunity of punishing the men who had broken the heart of the "Liberator." They began by burning John Mitchell in effigy, and, placing the flaming figure against the window where the *soirée* was held, they set fire to the building. As the company rushed out they were attacked by the mob. Mr. Smith O'Brien, then member for the county of Limerick, was roughly handled. He was struck with a stone in the face, with another in the back of the head, and was besides severely hurt by a blow on the side. Had it not been for the protection of some friends that gathered round him, he would probably have been killed.

At length, after this mischievous delay, the Government ventured to lay hands upon the disseminators of sedition and the organisers of rebellion. On the 13th of May, John Mitchell was arrested, and committed to Newgate. While there, he wrote letters, which were published, in one of which he said, "As I sit here and write in my lonely cell, I hear just dying away the measured tramp of 10,000 marching men—my gallant confederates—unarmed and silent, but with hearts like bended bows, awaiting till the time comes. They marched past my prison windows to let me know that there are 10,000 fighting men in Dublin—felons in heart and soul. I thank God for it. The game is afoot at last. The liberty of Ireland may come sooner or later, by peaceful negotiation or bloody conflict; but it is sure, and wherever between the poles I may chance to be, I will hear the crash of the downfall of the thrice accursed British empire." On the 15th of May Mr. Smith O'Brien, who had been previously arrested and was out on bail, was brought to trial in the Queen's Bench, and arraigned on *ex officio* information as being a wicked, seditious, and turbulent person, and having delivered a speech for the purpose of exciting hatred and contempt against the Queen in Ireland, and inducing the people to rise in rebellion. He was defended by Mr. Butt, a Conservative barrister, who spoke of the ancient lineage and estimable character of the prisoner, concluding thus:—"Believe me, gentlemen, all cannot be right in a country in which such a man as William Smith O'Brien is guilty, if guilty you pronounce him, of sedition." At the conclusion of this sentence the majority of the bar, and of the people in court, rose from their seats and loudly cheered, the ladies in the galleries waving their handkerchiefs. The jury were locked up all night without refreshments, but they could not agree. The next day Meagher was tried, with a similar result, and was hailed by a cheering multitude outside, whom he addressed from a window in the *Nation* office. Mitchell, however, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years; he was immediately conveyed in the police prison van to a small steamer which waited in the bay, and then to a man-of-war which conveyed him to Bermuda. The 10,000 marching men, who threatened never to allow him to be taken out of the country, were nowhere to be found. In their speeches and resolutions they were terrible, but when real danger appeared they were invisible.

But it was not till the end of July that Lord Clarendon obtained the extraordinary powers which he demanded for putting down rebellion. These were conveyed in an act to empower the Lord-Lieutenant to apprehend and detain till the 1st day of March, 1849, such persons as he should "*suspect*" of conspiring against Her Majesty's person or Government. On the 27th of July a despatch from Dublin appeared in the late editions of some of the London morning papers, stating that the railway station at Thurles had been burned; that for several miles along the line the rails had been torn up; that dreadful fighting had been going on in Clonmel; that the people were armed in masses; that the troops were overpowered; that some refused to act; that the insurrection had also broken out in Kilkenny, Waterford, and Cork, and all through the South. This was all pure invention. No such events had occurred. In order to avoid arrests the leaders all fled from Dublin, and the clubs were completely dispersed. Mr. Smith O'Brien started on the 22nd by the night mail for Wexford. From Enniscorthy he crossed the mountains to the County Carlow; at Graigamanagh he visited the parish priest, who offered him no encouragement, but gave him clearly to understand that, in the opinion of the priests, those who attempted to raise a rebellion in the county were insane. He passed on to the towns of Carlow and Kilkenny, where he harangued the people and called upon them to rise. He arrived at Carrick-on-Suir on the 24th, and thence to Cashel, where he left his portmanteau, which contained a letter from Mr. Gavan Duffy, telling him that he would be the head of the movement; that he would be loyally obeyed; that under him the revolution would be conducted with order and clemency; that without him it would be a bloody chaos; that he had got Lafayette's place, and had fallen into Lafayette's error of not using it to all its extent and in all its resources. He was advised to strike out



SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN, DURING THE REBELLION.

a definite course for the revolution, and to follow it up. Leaders had been arrested—namely, Duffy, Martin, Williams, O'Doherty, Meagher, and Doheny. The act, which received the royal assent on the 29th of July, was conveyed by express to Dublin, and immediately the Lord-Lieutenant issued a proclamation ordering the suppression of the conspiracy, which should have been done six months before. In pursuance of this proclamation, the principal cities were occupied by the military. Cannon were planted at the ends of the streets, and all but those who had certificates of loyalty were deprived of their arms. The police entered the offices of the *Nation* and *Felon*, seized all the copies of those papers, and scattered the types. Twelve counties were proclaimed, and a number of young men arrested having commissions and uniforms for the "Irish army of Liberation."

A Privy Council was held at Dublin Castle, at which it was determined to offer rewards for the arrest of the principal conspirators—£500 for William Smith O'Brien, and £300 each for Meagher, Dillon, and O'Doherty. The offence charged was, having taken up arms against Her Majesty. Personal sketches, not very flattering, were published in the *Hue and Cry*. Numerous arrests were made daily of persons known to have been engaged in the manufacture of pikes, and otherwise implicated in the rebellion. The rewards offered soon brought matters to a crisis. As soon as the proclamations were posted up, Sub-Inspector Trant proceeded from Callan, in the County Kilkenny, with a body of between fifty and sixty of the constabulary, in the hope of capturing some of the proclaimed rebels. Arrived on Boulagh Common, near Ballingarry, on the borders of Tipperary and Kilkenny, they took possession of a slated farm-house, belonging to a widow named Cormack. This house they hastily fortified, by piling tables, beds, and other articles against the doors and windows. The insurrection actually commenced at a place called Mullinahone, where, at the ringing of the chapel bell, large numbers of the peasantry assembled in arms, and hailed Smith O'Brien as their general. He was armed with a short pike and several pistols, which he had fastened to a belt. On the 26th of July he went to the police barrack, where there were but six men, and endeavoured to persuade them to join him, promising better pay and promotion under the republic, and telling them that they would resist at their peril. They refused. He then demanded their arms, but they answered that they would die rather than surrender them. He gave them an hour to consider, but departed without carrying his threat into execution. On the 29th Mr. Smith O'Brien appeared on Boulagh Common with increased forces, who surrounded the house in which the constabulary were shut up. He went into the cabbage garden to speak to the police at an open window. He addressed one of the men, and earnestly pressed them to surrender and give up their arms. The constable said he would call Mr. Trant. That gentleman immediately hastened to the spot; but the rebel chief had taken his departure. He mounted a horse which had been taken from a policeman in coloured clothes, and rode about amongst his troops in a general's uniform. Apprehending an attack, Mr. Trant immediately ordered his men to fire, when a battle commenced, which speedily terminated with the defeat of the rebels, of whom two were killed and several wounded. Two shots were aimed at Smith O'Brien without effect; but one of them hit a rebel who was standing by his side brandishing a pike. He was killed on the spot. Another party of police, under the command of Mr. Cox, and accompanied by Mr. French, the stipendiary magistrate, came up at the instant, and fired on the rebels, after which they fled in the greatest disorder. Eighteen were killed and a large number wounded. The police suffered no loss whatever. A large detachment of the 83rd Regiment and about 150 of the constabulary, with Inspector Blake, hastened to the defence of the besieged party; but when they arrived the danger was over, and the police returned to Callan. That evening twenty signal fires blazed on the mountain of Slievena-mon. Next day, being Sunday, the military did not attend public worship, and were everywhere kept on the alert. The greatest excitement appeared amongst the peasantry at the Roman Catholic chapels, who were in hourly expectation of being called upon to act, the most anxious solicitude being painted upon the countenances of the women. There is no doubt, from the temper of the population, that had the priests given the word there would have been a general rising. But they almost universally condemned the conduct of the leaders as insane, and as certain to involve them and all who joined them in destruction. In the meantime, General Macdonald, at the head of his "flying column," consisting of 1,700 men, pursued the insurgents, while troops and artillery were poured into Clonmel, Kilkenny, and Thurles. Near the latter place General Macdonald encamped on the domain of Turtulla, the seat of Mr. Maher, M.P. The butchers of Thurles refused to supply the men with meat, and consequently provisions had to be brought from the commissariat stores at Limerick, and large quantities of biscuits from Dublin, the people having broken into the house of the baker who supplied them with bread at Thurles and destroyed his furniture.

After the flight from Ballingarry, and the desertion of his followers, Smith O'Brien abandoned the cause in despair, and concealed himself for several days among the peasantry in a miserable state of mind. He had none of the qualities of a rebel chief; and he had not at all calculated the exigencies of the position that he had so rashly and criminally assumed, involving the necessity of wholesale plunder and sanguinary civil strife, from which his nature shrank. Besides, he soon found that the people would not trust a Protestant leader, and that there was, after all, no magic in the name of O'Brien for a Roman Catholic community. But to the honour of the peasantry it should be spoken, that though many of them were then on the verge of starvation, not one of them yielded to the temptation of large rewards to betray him or his fugitive colleagues, and several of them ran the risk of transportation by giving them shelter. Under these circumstances, on the 5th of August, Mr. O'Brien walked from his hiding-place in the Keeper Mountains

into Thurles, where he arrived about eight o'clock in the evening. He went immediately to the railway station to procure a ticket for Limerick. There were seventeen constables on the platform in coloured clothes who did not know him; but a railway guard, named Hulme, an Englishman, recognised him, and tapping him on the shoulder, he presented a pistol at him, and said, "You are the Queen's prisoner." A strong escort of police was immediately procured, and the prisoner was conveyed in a special train to Dublin, where he was lodged in Kilmainham Gaol. Messrs. Meagher, M. R. Lane, and P. J. O'Donoghue were also arrested in the same neighbourhood, and lodged in the same gaol.

Thus ended the rebellion of 1848, which had so long kept the country in a state of alarm. It is true that some of the leaders headed small bodies of insurgents in the county of Waterford, and attacked several police baracks, but in none of the affrays were the insurgents successful. The police, who were not more than one to fifty of the rebels, routed them in every instance without any loss of life on their part. The constabulary were then 10,000 strong in Ireland, and upon their desertion to his ranks Smith O'Brien confidently counted; but though the majority of the force were Roman Catholics, they were loyal to a man. Dillon and O'Gorman had escaped to France, but Terence McManus, a fine young man, who had given up a prosperous business as a broker in Liverpool to become an officer in the "Army of Liberation," was arrested in an American vessel proceeding from Cork to the United States. A special commission for the trial of the prisoners was opened on the 21st of September, at Clonmel, high treason having been committed in the County Tipperary. The prisoners were brought down by special train from Dublin, and were treated with the greatest possible consideration. They were allowed five clear days to prepare for their defence, and to each of them the court assigned a solicitor and two counsel. The judges were the two chiefs, Blackburne and Doherty, with Mr. Justice Moore. The Courthouse was crowded to excess, many strangers being present from various parts of the country and from England. Mr. Smith O'Brien, who was dressed in black, and appeared in perfect health and cheerful spirits, was cordially greeted by his friends, among whom were his two brothers, Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart., and the Rev. Mr. O'Brien. He was defended by Mr. Whiteside and Sir Colman O'Loghlen, Bart. The trial of the chief prisoner lasted nine days. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, but unanimously and strongly prayed that his life might be spared. It was generally understood that this recommendation would be acted upon, especially as the insurgents had killed none of the Queen's subjects, and their leader had done all in his power to dissuade them from the perpetration of crime. McManus and Meagher were next tried, and also found guilty, with a similar recommendation to mercy. When they were asked why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, Smith O'Brien answered that he was perfectly satisfied with the consciousness of having performed his duty to his country, and that he had done only what, in his opinion, it was the duty of every Irishman to have done. "And now," he said, "I am prepared to abide the consequence of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence." Meagher said that the sentence would be remembered by his countrymen as the solemn attestation of his rectitude and truth. With his country he left his memory, his sentiments, his acts, proudly feeling that they required no vindication from him. "On this spot," he said, "where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave, in an unconsecrated soil, is ready to receive me—even here the hope which beckoned me on to embark on the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me. I do not despair of my old country; I do not despair of her peace, her liberty, her glory. To lift up this isle, to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being what she is—the meanest beggar in the world—to restore her ancient constitution and her native powers—this has been my ambition and this has been my crime. Judged thus, the treason of which I have been convicted loses all guilt, has been sanctified as a duty, and will be ennobled as a sacrifice. To my country I offer the only sacrifice I can now give—the life of a young heart, and with it the hopes, the honours, the endearments of a happy and honourable home. I reverence then, my lords, the sentence that the law directs, and I shall be prepared to hear it, and I trust, to meet its execution, and to appear with a light heart before a higher tribunal." McManus said:—"Standing in this dock, and about to ascend the scaffold, it may be to-morrow, I wish to put this on record, that in no part of my proceedings have I been actuated by animosity against Englishmen, among whom I have spent some of the happiest and most prosperous days of my life. In nothing I have done have I been influenced by enmity to Englishmen individually, whatever I may have felt of the injustice of English rule in this island. It is not for having loved England less, but for having loved Ireland more, that I now stand before you."

This no doubt would have been very noble language if there had been a certainty or even a likelihood that the sentence of death would be executed, and that the convicts would be "hanged, drawn, and quartered," in the barbarous manner of past times; but as no one expected this, there was perhaps a touch of the melo-dramatic in the tone of defiance adopted by the prisoners. The Government acted towards them with the greatest forbearance and humanity. They brought a writ of error before the House of Lords on account of objections to the jury panel; but the sentence of the Court was confirmed. The sentence of death was commuted to transportation for life; but they protested against this, and insisted on their legal right to be either hanged or set free, in consequence of which an act was passed quickly through Parliament to remove all doubt about the right of the Crown to commute the sentence. The convicts were sent to Van Diemen's Land, where they were allowed to go about freely, on their parole.

Meagher and McManus ultimately escaped to America, and Smith O'Brien after some years obtained a free pardon, and was permitted to return home to his family, but without feeling the least gratitude to the Government, or losing the conviction that he had only done his duty to his country. Mr. Gavan Duffy was tried for high treason in Dublin, in February, 1849: the jury disagreed, and were discharged. He was again tried in April following, when the same thing occurred, and Mr. Duffy gave security to appear again, if required, himself, in £1,000. Thus ended the State prosecutions connected with the last attempt made by the Irish to overthrow the dominion of England in that country.

It was not to be expected that the difficulties of Ireland would have passed away with the paroxysm of the crisis through which that nation had been working into a better state of existence. The social evils of that country were too deep-rooted and too extensive to be got rid of suddenly. The political disturbances above recorded, coming immediately after the famine, tended to retard the process of recovery. Another failure of the potato crop caused severe distress in some parts of the country, while in the poorer districts the pressure upon the rates had a crushing effect upon the owners of land, which was, perhaps, in the majority of cases, heavily encumbered. This led to the passing of a measure for the establishment of a "rate in aid," in the session of 1849, by which the burden of supporting the poor was more equally divided, and a portion of it placed upon the shoulders most able to bear it. In anticipation of this rate, Sir Charles Wood proposed an advance of £100,000 to meet the existing pressure. The proposed "rate in aid" was sixpence in the pound, to be levied in every union in Ireland, towards a general fund for the relief of the poor, and this was connected with a provision that the maximum rate should not exceed five shillings in the pound in any electoral division. The proposition of the Government, with the exception of the maximum rate clause, was agreed to after a good deal of discussion and various amendments. In the House of Lords the bill was carried with difficulty, after much discussion and the moving of various amendments.

But at length the Legislature adopted a measure which went to the root of one of the greatest evils that had afflicted Ireland. This was a bill for facilitating the transfer of encumbered estates, which was passed into law, and is generally known as the Encumbered Estates Act. It was introduced by the Solicitor-General, Sir Samuel Romilly, on the 26th of April. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the state of landed property in that country. Many of the estates had been in Chancery for a long series of years, under the management of receivers, and periodically let at rack-rents. Many others which were not in Chancery were so heavily mortgaged that the owners were merely nominal. Others again were so tied up by family settlements, or held by such defective titles, that they could not be transferred. Consequently, a great portion of the landed property of the country was in such a condition that capital could not be invested in it, or expended on it. The course of proceeding in Chancery was so slow, so expensive, so ruinous, and the court was so apparently incapable of reform, that nothing could be expected from that quarter. The Government, therefore, proposed to establish a commission, invested with all the powers of that court, and capable of exercising those powers in a summary manner, without delay and without expense, so that an encumbered estate could be at once sold, either wholly or in part, and a parliamentary title given, which should be good against all the world. This important measure met with general approval in both houses. Indeed it was hailed with satisfaction by all classes of the community, with the exception of a portion of the Irish landed gentry. There were three commissioners appointed, lawyers of eminence and experience in connection with land. By a subsequent enactment in 1858, it was regulated as a permanent institution, under the title of the Landed Estates Court; the three commissioners were styled judges, ranking with the judges of the Law Courts. The number of petitions or applications for sale made to this court from the 17th of October, 1849, to the 1st of August, 1850, was 1,085, and of this number those by owners amounted to 177—nearly one-sixth of the whole. The rental of the estates thus sought to be sold by the nominal proprietors, anxious to be relieved of their burdens, was £195,000 per annum, and the encumbrances affecting them amounted to no less than £3,260,000. The rental of the estates included in 1,085 applications, made by others not owners, amounted to £655,470 per annum, and the debt upon these amounted to the enormous sum of £12,400,348. One of the estates brought before the court had been in Chancery for seventy years, the original bill having been filed by Lord Mansfield in 1781. The estates were broken up into parcels for the convenience of purchasers, many of whom were the occupying tenants, and the great majority were Irishmen. Generally the properties brought their full value, estimated by the poor-law valuation, not by the rack rents which were set down in the agents' books, but never recovered. The amount of capital that lay dormant in Ireland, waiting for investment in land, may be inferred from the fact that in nine years—from 1849 to 1858—the sum of twenty-two millions sterling was paid for 2,380 estates. The court has been steadily pursuing its work ever since, though not with so much rapidity as in the earlier years of its existence. One of its efforts has been to urge on the work of emigration, by the eviction of tenants without the means of paying their rents. Men of capital looked for a fair per-centage for their investments. Many of them were merchants and solicitors, without any of the attachments that subsisted between the old race of landlords and their tenants, and they naturally dealt with land as they did with other matters—in a commercial spirit.

The Encumbered Estates Act may be regarded as the turning-point in the destiny of Ireland, marking the introduction of a new era. In the royal speech at the

close of the session, the Queen expressed a fervent hope that the Almighty Disposer of events would favour the operation of those laws, and grant to her Irish people as the reward of the patience and resignation with which they had borne their protracted sufferings, the blessings of an abundant harvest and internal peace. And soon after the prorogation of Parliament Her Majesty resolved to realise the beautiful prediction of Sir Robert Peel, and pay her first visit to her Irish subjects. At Cowes a royal squadron was in readiness to convey the Victoria and Albert across the Channel. It consisted of the Stromboli, Sphynx, Black Eagle, and Vivid, all steamers. They arrived at Cove at ten o'clock on Thursday night. The Queen was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice. The royal yacht anchored alongside the Ganges, her arrival being announced by the booming of artillery, which was the signal for the lighting of bonfires upon the hills around the picturesque town of Cove. In the morning a deputation went on board, consisting of the Marquis of Thomond, head of the house of O'Brien; the Earl of Bandon, and several of the nobility and gentry of the county; with the Mayor of Cork, and Mr. Fagan, M.P. for that city. They were introduced to Her Majesty by Sir George Grey, the Secretary of State, in attendance during the visit. Arrangements were then made for the landing, and about three o'clock the Queen first set foot upon Irish ground, amidst the most enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty from the multitudes assembled to bid their Sovereign welcome, mingling their cheers with the roar of cannon, which reverberated from the hills around. A pavilion had been erected for Her Majesty's reception, and over it floated a banner, with the word "Cove" emblazoned upon it. The Queen had consented, at the request of the inhabitants, to change the name of the place, and call it "Queenstown," and when she left the pavilion the first flag was pulled down and another erected in its stead, with the new name. Thus the old name of "Cove" was extinguished by the Queen's visit, just as the old name of "Dunleary" had been extinguished by the visit of George IV.

The royal party then proceeded up the beautiful river Lee, to the city of Cork, hailed by cheering crowds at every point along the banks where a sight of the Queen could be obtained. All the population of the capital of Munster seemed to have turned out to do homage to their Sovereign. The Mayor, Mr. Lyons, presented to her the keys of the city on a velvet cushion. He then presented an address from the corporation, after which Her Majesty presented a sword to the Prince Consort, who laid it on the shoulder of the kneeling mayor, and said, "Rise, Sir William Lyons." A procession was quickly formed. The Queen and the Royal Family occupied carriages lent for the occasion by Lord Bandon. The procession passed under several beautiful triumphal arches, erected at different points. The public buildings and many private houses were adorned with banners of every hue, evergreens, and all possible signs of rejoicing. The windows, balconies, and all available positions were crowded by the citizens, cheering and waving their hats and handkerchiefs. When this ceremony had been gone through, the Queen returned to the Victoria and Albert, in Queenstown Harbour. At night, the whole of that town was brilliantly illuminated. In Cork, also, the public buildings and the principal streets were lit up in honour of Her Majesty's visit. When Her Majesty first landed it was noticed as a happy omen that "the sun shone forth with sudden and unwonted splendour." It was a fit emblem of the sunshine of royalty that seemed to produce in the Celtic population of Munster a degree of loyal excitement amounting to ecstasy. Their wild shouts, mingled with the roar of cannon and the ringing of joy-bells, altogether produced an effect that must have been very gratifying to its object, and Her Majesty, before she parted, was pleased to say to Sir Thomas Deane that "Nothing could be more gratifying" than her reception.

About ten o'clock on Saturday morning, the squadron weighed anchor for Dublin Bay. They passed that night in Waterford Harbour, and arrived at Kingstown Harbour on the afternoon of the following day. The harbour is composed of two immense arms of granite, running out into the sea for about a mile, and narrowing to the entrance, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe. The harbour to the left is devoted to commercial shipping and fishing smacks. Near the right is the landing pier for the Holyhead and Liverpool steamers, which projects like a tongue into the sea, upon which the railway runs, so that the express train comes alongside the mail steamer. This is called Carlisle Pier, and has been constructed since the Queen's visit. The arm to the right of the harbour is a fashionable promenade, much frequented, especially in summer, when it is crowded by respectable people till a late hour in the evening. When Her Majesty arrived, this promenade was densely covered with people, from the quay at the town to the light-house at the end, while all the space on the rising grounds was occupied by carriages and eager crowds. The jetty, especially, a large space of ground in front of the railway station, was packed as closely as human beings could stand together; while the tops of the houses commanding a view of the scene were also occupied. When the Queen appeared on deck, there was a tremendous burst of cheering, which was renewed again and again, especially when the Victoria and Albert, amidst salutes from yachts and steamers, swung round at anchor, head to wind. At that time it is calculated that there must have been 40,000 people present.

Monday, the 6th of August, was an auspicious day for the Irish metropolis. It opened with a brilliant sun, and from an early hour all the population of Dublin seemed astir. Trains began to run to Kingstown as early as half-past six, and from that hour till noon the multitudes poured in by sea and land, in order to see and welcome their Queen. A handsome pavilion had been erected on the jetty, covering the passage from the landing-place to the railway station. It was decorated on the inside with the flags of all civilised nations. On

the whole way to the flight of steps ascending to the railway platform, was a daïs covered with crimson carpeting, on each side of which were ranged rare and beautiful plants in large pots, brought from the botanical gardens. The Earl of Clarendon, then Lord-Lieutenant, Lady Clarendon. Prince George of Cambridge, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir Edward Blakeney, Commander of the Forces, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Duke of Leinster, the chief judges, and a number of peers and leading gentry, arrived early to welcome the Sovereign, the last being nearly all in uniform as lieutenants, or deputy-lieutenants, of counties. There was also a deputation from the county of Dublin, consisting of the High Sheriff, Mr. Ennis, Lords Charlemont, Brabazon, Howth, Monk, Roebuck, and others. The Queen landed at ten o'clock. The excitement and tumultuous joy at that moment cannot be described. Her Majesty was dressed in a very simple costume. She wore a dress of brown and white spotted muslin, a visite of pearl-coloured silk and Limerick lace, and a white crape bonnet. She looked youthful and animated, quite radiant with smiles and happiness. The Princesses wore blue satin visites over plain white tunics. The Prince Consort was dressed in a dark frock coat with drab trowsers, and the joyous little Princes figured in sailor costume. On the platform of the railway terminus, a handsome structure adjoining the jetty, the Queen was received by Mr. George Roe, Chairman of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company. The Royal party stopped to admire the scene from that commanding position, and certainly it would be difficult to find anywhere a scene more beautiful than it appeared at that moment, the whole space of the harbour covered with yachts, steamers, and craft of all sorts, with their colours flying; while the encircling piers were black with human beings, and the jetty and all the elevated space above in front of the handsome terraces, presented one mass of upturned faces, all looking with intense interest at the central objects of that glorious scene—the fair, young Queen, the graceful Prince Consort, and their lovely children, standing upon the platform in front of the railway terminus. There was a special train in waiting to convey the Queen to Dublin, with a state carriage of exquisite beauty. The train stopped at Sandymount Station, where the procession was to be formed. In addition to the innumerable carriages waiting to take their places, there was a cavalcade of the gentry of the county and a countless multitude of pedestrians. The procession began to move soon after ten o'clock, passing over Ball's Bridge and on through Baggot Street. At Baggot Street Bridge the city gate was erected. There the corporation appeared in their robes, and the Lord Mayor, Mr. Timothy O'Brien, who was afterwards made a baronet, presented Her Majesty with the city keys. It is needless to state that all the windows of the houses were filled with fair spectators, that the streets were densely crowded, and that all was enthusiasm, exultation, and joy. No one could then imagine that one year before there had been in that city bands of rebels, arming themselves against the Queen's authority. All traces of rebellion, disaffection, discontent, and misery vanished in that overwhelming flood of loyalty. The procession moved on through Fitzwilliam Square, Merrion Square, Nassau Street, Westmoreland Street, Sackville Street, Cavendish Row, Eccles Street, and on by the North Circular Road to the Phœnix Park, at the gate of which the procession parted company, the royal party driving rapidly to the Viceregal Lodge. The procession passed under several magnificent triumphal arches, from one of which a dove was let down by an invisible cord into the Queen's carriage, and taken graciously into her hand.

On Monday night the whole city was brilliantly illuminated. The excitement of the multitude had time to cool next day, for it rained incessantly from morning till night. But the rain did not keep the Queen in-doors. She was out early through the city, visiting the Bank of Ireland, the National Model Schools, the University, and the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham. There she cheered the hearts of the brave old pensioners by saying, "I am glad indeed to see you all so comfortable." The illuminations were repeated this evening with, if possible, increased splendour, and the streets were filled with people in every direction, all behaving in the most orderly manner. Her Majesty held a *levée* in Dublin Castle on Wednesday, which was attended by unprecedented numbers. On Thursday she witnessed a grand review in the Phœnix Park, and held a drawing-room in her palace in the evening. On Friday the Queen and the Prince paid a visit to "Ireland's only duke," at Carton, near Maynooth, where they were entertained at a *déjeûner*, with a select company of the nobility. The Queen left Dublin that evening, followed to the railway station by immense multitudes, cheering and blessing as only enthusiastic Celts can cheer and bless. The scene at the embarkation in Kingstown harbour was very touching. The whole space and the piers were crowded as when she arrived. The cheering and waving of handkerchiefs seemed to affect Her Majesty, as the royal yacht moved slowly out towards the extremity of the pier near the lighthouse. She left the two ladies in waiting with whom she was conversing on deck, ran up to the paddle-box, and, taking her place beside Prince Albert, she gazed upon the scene before her, graciously waving her hand in response to the parting salutations of her loyal Irish subjects. She appeared to give some order to the commandant, the paddles immediately ceased to move, and the vessel merely floated on; the royal standard was lowered in courtesy to the cheering thousands on shore; and this stately obeisance was repeated five times. This incident produced a deep impression on the hearts of the people, and it was this picture that dwelt longest on their minds.

After a rough passage, the squadron arrived, at three in the morning, in Carrickfergus Road, about seven miles from Belfast. The water in the Channel was not deep enough for the Victoria and Albert, and the Royal party went on board the Fairy tender, in which they rapidly glided up the lough, and anchored at the quay. Her Majesty was received by the Marquis of London-

derry, with a number of the Northern nobility. The Mayor also went on board, where he presented an address from the Corporation, and received the order of knighthood. The royal party landed in order to see the town. Loyal mottoes told, in every form of expression, the welcome of the inhabitants of the capital of Ulster. An arch of grand architectural proportions, richly decorated with floral ornaments and waving banners, spanned the High Street. Her Majesty visited the Queen's College and the Linen Hall. Belfast is a flourishing city, but it has not much to boast of in the way of architectural beauty, and therefore there was not much to see. The numerous mills about the town, with their tall chimneys and perpetual smoke, would remind her more of Lancashire than of Ireland, giving her assurance at the same time that Ulster was the most industrious and prosperous part of her kingdom of Ireland. The town, however, was seen to the best advantage, and the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded. If, in Cork, where O'Connell had been obeyed almost as sovereign of the country, the Queen was hailed with such enthusiastic devotion, how intense must have been the loyal demonstrations in a town out of which the Repeal chief was obliged to fly secretly, to avoid being stoned to death.

There is no doubt that this royal visit to Ireland had a most salutary effect on the minds of the people, and shed a healing influence upon those classes who had suffered in the recent calamities. It also left a deep impression upon the people of England and Scotland, who felt that the love with which the Queen had inspired the hearts of the Irish was too strong to be broken again by faction or sedition, and that her visit might be regarded as the harbinger of a happier union between the two countries. After a stormy passage, the royal squadron arrived with difficulty at Lough Ryan, on the western coast of Wigtonshire. Thence the Queen proceeded to Glasgow, where she knighted Mr. James Anderson, the Lord Provost, and on Wednesday, the 15th, she reached her new mountain residence at Balmoral. There the Royal Family recruited their strength with rural amusements. The Prince's birthday was celebrated in grand style by the surrounding Highlanders. On the 27th of December they returned to England by way of Edinburgh, and arrived safely at Osborne.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER IV.

Effects of the French Revolution—Belgium—King Leopold's Speech—Dispatch of Lord Palmerston to the English Minister at Madrid—Reply of the Duke de Sotomayar—Dismissal of Sir H. Bulwer from the Spanish Court—Carlist Insurrection in Spain—The Revolutionary Movement in Germany—The Germanic Confederation—The Diet—The Federal Army—The National Assembly—John, Archduke of Austria, appointed Vicar of the German Empire, and installed at Frankfort—The Imperial Crown declined by the King of Prussia—War against Denmark—Failure and Dissolution of the National Assembly—The Revolution at Baden, Cologne, Wiesbaden, and Dusseldorf—Permanence of Democracy—Hesse Cassel—Bavaria—Lola Montez—Riots at Munich—Abdication of the King—Monster Meeting at Heidelberg—Riots at Frankfort—Battle between the Troops and the People—Shocking Assassinations—Prussia—Frederick William IV.; his Character and Policy; Despotic Tendencies—Popular Discontent and Distrust—The United Diet—The King's Speech—The Address of the Diet in reply—Second Meeting of the Diet—The King heads the Revolutionary Movement—Joy of the People—Collision with the Troops—Royal Concessions—Liberal Cabinet—Liberation of the Polish Political Prisoners—Triumphal Procession—The King appears in German Colours—His Address to the Students of the University; he sinks the Name and Nationality of Prussia in the German Empire—The Brandenburg Administration—The Royal Speech to the Diet—Its demand of Free Institutions—It refuses to merge the Prussian Monarchy in German—The King backs out of his position as German Leader—New Electoral Law—The Constituent Assembly—The Opening of the National Assembly by the King in Person—The King's Speech—The Draft of the New Constitution—Discussion in the Assembly concerning the Outbreak of the 18th of March ("Was it a Revolution or a Transaction?")—Popular Demonstrations—Motion in the Assembly to have a proper Guard for its Protection—Appointment of Von Wrangel to the Command of the Troops—The King takes Measures of Repression—The General's Address—Debate on the Title of the King—Appointment of the Count Brandenburg as Prime Minister—Deputation to the King—Decree of the King proroguing the Assembly—Resistance of the Assembly—Sitting in Permanence—The Chamber surrounded by Military—The Members expelled—The King's Proclamation—Martial Law proclaimed in Berlin—The Chamber meets again, and votes the levying of Taxes by the Government illegal—The Burgher Guard disarmed—The Prussian Assembly dissolved—Its Proceedings condemned by the Frankfort Assembly—Deplorable State of Berlin—State of Siege continued—The King's Address to the Army—He grants a New Constitution—The Frankfort Parliament offers the Imperial Crown to the King of Prussia, who declines the Honour—Collision between the Government and the Prussian Chamber—Dissolution of Parliament—Excitement at Berlin—Resignation of the Regent of Germany—Triumph of Monarchy in Germany.

THE downfall of the French monarchy was the cause, more or less directly, of a series of Continental revolutions, the records of which will always form some of the most exciting and instructive chapters in European history. We shall first rapidly notice the movements of minor importance, reserving the glorious struggles in Hungary and Italy for a more copious narrative, which, in the latter case, will connect itself with great and stirring questions of universal interest.

It was natural to expect that Belgium would have been seriously disturbed by the French Revolution of 1848. These two countries are so nearly akin in blood, religion, and language, that it must be very difficult for the smaller nation to avoid following the changes of revolutions in the greater; but the kingdom of Belgium was saved, because it was under a real constitutional monarchy. Had King Leopold been deceitful, dishonest, and artfully despotic, like Louis Philippe, his dynasty also would have been swept away by the torrent of revolution. The contrast is instructive. It proves that if the people are fairly and faithfully dealt with by their rulers, they will, in their turn, be loyal and peaceful. The King of Belgium, therefore, reaped the reward of his integrity and wisdom in the tranquillity of his kingdom in 1848. There was no physical barrier between France and Belgium, but the tide of revolution flowed only to the Belgian boundary, and there, by an invisible power, its proud waves were stayed. On the 26th of June the session of the Belgian Chambers was opened by the King in person, who might well feel a just pride in making the following statement:—"In presence of the agitation which so deeply excites Europe, Belgium has remained calm, confiding, and strong. The changes in the political state of several nations have not in any way altered our good international relations. Our official relations with the French republic have been established on terms of mutual good will. From all parts we have received testimonies of sympathy and esteem. . . . By means of the financial measures voted last session, our patriotic army has been maintained on a respectable footing of defence; we have sustained employment; the public treasury has been able to fulfil faithfully all its obligations, and the burden of the floating debt has ceased to press on credit. The future will recompense the sacrifices of the past. . . . We are passing through a period of difficulty for European society. Belgium will not allow herself to be diverted from the sure path in which she has entered. By happy union she has been enabled to reconcile stability with progress, and order with the practices of liberty in every shape."

The French Revolution was also without effect on Holland, whose king conscientiously consulted the feelings of his people; and the opening of 1848 found him recommending a revision of the constitution, in order to its more perfect adaptation to the wants and wishes of the nation. Spain was less affected by the flight of the monarch who had exerted so baneful an influence upon its policy and its royal family, than might have been anticipated. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer was then our minister at Madrid, and Lord Palmerston was our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He evidently expected another revolution in Spain, as appears from a remarkable dispatch which he addressed to Sir Henry. Its tone was certainly rather dictatorial, and it is not much wonder that it fired the pride of the Spanish Government. The noble lord wrote as follows:—"Sir,—I have to recommend you to advise the Spanish Government to adopt a legal and constitutional system. The recent downfall of the King of the French and of his family, and the expulsion of his ministers, ought to indicate to the Spanish Court and Government the danger to which they expose themselves, in endeavouring to govern a country in a manner opposed to the sentiments and opinions of the nation; and the catastrophe which has just occurred in France is sufficient to show that even a numerous and well-disciplined army offers only an insufficient means of defence to the Crown, when the system followed by it is not in harmony with the general system of the country. The Queen of Spain would act wisely, in the present critical state of affairs, if she were to strengthen her executive Government, by widening the basis on which the administration reposes,

and in calling to her councils some of the men in whom the liberal party places confidence."

The irritation which this note caused was increased by the fact that before it was communicated by Sir H. Bulwer to the Spanish minister, the Duke de Sotomayar, a copy of it had got into print in one of the opposition journals. In replying to it the Duke reminded our representative that when Lord Palmerston sent the dispatch in question the Spanish Cortes were sitting, the press was entirely free, and the Government had adopted a line of conduct admitted to be full of kindness and conciliation. He asked, therefore, what motive could induce the British minister to make himself the interpreter of the feelings and opinions of a foreign and independent nation in regard to its domestic affairs, and the kind of men that should be admitted to its councils. The Spanish Cabinet, which had the full confidence of the Crown and the Cortes and had been acting in conformity with the constitution and the laws, could not see "without the most extreme surprise the extraordinary pretensions of Lord Palmersten, which led him to interfere in this manner with the internal affairs of Spain, and to support himself on inexact and equivocal dates, and the qualification and appreciation of which could not, in any case, come within his province." They declined to give any account of their conduct at the instigation of a foreign power, and declared that all the legal parties in Spain unanimously rejected such a humiliating pretension. And, he triumphantly asked, "What would Lord Palmerston say if the Spanish Government were to interfere in the administrative acts of the British Cabinet, and recommend a modification of the *régime* of the State; or if it were to advise it to adopt more efficacious or more liberal measures to alleviate the frightful condition of Ireland? What would he say if the representative of Her Catholic Majesty in London were to qualify so harshly as your Excellency has done, the exceptional measures of repression which the English Government prepares against the aggression which threatens in the midst of its own states? What would he say if the Spanish Government were to demand, in the name of humanity, more consideration and more justice on behalf of the unfortunate people of Asia? What, in fine, would he say if we were to remind him that the late events on the Continent gave a salutary lesson to all governments, without excepting Great Britain? And that, consequently, the administration of the state should be given up to the illustrious Peel—to the skilful man who, after having conciliated the general opinion of his country, has known how to merit the sympathies and esteem of all the governments of Europe? He would say what the Spanish Government has a right now to say, That he does not recognise the right of any power to offer observations which he rejects as offensive to the dignity of a free and independent nation. Animated by sentiments suitable to Spanish dignity, and to every government which respects itself, the Cabinet of Her Catholic Majesty cannot avoid protesting against the contents of the dispatches of Lord Palmerston and of your Excellency. And considering that it cannot retain them without being wanting in dignity, it returns them enclosed; and at the same time declares that if your Excellency should at any other time, in your official communications on points of international rights, go beyond the bounds of your mission, and interfere in the particular and private affairs of the Spanish Government, I shall consider myself under the painful necessity of returning your dispatches without further remark."

Further correspondence on the subject did not heal the wound that had been inflicted on the pride of the Spanish Government, but rather inflamed it; and on the 19th of May, the English ambassador received a peremptory order to quit the kingdom within forty-eight hours. In dismissing him, the Duke de Sotomayar administered to him a very sharp rebuke. "Your conduct," he said, "in the execution of your important mission has been reprobated by public opinion in England, censured by the British press, and condemned in the British Parliament. Her Catholic Majesty's Government cannot defend it, when that of Her Britannic Majesty has not done so." Sir H. Bulwer accordingly departed, Mr. Otway, the principal attaché, remaining to transact any necessary business connected with the embassy. Diplomatic relations were not renewed for some time, and, it must be admitted, that the insult that had been offered to England was in a great measure provoked.

During the year, Spain was disturbed by a Carlist insurrection, which was headed by Cabrera. The pretext for this outbreak, which commenced in the northern provinces, was the Spanish marriages, which were referred to in a proclamation issued by the above-named chief, when vainly summoning all Spaniards to the flag of Carlos Louis de Bourbon.

The immense phlegmatic mass of the German population—amounting to 43,000,000, spread over 246,000 square miles, and divided into thirty-five sovereign states—was powerfully moved by the shock of the French Revolution. Those states existed under every form of government, from absolutism to democracy. They were all united into a *Bund* or confederation, the object of which was the maintenance of the independence of Germany, and of its several states. The Confederation consisted of a *Diet*, composed of the plenipotentiaries of all the states. This Diet was no bad emblem of the German mind and character—fruitful in speculation, free in thought, boundless in utterance, but without strength of will or power of action; feeble in the presence of the actualities and exigencies of life. The plenipotentiaries could act only in accordance with the special instructions of their respective sovereigns, without any executive to carry their resolutions into effect. The sovereignties were in some cases so complicated, that there were only seventeen votes to be divided among the thirty-five states; but when important fundamental changes were to be considered, when peace or war was to be made, the Diet became a general assembly or *plenum*, in which seventy votes were originally distributed among the members in classes—Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Würtemburg having each four; five others having three

each, three having two each, and a number of the smallest having one each. The Diet held its sittings at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a city which became famous during the revolutionary years of 1848 and 1849. The Federal army consisted of about half a million men, in ten divisions, of which three belong to Austria and three to Prussia, both comprising more than half the total number. The Confederation had no effective power to dispose of those armies. Its action was paralysed by the multitude of counsellors and the conflict of rights. When, therefore, the Germans were roused and excited by the French Revolution of 1848, the Diet was found incapable as an organ of the national will. It was accordingly superseded by a National Assembly, which met at Frankfort, and assumed the sovereign powers. This Assembly confirmed the appointment that had been made by the Diet of the Austrian Archduke John as vicar or regent of the empire, till the election of an emperor of Germany. They offered the Imperial crown to the King of Prussia, which, under other circumstances, he would no doubt have gladly accepted, as he had been competing with the Emperor of Austria for the hegemony or leadership of the Confederation; but owing to the mutual jealousies and irreconcilable pretensions of the two great powers, the King of Prussia was compelled to decline the honour.

The National Assembly met at Frankfort on the 18th of May. The Federal Diet expressed a wish to act in friendly unison and co-operation with the representatives of the nation. Weeks were spent in considering the nature of the central authority that should be established. The result was the appointment of a provisional regent or vicar. The Archduke was selected; and the Diet, as instructed by their respective Governments, immediately confirmed the appointment. The Archduke was accordingly installed with all due formality as vicar on the 12th of July. In the meantime, the National Assembly had been busily at work framing a constitution with two chambers—the Upper composed of the sovereigns, or their deputies, and comprising 200 members; the Lower consisting of representatives of the people, freely chosen, one-third of the members to retire every two years. The Kaiser, or Emperor, was to rule by the advice of ministers responsible to the legislature; but he was to have the disposal of the army, and the right of concluding treaties and making peace and war. Free municipal institutions were to be established; the right of public meeting was to be guaranteed; a national guard was to be instituted; and there was to be absolute freedom of religion, education, science, and the press.

Theoretically considered, nothing could be finer than the constitutional arrangements made by this body; but they soon got involved in interminable discussions, which could be brought to no practical conclusion. In May, 1849, the assembly split into two parties, one of which transferred its sittings to Gotha, and the other to Stuttgart. The Vicar resigned his empty dignity in December. The princes recovered their sovereignties, and the *Bund* returned to the *statu quo* established in 1815. But such was the force of the national sentiment while it lasted, and the desire for German unity, that they made war upon the King of Denmark, for the purpose of wresting from him the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig. They were defeated in the war, and a reaction having commenced, all their grand projects proved utterly abortive.

This general view of German affairs will prepare the reader to follow the course of revolution in the several German states. It was first manifested in the south-west. On the 29th of February the Grand Duke of Baden received a deputation from his subjects, demanding liberty of the press, trial by jury, and the establishment of a national guard. He wisely yielded to the popular feeling, granting all that was asked, and making the most trusted of the liberal leaders a member of his Government. During the month of March, similar demonstrations took place rapidly at Cologne, Wiesbaden, and Dusseldorf. The prevalence of democratic principles may be inferred from the demands made by the insurgent masses. At Cologne they required universal suffrage, the sovereignty of the people, liberty of the press and of speech, the abolition of the standing army, State education for all children, the protection of labour, and a guaranteed supply of all the necessaries of life for the workmen. They also required the general arming of the population. At Hesse Cassel, the people rose and sent a deputation to the palace of the Elector, proposing demands to this effect, and allowing three days for an answer. In anticipation of a refusal, they erected large barricades in the principal streets, composed of wagons, trees, stones, and ploughshares, fastened in the barriers with the points turned out. The people at the same time armed themselves, determined to effect a revolution at all hazards. The Elector, however, yielded with a good grace; the hostile demonstration was converted into a peaceful and triumphal procession; and such was the joy of the people, that all the towns and villages in the electorate were illuminated.

The revolution in Bavaria was accompanied by an entertaining episode. The old King, Charles Louis, now in his dotage, had formed an infatuated attachment for the notorious Lola Montez. This remarkable adventuress was an Irish girl, a native of the County Wexford, who was brought home from school, at the age of fourteen, to marry an old man, to whom she had a great repugnance. She made known her distress to a young captain, named James, with whom she eloped. They got married, and went out to India. There he deserted her, having eloped one morning with the young wife of an old gentleman, in whose house they were residing. Mrs. James, instead of being overwhelmed with grief, laughed heartily at the fun of the incident and the inconsolable grief of the bereaved husband, returned to Europe, and went on the stage; and it was as an actress, under the assumed name of Lola Montez, she won the heart of the old King of Bavaria, with whom she lived openly as his mistress.

He made her a Bavarian countess, by the title of Gräfinn de Lansfeldt, and lavished upon her all sorts of favours. This glaring court scandal so disgusted the people of Munich, that riots broke forth on various occasions. These proceedings were generally excited and conducted by students, which provoked the King so much, that he ordered the university to be closed for a year, and the expulsion from Munich, within forty-eight hours, of every student, not being a townsman. This order, however, was soon revoked; and at length he was induced, in the beginning of February, to dismiss Lola Montez, the cause of all his troubles. She went to Stahrenberg, about nine miles from Munich; but she returned in a few days, and reappeared in the city dressed in male attire, with a body-guard of ten or twelve students, by whose assistance she endeavoured to get into the royal palace. The storm of popular indignation, against which her royal lover had in vain endeavoured to shelter her, now broke forth again with increased fury; and in all probability her life would have been sacrificed, if Prince Wellerstein had not caused her to be arrested by gendarmes, placed in a post-chaise, and conveyed to Switzerland. On leaving the city she said—"The king will abdicate and follow me into exile." Her subsequent career is well known. She went to the United States of America, where she spent some years. In 1859 she delivered public lectures in London, Dublin, and other parts of the United Kingdom. She then returned to the United States, and died in New York, January 17, 1861. She was one of the most remarkable specimens in modern times of a "strong-minded woman;" who smoked cigars, dressed in bloomer costume, was ready to fight duels with editors, and to horse-whip any one of the male sex who incurred her resentment.

The departure of this heroine from Munich did not save the King. On his refusing to convoke the Chambers, the citizens rose in arms, on the 4th of May; and having taken possession of the arsenal after a short struggle, 6,000 men, armed with muskets, sabres, lances, halberds, and hatchets, marched against the royal palace. At the market-place the troops were commanded to fire upon the insurgents, but they positively refused, and cries of "The Republic for ever!" resounded on every side. At this critical moment the King yielded. His brother, Prince Charles, rode up and assured the people, on his word of honour, that all their demands should be conceded. They then returned the arms to the arsenal, and quietly dispersed. But the population still distrusting, fresh riots occurred; and on the 21st of March, the King announced his resignation in favour of his son, the Crown Prince Maximilian. He declared in a proclamation that he had governed twenty-three years in strict accordance with the constitution; that his life had been dedicated to the welfare of the people; that he had administered the public property and the public funds as if he had been a republican officer; and that he could boldly encounter the most scrutinising eye. On the following day, the new King, Maximilian II., opened the Chambers with a speech that was received with great applause, promising popular institutions, full representation of the people, trial by jury, open courts, a national guard, liberty of the press, and emancipation of the Jews.

In Saxony the monarchy was saved by bending before the storm of revolution. A new administration was appointed, which at once issued a programme of policy so liberal that the people were satisfied. Even the King of Hanover yielded to the revolutionary pressure, and called to his councils M. Hubé, a liberal deputy, who had been imprisoned several years for resisting an unconstitutional act of the crown. On the 20th of March he issued a proclamation, in which he stated that, in compliance with the many representations addressed to him, he had abolished the censorship of the press, granted an amnesty and restoration of rights to all who had been condemned for political offences, and that he was willing to submit to changes in the constitution, based upon the responsibility of ministers to the country. The General Assembly of the estates of the kingdom took place early in April. In replying to their address, the King stated that he would energetically carry out all that he had promised; but that if demands were made upon him incompatible with his honour, he was determined to resign. On the 30th of March a meeting was held at Heidelberg, where 30,000 Germans assembled round the ruins of its magnificent castle, when powerful speeches were delivered on the state of Germany, and the course she ought to pursue in that crisis. They pointed to France as a warning, and to England as an example. One of the speakers (Welcker) said, "Do not mistake licence for liberty, nor suppose that because much must be remodelled, all must be overturned. Far be such a thought from us. Let us progress, but steadily and thoughtfully; let us lay the foundation of our freedom—a national parliament; let us be citizens of one united country. But do not think such an object can be attained by proclaiming a republic. Look to France. She now, for the second time, possesses that form of government in which alone, according to some, true freedom is to be found. What has she gained by it? What is her present condition? What her future prospects? To say the least, they are not encouraging; and I am delighted that among my own countrymen no desire has been expressed to follow in her steps. But regard the present condition of England"—here the speaker was interrupted by thunders of applause—"let her be our model. She has long enjoyed free institutions; she alone now remains unshaken by the storm which is howling around; and it is to her we must look as our model and our guide."

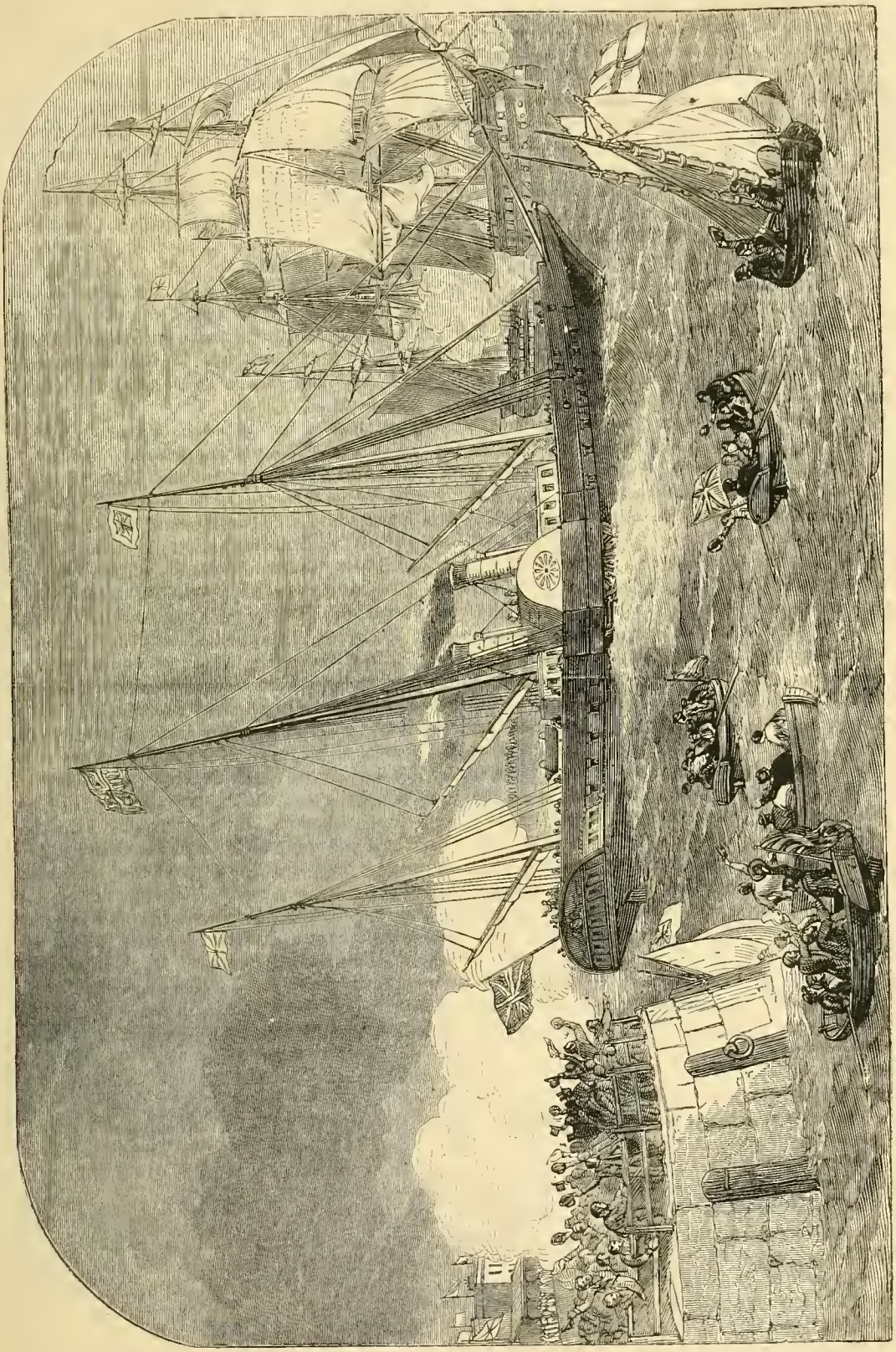
It was not without necessity that such appeals were addressed to the German people. At Frankfort, while the Assembly were occupied in framing a most liberal constitution, the republican party in the Chamber appealed out of doors to the passions of the multitude, and excited them to such a pitch, that barricades were erected, and the red flag planted in the streets. The

occasion of the outbreak was the recognition by the Assembly of the Malmo armistice, which had been agreed to between the Federal and Danish armies, but which the Red Republicans denounced as treason against the majesty, liberty, and honour of the German people. Warned by the threats of revolt, the Government ordered detachments of Austrian, Prussian, and Bavarian troops to march into Frankfort. On the 18th of September a riot broke forth, commencing in the Church of St. Paul's, where the Assembly held its meetings. The troops were attacked with stones; the pavements were torn up and piled in large packing-cases to form barricades, of which thirteen were erected in the principal streets. A regular fight commenced between the troops and the people at three o'clock. The troops were at first compelled to retire, owing to the terrible sharp-shooting from the windows of the houses. A flag of truce was then sent to the barricades —an armistice of an hour was agreed upon. The insurgents required as a preliminary to negotiation that the troops should be withdrawn. The answer to this requisition was the proclamation of martial law, and the planting of artillery, by which the barricades were soon shattered, and their defenders compelled to fly in every direction. By midnight the struggle was over, and tranquillity everywhere restored. The day was signalised by two deplorable assassinations. Prince Nichnowski, one of the most distinguished members of the Assembly, and Major Auerswald, were endeavouring to make peace by reasoning with the rebels, when they were both shot. A bullet having passed through the major's head, he was pulled from his horse, and died almost immediately. The prince was found in the dust still breathing. He had been shot through the body, and his arms were barbarously hacked with a hatchet. Next day the Regent of the Empire issued a proclamation, in which he said—"The criminal excesses at Frankfort, the intended attack on the parliament, the street riots, for the suppression of which an armed force was required, the shocking assassinations, the menaces and violence which some members of the parliament have suffered, have plainly exposed the views and means of action of a party, who desire to involve their country in the horrors of anarchy and civil war."

Prussia, it might be supposed, would escape the invasion of revolutionary principles in 1848. Great hopes had been excited on the accession of Frederick William IV. to his father's throne. The Crown Prince had been known for his kindness of disposition, his gentle manners, and his varied accomplishments, not the least of which was his brilliant power of speech. He was an admirer of English institutions, and it was expected that the spirit of the British constitution would be permitted, as far as possible, to pervade the Government, when he ascended the Prussian throne. In some respects the anticipations of the public were not disappointed. Practical reforms were effected. Manufactures, trade, commerce, navigation, internal communication—all the arts of peace and industry —were encouraged and promoted. Railway companies, and other associations for encouraging various branches of industry, were spread over the country, and there were all the outward appearances of national prosperity and social progress. Yet it was evident to close observers of the signs of the times, that a spirit of sullen discontent was brooding over the population. There was a feeling that their amiable and accomplished sovereign had disappointed them. He proved to be excessively sensitive to the slightest infringement of his prerogative, and he abhorred the idea of representative bodies, who might oppose constitutional barriers to his own absolute will. Hence, there grew up sensibly a mutual feeling of distrust between him and the people, and the natural effect on his part was a change from the leniency and liberality of his earlier years to a more austere temper, while a tedious, inactive, and undecided course of policy wore out the patience of those who expected a more constitutional system. Consequently, although the administration of the country was free from any taint of corruption, and was, on the whole, moderate and just, the revolutionary earthquake of 1848 shook the kingdom of Prussia to its very foundations.

Indeed, we shall not be surprised at this state of things if we look deeper into its causes. The people were educated, and well understood the nature of constitutional government, of which they saw in England an example that excited their unbounded admiration. They had their own provincial diets, it is true; but they were nothing as organs of the national will as compared with the British parliament. And even when in 1847 the King was pleased to establish, by a royal ordinance, the United Diet, in which all their powers were concentrated, it was quite evident, from the purport of the King's speech at the opening of its first session, that he did not mean it to be a true parliament; and that he betrayed the strongest repugnance to anything like a real representation of the people. Indeed, his speech on that occasion, which was nearly as long as the message of an American president, was little more than an eloquent defence of the royal prerogative, and an impassioned appeal to the loyalty of his people to support his throne against the encroachments of democracy. The opening of the Diet took place on the 11th of April, in the Salle Blanche of the palace. The King was attended by the officers of the royal household, the dignitaries of state, the ministers of the crown, and the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops. The Queen and the Princesses of Prussia were also present. The King entered the hall, preceded by three generals, bearing respectively the crown, the orb, and sceptre, and by other officers, who carried various insignia of royalty. On his entrance the princes, lords, and deputies rose and remained standing until he took his place on the throne, having the Prince of Prussia on his right hand and the ministers of state on his left.

A few points in this remarkable speech will indicate the spirit and policy of the Prussian monarch. Referring to the provincial Diets as the "noble creation" of the King his father, he said that it had been for many years



HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FROM KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.

his firm determination to fuse them together in one united Diet. "It is formed," he said. "I have recognised your claims to all the rights flowing from that law, and far beyond—yes, far beyond all the promises of the King of blessed memory; I have given you, within certain necessary limits, the right of granting taxes—a right, gentlemen, the responsibility of which weighs far more heavily than the honour which accompanies it." He reserved to himself the right of imposing taxes in times of war, the expenditure to be afterwards accounted for to the diet. A portion of the press, he said, demanded outright from him and his Government a revolution in Church and State; and many very worthy men would look for the safety of the country in the conversion of the natural relation between prince and people into a conventional existence, granted by charters and ratified by oaths. But he prayed that the example of "one happy country"—meaning England—whose constitution had been made, not by sheets of paper, but by centuries, and by hereditary wisdom without parallel, might not be lost upon Prussia. But he made it quite plain, as he proceeded, that his constitution was wholly and essentially different from the British constitution. The King said, "I speak out boldly, gentlemen. As in the camp, unless in cases of the most urgent danger or grossest folly, the command can only be rested in the will of one, so can the destinies of this country, unless it is to fall instantly from its height, only be guided by *one will;* and if the King of Prussia would commit an abomination were he to demand from his subjects the subserviency of slaves, so would he commit a far greater abomination were he not to demand from them the crowning virtue of freedom—sincere obedience, for the sake of God and conscience. Whoever is alarmed at the tenor of these words, him I refer to the development of our laws for a century back, to the edicts of the orders, and, finally, to this assembly and its rights. There he may find consolation, if he will. Noble lords and trusty orders, I am forced to the solemn declaration, that no power on earth will ever succeed in moving me to change the natural and imperatively necessary relation between prince and people into something merely conventional or constitutional, and that, once for all, I will never suffer a written sheet of paper to force itself in, as it were a second Providence, between our Lord God of heaven and this people, in order to rule us with its paragraphs, and to replace by them our ancient and time-hallowed trusty reliance on each other. Between us be truth." After a great deal more to the same effect, the King made the following vehement appeal to his people:—"Therefore, hear this well, my lords and faithful states, and may all the country hear it through you. From all the indignities to which I and my Government have been exposed for some years, I appeal to my people! From all evils which, perhaps, are still in reserve for me, I appeal beforehand to my people! My people know my heart, my faith, and love to it, and adhere in love and faith to me. My people do not wish the association of representatives in the Government, the weakening of rank, the division of sovereignty, the breaking-up of the authority of its kings, who have founded its history, its freedom, its prosperity, and who alone can protect its dearest acquisitions—and will protect them, God willing, as heretofore."

The address to the throne was not a mere echo of the speech. It was a firm and dignified assertion of constitutional rights. It contained one significant passage: "Honouring, as becomes faithful subjects, the power of our royal master, *even when it moves us to grief*, and out of respect abstaining from all examination of the speech from the throne, we will only recall the expression of your Majesty that the law of the 17th of January, 1820, relative to the debts of the State, gives to the States rights, and imposes upon them duties which could be exercised neither by provincial assemblies nor by committees. We also refuse to acknowledge that the United Diet can be lawfully replaced by other representative bodies which belong to it as an assembly of the States of the kingdom."

At the close of the session he delivered another exhortation under evident apprehension that war was about to break out in Europe, and that Prussia might be attacked in consequence of the French Revolution, which had occurred in the interval. He said that if an enemy dared to attack his territory, or that of his allies in the Germanic Confederation, then he would prefer the dangers of war to a shameful peace—then he would call his warlike people to arms. But the opening speech delivered in the previous autumn contained in it the seeds of revolution, which were germinating fast. There was a radical difference between the King and his people as to the very source of rightful political power. The events of the French Revolution gave confidence to the Prussians, and even in Berlin they dared to speak out and demand from their Sovereign something better than fair words and declamatory appeals to mediæval prejudices. After a week's popular tumult in his capital, the King's eyes were opened, and he conceived the idea of putting himself at the head of the popular movement, with a view, no doubt, of directing and controlling it. On the 18th of March he issued an ordinance against convoking a meeting of the Diet which had closed its session only a fortnight before. In this document he stated that he demanded that Germany should be transformed from a confederation of states to one Federal State, with constitutional representation, a general military system after the Prussian model, a single federal banner, a common law of settlement for all Germany, and the right of all Germans to change their abode in every part of the Fatherland, with the abolition of all custom-house barriers to commercial intercourse, uniformity of weights, measures, and coinage, and liberty of the press throughout Germany. There was a special ordinance securing the last object, abolishing the censorship, and abrogating all laws against journalism.

Nothing could be better adapted than this appeal to win the hearts of his subjects, enthusiastic in the cause of German unity, and full of the spirit of a comprehensive nationality, including the whole German race. The people had accordingly assembled in great numbers

in the square before the palace to express their joy and their gratitude to the King, who appeared on the balcony, and was received with enthusiasm. At this moment, most inopportunely, a troop of dragoons appeared, and assumed a position close to the people. Some of them were annoyed at this needless display, and made insulting remarks which provoked the colonel. He ordered his men to advance with sheathed swords. They were repulsed; they then drew their sabres and charged the people. This was the commencement of a general conflict between the military and the citizens, which was maintained during the remainder of the day, and continued at intervals during the night. Next morning appeared an address from the King, headed, "To my beloved Berliners," laying the blame upon foreigners, "a band of wicked men," who had concealed themselves for more than a week, and yet had filled the excited minds of his faithful and beloved Berliners with thoughts of vengeance for supposed bloodshed. The troops, he said, did not make use of their weapons till forced to do so, by several shots fired at them. He implored the people to confess their error, and remove the barricades which they had erected, in which case he pledged his royal word that the squares and streets should be instantaneously cleared of the troops, and the military garrisons should be confined solely to the most important buildings. The proclamation concluded thus: "Listen to the paternal voice of your King, ye inhabitants of my true and beautiful Berlin; and forget the past, as I shall forget it, for the sake of that great future which, under the peace-giving blessing of God, is dawning upon Prussia, and through Prussia upon all Germany. Your loving Queen, and truly your genuine mother and friend, who is lying on a sick bed, joins her heartfelt and tearful supplications to mine. Written during the night of the 18th and 19th March, 1848."

Royal concessions now came upon them in clusters. The Cabinet was dismissed, and a new one formed, consisting of the most popular members of the liberal party; and one of the new Ministers, Count Schwerin, addressed a great meeting of the students, in order to make known to them the wishes of the King—to them especially, because they had "so brilliantly shone in these days of glory." This manifesto furnished a strange contrast to the autocratic speech with which the first session of the United Diet was opened, and in which he solemnly declared that nothing should ever induce him to acknowledge the rights of the people. "It is," said the Minister, "his Majesty's intention to take the lead of constitutional Germany. He will have liberty and a constitution; he will originate and form a German Parliament; he will head the progress of the nation. The King, wearing the German colours, will appear in the streets of this town. He wishes the students to surround him in a body. Gentlemen, may God bless the German King! Gentlemen, we are his Majesty's responsible Ministers; but it is the King who animates us. His thought is progress! his thought is liberty! God bless the responsible Ministers!" The next act of conciliation was the liberation of the Poles, who had been languishing in the prisons for political offences. Microslawski, the most distinguished of the captives, as soon as he breathed the air of freedom, was placed in a carriage, from which the horses were removed, and he was drawn in triumph by the people to the palace, followed by countless masses, cheering and shouting with the wildest enthusiasm. The Polish hero stood up in the carriage, holding in his hand a red, black, and gold banner, which he waved in acknowledgment of the popular ovation. The King submitted to the humiliation of appearing on the balcony as the procession passed the palace. Either his Majesty was playing a part like an accomplished actor, or the revolution had completely changed his nature in a few short months. Certainly, if another soul had been put into his body, the contrast with his former self would not have been greater. On the morning of the 21st, he appeared in the streets on horseback, with the German colours round his arm, and proceeded amidst cheering crowds to the University. Stopping before the monument of Frederick II., he addressed the students, saying—"I am truly proud that it is my capital in which so powerful an opinion has manifested itself. This is a great day. It ought never to be forgotten. It is decisive. Gentlemen, you carry a great future within you. The colours I wear are not my own. I do not mean to usurp anything with them. I want neither another crown, nor another dominion—I want liberty. I will have unity in Germany; I want good order; I swear it before God." Here the King raised his right hand to heaven.

But this was not all hypocrisy. The King was playing a deep game. He was inspired and carried away by a great ambition, and under its dominion he was ready to sink the national existence and the very name of Prussia, to which his royal ancestors had given so proud a history. He aspired to be the Emperor of Germany. Accordingly a royal ordinance appeared on the same day on which he figured in the German colours. In this he said—"A new and glorious history begins for you this day. In future you will again be a united and a great nation, strong, free, and mighty, in the heart of Europe. Frederick William IV., of Prussia, relying on your heroic assistance and political regeneration, has, for the salvation of Germany, taken the lead of our common Fatherland. This very day you will see him among you on horseback, wearing the ancient and respected colours of the German nation. May the blessings of Heaven descend on our constitutional prince, the leader of the German people, the new King of the free, regenerated German nation!"

The following proclamation was also issued:—"*From this day forth the brave Prussia is fused and dissolved into that of Germany.* The Diet, which has already been convoked for the 2nd of April, in conjunction with my people, presents the ready medium and legal organ for the deliverance and pacification of Germany. It is my resolve to afford an opportunity to the Princes and States of Germany for a general meeting with the organs of

this Diet, on a plan which will be proposed without delay."

Notwithstanding these tremendous efforts, not only to maintain his position but to mount higher on the shoulders of the democracy, difficulties thickened daily about the King. His Cabinets resigned in rapid succession; there were no less than five of them between March and October; till at last he got a man of nerve for Prime Minister, in the person of Count von Brandenburg. The Diet assembled, the Royal speech was read by the President of the Ministry. It contained a number of propositions, and promised a real constitutional charter, and calling upon the Diet to "perfect a great constitutional system for the whole of the German race." The reading of the speech was received with ominous silence; then followed the reading of several projects of law; after which an address to the King was voted by the Diet, in which they reminded him of his various proclamations and manifestoes, promising that various projects of law would be laid before them on the freedom of the press—the security of personal liberty—the full right of meeting in association—independence of the judges—abolition of hereditary jurisdictions—publicity of judicial proceedings—*viva voce* examination of witnesses—trial by jury in penal cases, and especially for political offences—equality of civil and political rights to all religious persuasions—a general arming of the citizens, with free election of their officers—a thoroughly popular law of election, representing all interests—a decisive operation by a simple majority of the popular assembly in the legislation and administration of the State—responsibility of the Ministers—the army to be sworn to the Constitution. They also intimated that, while desiring to change the Germanic Confederation into a German union with the real National Assembly, they were not prepared with him to merge the nationality of Prussia in a German empire, saying—"The nation will not, because it has raised itself to freedom, abruptly sever its present history from the past; it honours the monarchy under which Prussia has become great, and sees in the constitutional form of that system the surest protection of liberty, of public welfare, and the unity of the kingdom." The Ministry also addressed a document to the King for the purpose of disclaiming on his behalf the desire to become Emperor of Germany, stating that his assuming the German colours, and putting himself at the head of the movement for German unity, and proposing to summon a meeting of the sovereigns and states, did not justify the interpretation it had received; that it was not his intention to anticipate the unbiassed decision of the sovereign princes and the people of Germany, by offering to undertake the temporary direction of German affairs. Thus, the King was obliged to back quietly out of a position which he had rashly assumed. The United Diet acted as being itself only a temporary institution, having established the electoral law on the basis of universal suffrage, in order to prepare the way for a constituent assembly, by which means the revolutionary spirit penetrated to the very extremities of Prussian society.

The first session of the National Assembly was opened by the King in person, on the 22nd of May. He welcomed "with joyful earnestness an assembly proceeding from a general election of the people," whose mission was to unite with him in the formation of a constitution, which was to mark a new era in the history of Prussia and of Germany. He recommended the Assembly to secure to the people a large share in the government of the States. Referring to the Frankfort Assembly, which was sitting contemporaneously, he said he would have gladly awaited the result of their deliberations before he convoked the representatives of his faithful people. But, he added, "the urgent necessity of restoring public order in our more immediate country did not admit of such an adjournment. The unity of Germany is my constant aim; and this great end will, I am sure, be obtained by your co-operation." The draft of the new constitution, which had been prepared by a committee, was ordered to be laid before the Assembly for its consideration. It was one of an extremely liberal character. The following were its main articles:—It declared the equality of all citizens in the sight of the law, personal liberty in the highest degree, security of property, inviolability of private homes, freedom of religion, unless it endangered public tranquillity, the entire liberty of the press, the censorship being for ever abolished, the right of meeting and deliberating unarmed, the rights of association and petition, the inviolability of the King's person, and the responsibility of his Ministers, who were liable to be impeached by the Lower House and tried by the Upper, the division of the Legislature into two houses, the one elective, the other in part hereditary. The princes of the blood-royal and sixty peers were nominated by the King to form part of the Upper House, the remainder, consisting of 180 members, to be chosen by the people: when once elected the dignity to be hereditary in the first sixty, but the seat to be for eight years for the latter portion. The former required a property qualification of 8,000 dollars a year; the latter 2,500. The members of the Lower House to be elected for four years, and subject to no property qualification; but they were to be above thirty years of age. The sittings of the courts of law to be public, and the facts in criminal cases to be ascertained by verdicts of juries.

The Assembly did not conduct itself in a manner to recommend universal suffrage, or to make the friends of orderly government enamoured of revolution. Their proceedings were irregularly conducted, and they wasted their time in idle discussions. The great majority of its members consisted of local agitators, and were destitute of political experience and business habits; many of them but imperfectly educated. They received pay at the rate of three dollars a day; and each of them seemed to fancy that he ought to give value for the money in a certain quantity of speaking. The Assembly occupied two days in discussing the question whether or not the authors of the outbreak of the 18th of March, which was the result of an accident, deserved well of their country, and whether it was a revolution or a riot. Herr Behrend moved that it was a revolution. This the Ministers

denied, declaring that it overturned nothing, that the established institutions of the country still existed, and that the affair was merely a "transaction" between the King and a portion of his subjects. On this question the two parties took issue. Was it a revolution or a transaction? There was a majority in favour of "transaction," which led to violent popular demonstrations. The mob attacked the Ministers and other unpopular members as they left the chambers. They tore up the iron railings in front of one of the courts of the palace, carrying off the gates in triumph to the university. On the 14th of June they attacked the arsenal. The burgher guard was on duty at that post; some of them fired on the mob, killing and wounding several, which caused the assailants to retire. But a difference arose in the guard. Some blamed the others for firing. They disarmed both them and their commanding officer, and then marched off the ground. In the meantime the rioters had been marching through the town, and raising revolutionary cries. Learning that the arsenal had been abandoned, they returned to it, broke the iron shutters on the ground floor by means of a heavy beam of timber, which they used as a battering ram. Within there was a guard of 250 regular troops, who might easily have resisted till reinforcements came, but the commanding officer was told that revolution was triumphant; that all the troops had left the city; that the King himself had fled, and that nothing but the submission of the guard could save the monarchy. Believing these representations, the troops remained passive, and allowed the rioters to have their way, which caused the destruction of property amounting to 500,000 dollars. All the portable contents of the building were thrown out through the windows. Most of the muskets were broken and rendered useless. "Antiquities of great value, rare pieces of artillery, arms inlaid with silver and ivory, were stolen or broken into pieces. Trophies taken in the seven years' war, and in the campaigns against Napoleon, were torn in pieces or trampled under foot. It is said that it was not the love of arms that induced the populace to sack the arsenal, but the more vulgar love of plunder. Many of the arms were sold afterwards for a few groats apiece. The burgher (or national) guard in no instance did its duty, or maintained its post. The knowledge of this unsoldier-like quality stimulated the rabble to fresh atrocities. For eight months Berlin was in a chronic state of riots. The bonds of society were loosened, and the respectable parts of the population were mob-ridden." *

A motion was made in the Assembly to have a proper guard for its protection. This motion was rejected by a large majority, who declared that the Assembly needed no armed protection, but placed itself under the safeguard of the people of Berlin. This had the effect of tranquillising the people for a time; but it caused a break up in the Ministry. At length the Cabinet was reconstructed. About this time General von Wrangel was appointed to the command of the troops, and the King, awakening from his fond illusions about being placed at the head of United Germany, and feeling his throne to be in imminent danger, began to think of measures of repression. This change in the King's mind was indicated by the tone of the general's address to the troops. He declared that he would establish order when disturbed, and support the laws when they were infringed. "The burgher guard," he said, "is primarily charged with this duty; but when I find it fail in discharging it, we will advance, and we shall succeed. *The troops are stanch, their swords are sharpened, and their muskets are loaded.* It is not against you, men of Berlin, that this is done, but to protect you—to protect the liberty given us by the King, and to defend the laws. For you, and with you, we shall act. No re-action! But protection for order, for the laws, and for freedom. How melancholy does Berlin now appear to me! Grass is growing in your streets; your houses are empty: your shops are full of goods, but void of purchasers. Your industrious citizens are without work, without wages, and without profits. This must be changed, *and it shall be changed.* I bring you order, and its attendant blessings. Anarchy must cease, and it shall cease. I swear it to you; and a Wrangel never yet failed in keeping his word."

On the 11th of October the Assembly commenced its discussions upon the Prussian Constitution. The first day was occupied with a debate upon two articles settling the title of the King. The question was whether he should be King "by the grace of God," or merely by the will of the people. The House divided, when the phrase, "the grace of God," was rejected by a majority of 217 to 134. The next question debated was whether he was to be "King of Prussia" or "King of the Prussians." On the 15th of October, while these discussions were proceeding, the King's birthday was celebrated. Various congratulatory addresses were presented to him on that occasion, but the deputations found him not in so gracious a humour as they had expected. To one of them he said, "Remember, I am still King by the grace of God." To the commander of the burgher guard he said, "Remember, the burgher guard received their arms from me;" and to the city deputies, who promised that order should be preserved, he remarked "that it was better to prove their loyalty by deeds than to make promises." The King's petulant remarks were deeply resented. His Prime Minister, Count Pfuel, resigned, and though the resignation was twice refused, the Minister persevered. There were more riots in the streets, more barricades erected, and many lives were lost before order could be restored. On the 30th of October the National Assembly retaliated upon the King by resolving that all Prussians were equal before the law, that there existed neither titles, privileges, nor rank in the State—that the nobility was abolished. These events led to the appointment of Count Brandenburg, the King's uncle, who was thoroughly devoted to the old *régime*, and abhorred everything revolutionary. This appointment threw the Assembly into a state of consternation; and on the 2nd of November they adopted the following resolution:—

* "Cayley's European Revolutions of 1848," vol. ii. p. 79.

"In consequence of the information that the Count of Brandenburg has been commissioned to form a new Ministry, the National Assembly, in its sitting of this day, has resolved to send a deputation to your Majesty, in order to inform you that this step on the part of your Majesty has occasioned the greatest anxiety amongst the people, and that it threatens to bring unspeakable misfortune upon the country. During several past weeks ominous reports respecting the views of the reactionary party have alarmed your Majesty's faithful people. The nomination of the now retiring Ministry had not tended to weaken the effect of that report. A Government under the auspices of the Count Brandenburg, without any prospects of obtaining a majority in the National Assembly, or of gaining the confidence of the country, will undoubtedly bring the excitement to a head, and produce melancholy results for your Majesty's capital and country—results which will remind one of the fate of a neighbouring State. Your Majesty was not well informed by your former councillors respecting the situation of the country, if they concealed from you this danger for throne and country. Upon that ground we supplicate your Majesty, in a manner as respectful as urgent—and your majesty's heart has always beaten for the welfare of your people—to afford the country, by the appointment of a popular Ministry, a fresh guarantee that your Majesty's views are in unison with the wishes of the people."

The King was then at Potsdam, whither seventy-five members went as a deputation with the address, the whole population meantime surrounding the Assembly House in a state of the greatest possible excitment. The King at first refused to see the deputation in the absence of his responsible advisers. But he received a telegraphic communication from the Cabinet requesting him to see the deputation. He did so; but refused to give an answer. One of the deputation then said, "We have been sent here, not only to hand the address to your Majesty, but also to give you information respecting the true state of the country. Will your Majesty hear us?" The King answered, "No." As the deputation retired, one of them, Herr Jacobi, remarked, "It's the misfortune of kings that they will not hear the truth." The King next day returned a formal answer to the address, stating that he would not withdraw the appointment of the Count Brandenburg in consequence of rumours and apprehensions, which were not justified by any act of his Government. On the 9th the new Ministry was gazetted. It consisted altogether of persons not members of the Assembly, a significant intimation that the King had resolved at length to resist instead of leading the revolution. On the same day Count Brandenburg entered the Assembly, and rose to speak. He was stopped by the President, who told him that he must first obtain permission to speak from the Assembly. Anticipating this, the Count handed to the President a royal decree, in which it was stated that in consequence of the display of Republican symbols and demonstrations of popular force, to overawe the Assembly, it stood prorogued to the 27th of the month, when it was to meet at Brandenburg, where it could conduct its deliberations free from the intimidation of the Berlin mob. This decree fell upon the Assembly like a thunder-stroke. The reading of it was repeatedly interrupted by cries of, "Never, never!" "We protest." "We will not assent." "We will perish here sooner." "It is illegal." "It is unconstitutional." "We are masters." In the midst of the storm, Count Brandenburg rose and said, "In consequence of the royal message just read, I summon the Assembly to suspend its deliberations forthwith, and to adjourn until the day specified. I must, at the same time, declare all further prolongation of the deliberations to be illegal, and protest against them in the name of the Crown." The Minister and his colleagues then withdrew.

When the agitation produced by this scene had subsided, the Assembly set about considering what should be done under these circumstances. First, it was proposed that the Ministers should be required to withdraw their message. This motion was lost. Secondly, it was resolved, almost unanimously, that there was no necessity for removing the Assembly from Berlin; that the Crown had no right to remove it against its will; and that the Ministry who had advised such a step were guilty of a dereliction of duty towards the Crown, the country, and the Assembly. Before the division was come to on this resolution, fifty of the supporters of the Government had withdrawn; and when it was passed, the diplomatic corps, who were sitting in their box during the scene, retired in a body. The Assembly now resolved to sit in permanence, the President and about thirty members remaining in the House all night. Meantime, Count Brandenburg had sent a note to the President, warning him and the Assembly against the consequences of illegally persisting to meet in Berlin, and the seceding minority sent in a protest to the same effect. The population of the city were, of course, greatly excited; and during those hours of painful suspense and apprehension, several deputations from the city in vain sought an interview with the King, who sullenly shut himself up in his palace at Potsdam. Notwithstanding the warnings it had received, the Assembly met at five o'clock on the following morning, 225 members being present. The President advised them to maintain an attitude of dignified resistance. Every drop of blood shed through their fault must injure their cause. The blood of citizens must not be squandered, but must be reserved for other occasions. The burgher guard and the people surrounded the House in dense masses. Several orators delivered harangues exhorting them to keep the peace. A hostile army was approaching; that army, alas! their own, advancing against their capital. The Assembly would issue a proclamation, protesting against this act of oppression. It might be their last will and testament; their enemies might apply the axe to the root of the tree of liberty; but it would spring up again fresh and green, and flourish for ever. A committee of five was appointed to draw up a proclamation; and while they were thus engaged, the great seal of the Assembly was brought forth and laid upon the

President's desk. The committee entered and read the proclamation, which was an embodiment of the resolution, and concluded thus:—"Fellow-citizens, we address you at the moment the National Assembly is about to be dispersed by bailiffs. Stand firm for the liberties for which we stake our life and blood; do not deviate from the path of legality; firmness and moderation will, with God's help, cause liberty to triumph." At four o'clock the President informed the Chamber that the building was completely surrounded by military. The troops were commanded by General Wrangel, who, in answer to questions put to him, stated that he should remain there a week, if the Assembly sat so long; that his troops were accustomed to bivouac; that he would be really glad, however, to get back to his quarters; and that he would be happy to allow the members to leave the House, but he should permit none to return. Thereupon the Assembly resolved to submit to force under protest, withdrawing for the present, in order to re-assemble next day somewhere else. The soldiers made passages, the deputies marched out two and two through the columns, followed by the burgher guard. Next day the expelled deputies met in the great hall of the Rifle Guild, where they resumed their deliberations. Addresses of sympathy and condolence reached them from the provinces, as well as from the capital, the town council of which voted the freedom of the city to Unruh, the President. Committees were appointed to prepare a report of the events that had occurred, in order to lay it before the nation, and to consider the propriety of impeaching Ministers. A rumour having been circulated that the burgher guard was about to be disarmed, the Assembly exhorted them to resist by force, stating that if they surrendered they would be traitors to their country. On the same day, however, an order went forth for disbanding the guard. The bitter pill was wrapped in a soothing and pious proclamation, in which the King said—"To all of you I give this inviolable assurance, that nothing shall be abrogated from your constitutional liberties; that it shall be my holiest endeavour to be unto you, by the help of God, a good constitutional King, so that we may mutually erect a stately and tenable edifice, beneath whose roof, to the weal of our German fatherland, our posterity may quietly and peacefully rejoice in the blessings of genuine and true liberty for generations to come. May the blessing of God rest upon our work!" The political atmosphere now began to lower; the clouds gathered blackness; and a bloody collision between the troops and the citizens seemed to be inevitable. The City Guard met and

PRINCE METTERNICH.

resolved not to give up their arms. Deputations, addresses, and money, from the provinces, poured into the Assembly—Magdeburg having sent 5,000 dollars for the deputies whose pay had been stopped. The city was that evening placed under martial law, a state of siege was proclaimed, and large bodies of soldiers paraded the streets. But the word went through the crowds of excited people—"Be cool; be quiet." The night passed without any disturbance. Next day the Assembly resumed its sittings, and while engaged in its deliberations, an officer entered, and commanded the members to disperse as an illegal meeting. The Vice-President was in the chair, which he peremptorily refused to leave. The whole House supported him in this resolve, shouting—"Never, till forced by arms!" The officer repeated the order, and received the same answer. The officer then, calling some soldiers to his assistance, seized the chair, and gently carried it out into the street with great good humour, the President still maintaining his position in it, and resolutely protesting against this violation of his dignity. The members then followed, joining in the protest. The military shut up the building and retired, while the expelled President enjoyed a popular ovation. Several attempts were made to hold meetings in other places; but they were in every instance prevented by the military, except one at a *café*, when the Assembly continued together long enough to pass a decree that the Brandenburg Ministry was not authorised to levy taxes, or disburse the public money, until the National Assembly could fulfil its duties safely in Berlin. After this, an officer entered, stating that if they did not disperse, he would immediately employ force. The members then rose in an uncontrollable state of excitement, exclaiming—"No, no; a thousand times no! We will not move from this room till driven by bayonets." Sixty or seventy deputies sprang forward towards the soldiers, whilst the remainder crowded round the President's table. The confusion and uproar lasted for some time, during which the officer and his escort stood perfectly calm. At length there was a general call from members—"Continue the deliberations. We will hear of no more interruptions. Clear the Chamber of strangers."

The members returned to their seats; the officer and his escort went outside, as if to send for fresh instructions. Meantime, the resolution against the Government was put from the chair, and carried with acclamation, after which the House adjourned, and so escaped forcible expulsion. The Brandenburg Government was fully prepared for all eventualities. The burghet guard did not give up their arms, but they quietly allowed them to be taken from them—a work which occupied a whole day. A great number of arrests were made, and all the gaols were crammed with prisoners. This was the end of the King's declamations about liberty. The Assembly met on the 27th of November, at Brandenburg, and was adjourned without doing anything, as the number of members was not sufficient to form a House. It was finally dissolved on the 6th of December. The Frankfort Assembly, however, stood by the King, and declared the decree against the payment of taxes null and void, stating that the Prussian Assembly had loosened the bonds of political existence, deeply shaken the foundations of civil society, and brought Prussia, and with it the whole of Germany, to the verge of civil war. At the same time, Archduke John, Regent of the empire, issued a proclamation in the name of the "Imperial Assembly" at Frankfort, declaring that it represented the German nation in the aggregate; that its decision was supreme law to all; and that he would not allow the resolution against the payment of taxes to be carried into effect. While the conflict between the Crown and the Assembly was going on at Berlin, the city was in a deplorable state. The respectable inhabitants had nearly all left; the houses were empty; the streets appeared nearly deserted, except by a few work-people and military patrols. Nothing could be more dreary or desolate than the appearance of the town. In fact, to the well-to-do Berliners the National Assembly brought nothing but trouble, alarm, and loss of business. They had seen the red flag hoisted in front of the Assembly House; they witnessed the violence of the mob; they dreaded a communistic revolution; and therefore they felt a real relief when order was restored, and they were permitted to resume their avocations. Accordingly, when the King and Queen went to the opera, they met with an enthusiastic reception. But although the King had proclaimed a liberal constitution as his own gift, Berlin continued in a state of siege. On the 1st of January His Majesty issued an address to the army, couched in the most glowing terms of praise and gratitude for the services they had rendered, and for their fidelity and devotion during the year of revolution. The new Chambers were opened on the 26th of February by the King in person, Count Brandenburg having conducted him to the throne. He stated that circumstances having obliged him to dissolve the National Assembly, he had granted to the nation a constitution which by its provisions fulfilled all his promises made in the month of March. This constitution was modelled after that of Belgium. The House was to consist of two Chambers, both elective—the former by persons paying 24s. a year of direct taxes, and the latter by a process of double election: that is, the deputies were chosen by delegates, who had themselves been elected by universal suffrage, there being one deputy for every 750 inhabitants. All Prussians were declared equal in the eye of the law, freedom of the press was established, and all exclusive class privileges were abolished. The judges were made independent of the Crown, and no ordinance was to have the force of law without the sanction of the Assembly.

The Frankfort Parliament had spent a year doing nothing but talking. They came, however, to the important resolution of offering the imperial crown of Germany to the King of Prussia. As soon as the Prussian Assembly heard this, they adopted an address to the King, earnestly recommending him to accept the proffered dignity. They were deeply interested by seeing the house of Hohenzollern called to the direction of Father-

land, and they hoped he would take into his strong hands the guidance of the destinies of the German nation. On the 3rd of April, 1849, the King received the Frankfort deputation commissioned to present to him the imperial crown. He declined the honour unless the several Governments of the German states should approve of the new imperial constitution, and concur in the choice of the Assembly. As soon as this reply was made known, the second Prussian Chamber adopted a motion of "urgency," and prepared an address to the King, entreating him to accept the glorious mission of taking into firm hands the guidance of the destiny of regenerated Germany, in order to rescue it from the incalculable dangers that might arise from the conflicting agitations of the time. The address was carried only by a small majority. The King had good reason for refusing the imperial diadem; first, because Austria, Würtemburg, Bavaria, and Hanover decidedly objected; and, secondly, because the King required changes in the Frankfort constitution which the Parliament refused to make. These facts enabled His Majesty to discover that the imperial supremacy was an "unreal dignity, and the constitution only a means gradually, and under legal pretences, to set aside authority, and to introduce the republic."

The Prussian Cabinet, therefore, recommended that the Frankfort constitution should not be accepted by Prussia. On this point, however, the Government were defeated in the Chamber, which accepted the Frankfort constitution by a considerable majority. The Chamber further showed its independence by declaring the state of siege at Berlin illegal, and calling upon the Government to put an end to it. Immediately upon this, the King, without a word of explanation, declared the second Chamber dissolved, and the Upper Chamber adjourned. The members were astounded. They could scarcely trust their ears till the decree was read a second time. In the evening the *Gazette* contained an explanation to the effect that the second Chamber had gone beyond its province in condemning the state of siege which the Government considered indispensable for the preservation of order. The abrupt dissolution caused tremendous excitement in Berlin. The people turned out in large numbers; collisions with the military took place, and seven persons were killed. At length, in July, the state of siege was terminated at Berlin. The new elections went in favour of the Government, and the Prussian Parliament met again on the 7th of August. On the 20th of December, the same year, apparently sick of the empty dignity, and of the Assembly of which he was the organ, the Archduke John resigned his office as Regent, and the plenipotentiaries of Austria and Prussia resumed their old places. "Thus ended the year 1849. Thus ended the grand scheme for the regeneration of Germany. The flame slowly flickered in the socket, and burned so low, that at last no one quite knew when it went out.

'Torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est fecundia.' "*

* Cayley, vol. ii, p. 121.

CHAPTER V.

Austria—Prince Metternich—Hungary—Effects of the French Revolution—Petition to the Emperor—Effects of Kossuth's Speech on the Mob—Metternich's House sacked—Riots—Resignation of Metternich—Proclamation of the Emperor—Triumph of the Revolution—Educational Freedom—The Literary Class—Popular Excesses—Departure of the Emperor from Vienna—His Proclamation—Revolution at Prague—Germans and Sclaves—Pan-Sclavonic Movement—Congress at Prague—Provisional Government—The Princess Windischgrätz shot—Bombardment of Prague—The Insurrection suppressed—The Ban of Croatia—State of Hungary—Louis Kossuth—Opening of the Assembly at Vienna—Address of the Archduke John—The Emperor's return to Vienna—Treachery of the Emperor towards Hungary in secretly supplying the Croatians with Money to carry on the War—Petition to the King, entreating his Aid to put down the Insurrection—Cold Reply of the King—Indignation of the Hungarians—Deputation to the National Assembly—The Hungarians resolve to break off all connection with Austria—Kossuth is proclaimed Dictator—Count Lamberg appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Army—His Arrival at Pesth—Murder of Count Lamberg—Count Eugene Vichy tried by the Hungarians, and hanged as a Traitor—Decree of the Emperor dissolving the Diet, and appointing Jellachich Commander-in-Chief in Hungary—Kossuth issues a Counter-Proclamation, declaring the Independence of Hungary—Assassination of Count Latour—Capture of the Arsenal after a Desperate Contest—Committee of Public Safety—Demands of the Assembly—Flight of the Emperor—His Proclamation—Nocturnal Bivouac of the Insurgents—Arrival of Jellachich and his Army, and of Windischgratz—The Hungarian Army—Polish Auxiliaries—General Bem—Terms offered by Windischgrätz—The Diet reject the Terms—Fighting commences—The City Bombarded—Conflagrations—Defeat of the Insurgents—Capitulation of the City—Expected Relief—Renewal of the Contest—Defeat and Route of the Hungarian Army—Görgei's Account—Blum and Messenhauaen Shot—Military Occupation of Vienna—Abdication of Ferdinand—Francis Joseph: his Liberal Manifesto—The Emperor's Appeal to the People—The New Constitution—The Hungarian War—The Forces on Both Sides—Commencement of Hostilities—Retreat of Görgei—Siege of Komorn—Retirement of the Diet and Government from Pesth—General Bem's Army—Görgei's March through the Carpathian Mountains, and Defeat of the Austrians at Iglo—Inactivity of Windischgrätz—Kossuth's Prodigious Exertions—The Battle of Kapolna—Retreat of the Hungarians;—Dembinski deprived of his Command—Proceedings of Bem—Battle of Isaszeg—Differences between Kosauth and Görgei—Independence of Hungary proclaimed—Russian Intervention—Manifesto of the Czar—Defeat of the Hungarians—Surrender of Görgei—Termination of the War—Execution of Batthyani—Fate of the Hungarian Leaders.

AUSTRIA, the centre of despotic power on the Continent, the model of absolutism, in which the principle of Divine right was most deeply rooted, enjoyed peace from 1815, when Europe was *settled* by the Holy Alliance, down to 1848, when it felt, in all its force, the tremendous shock of revolution. During that time Prince Metternich ruled the Austrian Empire almost autocratically. This celebrated diplomatist and statesman was the greatest champion and most powerful protector in Europe of legitimacy and ultra-conservatism. He hated all innovation. His maxim was, that any transition in politics was productive of the greatest evils, and that whatever tends to political disturbance must be avoided at any price. In order to carry out this policy, and to restrain effectually the power of public opinion, he established a rigid censorship of the press, which allowed nothing to escape its supervision in home literature, and which sought hermetically to seal the empire against liberal ideas from abroad. A secret police was also established, thoroughly and minutely organised, on the most extensive scale, for maintaining a censorship of conversation in private life, so that the Government might be able, by its espionage, to penetrate the very heart of society, and detect its

inmost thoughts. But he might as well have attempted to exclude the air from their dwellings, or to measure out to them the sunshine and the rain, as to prevent the circulation of thought, or to get at the real sentiments of the people by means of spies. As they were aware that spies were about them, and in the midst of them, they did not speak on politics except to those whom they knew well and could fully trust. Besides, there is no society in which a revolutionary explosion is more to be apprehended than one in which the oppressed are obliged to communicate in whispers. In spite of all her precautions, Austria could not keep down the spirit of revolt in her Italian provinces, in which she was called upon to suppress several rebellions. The French Revolution of 1830 caused great consternation at Vienna. The elevation of Louis Philippe, the "Citizen King," to the throne, to the exclusion of the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty, was a rude shock to the principle of legitimacy, and powerfully moved the provinces subject to Austrian rule, especially Hungary, which alone of them all had anything like self-government or constitutional rights, the rest being ruled directly from Metternich's bureau. Hungary, too, was deprived of the liberty of the press; but her Diet boldly demanded redress of grievances, and threatened to stop the supplies till it was granted. The Emperor Francis died in 1835, leaving the throne to his son Ferdinand, over whose weak mind the omnipotent and crafty Minister obtained a complete mastery. At this epoch the monarchy was not menaced by external dangers, but, internally, abuses accumulated in every department, and the demand for reform became every day more urgent. Public confidence in the Government was hourly diminishing. The finances were in a state of hopeless disorder, and the public debt rapidly increased from year to year. As Austria was brought into relation with countries in which constitutional freedom was enjoyed, the spirit of that freedom gradually penetrated through all the strata of the Austrian population; while there was within the Austrian Empire itself a kingdom which had for centuries enjoyed a free constitution. On the other hand, there was a source of perplexity in the rising influence of Prussia in the German Confederation, which looked to the King of Prussia as its leader, and to Prussia itself as the best embodiment of the elements of German nationality. These circumstances, however, did not hinder Metternich from violating treaties, by blotting out Cracow, the last remnant of Polish independence, from the map of Europe, notwithstanding the remonstrances of England and France. Emboldened by his success in Poland, Metternich, the arch-enemy of freedom everywhere, intermeddled with the internal affairs of Switzerland, and brought the power of Austria to bear in favour of the Jesuitical party called the Sonderbund. A leading object of his domestic policy was to fuse into one homogeneous nation the various races which constituted the population of the empire—a heterogeneous mass of races which were alien to one another in religion and language, as well as in blood. The pure Germans, residing chiefly in Austria proper, numbered 7,000,000 —about one-fifth of the whole; the Sclavonian races amounted to 17,000,000, of which 7,000,000 were Chechs, Moravians, and Slovacs; there were about 5,000,000 of Croats and Servians, and about 2,500,000 of Poles; the Magyars in Hungary amounted to about 5,000,000, the Wallachians to 2,000,000; and the Italian population subject to the Austrian sceptre was about 5,000,000. They spoke four or five different languages—German, Italian, Sclavonic, Romanic, and some Oriental dialects.

In order to comprehend fully the events of 1848 in Austria, it is necessary to glance back at the position of Hungary. Notwithstanding the ancient rights of that kingdom, whose crown had been inherited by the Emperor of Austria, its Diet had never been convoked from 1812 to 1825. It was permitted to assemble in that year, and thenceforward the noblest of its races, the Magyars, having a field open for the exercise of their talents and energies, began gradually to assert their supremacy over the Croatians and Sclavonians. In 1830 they induced the Diet to substitute the Magyar language for the Latin throughout the whole of Hungary. Croatia and Sclavonia had a joint Diet of their own, and they protested against being Magyarised, the popular cry being, "*Nolumus Magyarisi!*" This element of discord in Hungary was unfortunate, as it strengthened the division which afterwards enabled Austria to re-conquer the country. But however the population of the empire might have been divided amongst themselves, and however strong their national animosity and mutual antipathies of race, they all groaned alike under the common pressure of the iron despotism centralised at Vienna, and they all rejoiced at the lightning stroke by which that despotism was shattered in a moment.

The news of the French Revolution reached Vienna on the 1st of March; and no censorship of the press, no espionage, no sanitary cordon designed to exclude the plague of revolution, could avert its electric influence, or arrest its tremendous effects. The aristocratic and bureaucratic circles were overwhelmed with consternation and despair, while the literary classes, the students of the university, and the *bourgeoisie* were in raptures. The news fled on the electric wires from city to city, from burgh to burgh, from village to village, imparting a sensation of joy and exultation throughout the oppressed masses of the huge German Empire. The citizens of Vienna felt that the time was come to put an end to the leaden *régime* of Metternich; but they did not proceed rashly, nor did the mob break forth with sudden violence. The first movement began on the 6th of March, at a meeting of the Industrial Association, which, though the Archduke Charles was present, unanimously voted an address to the Emperor, setting forth in strong terms the grievances under which the country laboured, and especially the stagnation of industry arising from misgovernment. For several days the excitement spread, and the spirit of revolution fermented the whole mass of the city population. At length the professors of the University gave formal expression to the popular feelings and demands. They drew up a petition, which was signed by all the students and a large proportion of the

householders. They demanded representative bodies, freedom of the press, publicity of criminal proceedings, and various other reforms, tantamount to an effective system of constitutional government. This petition was addressed to the provisional estates of Lower Austria, the meeting of which was fixed for the 30th of March. On that day, when the estates met, the students forced their way into the hall, and, it is said, "concussed" the members into the adoption of a petition to the Emperor. Whether concussed or not, they agreed to the following flighty address:—"Most gracious Sire,—The people of Austria will elevate to the stars the crown which, free and self-conscious, great and glorious, declares confidence to be the real fortress of the State, and harmonises this confidence with the ideas of the age." They also adopted a petition to the Emperor, demanding permission to institute various reforms. The students had forced their way in in large numbers; the House was surrounded by an anxious and impatient multitude. The occasion was urgent, and a deputation was sent immediately with the address and petition to the Emperor. During their absence the people became impatient. Loud cries were heard for the liberty of the press, religious liberty, universal education, a general arming of the people, the independence of Germany, the Italians in arms, the Magyars. In order to appease the tumult, Count Montecucculi, one of the Ministers, appeared at a window, and suggested that the students should send a deputation of twelve of their number to support the petition of the Diet. This was done, and then, says Balleydier, the historian of the Austrian revolution, before they had time to commence a statement of their demands, a young man, with inflamed visage and flashing eyes, rushed into the court, holding aloft a paper, and calling out, "The speech of Kossuth! the speech of Kossuth!" The cry was caught up by a thousand voices, with imperative demands of "Read, read!" He read the speech delivered by the Hungarian patriot on the 3rd of March to the Assembly at Pesth. When he came to the words, "I know that it is as difficult to change an antiquated policy as for an old man to detach himself from the ideas of a long life," he was interrupted by a tumult of applause, and compelled to read it three times, while cries of "Metternich! Metternich!" resounded from thousands of lips. Immediately the mob proceeded to the hotel of that obnoxious Minister, which they entered and sacked. The Prince refused to have the doors shut and the place defended, remarking to his servants, "No, they will say that I was afraid." The rioters then proceeded towards the palace, where the military were drawn up for its defence. They were assailed with hisses, and pelted with stones and other missiles. Orders were then given to fire; the troops charged with the bayonet, and five persons were killed. The populace retired, but only to prepare for determined resistance. The gunsmiths' shops throughout the city were emptied of their contents, and the insurgents armed themselves with every sort of weapon they could lay their hands upon. Deputation after deputation went to the Emperor, wringing from him concessions bit by bit, which only inflamed the revolutionary party. At length, the rector of the University, with tears in his eyes, threw himself at the feet of the Archduke Louis, and extorted from him the promise that the students, 2,000 in number, and sons of the most respectable citizens, should be supplied with arms from the arsenal next morning. Meantime, Prince Metternich arrived at the palace from the office of the Chancery. He got in without sustaining personal injury, but in the midst of a tempest of groans and hisses. Silence being at length restored, the veteran champion of a conservatism whose policy had done so much to bring about the revolution, rose and said:—"The object of my entire life is summed up in one word—devotion. I declare in this solemn moment before God, to whom my heart is open, before you who hear me, that in the course of my long career I have never had a thought but for the safety of the monarchy. If it is now thought that my presence at the head of affairs is inconsistent with that safety, I am ready to retire. In that case, my retreat will not be a sacrifice, and from afar, as near, I shall never have a thought but for the happiness of my country." Then addressing the Archduke Louis, he said—"My Lord, I resign my situation into your hands as into those of the Emperor; from this moment I re-enter private life. Gentlemen, I foresee that the report will speedily be spread that, in retiring from the Ministry, I carry with me the monarchy. I protest solemnly and beforehand against such an assertion. No one in the world, more than myself, has shoulders broad enough to bear away a state. If emperors disappear, it is never till they have come to despair of themselves." He soon after had an interview with the Emperor, when he said—"Sire, your Majesty has but one of two parts to take in resolving the problem which the revolt has now submitted to your determination—concession or resistance. Concession in presence of an insurrection is revolution; resistance is a struggle. If your Majesty decides for concession, my conscience imposes on me the duty of laying at your Majesty's feet my resignation. If you should decide for resistance, I am ready to follow on a ground where success is now certain. In either case I shall esteem myself fortunate to have an opportunity of giving to the monarchy the last proof of my devotion, by sacrificing myself for it." At the mention of resistance, the monarch, who was destitute of firmness, turned pale, as if he had seen a spectre. His expression and silence sufficiently proved that between concession and resistance his mind was made up. Metternich saw that it was all over, and respectfully bowing, took his leave. He set out on the following day with the Princess Metternich for Feldstensteiu. The public indignation, however, was so violent, that he was obliged to leave, and he proceeded with her to Dresden. The dangers which thickened around him, however, were such, that they were obliged to go on under feigned names, and in perpetual danger of their lives, clandestinely to Brunswick, Hanover, Minden, and Arnheim. At the last place he heard that a price had been put upon his head, and five hundred

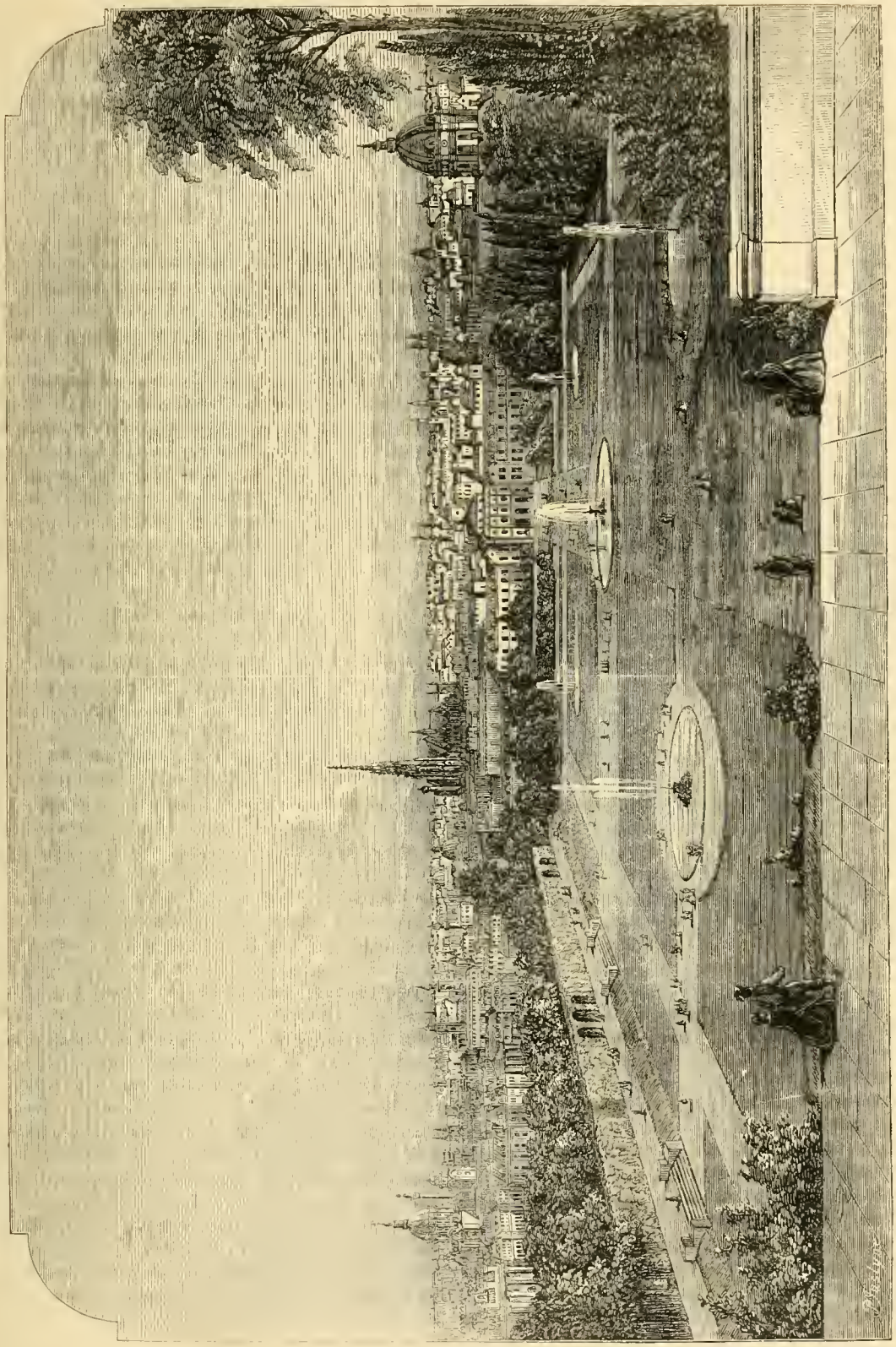
ducats offered to any one who should produce it. He escaped all his dangers notwithstanding, and reached London in safety.*

Next morning the troops of the line, to the number of about 18,000, were withdrawn beyond the walls, and the preservation of order was confided to the burgher guard. The formation of a national guard was also decreed. On the 15th, the following important proclamation was issued by the Emperor:—"By virtue of our declaration establishing the censorship, liberty of the press is allowed in the form under which it exists in those countries which have hitherto enjoyed it. A national guard, established on the basis of property and intelligence, already performs the most desirable service. The necessary steps have been taken for convoking, with the least possible loss of time, the deputies from all our provincial states, and from the central congregations of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom (the representation of the class of burghers being strengthened, and due regard being paid to the existing provincial constitutions), in order that they may deliberate on the constitution which we have resolved to grant to our own people. We, therefore, confidently expect that excited tempers will become composed, that study will return to its wonted course, and that industry and peaceful intercourse will spring into new life." †

M. Sidintzka, the Chief of Police, appropriately fled with Metternich, and a new Ministry was formed, which issued a most liberal programme of policy, abolishing with a stroke all the vexatious restrictions of the old system. The population now breathed, moved, and spoke freely. They felt that their bodies and souls were their own. Metternich had been chased from Austria—a price had been set upon his head. What a world of meaning was contained in these words! What a stupendous revolution they imported! The revolution, indeed, was now completely triumphant and universal. "A convulsion," says Alison, "which brought Austria to the brink of ruin, all but swept it from the book of nations, and reduced it to the humiliation of invoking the perilous intervention of a foreign power, had been completed by 2,000 students, headed by the most learned men in the state—a memorable proof of the difference between literary and philosophic ability, and the practical acquaintance with affairs and the dispositions of men which qualifies for the direction of mankind." A memorable proof, say we, of the vital connection between education and freedom, and of the power of public opinion to prostrate the power of the sword. All honour to the literary profession, which, in spite of the most diabolically perfect police system that ever existed, could generate in the minds and hearts of the oppressed a force of resistance sufficient to overthrow the consummate tyranny of Metternich. That there should be excesses immediately on the cessation of such a reign of terror, that there should be a violent recoil in the popular will so long pressed down, was only a natural result, and no great price to pay for the recovery of the precious inheritance of freedom and justice, if it could have been retained, if the constitution extorted could have stood its ground against reaction. The Emperor and his family, however, soon felt that Vienna was too hot for them, and notwithstanding unlimited concessions, Ferdinand began to fear that his throne might share the fate of Louis Philippe's. Therefore, he secretly quitted the capital with the imperial family, on the evening of the 17th of May, alleging the state of his health as a reason for his flight, by which his Ministers were taken quite by surprise. He proceeded to Innsbruck, in the Tyrol. He, too, felt that he could breathe freely when he got away from the roar of democratic voices. There he issued a proclamation, in which he said—"The events which took place at Vienna forced the painful conviction upon me that factious rioters, assisted by the Academical Legion and parts of the National Guard, misled by foreigners, and unmindful of their wonted allegiance, conspired against my liberty with a view of enthralling my provinces. The inhabitants of these provinces, and indeed all well-meaning citizens of my capital, must of necessity resent so daring an outrage with unlimited exasperation. No alternative was left to me beyond recurring to measures of violence, except to withdraw for the moment to one of my provinces. These, God be thanked, have all remained true to their monarch." He added, "I will not grant anything to the forcible exactions of unauthorised and armed individuals. My departure from Vienna was intended to impress this upon my painfully-excited people, and likewise to remind them of the paternal love with which I am ever ready to receive my sons, even though they be prodigal ones."

The Viennese repeatedly sent petitions and deputations imploring him in vain to return; and it was not till the 8th of August that he had consented to quit the safe asylum he had chosen. Personally he had nothing to apprehend. He was amiable and kind, and wanted both the ability and energy to make himself feared. It was not at Vienna alone, or in the Austrian province, that the imperial power was paralysed. Every limb of the vast empire quivered in the throes of revolution. Two days after the outbreak in Vienna, a great meeting, convoked anonymously, was held at Prague, the capital of Bohemia, which passed resolutions demanding a constitutional government; a perfect equality in the two races—German and Czech; the union of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, with a common Diet, to meet alternately at Prague and Brunn; that judicial proceedings should be public; that there should be a separate and responsible government at Prague, with security for personal liberty; a free press, and religious equality. A deputation was sent with these demands to Vienna. They were all granted; Bohemia was recognised as having a distinct nationality; the Prince Francis Joseph, afterwards Emperor of Austria, having been appointed Viceroy. In Bohemia the Czechs, or Sclavonians, were nearly double the number of the Germans, who, like the Protestants of Ireland before the passing of the Emancipation Act, had been the ruling party.

* Alison, vol. xiii., p. 601. † "Annual Register," 1848.



VIENNA.

But, though they had joined in the national movement, they found that they had been a party to a change which not only put an end to German ascendancy, but excluded the Germans from power altogether. It was a part of the new constitution that all persons holding office in the Government, or under it, should speak both languages. This the Chechs could do; but the Germans, despising the language of the subject race, could not speak the Sclavonic tongue. The Chechs therefore had, by the new law, monopoly of office. The natural consequence was a revival of the animosity of races. This was inflamed very much by the Sclavonic movement, the object of which was to unite the people of their blood, not only in Germany, but elsewhere, in a great confederation, in order to counteract the absorbing influence of the Germanic Confederation at Frankfort. Accordingly a general Sclavo congress, consisting of 300 deputies, was held at Prague. It was opened on the 2nd of June, and sat till the 12th. It published a manifesto to Europe, setting forth the wrongs inflicted upon the Sclave populations throughout the whole of the east of Europe. In that manifesto Poles, Sclavonians, Croatians, Illyrians, Ruthenians, Sclovacs, and Servians, all cordially united. A provisional government had been established at Prague, on the pretence that the Government at Vienna was under the control of the mob. It consisted of eight of the most conspicuous members of the party now in the ascendant, with Count Leo Thun at their head. But the Ministry at Vienna refused to recognise this upstart Government; they declared that its constitution was illegal, and its acts void. The Austrian governor of Prague, at that time, was Prince Windischgrätz; he had been warned of the probability of resistance to the supreme Government, and took his measures accordingly. On the 12th of June a public meeting of the Chechs was held to protest against the removal of artillery to points where it could be directed against the city. The people became violently excited, and a mob gathered round the residence of the Prince, raising seditious cries, and pouring upon him torrents of abuse. They refused to disperse, and insisted on being supplied with arms. Before any acts of violence were committed, the Princess Windischgrätz appeared at the window, to look at the crowd in the street, when she was shot dead. According to some accounts, this deplorable catastrophe was the effect of accident; according to others, it was the deed of an assassin, concealed behind a high bow window. She belonged to a doomed race; she was the daughter of the Princess Schwartzenberg, who, to save her children, rushed into the flames and perished, at Paris, in 1809. Shortly after one of the sons of the Princess was mortally wounded on the stairs. Upon these catastrophes the Prince, without ordering the troops drawn up in the front of the building to fire, went down, and, calmly addressing the insurgents, said—"Gentlemen, if you wish to insult me because I am a nobleman, you may do so; go to the front of the palace, and you shall not be disturbed. I will even give you a guard to protect you from injury. But if you wish to insult me because I am Commandant of Prague, I give you fair warning that I will not permit it; I shall resist it with all the means in my power. My wife has just been killed; do not drive me into acts of rigour." It is stated that some persons in the mob then rushed forward, seized the Prince, and dragged him towards a lamp-post, intending to hang him on the spot; but he was fortunately rescued by the soldiers from the hands of the assassins.*

The insurgents had prepared themselves for a desperate struggle. Barricades were erected in all parts of the town, behind which were stationed large masses of armed men. The Prince, unwilling to engage the troops in a series of bloody encounters in the streets, or to sacrifice the lives of the citizens, planted his artillery on the heights commanding the city, and announced that it would be bombarded if the rebels themselves did not level the barricades in twenty-four hours. They refused to surrender, and continued to fight with desperate energy. The artillery then began to play upon the city. The bombardment continued for forty-eight hours, at the end of which a considerable portion of it was destroyed, the strongest positions of the insurgents were battered down, and, on the 17th of June, all the barricades were abandoned, and the revolt was quelled. Crowds of armed men from the country were hastening with banners and military music to reinforce their brethren; but hearing the news that the Austrian arms were triumphant, they returned, despairing, to their homes. Secret societies had concerted a simultaneous movement in all Sclavonic countries. The Emperor of Russia being regarded as the head of the Sclavonic empire which was to arise out of the chaos of revolution, the Czar was daily addressed by the Sclavonic nationalists in an impious parody of the Lord's Prayer, which ran thus:—"Our Russian father, who art in the North, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in the North as it is with us. Permit us to eat our daily bread under your protection. Forgive us our hostilities against you, as we forgive the tortures to which you have delivered our brethren. Suffer us not to fall into the temptations which lead to Siberia; but speedily deliver us from Austria. Amen."†

Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, resolved to hold a Sclavonic Diet at Agram, on the 5th of June; but it was interdicted as illegal by the Austrian Government, and the Ban was summoned to Inns' ruck to give an account of his conduct to the Emperor. He disobeyed the summons. The Diet was held, and one of its principal acts was to confer upon Jellachich the title of Ban, which he had held under the now repudiated authority of the Emperor. He was consequently denounced as a rebel, and divested of all his titles and offices. The Emperor proceeded to restore his authority by force of arms. Carlowitz was bombarded, and converted into a heap of ruins; and other cities surrendered, to escape a similar fate. It was not, however, from disloyalty to the imperial throne, but from hostility to the ascendancy of

* Alison, vol. viii., p. 608. Balleydier, vol. ii., pp. 39—42.
† Balleydier, vol. ii., p. 28.

Hungary, that the Ban had taken up arms. He therefore went to Innsbruck early in July, and having obtained an interview with the Emperor, he declared his loyalty as the Sovereign, and made known the grievances which his nation endured under the Hungarian Government. His demands seem to have been moderate enough. He required security and equality of rights with the Hungarians, both in the Hungarian Diet and in the administration. At Vienna he had an interview with the Hungarian Prime Minister, Batthyani, of which an interesting account has been given by Balleydier. Prince Esterhazy and M. Bach, the Minister of Justice, were present at the interview. It began in a solemn manner, and with measured expressions on both sides; but ere long the intensity of feeling broke through their courtly restraints, and the debate became animated and violent in the highest degree. "Between the Cabinets of Pesth and Vienna," said the Count Batthyani, "there is now an insurmountable barrier." "Which you have raised up yourselves," replied Bach. "Take care, Count; there is behind that barrier, on your side, an abyss, the name of which is Revolution." "And who has dug that abyss?" "You know better than we do. Ask Kossuth. Meanwhile, I will tell you what will fill it up. Oceans of blood, thousands of corpses; perhaps your own, Count." Before separating, Count Batthyani approached Jellachich, and taking him by the hand, said, "For the last time—Do you wish peace or war?" "We wish for peace," replied the Ban, "if the Magyars, better inspired than they now are, are willing to render unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and to Austria what belongs to Austria; but if they persist in wishing to shiver to pieces the fundamental laws of the empire, then we are for war." "May God protect the right!" replied Batthyani; "the sabre must now decide between us. Adieu, Baron. I assign a rendezvous on the banks of the Drobe." "We shall meet before on those of the Danube," replied Jellachich; and he was as good as his word. With these words they separated, and both sides prepared for war.

On the 5th of July the Hungarian Diet was opened at Pesth by the Archduke Palatine Stephen. In his inaugural speech he referred to the disturbances in Croatia, and to the Sclavonian movement generally, stating that His Majesty wished for the restoration of peace and order. Malevolent individuals had fomented national and religious dissensions in Croatia, and had dared to refer to the Emperor's authority as sanctioning their proceedings. But His Majesty, he said, scorned such insinuations; the King and his royal family would at all times respect the laws and protect the liberties granted to his people. It was in this meeting of the Diet that the great Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, attracted the attention of Europe. The son of a small landed proprietor, a Magyar of the noble class, educated in a Protestant college, and brought up to the profession of the law, in which he won early distinction, he obtained a seat in the National Diet of Presburg, as representative of a magnate. He published reports of its proceedings, first in lithographed sheets, and then in manuscript circulars, which being forbidden by the Government, he was prosecuted in 1839, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment "for having disobeyed the King's orders." About a year and a half after, he obtained the benefit of a political amnesty, and was liberated. Shortly after he became chief editor of a national journal, the *Hirlop*, published at Pesth. In this position he was enabled by his eloquent leaders to exert an immense influence in favour of the national cause, and he rose rapidly in public estimation and personal influence. In March, 1848, he was a member of a deputation sent to Vienna, to urge the claims of Hungary upon the Government, and received the appointment of Hungarian Minister of Finance, in which capacity he was enabled to effect important reforms, and to evince his high capacity, not only as an orator, but as a statesman. In a speech delivered before the Diet on the 11th of July, Kossuth thus described the situation of the country:—"Do not deceive yourselves, citizens," he said; "the Magyars stand alone in the world against the conspiracy of the sovereigns and nations which surround them. The Emperor of Russia besets us through the principalities; and everywhere, even in Servia, we detect his hand and gold. In the North, the armed bands of Sclaves are endeavouring to join the rebels of Croatia, and are preparing to march against us. In Vienna, the courtiers and statesmen are calculating the advent of the day when they shall be able again to rivet the chains of their old slaves, the Magyars, an undisciplined and rebellious race. Oh, my fellow-citizens! it is thus that tyrants have ever designated free men. You are alone, I repeat. Are you ready and willing to fight?" There were stormy debates on the Address, which lasted till the end of the month. At length, the Diet proclaimed their loyalty to their King, the Emperor of Austria. They expressed their indignation against the Croatian rebels. Referring to the war then raging in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, they expressed a wish to see that question solved in a manner at once satisfactory to the dignity of the throne, "and to justice and right on the other side." They added that, as soon as peace was restored in their own country, they would readily offer their hand to His Majesty, for the purpose of effecting a peaceable understanding, "which answered to the dignity of the throne on the one hand, and the constitutional liberty of the Italian nation on the other."

It is very likely that the Emperor regarded this sort of advice as very impertinent, and that he was secretly glad that the Ban of Croatia was about to teach them a rough lesson. It was the unfortunate antipathy of races, excited by the Germanic and Pan-Sclavonic movements, that enabled the Emperor to divide and conquer. In the meantime the Constitutional Assembly of Austria had been opened in Vienna on the 22nd of July, by the Archduke John, who delivered a highly conciliatory speech, in which he said, "All the nationalities of the Austrian monarchy are equally near the heart of His Majesty, and all interests find a solid basis in their free fraternisation, in the equality of the rights of all, and in the close union

of Germany. The heart of His Majesty was deeply afflicted that the plenitude of advantages which liberal institutions, wisely administered, generally ensure, could not be at once granted. In Hungary and the neighbouring provinces he expected a pacific settlement of the question that remained to be solved. The war in Italy was not directed against the liberty of the people of the country," he said, "but only to maintain the honour of the Austrian army in the presence of the Italian powers, recognising their nationality, and to support the most important interest of the State."

On the 8th of August the Emperor returned to Vienna, which had keenly felt, both in fashionable and business circles, the prolonged absence of the Court. He was, therefore, received with acclamation. When he left the vessel which conveyed him from Stein down the Danube, bands of girls, gaily dressed, strewed flowers along the path as he walked from the pier to his carriage. The members of the Diet awaited his arrival in the great saloon of the palace, and presented to him a flattering address. The President said—"Sire, in the name of the Diet, in the name of the free people of Austria, whom the Diet represents, I welcome your Majesty back to the hall of your ancestral palace, as the wished-for Sovereign of the constitutional organisation of our country. The acclamations of your faithful people at the happy arrival of their beloved Emperor, announce the contemporaneous return of confidence and courage, and of order and quiet, the firm foundation of the new-born prosperity. The Diet representing, as it does, a free people in a constitutional monarchy, consider it their duty to preserve, not only their own dignity, but also the sanctity and inviolability of the constitutional throne. Your Majesty's return to this city, where your people's representatives are now in Parliament assembled, is a guarantee that the constitution which emanated from the heart of the noblest Austrian Emperor will be strengthened by the concurrence of the constitutional throne. May our Emperor's benevolence, so eager for the people's welfare, descend as a sacred heirloom to all future members of the imperial family."

The Diet of Transylvania had lately voted the union of that province with the kingdom of Hungary, and thus a million and a half of men were added to the strength of the Magyars. This accession of strength served to inflame still more the animosity of race between them and the Croats. The reader will recollect the statement of the Archduke Stephen in opening the Hungarian Diet, when he indignantly repelled the insinuation that either the King or any of the royal family could give the slightest encouragement to the Ban of Croatia in his hostile proceedings against Hungary. Yet, on the 30th of September following, letters which had been intercepted by the Hungarians were published at Vienna, completely compromising the Emperor, and revealing a disgraceful conspiracy which he appears to have entered into with Jellachich, when they met at Innsbruck. Not only were the barbarous Croatians, in their devastating aggression on Hungary, encouraged by the Emperor, while professing to deplore and condemn them, but the Imperial Government were secretly supplying the Ban with money for carrying on the war. Early in August the Croatian troops laid siege to several of the most important cities in Hungary, and laid waste some of the richest districts in that country. In order to meet the expenses of this defensive war, the Hungarian Diet decreed the issue of paper money, which was disallowed by the Imperial Government. Kossuth was then very ill, but he had himself carried into the hall of the Diet, which he addressed on the critical state of affairs, earnestly urging that an influential deputation should be sent to the Emperor, in order to induce him to come to the aid of Hungary in this emergency. In their address they reminded him of the fidelity that kingdom had shown to his ancestors for centuries. They reminded him of his coronation oath, when he swore to maintain the privileges and independence of their free nation. They reminded him of the blood of Hungary that was flowing in Italy in defence of his imperial rights; and they asked him how it was that the rights of their nation were menaced by an insurrection, the leaders of which declared openly that they were in arms on His Majesty's behalf? How was it that one portion of the children of their Fatherland was perfidiously excited against the other? Finally, they demanded that their King, discarding the reactionary counsels of those about him, would give his immediate sanction to all the measures voted by the Diet; that he would come and reside at Pesth among his people, where his presence was necessary to save the country. He answered that the state of his health would forbid his going to Pesth; that he would re-consider the question of paper money; and that he would try to bring about an amicable settlement with the Ban. This cold reply was received in silence. It seemed to have extinguished the last sparks of loyalty that remained in their bosoms. When they entered the steamer that was to convey them to Pesth, they hoisted a red flag as their ensign, they tore from their caps the united colours of Austria and Hungary, and mounted red feathers instead. Great indignation prevailed at Pesth, both in the Diet and out of doors, among the people. The Kossuth Administration had resigned, and Count Batthyani placed himself at the head of a ministry more moderate and likelier to get a hearing at Vienna. Under these circumstances, the Diet voted that a deputation of twenty-five members should proceed at once to Vienna, and make an appeal to the National Assembly for aid against the Croats, who were now rapidly overrunning the country under Jellachich, who proclaimed that he was about to rid Hungary "from the yoke of an incapable, odious, and rebel Government." The deputation went to Vienna, and the Assembly, by a majority of 186 to 108, resolved to refuse it a hearing. Deeply mortified at this insult, the Hungarians resolved to break completely with Austria. They invested Kossuth with full powers as Dictator, whereupon the Archduke resigned his viceroyalty on the 25th of September, and retired to Moravia. Both parties were now prepared for a desperate struggle. The Ban of

Croatia was fighting as the champion of the Sclavonic race against the domination of the Magyars, whom they bitterly hated. When disavowed by the Emperor in his manifesto, they answered proudly—"Emperor, If you reject our supplications, we shall know how to conquer our liberties without your aid; and we would rather die heroically, as becomes a Sclavonian family, than bear any longer the oppression of an Asiatic horde from whom we have nothing either to receive or to learn, but who have imposed on us a yoke which it is impossible any longer to bear. If it comes to the worst, we would prefer the knout of the Russians to the insolence of the Magyars. Emperor, do not abandon us, for we will not in any event fall again under the dominion of the Magyars. Recollect that if Croatia forms only a thirty-fifth part of your monarchy, her soldiers compose a third of your entire infantry." Animated by this spirit of intense resentment and national animosity, the Croatian hordes invaded Hungary, committing in their course all sorts of atrocities. In a military point of view the Hungarians were ill-prepared for the contest; but the Magyars are a brave, energetic race, and they put forth tremendous efforts to meet the emergency. The people were perfectly unanimous, and wild with warlike enthusiasm. The divisions between aristocratic and democratic parties were merged in the rising tide of patriotic feeling. Kossuth was everywhere, animating, directing, organising, and firing the souls of the population with his electrical eloquence. At his magic call the Magyar race flew to arms. He hurried to Pesth, declaring that he would not return till he had organised a *levée* of 70,000 fresh men. He kept his word. In a few days 300,000 volunteers came forward demanding arms, and of these 100,000 were enrolled. Kossuth had tremendous difficulties to contend with. The Magyars were but one-third of the population; the other two-thirds differed in race and religion, and were either passive or hostile.

At first success attended their arms, and the Ban got the worst of it in several encounters. Had the Magyars been left to themselves, they would soon have crushed their enemies, and driven out the invaders; but Austria was resolved that they should not be left to themselves. In the midst of the excitement at Pesth, Count Lamberg was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the imperial army in Hungary; and a decree appeared at the same time ordering a suspension of hostilities between the contending armies. The Count immediately started for Pesth without a military escort. In the meantime, Kossuth had issued a counter-proclamation, in which the appointment of Lamberg was declared to be illegal and null, as it was not countersigned by the Hungarian Minister, according to the constitution, and all persons obeying him were declared to be guilty of high treason. On the 28th of September, the Count arrived at Pesth, attended only by a single aide-de-camp and a servant. He had gone in a desponding mood. "You will set out this evening," said the Austrian Minister. "This moment," was the answer. "*Au revoir*, General," responded the Minister. "No," said he; "my days are numbered. We shall never meet again. I recommend my children to you." He arrived safely at the head-quarters of the Commandant of Buda. He was received coldly by that officer. Tumultuous noise was heard in the streets, increasing every moment. The Count inquired the cause. "It is the people," said the Commandant, "coming to pay you a visit." "Let them come, then," was the answer. "What are you going to do?" asked the Hungarian. "My duty," replied the old General. "I shall go to Pesth first, to the President of the Council, to obtain his counter-signature to the Royal rescripts; then to the Diet, to announce the object of my mission. Will you accompany me?" "I am at your service," replied the Commandant. They started accordingly; but it is stated that the Hungarian made some pretence to slip away, and left the Austrian Commander-in-Chief to proceed alone. The streets were crowded, and he soon heard on all sides the cry, "Death to Lamberg!" A young man, pale with excitement, mounted on a cart and shouted, "Citizens! do you know why Lamberg has come amongst us? He has come to extinguish our nationality. He has come to substitute his abhorred colours for our glorious colours. He has come to extinguish in the blood of the Hungarian people the sacred fire of the Magyars. He has come to rivet on our hands the chains of the most odious slavery. The time presses, citizens; the moment of action has arisen. Choose between independence and slavery." "Death to Lamberg! To arms!" was the response. "Why arms?" asked the youthful orator. "It is under the strokes of clubs that the dog-traitor Lamberg should perish!" Towards a crowd thus excited the Count approached on his way to the Diet. Some of the National Guard, perceiving his danger, hastened to his protection, and surrounded the carriage. "Your devotion, gentlemen," said he, "will not save me. But I die without fear; for my conscience has nothing to reproach me with. Yet it is sad for a soldier to die in a riot, and not by a cannon-ball in the field of battle." The National Guard did all in their power to protect him; but they were overwhelmed by a furious mob, who dragged out their brave and venerable victim, and instantly killed him with bludgeons and scythes. His body was said to have received forty-three wounds. His clothes were torn up and distributed as trophies among the assassins; a rope was tied round his neck, and the mutilated body was dragged through the streets amidst the exulting yells of the populace, in the presence of 15,000 persons, and under the eyes of several members of the Diet, who were powerless to arrest the torrent of popular vengeance.

This was the first blood shed in the quarrel with Austria. The Hungarian Parliament expressed its horror at this atrocious assassination, and in an address to the Emperor promised that justice should be done on the murderers. Another nobleman perished soon after. Count Eugène Vichy, a young man connected with one of the first families in Hungary, paid a visit to the Ban

of Croatia, in order, it was said, to obtain an exemption of the districts in which his estates lay from the devastations of the Croats, who spared neither sex nor age. He was arrested as a traitor by one of his own tenants, who conducted him, bound, to the Isle of Czessel, where he was delivered over to Görgei, by whom, as president of a council of war, he was put upon his trial for high treason. In his portmanteau were found papers which compromised him—a safe conduct from Jellachich, and some copies of an address by the Emperor to the Hungarian nation, and to the troops in South Hungary, designed to encourage them to revolt against the Diet at Pesth. Vichy's defence was not one that any court could credit. He alleged that he knew nothing about the documents, and that they must have been secretly put in his portmanteau by his valet. It was inferred that he had been plotting with the Ban—the enemy of his country—who, notwithstanding the barbarous manner in which his followers conducted the war, was secretly authorised and subsidised by the Emperor, whose appeal to the Hungarian army was in the possession of the prisoner. He was, therefore, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged as a traitor. His last words were, "I die innocent, and may God grant that I may be the last victim; and may he protect my country, and save it from such judges as mine have been! Long live Hungary! Long live the King!" The dead body was cut down by the people, who stripped it and divided the clothes as trophies. After being subjected to all sorts of indignities, it was cast upon a dunghill on the banks of the Danube, where it remained till it was half devoured by wild animals. At length a young Greek priest came and buried the remains, which were subsequently removed to the family vault, in the church of Kalos.

The Government of Vienna resolved now to crush the Hungarian insurrection at any cost. An imperial decree was issued, dissolving the Diet, declaring all its ordinances and acts illegal and void, constituting Jellachich Commander-in-Chief in Hungary and Trausylvania, with unlimited powers, and appointing also a new Hungarian Ministry. Kossuth met this by a counter-proclamation, asserting the entire independence of Hungary, and denouncing the Ban and the new Prime Minister as traitors. The power given to Jellachich excited the indignation not only of all Hungarians, but of the citizens of Vienna. "Until peace be restored," ran the imperial proclamation, "martial law is declared in Hungary. Our Ban of Croatia, Sclavonia, and Dalmatia, is hereby appointed Commissary Plenipotentiary of our Royal Majesty, with full and unlimited powers, that he may act as circumstances may require, as the representative of our Royal Majesty." A decree ordering packs of blood-hounds to be let loose upon the country could not have excited more horror. Even the army at Vienna revolted against the atrocity of such a decree.

Ballaydier sketches a dramatic scene at a meeting of conspirators in Vienna on the 4th of October, where the assassination of Count Latour, as the most formidable enemy of the revolution, was determined upon. The president of the meeting said—"We have received information from one of our associates at the War Office, that, on the day after to-morrow, the traitor Latour is about to execute a *coup-de-main;* but we shall be beforehand with him. What say you, brethren?" Answer, "Yes, yes." "It is well. A revolution is a fine thing, brethren; but, to render it profitable, it must be really one, and not a mere caricature. What we require is a revolution of the people, with bared arms, locks tossed by the wind, wrath in their eyes, and the fusil in their hands—a revolution with barricades and war in the streets, like that of Danton and Robespierre, and not a parody, as that of Louis Blanc and Lamartine. What we require, in fine, is a revolution with corpses enough to satisfy the vengeance of the people, and a victim elevated enough to compromise the people, and render retreat impossible. Do you understand me, brethren?" "Yes, yes; we demand justice!" "Against whom?" "Latour." "Agreed, agreed! Justice to the people! death to Latour! life and independence to Germany!" The conspirators then took a solemn oath to execute the enterprise.

On the morning of the 6th of October, the Grenadier Guards were ordered to march to the assistance of the Croats against Hungary, the Ban having suffered several defeats, and having pressed urgently for reinforcements. The Grenadiers did not absolutely refuse to march, but they had an understanding with the National Guards, that their departure would be prevented by the breaking up of the railway, which was accordingly done. The troops were then ordered to proceed on foot, but they were stopped by a barricade on the Tabor bridge, which they passed over fraternising with the National Guards. Regiments of infantry and pieces of artillery were then drawn up to reduce the insurgent troops. General Breay gave the word, "Fire," with a loud voice, and was shot dead as he uttered it. Some workmen seized the guns and a powder waggon. The Nassau Infantry fired three volleys, the revolted troops returned the fire, the infantry were charged with the bayonet, and compelled to fly back into the city. The triumphant insurgents then returned, planted their guns in University Square, placed guards upon the city gates, sounded the tocsin to rouse the citizens, formed a central committee to conduct the operations, and prepared for a regular battle with the imperial forces that should remain loyal. Barricades were quickly erected, old fortifications were occupied, and the fighting commenced.

The only post in the city that remained in the occupation of the royal troops was the hotel of the Minister of War, where a council of war was being held, under the presidency of Count Latour, guarded only by 176 men. The majority of the council thought further resistance hopeless. Bach, the Minister of War, said that concession at that stage would be worse than cowardice. It would be the consecration of revolt; besides, it would not save them. "Listen to the cries below the windows," he exclaimed. "They are the howling of

wild beasts for their prey. Let us have no concessions. What is required for the monarchy and the capital is to proclaim a state of siege, and to oppose to the daggers of revolution the swords of the faithful Austrians." The majority of the council, however, were for surrender. Count Latour reluctantly signed the order—"The firing is everywhere to cease." This announcement was received with loud cheers, but the insurgents still pressed on. They made prisoners of the military guard, rushed in, and surrounded Count Latour. He offered to resign his post, and a portion of the National Guard endeavoured to save him; but he was seized, buffeted, and dragged down to the court-yard, where he was smitten with sledge-hammers, axes, and scythes, and then hung from a lamp-post, where his body remained twenty-four hours suspended as a target for the National Guards. His garments were cut in pieces and carried off as trophies.

The insurgent multitude had now tasted blood. They were wild with excitement, and determined to go through with the revolution at all hazards. Their next step was to attack the arsenal, and get possession of the arms and ammunition; but it was stoutly defended by a body of soldiers within, who replied to the summons to surrender, by running out guns at the gate, and sweeping the Reinegasse with grape and canister, which killed and wounded a great number of the insurgents, who, notwithstanding, returned to the charge, and repeated their attempts to get possession of the building. The committee of students sent several flags of truce to the garrison; but the bearers were shot dead on the spot. The insurgents now rendered furious, and aided by the revolted troops and the artillery of the National Guard, maintained a terrible fire against the building, which was continued during the night. At length it took fire, and, dreading the explosion of the magazine, the garrison surrendered.

The triumphant rebels immediately took possession of all the arms and ammunition, which were distributed amongst the citizens. The populace ran riot through the building, which contained a sort of museum of the most interesting relics of the Austrian monarchy—ancient arms, suits of armour, trophies, the swords of celebrated heroes, helmets worn by monarchs, &c. The swords of Sunderberg and Prince Eugène were proudly brandished by dirty mechanics. The helmets of Charles V. and Francis I. adorned plebeian heads; while the arms of Wallenstein and Daun were tossed from hand to hand, to gratify the ignorant curiosity of the Red Republicans. The constituent assembly meantime appointed a "committee of public safety," and sent a

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request to the Emperor to dismiss his reactionary cabinet, to appoint a popular Ministry, to remove Jellachich from his command, to revoke the last proclamation against the Hungarians, and to grant a general amnesty for all offences committed during the insurrection. The Emperor yielded so far, that he authorised two leading members of the Assembly to form a government. But the revolutionary party refused to accept any half measures. They demanded that the committee of public safety should assume the dictatorship to the exclusion of the Emperor, and forbid the commander of the army, Count Auersperg, to obey his orders. Immediately upon this appeared a proclamation, addressed to the insurgents, which said:—"People of Austria, Europe will regard you with admiration, and history will place our elevation to freedom as one of its most illustrious exploits." They also required that despatches should be sent to the Southern Railway, and forwarded to Olmutz and Bremen, to bring no more troops to Vienna.

In the face of these events, we cannot wonder that the Emperor felt that the Committee of Safety would not be likely to spread its protecting wings over him, and that he could find safety only by departing as quickly as possible from the focus of revolution. Therefore, before daybreak on the 7th of October, he and the rest of the Imperial family were driving rapidly on the road to Olmutz, escorted by a body of cavalry. He left behind him a sealed proclamation, in which he stated that he had done all that a Sovereign could do—he had left his ancestral castle, and come to his people in Vienna with full confidence in their loyalty; and he had renounced the unlimited power inherited from his forefathers. But all was in vain. A small band of misled men threatened to destroy the hope of every true patriot. Anarchy was at its height; Vienna was teeming with murders and conflagrations. His Minister, whose age, if nothing else, might have protected him, expired under the strokes of assassins. He trusted in God and his just rights, and left the capital to bring succour to his oppressed people. Kraus, one of the new Ministers, who brought this proclamation to the Assembly, denounced it as "unconstitutional and threatening," and stated that he had refused to countersign it. The preceding night was described by an Austrian journal as decidedly the most anxious one Vienna had witnessed since the bombardment of Napoleon, in 1809. "Till dawn the streets swarmed with armed men scattered in groups, and now and then a patrol. At the corners of the streets, in the public squares, before the cafés, crowds were assembling discussing the events. The silence of the night was interrupted at intervals by reports of fire-arms, especially in the direction of the Wieden and the high road (Auersperg's quarters), which attracted universal attention. On and around the barricades men were sleeping in blouses, fully armed; women and girls, not of the most respectable appearance, were mingled among them, some laughing and talking, others, like the men, sleeping on heaps of stones. The walls and bastions of the city offered a most animated appearance. One line of watch-fires stretched as far as the eye could reach, each surrounded by students in Calabresian cloaks, men in blouses, artisans with their sleeves tucked up to their elbows, National Guards, and others. Above the gates guns are pointed to sweep the approaches of the city; artillery-men, students, and workmen, on duty near them, with lighted matches. Patrols of every description parade the walls in regular beats. There could not have been fewer than 10,000 men on the bastions."

Meantime Count Auersperg, who had under his command about 20,000 men, had stationed them in the gardens of the palace of Prince Schwartzenberg, and near the Belvedere Palace, on heights which commanded the city, with his head-quarters at Engersdorf. There he waited till the succour came which the Emperor had promised. It was not long delayed. From Radetsky triumphant in Italy, from Windischgrätz at Prague, and from Jellachich in Hungary, came assurances that they were making haste to rally round the Emperor's flag, and to cause it to wave in triumph over the vanquished revolution. The latter with his Croats moved up with forced marches, availing himself of the Southern Railway, and on the 9th he was within two hours' march of Vienna. The object which he avowed in this rapid and important movement was, that by supporting the Emperor he might advance the Sclavonian cause. He wrote at the time to friends in Bohemia, "It was my duty as a faithful and sincere Sclavonian, to oppose in Pesth the anti-Austrian party, which rose in arms against Sclavonianism. But as I approached Pesth, that nest of the Magyar aristocracy, our common enemies rose, and had they conquered in Vienna, my victory in Pesth would have been incomplete, and the mainstay of our enemies would have been Vienna. Therefore I turned with the whole of my troops to Vienna, in order to chastise the enemies of Sclavonianism in the Austrian capital. I was led solely by the conviction that in approaching Vienna I was advancing against the enemies of Sclavonianism."

On the news of the approach of this formidable enemy, consternation seized the Viennese. The Ban, in order to increase their terror, had sent forward to order rations for 60,000 men—double the actual number. Crowds of people ascended to the tops of houses and thronged the church steeples, in order to catch a glimpse of the invading hosts, which now came distinctly into view, and in their varied uniforms and costumes presented a novel and striking picture. "First came the Illyrians, with their red caps; next the Scoregranes, wrapped in their scarlet mantles; the Croatians, with their grey, broad-brimmed hats, with no uniform but a grey blouse, and a fusil and dagger. With these were mingled large bodies of Austrian cavalry and artillery, clad in the Imperial uniform. Farther off to the east, clouds of cavalry and the neighing of steeds, heard even at so great a distance, announced the approach of the Magyar horse and the army of Hungary, intended to co-operate with the insurgents. It seemed as if all the forces of the monarchy were assembled at a rendezvous under the

walls of Vienna for a grand military tournament. On the evening of the 12th Jellachich effected his junction with Auersperg in the gardens of the Belvedere, and their united forces amounted to 50,000 combatants." *

The tide of fortune now turned in favour of the Emperor. The devoted Windischgrätz was rapidly approaching with his army from Prague, whose magistrates and people at once became intensely loyal, when they learned that the contest was now one of races, between the Sclavonians and the Magyars. The reinforcements brought by Windischgratz swelled the Imperial forces at Vienna to 70,000 men. In the presence of this host, hanging like an immense thunder-cloud charged with death and ruin over the city, the citizens relied chiefly upon the Hungarian army. But this was held in check by the Croatian army, and Kossuth deeming it prudent not to enter into the contest, withdrew his troops within the bounds of Hungarian territory. But the democrats prepared for a determined resistance. They erected barricades, they fortified all available positions of defence; while the popular clubs, as well as the National Assembly, sat in permanence. Even the enemies of the democracy have recorded, to their honour, that life and property were scrupulously respected by the insurgents, and that during the time they had the city completely under their command, no acts of robbery or outrage sullied the Austrian character. During the days of suspense, the awful pause before the strokes of despotic vengeance fell upon the democrats, hosts of recruits poured into the city from foreign countries, especially Poles, experienced revolutionists, always ready to join any battle against the oppressors of their country. Among them was the celebrated General Bem, who had saved the Polish army from destruction at Austrolenka in 1831. Being one of the ablest and most renowned commanders of his time, his accession was hailed with enthusiasm by the insurgents. They had also been encouraged by the arrival of Robert Blum, who, with two others, came as a deputation from the assembly at Frankfort, to congratulate the Viennese on their glorious revolution. These gentlemen were so enthusiastic in the cause, that they at once joined the ranks of its defenders, and bore their part gallantly in the tremendous struggle that ensued. Blum was a journalist at Leipsic, and one of the members of the Frankfort Diet. After some days of silent preparation on both sides, Prince Windischgrätz, who had assumed the supreme command, announced the terms on which he would spare the city. Among these were the following:—"Within forty-eight hours after receipt of this present, the city of Vienna, with its faubourgs and neighbourhood, are to surrender; and by detachments the inhabitants are to give up their arms at some place appointed for that purpose, with the exception of private fire-arms; the dissolution of all armed corporations and of the academical legion; the University to be closed; the president of the academical legion and twelve students to be made hostages. Certain individuals, hereafter to be named, are to be given up to me."

The Diet objected to the terms, as illegal and unconstitutional; and "No surrender" was the watchword that ran along the lines of defence. On the 28th, therefore, Prince Windischgrätz began to bombard the city, and the troops advanced to the assault. The Jagerzeil, a beautiful street leading to the Prater, was fortified by a succession of barricades, built up to the first-floor windows, in a half-moon shape, with regular embrasures, and planted with cannon. This street was the scene of the hardest fighting, and the spectacle it presented to an English eye-witness, by whom it was described in a letter published at the time, was something frightful. It was strewed with the dead bodies of men and horses, lying in pools of blood. The attacking party had used congreve rockets, which set fire to the houses, from which the insurgents attacked the troops, and burnt down one-half of them, while the other half were riddled with shell and shot. The smell of roast flesh from half-burnt bodies, issuing from the ruined houses, was awfully sickening.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th the tocsin suddenly rang from all the churches, the *générale* beat in all the streets, and the combatants were everywhere seen hurrying to their rallying points. At half-past eleven the signal gun was discharged by the besiegers. This was immediately followed by a tremendous roar of cannon from all the batteries, and the firing became general on both sides. The first barricade in the Jagerzeil, which was commanded by the Croats and Chasseurs, stationed in the houses and woods of the Prater adjoining, soon became untenable. The second was occupied by the University legion, commanded by General Bem. There the guns were well served, and the contest was terribly fierce and obstinate. Three assaults of the Imperialists had been gallantly repulsed, with great slaughter; triumphant cheers ringing loud, mingled with the shouts of command and the thundering of artillery. But, in the midst of the triumph, a cry of consternation was heard. The Croats had penetrated to the rear of the barricade so gloriously defended, and the brave band of students and professors, attacked at once in front and rear, and exposed to a cross-fire from the adjoining houses, were rapidly shot down and driven from their position, which, with all the guns mounted upon it, was taken possession of by the Imperialists. From all the other strong positions the insurgents were driven in rapid succession. In some the students fought till the last man was slain. At night the scene presented by the city was awful to contemplate. It was on fire in twenty-six different places. The theatre of the Odeon, the baths of Schuted, the railway station of Barek, and several streets, were wrapped in devouring flames. The population were all out gazing in speechless agony at the unchecked progress of the conflagration, fed in many cases by the dead bodies of their friends; the ascending columns flashing a lurid light upon the sky as far as the eye could reach. The morning of the 29th was occupied in the burying of the dead, who were found in

* Alison, vol. viii., p. 659.

astonishing numbers, lying on the barricades and about the streets. The ranks of the insurgents were now greatly thinned. Many of the bravest had fallen; many others, despairing of the cause, laid down their arms, put off their uniforms, and retired from the contest. And although the students and the Poles were for holding out to the last, and had repaired to their rallying points to renew the contest, their commander saw the folly of persisting in a struggle against three armies surrounding and commanding the city. They therefore declared to the Committee of Public Safety that it was impossible to prolong the defence. The Imperial general suspended hostilities, to give the citizens time to reflect. They sent a deputation, which sought in vain to get some mitigation of the terms. A sort of council of war was then held amongst the leaders of the insurgents. Bem vehemently protested against the surrender of the town. "It would," he exclaimed, "be a monstrous act of cowardice, while their defeat on the ruins of Vienna would be a passport to immortality. From the top of St. Stephen's the advanced posts of the Magyars are already seen, and their guns ready to pour grape on their enemies. Yes, the ruins of Vienna will be a tomb worthy of the giants of Poland and Austria." But Messenhauser, commander-in-chief of the insurgents, answered, "You are not a Viennese. You mistake the epoch; the ruins of Vienna would not be your tomb; for, if such a misfortune was reserved for the capital of the monarchy through your fault, you would be buried in it under the curses and the opprobrium of the universe." The National Guards loudly applauded, the Poles and refugees were silent, the terms of capitulation were accepted, and before midnight, when the truce was to terminate, a deputation conveyed the submission of the city to the Imperial commander-in-chief.

In the meantime the organisation of the insurgents began to melt away; the clubs were dissolved, and wagons of arms were being brought into the depôts appointed by the Government, when a wild electric excitement ran through the city, and the whole population rushed forth in tumults of joy. It had been rumoured from the tower of St. Stephen's that the Hungarian army were engaged in battle with the Imperial forces. Instantly the cry was raised, "Long live the Hungarians! all is over! here are the Magyars! To arms! to arms! Forward to meet the enemy!" There was a rush to the ramparts, which were quickly crowded with defenders. The guns were again dragged forth and placed in position, and no one now dared to speak of submission. At one o'clock another bulletin announced that the battle was advancing towards Oberston and Inzersdorf, and that the Hungarians appeared to be advancing victoriously. This news seemed to be confirmed by the rattling of cannon balls against the walls and high buildings of the city. The people now broke forth into uncontrollable transports of joy. Flags were waved, and guns were fired from all the steeples, towers, and roofs of the city. But further observation showed that the sanguine hopes so quickly excited were delusive; and the insurgents were cast down from the heights of exultation to the depths of despondency—as if a convict, about to be hanged, obtained a pardon, which was in a few hours after revoked. The tide of battle was seen to roll away, and the banners that it was hoped would soon float on the towers of Vienna marked the course of a confused, retreating army in the far distance. Despair, disorganisation, disorder, and riot now reigned in Vienna; and all was anarchy until the triumphant Imperialists came into possession.

The Hungarian army, under General Moza, remained encamped on Hungarian territory, reluctant to commit an open act of aggression by crossing the Austrian frontier. On the 28th, however, the generals, who were accompanied by Kossuth, as Dictator and Governor of Hungary, resolved to come to the succour of the Viennese. The army was 25,000 strong, but many of them were young, unseasoned troops; while Windischgrätz had prepared to meet them, posted in strong positions, an army equal in number, consisting of experienced soldiers inured to fire. At first the Hungarians succeeded, and drove the Austrians back in some minor skirmishing encounters. Görgei had the command of a brigade, with which he was ordered to attack one of the villages occupied by the Austrians. He found the Hungarian army so disposed that the centre was a mile and a half from the left wing, which was therefore wholly unsupported. Görgei, according to his own account, hastened to Kossuth and Moza to explain the dangerous state of the army. The answer of the general was, "I stand where I can survey the whole; do you in silence obey what I order." He did so; but Windischgrätz quickly took advantage of the bad generalship, pushing forward some horse artillery, which opened a heavy fire on Görgei's unsupported battalion. He states, in his account of the transaction, that they instantly took to flight, rushing headlong over one another. The most heroic efforts were made by a few brave fellows to arrest the panic and the rout, but in vain. Görgei says: "Out of nearly 5,000 men of these National Guards, about whose valour I had already heard so many tirades—who, as themselves had repeatedly asserted, were burning with desire to measure themselves with an enemy whom they never mentioned but with the greatest contempt—there remained to me, after a short cannonade, a single man, and that an elderly invalided soldier. The whole of our force from Schwechat to Mannsworth had been swept away. The other brigades, incredible as it may seem, had taken to their heels even before mine. Like a scared flock, the main body of the army was hastening, in the greatest disorder, towards the Fuchs for safety." *

On the night of the 31st of October the city had surrendered, and was in possession of the Imperial troops. They set about extinguishing the flames as quickly as they could, and order was soon established. Robert Blum was tried by court-martial, convicted, by his own avowal, of seditious speeches and armed resistance against

* "Görgei: Life and Acts in Hungary," vol. i., pp. 67—91

the Imperial troops, and immediately shot. Next day Messenhauser, the Commander of the National Guards, was found guilty of the same crime, and shared the same fate. The Frankfort Assembly, of which Blum was a member, passed a resolution indignantly protesting before all Germany against his arrest and execution, which acts were consummated in total disregard of the Imperial law of the 30th September, and they demanded the punishment of all who had been directly or indirectly concerned in that outrage. The state of public feeling in Germany upon the subject may be inferred from the fact that this resolution was unanimously adopted. This remonstrance, however, had no effect. Vienna was occupied by 30,000 troops. A new Ministry was appointed, with Prince Schwartzenberg at its head, and on the 2nd of December the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated in favour of his nephew, Francis Joseph, whose father, Francis Charles, being next in succession, renounced his claim to the throne. The retiring Emperor stated that the pressure of events, and the immediate want of a comprehensive reformation in the forms of State, convinced him that more youthful powers were necessary to complete the grand work which he had commenced. The young Emperor, in his proclamation, expressed his conviction of the value of free institutions, and said that he entered with confidence on the path of a prosperous reformation of the monarchy. Nothing could be more liberal than this manifesto. The new state of things was to be founded on the basis of true liberty, the equality of all citizens before the law, and a full representation of the people, with whom he was ready to share his privileges, so that all the countries and tribes of the monarchy might be united into one glorious integral state. But the conquest over rebellion, and the return of domestic peace, were declared to be the first conditions of the great work he had undertaken.

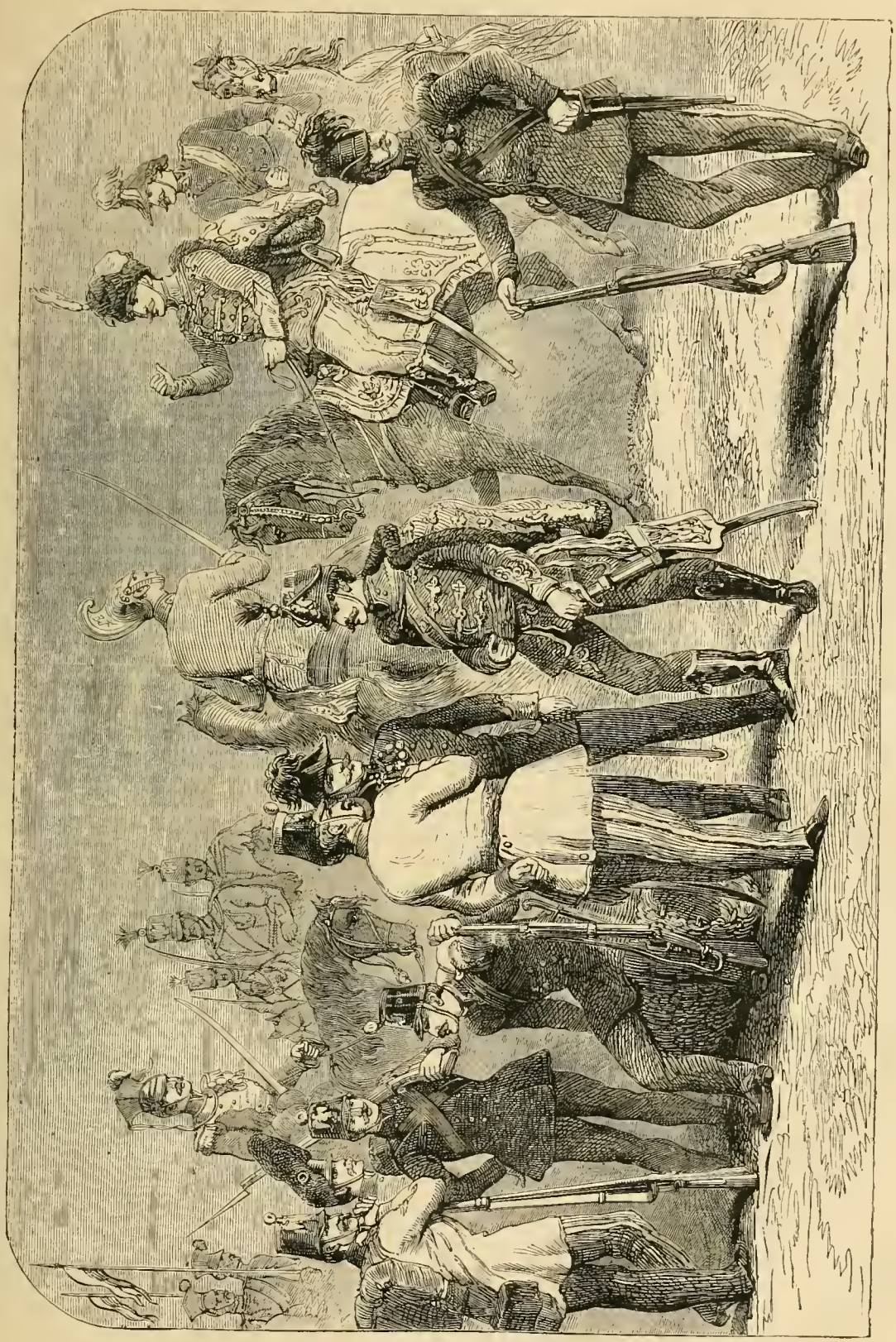
The National Assembly resumed its task of constitution making, as if nothing had happened. But it did not suit the Imperial policy to wait for the result of their labours, or to allow the country to think that it could owe anything to the collective wisdom of democratic representatives. He, therefore, took the work in hand himself. It was headed by the following string of titles, which is a curiosity in its way:—"We, Francis Joseph, by the grace of God, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, King of Lombardy and Venice, of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Sclavonia, Galicia, Lodomeria, and Illyria; King of Jerusalem, Archduke of Austria, Grand Duke of Tuscany and Cracow, Duke of Lorraine, of Salzburg, Styria, Karinthia, Krain, and the Bukovina; Grand Prince of Transylvania, Margrave of Moravia, Duke of Upper and Lower Silesia, of Modena, Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, of Auschwitz and Yabor, of Teschen, Frione, Ragusa, and Yara; Princely Count of Hapsburg, Tyrol, Kyburg, Gorg, and Grädiska; Prince of Trent and Briden; Margrave of the Upper and Lower Lausitz; Count of Hohenumbs, Feldkirch, Bregendy, Soneaberg, &c.; Lord of Trieste, Cattaro, and of the Windish Mark." The constitution was introduced by a proclamation signed by the Emperor and the members of his Cabinet, in which he described the distracted state of the empire, with civil war raging in Hungary; and in places where tranquillity was seemingly undisturbed, a spirit of distrust and hate stalking about in darkness. Such was the melancholy action, not of liberty, but of the abuse of liberty. To oppose those abuses, and "to finish the revolution," was his duty as well as his purpose. The Assembly, which had been framing a constitution, had wasted many months in theoretical discussions, containing contradictions to the actual condition of the State, opposing all right and legality, and encouraging revolution and discouraging loyalty. He therefore resolved to gratify the wishes of the people of his monarchy, who were waiting with just and generous impatience for a constitution that would embrace the whole empire. "People of Austria," he said, "almost everywhere in Europe is human society shaken to its foundation; the criminal endeavours of a wicked party threaten it on all sides with dissolution. But however great the dangers for Austria and for Europe, we do not doubt of a great and blessed future for our country. In this we rely upon the assistance of Almighty God, who at no time has abandoned our empire. We rely upon the good-will and loyalty of our peoples; for the well-disposed form the great majority among them. We rely upon the gallantry and honour of our glorious army. People of Austria! crowd round your Emperor, surround him with your affection and active co-operation, and the constitution of the empire will not then remain a dead letter. It will grow to be a bulwark of your liberty—a guarantee for the power, the splendour, the unity of the monarchy. Great is the work, but it will be accomplished by our united forces."

The principles of the new constitution were extremely liberal. It guaranteed perfect religious freedom, religious equality, the freedom of the press, the right of public meeting, individual liberty, inviolability of the domestic circle and of private correspondence, freedom of locomotion throughout the empire, abolition of serfdom, security of property, a legislature consisting of two houses, both elective, to meet annually, a franchise extended to every one that paid taxes, the vote by ballot, responsibility of ministers, and independence of judges. The great design of this constitution was the consolidation of the heterogeneous nationalities, of which it was composed, into one body. Had they all suffered themselves to be thus wrought into a state of perfect unification, pervaded by a loyal disposition, the young Emperor was willing to deal with them in a liberal and a generous spirit. But he found the nationalities too intractable for this imperial process of centralisation. The insurrection in the Italian provinces had been crushed; but the Italians were as far as ever from being conciliated, and Hungary was up in arms against the Imperial authority. In both countries the constitution was received with coldness and distrust.

Windischgrätz was, meantime, diligently preparing for the conquest of Hungary, with an army which numbered 65,000 men, with 260 guns. There was another

force of 20,000 under Count Nugent, as a reserve, on the frontier of Styria, and a third of 14,000, to act on the north-east of Hungary, besides two or three smaller bodies in other parts. The Hungarians were able to bring 150,000 men into the field, with more than 2,400 guns—the army, including 20,000 infantry and 7,000 cavalry, who had deserted from the Austrian service. Their main army was encamped near the Danube, prepared to operate against Windischgrätz, another was placed under the command of General Bem, who had escaped from Vienna. In addition to these two armies, there were various smaller bodies being organised in Upper Hungary and Transylvania. The Hungarian army was largely made up by fresh levies, and was inferior in discipline as well as in numbers to the Austrians. The principal division of the army was under the command of Görgei, who had succeeded Moza after the defeat near Vienna. He had proved himself to be a man of decided military genius, with a talent for organising and a spirit which inspired his troops with unbounded confidence. He had first studied for the military profession, and he became a lieutenant of Hussars. He had, however, retired from the army, and was devoting himself to the study of chemistry, when, hearing that his country was in danger, he hastened to Pesth, and placed his sword at the service of the Government. He very soon won the confidence of Kossuth, and rose rapidly to the highest position in the Hungarian army, from which Moza was removed on account of his incapacity. But he had as yet no name which could inspire any alarm in the mind of the Imperial commander-in-chief. The latter marched on Raab in the last week of December, and having driven the Imperial rear-guard before him, he arrived at that town on the 26th, when he found it was evacuated by Görgei. The latter retired, in order to gain time for the formation of the armies in the interior, and because he apprehended that it would be disastrous to oppose his raw levies to the Austrian veterans. He conducted his retreat in a masterly manner in tempestuous weather, over a country without proper roads, and succeeded in reaching Pesth, though opposed by Jellachich, who took from him 700 prisoners. At Mour he was reinforced by General Perczel with 10,000 men, whom the Ban also attacked, making 2,000 prisoners. The retreat of Görgei and the defeat of Perczel greatly disheartened the Magyars; and rumours having spread that they had committed atrocities against the Croats and other friends of Austria, Windischgrätz proclaimed a war of extermination against the inhabitants who should be found with arms, threatening that any village in which a single officer or courier was attacked should be levelled with the ground. On the 13th the Imperial army laid siege to Komorn, then one of the strongest places in Europe, with a large garrison, and amply supplied with munitions of war and provisions. Leaving part of his army before the place, Windischgratz marched on to Pesth, from which the Diet and Government had departed, taking with them the regalia of Hungary to Debreczin, which was thenceforth their head-quarters. They left just as the last hour of the old year sounded, Kossuth having waited till the new year dawned to drink a toast—"The first year of Hungarian independence." This movement might have had very disastrous results but for the skilful manœuvring of Görgei, who so successfully attracted the attention of the enemy to himself, that the column which conducted an immense multitude of old men, women, and children, suffering from hunger and the intense severity of the weather, arrived at Debreczin unmolested. Kossuth issued a soul-stirring proclamation, calling on the Hungarians to rise and crush their enemies "like an avalanche which rolls down the sides of a mountain." Görgei, meantime, retired into the country, for the purpose of strengthening his army with recruits from the north of Hungary. By threatening the communications of the Austrians with Vienna, he obtained six weeks for accomplishing this necessary object. Leopoldstadt and Esseck had surrendered, the latter with 614 guns; but the two remaining Austrian strongholds, Komorn and Peterwardein, though closely blockaded, still held out. Bem had succeeded in collecting 30,000 men in Transylvania, whose inhabitants were enthusiastic in the cause, and he had them so well trained, that he drove the Austrians into the Banat. Görgei was not so fortunate in the material which he had to work upon, and he had almost overwhelming difficulties to contend with in his marches through the mountains. His troops had sometimes to force their way on roads covered with ice, and to cut through deep snow-drifts in narrow valleys overhung by precipices on either side, where they were liable to be overwhelmed by avalanches, and where Austrian detachments occupied the passes. Görgei having forced his way through all obstacles, at length reached the mountain summit, and descended by Iglo. There he had to encounter an Imperial army, under General Schlick, whom he drove back and compelled to retreat towards Eperies, after several desperate and sanguinary battles, though he describes his toil-worn and hungry troops as more like a crowd of beggars than a military array. At length he effected a junction with Colonel Klapka, which raised his forces to 21,000 men.

Windischgrätz might have dealt a mortal blow at the head of the insurrection, if he had pushed on to Debreczin, the seat of the Hungarian government, where its military stores were collected, and where the means of defence were inadequate. But he remained for nearly two months in a state of inactivity at Pesth—a strange fact, of which no better account has been given than the state of the weather and the difficulty of the country to be traversed; for although his forces had been divided, he retained under his immediate command troops enough to enable an enterprising general to crush the revolt at this early period. This delay, however, was of immense advantage to the Hungarians. Kossuth still continued to prove himself not only an orator, whose speeches were invaluable to the cause, but an administrator, whose forethought and energy left nothing undone to provide it with material resources. He had obtained power from the Diet for an unlimited issue of paper money, which passed current everywhere



AUSTRIAN TROOPS.

in Hungary; and he issued a decree, declaring Austrian money not a current medium of exchange in that country. It was, therefore, all called in to the Treasury, and Hungarian notes given in exchange. By this means, Kossuth obtained ample funds for the purchase of arms and ammunition in England, Belgium, and elsewhere. Thus furnished with the material of war, the eloquent Dictator sent forth thrilling appeals to the national spirit of the country, by which the whole population was wrought into a state of exalted patriotism and self-devotion. "Armed bands sprang up as if by magic from their mother earth. Old arms, which had hung undisturbed for centuries, since the Turkish wars, were taken down and furbished up; and the spectacle was exhibited of an entire nation taking up arms to combat, as they thought, for their king, their country, and their independence." At length Windischgrätz moved forward to attack Debreczin; but before he arrived there, he was met by the Hungarian army at Kapolna, on the right bank of the Theiss. The forces of Görgei and Dembinski, another Hungarian general, had effected a junction, and the combined army now numbered 40,000 men with 225 guns. The Austrians were not so numerous; but they were veteran troops, and were confident of victory. The battle, which was expected on both sides to be decisive, commenced early on the 26th February, and lasted the whole day. It was one of the most fiercely-contested, obstinate, and bloody battles that had occurred in Europe in modern times. The fortunes of the day varied, and the fight continued, until, night coming on, the exhausted troops on both sides lay down beside their guns and horses, unsheltered and without covering, upon the frozen ground. Next day the battle was resumed, when Windischgrätz directed the fire of his batteries against the town of Kapolna, which was taken by assault. The united Austrian forces next made a determined attack on the Hungarian right, where Görgei commanded, and, after a severe contest, the Hungarians were driven back, which was the signal for a general retreat, the infantry and artillery flying in confusion, and the cavalry alone retiring in *echelons*, in a regular manner. Had the Austrian commander-in-chief followed up his victory, it is supposed the Hungarian cause would have been totally ruined on that day. Had the routed army—encumbered with artillery, baggage, and wounded men—been hotly pursued, they might have been driven into the Theiss, now swollen with winter torrents. But the Hungarians were permitted quietly to continue their retreat. Their defeat was no doubt due to the dissensions among their generals. Görgei, Klapka, and Vetter accused the commander-in-chief, Dembinski, of total incapacity. The soldiers joined their generals in denouncing his gross mismanagement, and he was accordingly deprived of his command. He should have been succeeded by Görgei or Klapka; but these two generals being rivals, the vacant post was conferred on Vetter, a man in whose ability neither had confidence. "You have given yourself a rival," said Dembinski to Kossuth, "who will soon overturn you. God grant it may not be on the ruins of Hungary!" The new general, however, exerted himself with vigour and effect to restore the spirit and strength of the army. He was zealously seconded by the other two generals, and was soon able to resume the offensive.

In the meantime, Bem had been conducting the war in the east of Hungary with the most brilliant success. He was there encountered by the Austrian General Puckner, who had been shut up in the town of Hermanstadt with 4,000 men and eighteen guns, and Bem succeeded in completely cutting off his communications with the main Austrian army. Under these circumstances, the inhabitants of Hermanstadt and Kronstadt, on the Russian frontier, both menaced with destruction by the hourly increasing forces under Bem's command, earnestly implored the intervention of Russia. Puckner summoned a council of war, which concurred in the prayer for intervention. For this the Czar was prepared, and a formal requisition having been made by Puckner, General Luders, who had received instructions from St. Petersburg, ordered two detachments of his troops to cross the frontier, and occupy the two cities above mentioned. To this intervention Bem himself referred in the following terms, in a letter written to Lord Dudley Stuart:—"Between 18,000 and 20,000 Austrian troops with their generals, which the *camarilla* had employed to kindle and keep alive a civil war, performed their task throughout that country, called to their aid the Russians, 10,000 of whom came from Wallachia, and occupied the frontier towns of Hermanstadt and Kronstadt. This armed intervention of a foreign power threatened for a moment my progress. However, this state of things did not last long, and I was fortunate enough to beat both, to drive them entirely out of Transylvania, and to restore liberty to that unfortunate country. Such is the state of things at this moment. You can well imagine what pleasure I feel, when Fate puts it in my power to thrash (*étriller*) the Muscovites."

This Russian intervention had a decisive effect on the destiny of Hungary. The fortune of war had turned in favour of the Hungarians. A series of brilliant successes attended the national arms, the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded, and they fully expected to be able in a short time to drive the enemy out of the country. These hopes were raised very much by the fact that, owing to the illness of Vetter, Görgei succeeded to the post of commander-in-chief. Advancing towards Pesth, the two armies met again in force. Windischgrätz hastened to the relief of Jellachich, who first coming into collision with the Hungarians, directed a tremendous fire of artillery upon a small corps commanded by Klapka, which fled in great confusion. Görgei met the panic-stricken fugitives, crying out that all was lost, that their battery was taken, and that Klapka was slain. But Görgei's generalship soon turned the tide of battle. He brought up his best men, who boldly confronted the victorious Austrians, drove them back in confusion over the bridge they had crossed, and compelled them to take shelter

behind some sand-hills on the other side. The brave Hungarian general resolved to follow up his advantages. "Conquer to-day," he said, "or back behind the Theiss; such is the alternative; I know of no third. Damjanics still continues the battle; Aulich advances; Klapka has stopped his retreat. Forward! we *must* conquer." The position of the Hungarian army at this critical moment corresponded with the moral sublimity of the cause for which they were fighting. The Magyar forces were now all concentrated upon one battle-field in front of a forest, which had taken fire the day before, and which shot up vast columns of flames, in the lurid light of which both armies in grim array appeared in bold relief, photographed by the awful conflagration. The strategetic movements of Görgei were successful. The Hungarians won the battle of Isaszeg. Windischgrätz's forces fell back on all sides. He concentrated his troops behind the Kakos, with the design of covering Pesth from any direct attack; but here again the old Austrian general was out-manœuvred by Görgei, who rapidly turned his left flank, forced him to abandon his covering position, to evacuate the capital of Hungary, and lay bare the road to Vienna. This masterly movement forced the Austrians to retire to Presburg, and concentrate their forces there, in order to protect the metropolis of the empire. Everything turned out according to Görgei's calculations. Görgei acted with chivalrous honour in the hour of victory. General Gatz had been defeated in the town of Waitzen, and he himself had been struck dead by a ball in the forehead. Görgei ordered a splendid military funeral, which was followed by the discharge of 100 guns, in honour of the remains of the Russian general. At the same time all his private papers and effects were carefully transmitted to Windischgrätz. The tidings of these victories caused the greatest possible alarm at Vienna. Several cabinet councils were held; Windischgrätz, proved to be incompetent by a long train of disasters, was deprived of his command, and succeeded by General Welden, Jellachich occupying the post provisionally till his arrival.

An unhappy difference in principle of the most fundamental character occurred between Kossuth and Görgei at this time, which brought ruin on the Hungarian cause, now on the verge of complete success. The situation has been described by both these extraordinary men in speeches recorded by Görgei himself, and no doubt authentic. On the 7th of April they met at Godolo to discuss the future of Hungary. "Now," said Kossuth, "is the time when it becomes us to answer the pretended constitution of 4th March, 1848, by the declaration of our independence. Austria was encouraged to publish that burlesque of a constitution by the victory of Kapolna; let us celebrate that of Isaszeg by the open shaking off of their yoke. The patience of the nation is exhausted; if it would show itself worthy of liberty, it cannot, for a moment, tolerate that pretended constitution. The people of Europe will judge of the people of Hungary according to the answer which it gives to their insidious proposal. England, France, Italy, Turkey, Germany itself, not excepting even the hereditary states of Austria, are only waiting for Hungary to proclaim itself independent, to lend us their material aid, and that the more abundantly, that hitherto they have been so sparing in affording it. The sore-tried, oppressed nation of the Poles will unite with us, and will find a powerful ally in the Turks, who have so often suffered from the policy of Austria and Russia. With the freedom of Hungary the freedom of Europe will fall; with its triumph there will be as many insurrections against hated tyranny as there are oppressed peoples in Europe. Our victory is certain; but we have it in our power to do much more than for ourselves alone. We can and must fight for the freedom of the world—for all who wish us victory. Our words, however, must precede our deeds; our cry of victory, the precursor of triumph, must anticipate our successes; they must announce its approach to all enslaved people, in order that they may be watchful and vigilant, and not allow the golden opportunity of universal liberation to pass away. We must not permit our enemies—the enemies of freedom in every land—to assemble again, after having been scattered, and to gather strength anew. We can no longer remain silent after the pretended constitution has destroyed our very existence. Our silence would be a passive recognition of our enemies' claims—a repudiation of all our victories. We must, therefore, declare ourselves. A declaration such as I wish will at once raise the nation in its own esteem, destroy all the bridges behind the wavering and yet undivided part of the nation, and by the overwhelming force of a common object, satisfying every wish, embracing every interest, drive into the shade all mere party interests, and thus facilitate and ensure our common victory."

"I by no means see things in the same light," replied Görgei; "words will not make Hungary free—deeds alone can do that. No arm out of Hungary will be raised to perform those deeds; rather armies will be raised in foreign states to prevent their execution. Even supposing that Hungary, at the present moment, were strong enough to detach itself from Austria, would it not be too weak to maintain itself as an independent power in a neighbourhood in which the Porte, with a much more favourable position, has already been reduced to an existence by sufferance only? We have lately, it is true, repeatedly beaten the enemy; but it has taxed our utmost strength to do so. The consciousness that our cause was just has alone enabled us to do so. *If Hungary is separated from Austria, our cause is no longer just.* Our struggle would no longer be for, but against the law. We should not be fighting for, but against the country: we should be engaged in an assault on the united Austrian monarchy. In doing so, we should mortally wound innumerable ancient interests and sympathies; we should conjure up against our country the consequences of a revolution uncalled-for under any circumstances. We should force the old troops, the very kernel of the army, to violate their oaths, and thus shake their fidelity. We should become weaker every day; while, at the same time, every neighbouring

state would rise up against us, the disturbers of the balance of power in Europe. We cannot, it is true, acquiesce in the pretended constitution of the 4th of March; but can we repudiate it more derisively than by the victories we have gained? Battles won for the legitimate King, Ferdinand V., and the constitution sanctioned by him, are the best answer that Hungary can give to the chimeras of the Austrian Ministers. Of what other use was my proclamation from Waitzen, immediately after the evacuation of the two capitals? It was issued by me because it was the only means of retaining to their colours the old soldiers, the bone and muscle of the army, to whom it has been principally indebted for its successes. What was the object of that demonstration which my corps, without my knowledge, proposed to make against Dembinski, in Kaschau, but their anxiety not to lose a commander who respected their military oaths? I have shared prosperity and adversity with these troops. I know their feelings. And should King Ferdinand stand before us now, I would, without a moment's hesitation, invite him, unarmed and unprotected, to follow me into the camp to receive their homage, certain that no one would refuse to render it to him."

Kossuth, however, had taken his course before consulting Görgei—a fact which, no doubt, embittered the spirit of the latter. The Hungarian Assembly, at his suggestion, had voted the independence of Hungary, with the deposition and banishment for ever of the House of Hapsburg Lorraine for its treason, perjury, and armed aggression on the Hungarian nation, and many other gross crimes and enormities. Therefore the said House was "declared, in the name of the nation, to have forfeited the throne, and to be excluded, and disowned, and banished." After this declaration of independence, the Hungarian forces increased rapidly. The highest hopes still pervaded the nation. They gained several advantages over the enemy, having now in the field 150,000 men. Field-Marshal Welden, the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, dispirited and broken down in health, resigned the command, and was succeeded by the infamous Haynau—the "woman flogger." It were bootless to attempt here to follow the varying progress of a desultory warfare maintained by several armies traversing the whole of the country. The fate of Hungary was decided by Russian intervention. It would have successfully defended itself against Austria; but when her beaten armies were aided by 150,000 Muscovites coming fresh into the field, success was no longer possible, and the cause was utterly hopeless. The reasons which induced the Czar to intervene are set forth in the following manifesto:—

"*St. Petersburg, April* 27.

"The insurrection in Hungary has, of late, made so much progress, that Russia cannot possibly remain inactive. A temporary insufficiency of the Austrian forces, divided as they are on many points, has favoured the progress of the insurgents from Theiss to the Danube. They occupy almost the whole of Upper Hungary and of Transylvania. Their revolutionary plans have swollen in magnitude in proportion to the success of their arms. The Magyar movement has been adulterated by the presence of Polish emigrants, forming whole corps of the Hungarian army, and by the influence of certain persons, as Bem and Dembinski, who make plans of attack and defence; and it has come to be a general insurrection, especially of Poland. That insurrection was to break out in Galicia, and in our own provinces afterwards. The intrigues of these insurgents undermined Galicia and Cracow; they endeavoured to foil our endeavours to throw off Turkey, to restore tranquillity in the Danubian principalities, by encouraging the Moldavians and Wallachians to resistance; and they still keep the vast extent of our frontier in a perpetual state of excitement and ferment. Such a state of things endangers our dearest interests, and prudence compels us to anticipate the difficulties it prepares for us. The Austrian Government being, for the moment, unable to oppose a sufficient power to the insurgents, it has formally requested His Majesty the Emperor to assist in repression of a rebellion which endangers the tranquillity of the two empires. It was but natural that the two cabinets should understand one another on this point of common interest; and our troops have, consequently, advanced into Galicia, to co-operate with Austria against the Hungarian rebellion. We trust the Governments that are equally interested in the maintenance of tranquillity will not misunderstand our motives of action. The Emperor is sorry to quit the passive and expectant position which he has hitherto maintained; but still he remains faithful to the spirit of his former declarations, for, in granting to every state the right to arrange its own political constitution according to its own mind, and refraining from interfering with any alterations of their form of Government, which such states might think proper to make, His Majesty reserved to himself his full liberty of action, in case the reaction of revolution near him should tend to endanger his own safety, or the political equilibrium on the frontier of his empire. Our safety is endangered by what is now doing and preparing in Hungary. This is clearly proved by the insurgents' own plans and endeavours; and any attack of theirs against the existence and the unity of the Austrian monarchy would also be an attack upon those territorial possessions which His Majesty, according to the spirit and letter of the treaties, deems necessary for the equilibrium of Europe and the safety of his own states. Let it even be granted that passing circumstances might give a short-lived existence to an independent Hungary, it must be clear to every one who is acquainted with the vast powers and resources of Austria, that such a state cannot have any hope of duration. But raised on the basis of anarchy, and imbued with that hostile spirit which the Hungarian chiefs have against Russia, there is, nevertheless, a great danger for us in the movement, at the extension of which we dare not connive. In protecting his Polish and Danubian provinces from the scourge of a propaganda which means to convulse them, and by granting the assistance which the Austrian Government claims at his hands,

the Emperor flatters himself that he acts in his own interest, and also in the interest of European peace and tranquillity. "NESSELRODE."

On the 31st of July General Luders, having effected a junction with Puckner, attacked Bem, and completely defeated him. The illustrious Pole narrowly escaped being taken prisoner; he was pursued by the Cossacks and wounded with one of their lances. His travelling carriage fell into the hands of the Russians, who did not act like Görgei in the case of the Austrian general. They opened his letters and published the contents, from which it appeared that the Hungarian treasury was empty; they also contained bitter complaints of the ambition and disobedience of Görgei, coupled with an offer to Bem of the command of all the Magyar forces. Görgei and Klapka, however, encountered Haynau, with a large body of Russian infantry, near Komorn. An obstinate battle was fought, without any decided result on either side. On the 5th of August another great battle was fought, when the Magyars retreated upon Temesbar, the capital of the Banat. On the 9th another battle was fought, when the Hungarians under Bem and Dembinski were utterly routed by Haynau.

In June, the Emperor of Austria joined the head-quarters of the army before Raab, and was anxious to head a storming party. The Emperor of Russia also visited the head-quarters of his army at Dukla. They came to encourage their troops, and, of course, were received with enthusiasm. But Kossuth had a grander ovation than either. Buda, the citadel of Pesth, had been strongly garrisoned by the Russians. Görgei was disposed to leave them in possession, and to march on Vienna; but the orders of Kossuth, now Governor of Hungary, were imperative—that the enemy should be dislodged from Buda. It required, however, a protracted siege, repeated assaults, and great loss of life, to succeed in this object. At length, the Russian Governor, Hentgy, a brave soldier, capitulated on honourable terms, notwithstanding the unwarrantable bombardment of Pesth, of which he had been guilty. When the enemy had thus been expelled, the Government and the Parliament took possession of their capital. On the 4th of July, Kossuth, with his wife sitting on his right hand, made a triumphal entry into the city, in an open chariot, drawn by four splendid horses, his head crowned with laurel, attended by a magnificent *cortége* of Magyar nobles, on foot and on horseback, and by the whole of the troops, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the multitude, and thunders of artillery from both sides of the Danube.*

The sun of national glory, which shone so brightly on the Hungarian capital then, was destined to be soon overclouded and extinguished. Considering the state of feeling in the country, and its historical associations, Kossuth acted unwisely in proclaiming a republic, which necessarily revolutionised everything. The better course would have been to elect a king to wear the crown of St. Stephen's, which the Austrian Emperor had justly forfeited. In principle, therefore, Görgei was probably right in his dissent from Kossuth. Their differences, however, hastened the catastrophe. The people began to despair of the cause; disturbances broke out at Pesth; again the Government abandoned that city and retired to Szegedin, and the capital was once more occupied by the Austrians. The Governor endeavoured to keep up the drooping spirits of the Hungarians, by assuring them that the brave French, and the not less brave English, would march to their support, and would not suffer them to be crushed in an unequal contest. But Görgei was not deceived by such fond illusions. At a council of war, he declared his conviction, saying—"Before long the converging march of the imperial armies will bring us into a situation in which we must either capitulate or be killed to the last man. The loss of Hungary is now only a question of weeks; but if Hungary is to fall, it is of little importance whether it is to sink before Austria or Russia; whether Haynau or Paskievitch is to deal out the last blow." Görgei states that secret proposals were made to him from the Czar to capitulate on honourable terms, to which he replied, that if he alone were concerned he would listen to the proposal; but as the salvation of Hungary was at stake, he would fight until either his countrymen were saved from the danger of subjugation, or until he and his men perished in the struggle. "This," said he, "is my answer as a soldier and the commander of the troops entrusted to me by the State."* Kossuth, however, greatly distrusting Görgei, seized the opportunity of his being wounded in battle to appoint him minister of war, as a pretext for giving the command of the army to another. He had, as we have seen, offered that post to General Bem, which the latter refused. But neither the officers nor the army would tolerate this treatment of their general, and Görgei was immediately restored. It was under such disheartening circumstances Görgei still carried on the war, which he continued to do with consummate ability. At length was fought a great and decisive battle between the Hungarians and the Russians, in front of Debreczin, on the 2nd of August. The Hungarians were terribly cut up by the Russian artillery, and their overwhelming masses of cavalry. They were driven into the town, chased by Circassian and Mussulman horse through the streets, and into the country on the other side. They lost 1,500 killed and wounded, 300 prisoners, and their own baggage; the whole Russian loss being only 980. Next day a *Te Deum* was sung in the church in which the dethronement of the king had been proclaimed. Görgei was not present at this battle, and he was so indignant at the mismanagement of the troops, that he deprived his lieutenant of his command. All the Hungarian generals had made stupendous exertions against almost overwhelming forces, that seemed inexhaustible. But it was difficult now to keep their armies together, so demoralised had both the Hungarians and the Poles

* Alison, vol. viii., p. 725.

* "Görgei," vol. ii., pp. 282, 292.

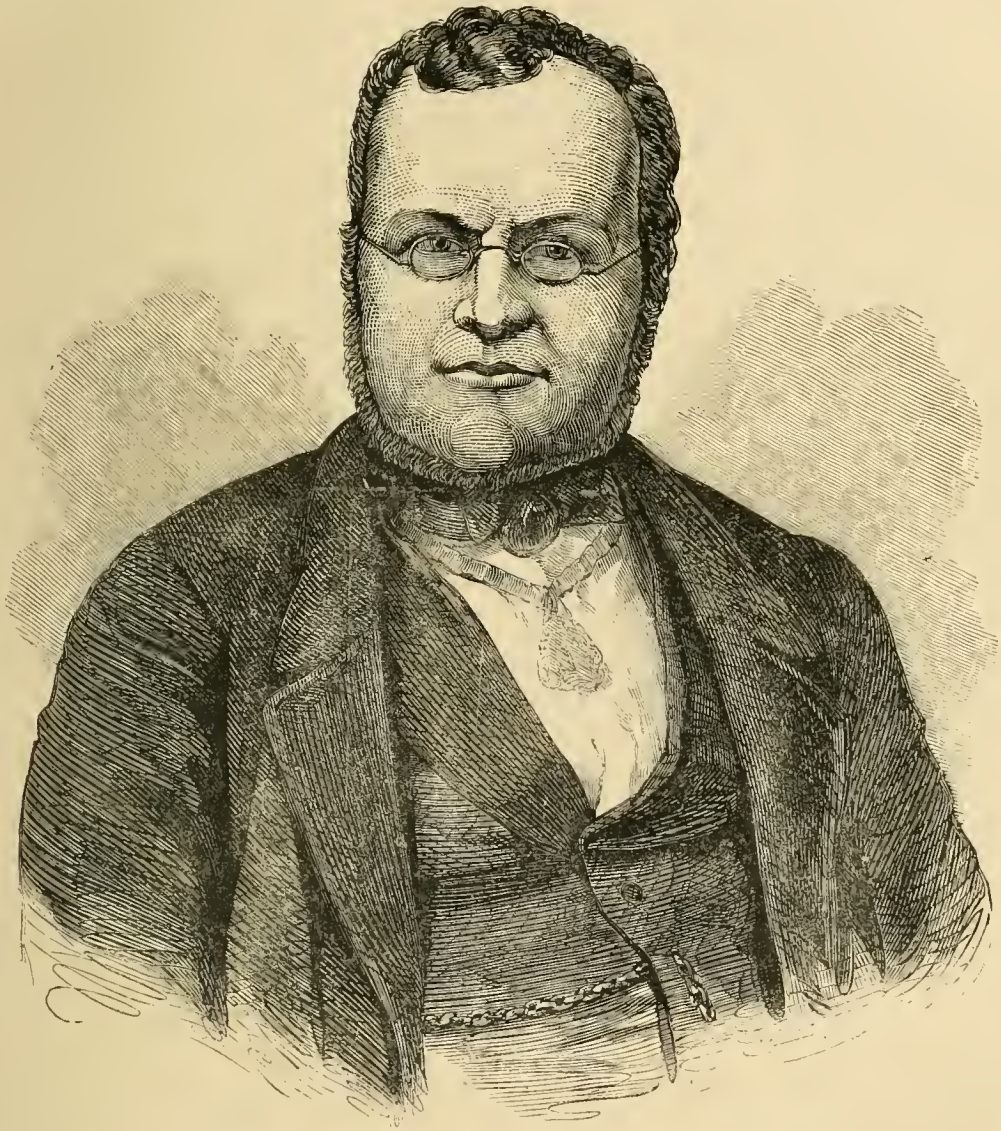
become by a succession of defeats. The two armies of Görgei and Dembinski were hopelessly separated by the forces of Paskievitch and Haynau, which were interposed between them. Even Kossuth now despaired of the cause of Hungarian independence. He, therefore, issued a proclamation, in which he stated that everything depended on the general who was at the head of the army, and that the prolonged existence of the present Government would not only be useless to the nation, but might be attended with serious evils. He, therefore, retired, and invested General Görgei with supreme military and civil power. "I can no longer," he said, "be of use to the country by my actions; if my death be of any service to it, I willingly give it the sacrifice of my life. May the God of justice and mercy be with the nation!" Görgei accepted the dictatorship, avowedly for the purpose of making the best terms he could with the conquerors. In an order of the day, addressed to the nation, he said: "Hungarians! the Provisional Government has ceased to exist; the Government and the Ministry have voluntarily relinquished their posts, and the direction of public affairs. In these circumstances, a civil and military dictatorship is indispensable. I accept it. Everything which is possible in war or in peace for the good of the country shall be attempted; everything which can put a period to the cruelties, the persecutions, the assassinations. My sole advice to you is to retire and remain quietly in your dwellings: abandon all thoughts of combating or resisting. God, in his infinite wisdom, has decided on the fate of our country. Let us accept his decree with a manly resolution, and a firm conviction that the good cause is not lost to all eternity. Hungarians! God be with you!"

In the meantime General Bem made his way by a circuitous route to Görgei's head-quarters, in order to persuade him to continue the war, contending that they could still muster an army of 100,000 men. Görgei argued that this was impossible, destitute, as they were, of everything; without food, ammunition, shoes, or clothing. The gallant Pole was indignant; his heart was too full for utterance, and, rejecting the proffered hand of Görgei, he mounted his horse and galloped off to the forest of Lugos, where a small band of faithful followers awaited him. It was midnight when he arrived, and taking his stand under one of the forest trees, the stars shining brightly, he addressed the heroic band thus:—"Hungary approaches its last hour. Betrayed by men, rather than deserted by the chances of war, she is about to lay down her arms before the imperial eagles of the Emperor Nicholas, and bow before the Prince of Warsaw. To-morrow the imperial bulletins will proclaim to Europe, 'Order reigns in Pesth.' Soldiers! soldiers! you know what that order is. It is the order of Warsaw—the abuse of victory—the order of the executioner! I have no wish to influence or even know your intentions; but I will tell you what are my own. As long as I have an inch of steel in my hand, or a brave man at my side, I will defend the cause to which I have devoted my body, my soul, my blood, and my life!" The heroic soldier explained to his devoted followers that it was not in Hungary that the cause could now be maintained, and that they must look for aid to foreign lands. Then, at the head of a few hundred volunteers, he pursued his course towards the Wallachian mountains.

Görgei now prepared to take the last step. In a letter to the Russian General, Rudiger, he said, "The greater, and I may say the better, part of the nation have not entered lightly into this contest; but after having been drawn into it by a number of honourable men who appertain to foreign lands, they have persevered in the contest firmly, honourably, and not, as you know, without glory and success. I now perceive that further effusion of blood would be useless, and fatal to Hungary, as I foresaw would be the case from the moment of the Russian intervention. I have invited the Provisional Government to resign their power, which was every day more and more compromising the fate of Hungary. They have acknowledged this truth, and done so by resigning their power into my hands. Influenced by these feelings, and in order to stop the effusion of blood, and deliver my fellow-citizens from the horrors of war, I lay down my arms. In acting thus, I place my confidence in the well-known generosity of His Majesty the Czar; and I flatter myself with the hope that he will not abandon to their sad fate my brave companions in arms, who, formerly officers in the Austrian service, have found themselves involved, by the force of circumstances, in a war with that power. I indulge the hope that the Emperor of Russia will not deliver over the people of Hungary, bowed down under the weight of misfortune, to the blind thirst for vengeance in their enemy. *It may be enough if I am the sole expiatory victim for all.* Hasten then, general, to take the necessary steps to ensure that the sad spectacle of disarming may be witnessed only by the troops of the Emperor of Russia; for I declare solemnly that I would rather sacrifice my whole army in a hopeless contest, than lay down its arms without conditions before the Austrian forces. To-morrow I shall march to Vilagos, the day after to Barassino, and on the 14th to Biel; I indicate these points, in order that you may know how to place your army between mine and the Austrians. Surround me on all sides, and separate me from them."

Görgei now summoned a council of war, and having laid this letter before them, without a word of comment, he left the room. It received their unanimous approval, which they signified officially. The Russian Commander-in-Chief received the letter with satisfaction, and prepared to act on it. Next day, at twelve o'clock, at a place called Szollos, near Vilagos, where two roads meet, the mournful ceremony of surrendering their arms was performed by the Hungarian army. At the appointed hour, Görgei repaired to the spot, at the head of his staff, and riding forward alone, he met Count Rudiger, who also advanced alone to meet him, offering his right hand. An exclamation burst from the Hungarians of joyful surprise at this proof of esteem from the victor to the leader of the vanquished. The Count agreed that the general officers should retain their arms, and all

possible courtesy was shown to men who had won so many laurels, and suffered so many trials for their country. The Hungarian army consisted of 28,000 men, with 140 guns. They were arranged in two lines, the cavalry forming the wings. The Russian army was drawn up before them in splendid array on the great plain. At four o'clock Görgei and his generals rode forward in the front between the two armies, Rudiger, with his staff, riding forward to meet them, the drums at the same time beating along the whole Russian line. The infantry laid their arms on the ground, two yards in front, and the cavalry hung their swords on the pommels of their saddles, the Russians presenting arms during the operation. At a second roll of drums, the ranks were broken, the cavalry dismounted, the muskets of the infantry were piled in pyramids, the artillery were drawn close together and unmanned, the flags and standards lay prostrate before the disarmed ranks. * The Governors of the various Hungarian strongholds were ordered to surrender them at once. Klapka, who had a powerful garrison in Komorn, held out till he received an urgent letter from Görgei, commanding him to surrender. "General," he said, "the die is cast, our hopes are crushed, our power has been broken by the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, aided by the armies of Russia. The struggles and the sacrifices of our great nation were fruitless, and it were madness to persevere. General, you will think my actions at Vilagos myste-



COUNT CAVOUR.

* "Görgei," vol. ii., pp. 429, 430.

rious and even incredible. I will explain my motives to you and to the world. I am a Hungarian. I love my country above all things, and I followed the dictates of my heart, which urged me to restore peace to my poor and ruined country, and thus to save it from perdition." He then, in virtue of his office as dictator, summoned Klapka to follow his example. In another communication of a private nature addressed to the same General, Görgei betrays the bitterness of his own feelings, respecting some of the circumstances that led to the ruin of the cause. He said, "The eternal disunion of the Provisional Government, and the vulgar jealousy of some of its members, have brought matters to the point which I have foreseen since April last. When I passed the Theiss at Tokay, and gained brilliant advantages over the Russians, the Government expressed a desire to make me Commander-in-Chief. Kossuth, in secret, named Bem; but the nation looked for my appointment, for Kossuth had given a perfidious answer to the Diet. Much deceit has been the cause of all our subsequent evils." The soldiers of the Komorn garrison were offered rank in the Austrian army corresponding to their own; but they declined, saying, "We will serve our country again, if need be."

It is interesting to read Kossuth's account of the end, which he gives in a letter toBatthyani, dated Arad, August 11th. He says, "Görgei's conquest of Ofen was the last gleam of the setting sun of the Republic, for immediately afterwards Dembinski was defeated in the north, and Perczel in the south; then Görgei fell into his fatal position at Komorn, and finally Bem was compelled to retreat before Luders. My slender hopes of being able, by resorting to extraordinary measures, to give our cause a more favourable turn have been wholly destroyed by the shameful ingratitude of Görgei; for the sudden revelation and execution of his plans which I had long perceived and feared, was a treason to the cause of the nation, and inflicted on me, and through me on the Republic, a death-blow. Our misfortune has cost us 200,000 cannon-balls; and a flight, already become dangerous, is the grave of so many glorious victories. Our cause is now utterly lost. The immense fatigues I have lately undergone have wearied my spirits, and shattered my bodily strength. I sigh for repose. My greatest consolation in my present critical position is the knowledge that those most dear to me after my native land—my family—are in safety."*

Paskievitch and the other Russian generals behaved to the vanquished like Christians and gentlemen. The former pleaded earnestly with the Emperor of Austria, imploring him to extend his clemency to all the officers and soldiers who had been engaged in the insurrection. But the Emperor was deeply mortified at the humiliation of having to call for Russian aid against his own rebellious subjects; he was vexed at the horror the Hungarians felt about surrendering to his army, as well as jealous of the magnanimity of the Muscovites. He therefore answered the Russian appeal, that he had sacred duties to perform towards his other subjects, which, as well as the general good of his people, he was obliged to consider. The warmest apologists of Austria were forced to condemn the vindictive and cruel policy now adopted. "These words," says Alison, "were of ominous import; they froze every heart with horror." Görgei was pardoned and offered rank in the Russian army, which he declined, and Klapka escaped by the terms of his capitulation; but fourteen other Hungarian officers of the highest rank were cruelly immolated to Austrian vengeance, namely—General Damjanics, Count Leiningen Sandor, General Count Vieszey, General Schwirdel, General Desewffy, General Lagar, Count Ernest Kiss, Count Aulich, Colonel Zorot, Colonel von Poltenberg, Major Lahour, Captain Knezich, and Count Czaryi. The historian just quoted remarks: "The death on the scaffold of brave men, whose military exploits had recently filled all Europe with admiration, excited a universal feeling of horror. They all behaved nobly. Damjanics, with his leg broken, was conveyed in a carriage to the place of execution, and was spectator of the deaths of his friends. 'It is strange,' he said, 'that I should be the last here. I used to be the first in the attack.'"* The mass of the Hungarian troops, with their inferior officers, were allowed to return to their homes, and soon after 70,000 of them entered the Austrian service, and were drafted into other provinces, to assist in keeping down the democracy and the nationalities, which its Government sought in vain to compress into one body politic. A rather farcical conclusion of the horrid Hungarian drama was the jealousy between the conquerors. Haynau published a general order congratulating his troops on their victories over the Hungarians, without the slightest allusion to the Russians. The Czar retaliated in a proclamation to his army, in which he ascribed everything to their valour, and utterly ignored the Austrians.

But of all the atrocities which stained the name of Austria, and brought down upon her the execration of the civilised world, none was so base and infamous as the judicial murder of Count Batthyani. This illustrious man was sprung from one of the noblest and most ancient of the Hungarian families. He had been, throughout his public life, the consistent supporter of the liberal party, and a leading member of the Upper House of the Hungarian Parliament; anxious to maintain the connection with Austria, but, at the same time, to see his country restored to her ancient rights as an independent state, united by the crown to Austria, just as Hanover had been united to England. When the troubles commenced in 1848, he exerted himself to the utmost as a mediator, going frequently to Innsbruck, in order, if possible, to effect a reconciliation between the Sovereign and his people. Failing in this, he resigned his office, and retired to his estates in Eisenberg. In December he returned to Pesth, and took part in the proceedings of the Parliament, where he always counselled moderation, and endeavoured to act as a mediator between the violence

* "Annual Register," 1849, p. 340.

* Vol. viii., p. 763.

of conflicting parties. When it was proposed to move the Diet and the Government from Pesth to Debreczin, he earnestly protested against the measure, on the ground of its illegality; and he made a final effort at conciliation by getting a deputation appointed to wait upon Windischgrätz, in order, if possible, to effect a compromise between the King and his country. But as moderate reformers are always most hated by despots and their tools, the Austrian general, though he received the deputation, refused to see its most distinguished member, Count Batthyani. This was ominous. On the 8th of January, 1849, he was arrested at Pesth, dragged from the drawing-room of his sister-in-law, and incarcerated, first at Oedenburg, next at Labak, and then at Pesth. After nine months' confinement, he was tried by court-martial on the 6th of October, found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to be hanged. Having taken leave of his wife, he endeavoured, in the course of the night, to escape the infamy of such a death by opening the veins of his neck with a blunt paper-knife; but the attempt was discovered, and the surgeon stopped the bleeding. The sentence, however, was not executed according to the letter. Next day the noble patriot was shot, dying as he lived, "calm, majestic, and conscious of innocence." His estates were confiscated, and his wife and children went into exile. Count Batthyani was a Roman Catholic. He was charged with having, as Prime Minister of Hungary, outstripped the administrative limits of that country, and weakened the legal bonds established by the pragmatic sanction of the empire, of having joined the insurgents, of having assembled the Diet dissolved by his Majesty, and of having fortified and maintained the cause of revolution. But a far heavier indictment might have been made against the King of Hungary himself, as having violated the pragmatic sanction, abolished the constitution, and perfidiously warred against the liberty of the country that he was sworn to protect; so that he was far the greater criminal, and if justice could have prevailed, would have been much more deserving of the gallows.

Kossuth, Bem, Dembinski, and some thousands of the Hungarian leaders, found refuge at Shumla, within the Turkish frontier. A joint and imperative demand was made by Austria and Russia upon the Sultan to deliver them up. This demand was enforced by two envoys from each court. The pressure was nobly resisted by the Sultan, who refused to yield to a demand which required him to violate his own honour, the national dignity, the dictates of humanity, and the most sacred rights of hospitality. He took this decided course at the risk of a rupture with Russia. But he was strongly supported by Lord Palmerston and the French Government. The refugees, numbering about 5,000 men, were removed to Kuthai, in Asia Minor, where they remained till August 22nd, 1851. On the 1st of September in that year the ex-governor of Hungary left Turkey. On his arrival at Marseilles, he was refused permission to travel through France; but he was hospitably received at Gibraltar and Lisbon, and on the 28th of October arrived safely in England, where he was welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm. In about a month he sailed for the United States, where he delivered lectures on European despotism, and where his progress from city to city was marked by a series of popular ovations. Some of the other refugees conformed to the Mussulman faith, which was required as the condition of their continued protection. Bem complied at once, remarking cavalierly that his mission was to fight against Russia, not to dispute about religion.

CHAPTER VI.

Italy—Triumph of the Revolution at Milan—Retreat of the Austrians—Revolution at Venice—Excitement throughout Italy—Sicily—The Revolt in Palermo—Concessions by the King of Naples—A Constitution granted to Sicily—Insurrection in Naples—Revolt and Bombardment of Messina—Reforms at Rome—The Pope compelled to declare War against Austria—Assassination of Count Rossi—Insurrection at Rome—Attack on the Quirinal—The Pope a Prisoner—His Escape in Disguise to Gaeta—His Appeal to the Catholic Powers—Garibaldi, his Career—A Republic proclaimed at Rome—Piedmont—The War against Austria—Battle of Novara—Abdication of Charles Albert—Peace with Austria—Excitement at Turin—Revolt of Genoa—Expulsion of the Sardinian Garrison—The City reduced by General Della Marmora—Interference of Lord Hardwicke—Dissolution of the Sardinian Parliament—Proclamation by Victor Emmanuel—The Siege of Venice—Reaction in Central Italy—Rome—The Junta—The Constituent Assembly—The Roman Republic—Protests of the Pope—Intervention of the Catholic Powers: Naples, Spain, Austria, and France—Mazzini—The Roman Triumvirate—The French Expedition to Rome—Protests of the Romans against it—First Attack on the City repulsed with great loss to the French—Fruitless Negotiations—The Siege and Capture of Rome—Proceedings of the Conquerors—Restoration of the Pope—Policy of the French Government—De Tocqueville—Thiers and Louis Napoleon on the Roman Question—French Occupation of Rome—Garibaldi's Legion—The General a Fugitive—Death and Burial of his Wife—He is offered a Command in the United States—Parliamentary Debates on the Italian Question.

ITALY, of all the countries on the Continent, was most predisposed for revolution in 1848. In fact, the train had long been laid in that country—rather, a number of trains—designed to blow up the despotisms under which the people had been so grievously oppressed. Mazzini, the prince of political conspirators, had been diligently at work, and the Carbonari had been actively engaged in organising their associations, and making preparations for action. The hopes of the Italian people had been greatly excited by the unexpected liberalism of the new Pope, Pius IX., who startled the world by the novelty of his reforming policy. In 1846 he succeeded Gregory XVI., under whose government the abuses of the most odious despotism that had ever existed on the face of the earth had accumulated to such a pitch, as to be perfectly intolerable to its victims, and the condition of the Papal States was regarded as the great scandal of Christendom. The new Pope, however, feeling, no doubt, that the only way of saving the Papacy in their revolutionary outbreak, which even the arms of Austria could not long prevent, set about the work of reformation with so much earnestness, that he became the most popular pope that ever occupied the Vatican. "*Viva Pio Nono!*" became the cry of the revolutionary party throughout all the minor states of Italy. The Duke of Lucca had been induced to make some concessions in 1847, of which he immediately repented, and fled from the city. The inhabitants rose *en masse*, and constituted them-

selves a civic guard. A deputation was sent, requesting him to return to his dominions, which he declined, but appointed a regency. In order to coerce him to come, it was proposed to seize his revenue and sequestrate his palace. The men turned out in great numbers, and the women in bands paraded the streets, carrying the pontifical colours. The plan had the desired effect: the Duke came back, and was received with great enthusiasm. In Tuscany, also, the Grand Duke made concessions to the people. The consequence was, that the revolutionary party in other states was inspired with the greatest confidence by these successes. At Florence, a national guard was appointed. At night, 10,000 national guards assembled, and marched in torchlight procession, preceded by the busts of Pius IX. and Leopold II., the whole city being illuminated, and the houses decorated with the national flag. On the 8th of February, 1848, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, promulgated a new constitution, in the preamble of which he said—"Now, therefore, that the times are ripe for greater things, and in the midst of the changes which have occurred in Italy, we hesitate no longer to give our people the most solemn proof that we are able to give of the faith which we continue to repose in their devotion and discretion." The constitution was to consist of Chambers, accompanied by guarantees of freedom, two formed as nearly as possible after the model of the British constitution, and evidently serving as an example to the German States in the constitutions which they promulgated during the same year. In adopting this course, the King knew well that he was giving mortal offence to Austria, whose troops were stationed along his frontier, menacing his independence. Austrian troops also had been ordered to occupy Ferrara, in order to intimidate the Pope. When this was done, Charles Albert offered to assist his holiness with an army to repel the invasion, it being his duty, he said, as an Italian power, to cause all the states of the Peninsula to be respected, as guaranteed by the treaties of Vienna. On the 3rd of October the reforming King went on a visit to Genoa, where he was received with tumultuous acclamation, being met at the gates by 50,000 persons, who followed him in procession to his palace, bearing popular banners and devices. In the evening he rode through the streets amidst the crowds of rejoicing people, when he was greeted with loud cries of "Amnesty! amnesty!" It is said that he was affected to tears, and stretching forth his hands, exclaimed—"My people, my brethren, what you ask shall be done. You shall be satisfied. I will accord all that can make you happy."

The aspirations of the people for freedom were very differently regarded by the Government in Lombardy, which groaned under the iron despotism of Austria. The arrival of a new archbishop at Milan, in September, 1847, was the occasion of a seditious demonstration in the streets, when loud cries of "Down with the Austrians!" were heard on every side. The Government had a monopoly of the cultivation and sale of tobacco in that province; and, in order to retaliate upon it, the liberal party resolved to discontinue smoking. To smoke, consequently, became a proof of loyalty, and not to smoke a proof of disaffection. The Austrians resented this anti-tobacco movement, and resolved to put a stop to it. Accordingly, on the 3rd of January, 1848, the troops were amply supplied with unsaleable cigars, and ordered to smoke them ostentatiously in the streets. This insolent defiance by the foreign troops had the desired effect. The people were annoyed, and insulted the troops; the latter drew their swords, killing some, and wounding many. This incident furnished the occasion for the only response the Austrian Government would deign to give, at that time, to the demand for reform. Marshal Radetzky was the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian forces in Italy, with his head-quarters at Milan. On the 15th of January he issued a general order to his troops, in which he said—"The efforts of fanatics, and a false spirit of innovation, will be shivered against your courage and fidelity like glass striking against a rock. My hand still firmly holds this sword that during sixty-five years I have carried with honour upon so many fields of battle. I still know how to use it to protect the peace of a country only lately so happy, and which a furious faction threatens to precipitate into incalculable misery." This was followed up, early in February, by a letter to the Viceroy from the Emperor, in which he said that he had already done for the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom all that the Viceroy had thought necessary to satisfy the wants and wishes of the different provinces; that he was not disposed to make any further concessions; and that if disturbances occurred, he relied on the courage and loyalty of his troops. Thus challenged and defied, the people of Lombardy sullenly awaited the time when they might dare to strike their tyrants. The French Revolution came opportunely for their purpose; but they felt that their time had not fully come till the Imperial power had succumbed to revolution in Vienna. It was then felt that Austria's extremity was Italy's opportunity. The Milanese, however, made a preliminary effort to obtain by peaceful means the concessions they required. They demanded, in the first place, the suppression of the old police, by which they had been so long tormented, and the establishment of a new force, subject to the municipal authorities; the abolition of the laws regarding state offences, and the immediate liberation of political prisoners, by whom the gaols were filled; a provisional regency of the kingdom; liberty of the press; and the convocation of the district councils for the purpose of electing a national assembly.

Of course these demands were disregarded. On the 17th of March, however, the Milanese became impatient and clamorous, and assembled in large numbers around the Government House. In order to disperse them, the soldiers fired blank cartridge. At this moment a fiery youth appeared, shouting "*Viva l'Italia!*" and then, apparently, gave the preconcerted signal by firing a pistol at the troops. Instantly the guards were overpowered, the Vice-Governor, O'Donnell, was made prisoner, and the success of the movement was quickly signalised by the floating of the tri-colour over the

palace. That night and the next day (Saturday) the people were busily occupied in the erection of barricades. The bells of Milan tolled early on Sunday morning, summoning the population, not to worship, but to battle. An immense tri-colour flag floated from the tower of the cathedral, and under that emblem of revolution the unarmed people, men and women, fought fiercely against Radetsky's Imperial troops, and in spite of his raking cannon, for five days. It was the most terrific scene of street fighting by an enraged people who had broken their chains that had ever occurred in the history of the world. Every stronghold was defended by cannon, and yet one by one they all fell into the hands of the people, till at last the troops remained masters of only the gates of the city. But the walls were scaled by emissaries, who announced to the besieged that Pavia and Brescia were in open insurrection, and that the Archduke, son of the Viceroy, had been taken prisoner. The citizens also communicated with the insurgent population outside by means of small balloons, containing proclamations, requesting them to break down the bridges and destroy the roads, to prevent reinforcements coming to the Austrians.

In vain the Austrian cannon thundered from the Tosa and Romagna gates. The undaunted peasantry pressed forward in increasing numbers, and carried the positions. Radetzky was at length compelled to order a retreat, which he accounted for thus:—"Soldiers, the treachery of our allies, the fury of an enraged people, and the scarcity of provisions, oblige me to abandon this city of Milan, for the purpose of taking position on another line, from which, at your head, I can return to victory." He retired to Crema, where he issued an order stating that the severest discipline should be maintained; and that if any person was found with arms in his hands, he should be handed over to a military commission, and, if convicted, immediately shot. In the meantime, a Provisional Government was appointed at Milan, which issued an earnest appeal to all Italians to rise in arms. "We have conquered," they said; "we have compelled the enemy to fly." The proclamation also intimated that Charles Albert was hastening to their assistance, "to secure the fruits of the glorious revolution," to fight the last battle of independence and the Italian Union. Venice quickly followed the example of Milan, snapping asunder the Austrian chains, and establishing a Provisional Government. The Common Council had met to consider what concessions should be required from the Austrian Governor; and they resolved that nothing less would satisfy them than the possession of their own fortifications and their own arms. This demand being of course refused, the insurrection commenced. The first movement of the insurgents was to liberate the political prisoners. Among these was Manin, who afterwards so gloriously defended the city against the Austrians. He was borne in triumph through the streets, and became at once the leader of the revolution. He seized the keys of the arsenal. The workmen of that establishment killed Colonel Marinovich. The Governor of the city seemed paralysed, and resigned his authority into the hands of the military commander, who threatened to destroy the city; but seeing the whole population were united, firm, and resolute, he agreed to surrender the place, which was evacuated by the troops, leaving behind them all the military stores, and a considerable sum of money. Immediately on their departure a republic was proclaimed; and on the 26th of March, the fact was announced to Lombardy in the following address:—

"We hailed with infinite joy the account of the emancipation of our generous sister of Lombardy. On the very day when you shook off the Austrian yoke, a Provisional Government of the Venetian Republic was proclaimed here, under the glorious banner of St. Mark. We are influenced by no local prejudice; we are, above all, Italians, and the ensign of St. Mark figures on the tri-coloured banner. We are united to you, Lombards, not only by the tie of affection, but also by a community of misfortunes and hopes. When the hallowed soil of the country shall have ceased to be sullied by the feet of the foreign oppressor, we shall join you in discussing the form of Government most conducive to our common glory."

The enthusiasm which now pervaded the whole Italian peninsula was unbounded, and broke forth in frantic expressions of joy and triumph. The days of Continental despotism seemed numbered at last. The republic had been established in France; the Emperor had fled from Vienna; his greatest general, and one of his best armies, had been driven from Milan, by the armed people, with the assistance of some thousands of Italian troops, who had deserted from the Imperial eagles. Everything promised well for the cause of Italian freedom and unity. The Italian troops stationed at Bergamo, Cremona, Brescia, and Rovigo joined the insurgents. The Austrian garrisons were compelled to abandon Padua and several other places, while the great fortress of Verona was held with difficulty. In the south of Italy, the cause of despotism was going down rapidly. Deceived by the promises of the King of Naples, the people of Sicily resolved to trust him no longer. In January, 1848, an address to the Sicilians was issued from Palermo, which stated that prayers, pacific protestations, and demonstrations had all been treated by Ferdinand with contempt. Were they, "a people born free, now loaded with chains, and reduced to misery, to delay any longer the assertion of their rights? No! At the break of day, on January the 12th, they would see the signal for the glorious era of universal regeneration. Palermo would receive with transport every Sicilian who should come armed to sustain the common cause, and establish reformed institutions, "in conformity with the progress and will of Italy and of Pius IX." Property was to be respected, robbery was to be punished as high treason, and whoever was in want would be supplied at the common charge. The King's birthday was kept at Palermo by unfurling the banner of revolution, and calling the citizens to arms. The royal troops retired into the barracks, the forts, and the palace, leaving the streets and squares in possession

of the insurgents. They began, however, to shell the city, till a united remonstrance from the consuls obtained a suspension of hostilities. The garrison was soon reinforced by 6,000 men, conveyed by nine steamers from Naples. But the state of public feeling in that city, the danger of another insurrection there, and the determination of the Sicilians, caused the weak and wavering King, Ferdinand II., to yield; and, on the 28th of January, a royal decree appeared upon the walls of Naples, granting a constitution for the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Orders were sent the same day to Palermo for the withdrawal of the Neapolitan troops, and an amnesty for political offences soon was published. The troops remained in the garrison, however, and occasional conflicts took place between them and the citizens till the 2nd of May, when an armistice was agreed to, which lasted to the 2nd of August. In the meantime, the elections had taken place under the new constitution, which the King had promulgated; but the Chamber proceeded to modify it, to which the King objected. The people, led on by the National Guard, which had been established, determined to support the Assembly. On the 15th of May, therefore, barricades were erected in the streets, the royal palace was occupied by troops, and artillerymen stood by their guns with lighted matches in their hands. The accidental firing of a gun led to a collision with the Swiss troops; thereupon, a tremendous battle commenced, which lasted for eight hours, the lazzaroni fighting against the citizens, and committing such atrocities, that the French Admiral, Bandin, who had a squadron in the bay, threatened to land a force to prevent further violence and bloodshed, if the slaughter continued. The troops then ceased firing; but martial law was proclaimed, the National Guard was disbanded, and the Chamber of Deputies dissolved.

The Sicilian Chambers met on the 13th of April, and voted the deposition of the Royal family of Naples. It was resolved to elect a new king, and to join the league for the independence of Italy. The prince chosen King of Sicily was the Duke of Genoa, second son of Charles Albert, with the title of Albert Amadeus I., King of Sicily. Messina had revolted, and a fleet was sent from Naples to reduce it. A bombardment commenced, September 3, and was continued night and day. The insurgents bravely defended themselves till their provisions were exhausted, and they were scarcely able to stand to their guns. Their ammunition had been all consumed. On the other hand, reinforcements by thousands were poured in from a fleet of Neapolitan steamers. The city was now on fire in every quarter. The insurgents were unable to return a single shot. The victorious royalists then began to massacre the unresisting inhabitants. They fled in every direction from their murderous assailants, 10,000 of them finding shelter on board French and English vessels, while the Bourbon standard floated over the smoking ruins of Messina.

The Pope had been labouring to satisfy his subjects by effecting some mitigation of the ecclesiastical system of government. He had promulgated a plan for the organisation of the executive in nine departments; the chiefs of which were to compose the Council of Ministers, to consist partly of laymen, with a cardinal as secretary. This *Consulta* was to examine all public measures, and approve of them before they were submitted to the Sovereign. The admission of the lay element by the Government was in itself a considerable revolution; but it was only inserting the wedge which the revolutionary hammer was to drive through the heart of the Papal Government. Before the French Revolution, Pio Nono was in advance of his time, and set an example of progress to his sons on other despotic thrones; but that event gave Continental society such a tremendous start forward, that the reforming Pope was left far behind. He still, however, determined to advance in the path of progress as far as he could safely do, saving the supreme rights of the Apostolic See. Therefore, on the 14th of March he issued a proclamation, announcing the grant of a new constitution to his subjects, in which he observed that, as his neighbours had decided that the people were already ripe for the benefits of a representative system of government, not merely *consulative* but *deliberative*, he was unwilling to think less worthily of his own subjects, or to repose less faith in their gratitude towards him and the Church. In truth the people were requiring of him some very painful sacrifices; not only that he should radically change a government which rested upon the claim of Divine right, but that he should join the revolution in Italy, and declare war against his most powerful friend and protector, the Emperor of Austria. A body of Roman volunteers had joined the ranks of the Italian army under Charles Albert. Among these was Signor Catli, an eminent artist, whose dead body was found hanging on a tree near Verona, with this inscription appended to it: "This is the way in which the crusaders of Pius IX. are treated." The news of this insult exasperated the Romans to the utmost. They assembled in multitudes, loudly demanding that war should be declared against Austria. On the 1st of May the Pope yielded to their demand, and war was proclaimed. Soon after a very liberal administration was appointed, who issued a programme declaring that they would hold "especially dear the sacred cause of Italy;" that they would study the evils under which the people suffered, and the grievances of the working classes; that Rome should not yield to any country in the world in social progress or civil perfection; and that they would imitate every one of the improvements which the importance of the age demanded from modern science.

The populace, however, became gradually more unmanageable. The cardinals were insulted wherever they appeared in the streets. In the new administration, Count Rossi—formerly Ambassador from France—occupied the post of Prime Minister. He was the object of popular distrust; and it was supposed that by his temporising policy, and the feint of practical reforms, he was merely trying to gain time, and to delude the people—so, at least, thought the revolutionary

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party. The 15th of November was the day appointed for the opening of the Chambers. There was great public excitement on the occasion; but no serious disturbance was apprehended. The day was signalised, however, by an outrage with which all Europe was shocked. It is stated that the secret societies had arranged it beforehand, and that the assassin intrusted with the execution of the deed had practised on a block, that he might not miss his aim. Count Rossi, the object of the conspiracy, had received several warnings in anonymous letters, and even one from a priest, who, in order to save him, broke the seal of the confessional. But the courageous Minister disregarded all these warnings. When he alighted from his carriage, at the door of the Assembly, he was assailed with shouts of execration. As he ascended the steps the crowd pressed round him, cries were heard, uplifted daggers gleamed, and, turning suddenly round towards some one who mentioned his name, he was stabbed in the neck, and dropped dead on the spot. A number of persons with Vicenza medals closed round the body, while the assassin quietly walked off, and was lost in the crowd, no attempt whatever being made to arrest him.

The murder of Count Rossi was one of the worst deeds that stained the annals of revolution in 1848. He came of a noble family, and had risen by his talent and industry to the highest reputation as an advocate. Having settled at Geneva as a political refugee, his learning and eloquence, and the integrity of his character, won for him the esteem of all parties. He was a professor of law there, and a member of the Diet. Attracted by his learning and talents, Guizot invited him to Paris in 1833. There he rose so rapidly, that he was created a peer in 1839; and in 1845 he was sent as French Ambassador to Rome. It was through his influence and advice that Pius IX. entered on his career of reform. He went heartily with the movement for Italian independence, and sent his son to the army of Charles Albert; but the successes of Radetzky, hereafter to be mentioned, seemed to extinguish his hopes. He was living in retirement, when the Pope appealed to him to form a liberal Ministry—a task which he undertook on the 16th of September, and had been only one short month in power when he was cut off. At that time there was no class of statesmen so hateful to the Red Republicans as those moderate men who endeavoured to establish constitutional government. Had Rossi been spared, he would have done for the Roman States, as far as the Papal system permitted, what Cavour afterwards did for the whole of Italy.

It is stated that after the murder of Rossi, the Assembly went on with the business of the day as if nothing had happened, taking no notice of the outrage; and that in the afternoon a crowd of persons paraded the streets, with colours flying, carrying banners, and singing in honour of the assassin. The French ambassador at Rome, M. Harcourt, in a dispatch to his own Government, drew a striking picture of the state of the city at this crisis. On the 16th of November, the day after the assassination, an immense multitude proceeded to the Quirinal, with a programme drawn up at the Popular Club. It called for the dismissal of the ministry, the election of a constituent assembly, and a declaration of war against Austria. One hundred Swiss soldiers, with a body guard, formed the Pope's sole protection. When the Swiss saw the hostile demonstration, they immediately closed the gates, just as the diplomatic corps had entered, hastening to surround the sovereign pontiff, and give him their moral support. The people first thundered for admission at the gates, and then endeavoured to set the principal one on fire. A few shots from the Swiss caused the assailants to withdraw. They were dispersing, when the civic guard, the gendarmerie, the troops of the line, and the Roman Legion, numbering some thousands, all in uniform, with the military band at their head, marshalled themselves in order of battle, and began to fire at the palace windows. One of the cardinals was shot dead in his chamber. The Swiss defended the palace with their usual fidelity, and the insurgents were obliged to bring cannon to force the gates. The Pope, who showed much coolness and courage on this trying occasion, when defended by a handful of foreign soldiers, many of them no doubt Protestants, against his own people; but he saw that resistance was impossible, and to avoid the shedding of blood, he yielded to the demands of the insurgents, and signed the decree, appointing the ministers, whose names they had inscribed upon a flag. At their head were two of the revolutionary leaders, Mamiani and Galtelli. At first the Pope said, "I cannot sign that; it is against my conscience." But the cries were raised louder and louder, "Sign! sign!" He did sign at length, and then the city was illuminated, and the people shouted joyfully through the streets, "The Sovereign has given us a republic." Thenceforth he took no part in public affairs, and remained a prisoner in his palace, though the Government was still carried on in his name. It was not to be expected that the head of the Roman Catholic Church would remain long in that position. But the difficulty was to get out of the city unobserved. The plan adopted succeeded admirably. The Bavarian ambassador paid him a visit in his carriage with two footmen, one of whom sat beside the coachman. The Pope dressed himself in this man's suit of livery, took his place in the box, and passed out undetected. Arrived at the ambassador's residence in the suburbs, the livery was exchanged for the costume of a chaplain, and the Pope thus attired travelled to Gaeta in the carriage with the ambassador, Count de Spaur.

There the Pope had recourse to his appropriate weapons, and fulminated anathemas against his enemies. His thunders excited only ridicule amidst the roar of artillery, or the shouts of an insurgent democracy. But the earnest appeals which he made to the great Catholic Powers had a different effect. He recited all the acts that he had done in promoting the cause of reform, all the concessions he had made, and declared that the revolutionary decrees he had signed were extorted by direct compulsion, and were therefore null

and void. But he was obeyed by none; even Latour, the commander of the Swiss guard, declined to obey an order from him to move to the Neapolitan frontier for his protection. He went to Bologna, where he fraternised with the civic authorities. Some of the soldiers returned home; others, including the whole of the artillery, took service with the democratic party. Garibaldi, who had returned from South America, now appeared again on the Italian stage. Born at Nice in 1807, he took very early to a seafaring life, partly from love of adventure. Having returned to Italy, he got mixed up in a conspiracy in connection with Mazzini against Charles Albert, in consequence of which he was condemned to death in his absence, and outlawed. He escaped to France, and evinced his humanity and moral courage by attending the patients in a cholera hospital at Marseilles when abandoned by the nurses. He then went to Africa as a soldier of fortune, and proceeded thence to South America, where he fought in the service of the Republic of Rio Grande against Brazil, where he was taken prisoner and cruelly tortured. He subsequently commanded an Italian legion of 800 men against the Dictator Rosas. After a career of stirring adventures and perils, in which he was accompanied by his heroic wife, he returned to Italy, delighted to have an opportunity of aiding in the liberation of his native country. He had collected together about 3,000 volunteers and refugees, with whom he arrived in Rome at the end of January, 1849. A constituent assembly was convoked, by which the Pope was dethroned, and a republic proclaimed. The whole of Central Italy was now emancipated. The petty despots were all deposed and banished, and the great work which remained to be accomplished by their united forces was the expulsion of the Austrian armies from the Peninsula.

The leader in this great undertaking, as we have already seen, was Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. He opened his Parliament in person on the 1st of February, 1849, when he delivered a lengthy speech, in which he fully expounded his policy. "A constitutional Government," he said, "turns on two pivots — the king and the people. The first is the symbol of unity and power; the second, that of liberty and progress. I have accomplished my duty by granting free institutions to the nation, by conferring offices and honour on merit, and not on fortune; by composing my court of the chosen men of the state; and by devoting my life and that of my sons to the salvation and independence of the country. You have nobly assisted me in that difficult task. Continue to co-operate with me, and rest assured that the intimate union of our endeavours must produce common felicity and security. We shall be aided in that glorious mission by the affection and esteem of the most civilised and illustrious nations of Europe; and, in particular, by those who are united to us by the common ties of nationality and country." He spoke of his land and sea forces as being in the best possible condition, and full of national ardour. He invited the nation to co-operate in the great struggle which was impending, and which the mediation of France and England was designed, if possible, to avert. Radetzky, when he retreated from Milan to take up a new line of operations, had concentrated his forces, and obtained a victory over the Italian army at Custozza, which immediately led to the capitulation of Milan, to which he returned in triumph on the 6th of August.

On the 3rd of the same month, in the preceding year, the Austrians, under General Welden, had crossed the Po, and occupied Ferrara and Bologna. England and France protested against this violation of the Papal territory, which led to the withdrawal of the Austrians, and to an amnesty with Piedmont, which had lasted throughout the autumn and winter. The events at Rome and the flight of the Pope had greatly altered the position of the Italian question; and the revolutionary spirit was so strong that Charles Albert found it impossible to resist the demand of his people for a renewal of hostilities. "I must restore war," he said, "or abdicate the crown and see a republic established." In January the Sardinian Prime Minister, M. Gioberti, addressed a protest to the foreign Powers, in which he stated, that though the suspension of hostilities agreed to on the 5th of August, 1848, was productive of fatal political consequences, Sardinia had faithfully observed the agreement, while Austria had disregarded her promises, and exhibited nothing but bad faith. She had pursued an iniquitous system of spoliation. Under the name of extraordinary war contributions, her fleet seized Italian vessels navigating the Adriatic. She had put to death persons whose safety was guaranteed by the law of nations. She had violated the most sacred compacts in a manner unparalleled in the annals of civilised nations. Gioberti, however, who was obnoxious to the republican party, was compelled to resign, and was succeeded by General Chiodo. On the 24th of February the new Ministry issued a programme of its policy, and on the 14th of March, M. Ratazzi, Minister of the Interior, announced to the Chamber of Deputies the expiration of the armistice, declaring that no honourable peace with Austria could be expected unless won by arms. War would, of course, have its perils; but between those perils and the shame of an ignominous peace, which would not insure Italian independence, the King's Government could not hesitate. Consequently, he stated that, two days before, a special messenger had been sent to Radetzky, announcing the termination of the armistice. The King, meantime, had joined the army as a general officer, commanding the brigade at Savoy. The nominal strength of his army at that time was 135,000 men; but the muster-roll on the 20th of March showed only about 84,000 effective troops, including 5,000 cavalry, with 150 guns. The chief command was given to a Polish General, Chrzanowski. Radetzky had under his command an army equal in number, but far superior in equipment and discipline. So completely did the *esprit de corps* animate the military machine, and so high was the spirit of military honour inspired by its old general, that even the Hungarians requested that they might be placed at the post of

danger in order to prove their fidelity. Indeed, the whole army seemed to have been longing for a renewal of the war, and they were delighted when it came. In an order of the day, issued on the 18th of March, Radetzky said, "Soldiers! your most ardent wishes are fulfilled. The enemy has announced the termination of the armistice. Well, we are ready to meet them, and shall dictate in their capital the peace we so generously offer them. The contest cannot be long. You are to combat the same enemy you overpowered at Santa Lucia, Somma, Campana, Cuztozza, Volta, and under the walls of Milan. God is with us, for our cause is just. To arms, soldiers! Follow once more your old general to war and victory. I will witness your exploits. It will be the last joyful act of my long military career, if, in the capital of a perfidious enemy, I can decorate the breasts of my brave comrades with the emblem of valour, conquered with blood and glory. Let our watchward be 'Forward!' Soldiers, let us march to Turin, where alone we can find the peace for which we are fighting. Long live the Emperor and our country!" The Austrian soldiers responded to this appeal by putting green bows in their caps, as a sign of rejoicing.

Both armies were now preparing for the great battle which, to all appearance, was to decide the fate of Italy. Notwithstanding the confidence of Radetzky and his troops, the issue would have been very doubtful but for the superior generalship of that experienced commander. Owing, it is said, to democratic influence, the Piedmontese Commander-in-Chief, Bava, was removed from his post to make way for the Polish General already mentioned; and he unfortunately altered the plan of defence. Bava had resolved to take his stand on the right, or southern, bank of the river, where he could have rested on the fortresses of Alessandria and Genoa, and where above all he could have kept open the communications with the capital, in which the enemy had threatened to dictate the terms of peace. But the new Commander-in-Chief, from political considerations more than military, crossed the Ticino, and concentrated his forces near Novara. Deceived by the strategy of the Austrian General, the communications with Turin were left exposed, and a movement was effected by the enemy by which they were entirely cut off. In pursuance of his plans, which were kept strictly secret, all his forces were by rapid marches brought together at Pavia. As the columns passed through that city, the eye of the spectator was fascinated by the variety of uniforms and equipments in the living masses, composed of Germans, Bohemians, Italians, Magyars, and Croats, all moving to the sound of music, with a proud step and in the highest spirits, from north to south through the town. Radetzky appeared on a balcony, and was hailed with deafening applause by the troops. The acclamations were renewed when the columns reached the opposite bank of the Ticino, and trod upon Sardinian territory. The Rubicon was crossed, and to all who beheld that host of 55,000 men, with 186 guns, the fate of Italy seemed to be sealed. Meantime the Italian General, Ramorino, who had been charged to defend the Ticino at Pavia, deceived as to the point of attack, violated his orders, and abandoned his position, recrossing the Po, and leaving open the direct road from Pavia to Turin. Therefore, the advanced guard of the Austrians, followed by the main body in rapid succession, advanced unexpectedly upon Mortara, which was carried after a severe contest of four hours. This was an advantage of immense importance to the Austrians; for the raw levies by which it was defended fled panic-stricken, and reported that all was lost. The Italian Commander-in-Chief, however, concentrated all his forces on the plain around Novara, and prepared for battle. His position was one well calculated to dispirit the troops; cut off from his bases of operation at Turin and Alessandria, he had no way of retreat, if defeated, but the Alpine valley of the Ticino, liable to be driven into the Lago Maggiore, or against the impassable mountain cliffs. Charles Albert, however, made the best possible arrangements under the circumstances. His army consisted of 50,000 men, including 3,000 horse, and 111 guns. The fighting commenced on the morning of the 23rd, the Archduke Albert leading the attack, which was at first successful. The Piedmontese Bersaglieri, being now under fire for the first time, were driven back in disorder, and partly dispersed. But the second regiment of Savoy, singing the "Marseillaise," encountered the pursuers, who were Hungarians, and drove them back from the ground they had won; while a cross-fire of artillery from the Piedmontese batteries played upon them with terrible effect. The second regiment of Piedmont joined their brethren, and pursued the enemy to the village of Olengo, which was stormed by the Duke of Genoa. The Austrians had been fighting till four o'clock in the afternoon, without having gained any ground, and if they had been a short time longer unsupported, the victory that day would have been with the standard of Piedmont. After the Duke of Genoa had exhibited prodigies of valour, again and again repelling the attacks of the flower of the Hungarian troops, a fresh division, consisting of seven battalions, was brought up, and joined in the battle. To meet these, the Duke in person led on his reserve, by which he succeeded in repulsing once more the Imperial forces. General Bem had orders to attack the Austrian centre at this point; but he was unable to do so till Radetzky appeared, preceded by twenty-four guns, which opened a raking fire on the centre of the Piedmontese. This movement was decisive. It was impossible to stand before such a murderous storm of shot and shell. It blew the Italian army into fragments. The ranks were now broken, and whole regiments were scattered and fled into the town. The Duke of Genoa, commanding the reserve, still maintained the conflict with desperate valour, endeavouring to arrest the disorder, and cover the retreat. But the reinforcements of the enemy now poured in like a deluge, and swept all before them. The battle was lost. A general retreat was sounded. The new levies fled in confusion, scattered over the country, and disappeared as soldiers for ever. The regular Sardinian troops, however, conducted their retreat in admirable order, firing

at intervals upon the pursuing enemy. The conquerors entered the town during the night, and commenced the work of plunder. The Austrian cavalry charged the crowd through the streets, flying in wild confusion along the only roads left open to them towards the Alpine barriers, where no supplies could be had to feed an army. Had they been hotly pursued next day, Radetzky could have boasted of the capture of 30,000 prisoners and 150 guns. The army retreated in two divisions; one commanded by the Duke of Savoy to Bielle, at the foot of the Alps; and the other by the Commander-in-Chief.

The King, who had acquitted himself nobly during the day as a general of division, saw now that his capital was at the mercy of the victors. He had, according to his promise, devoted his life to the cause of Italian independence. His two sons had on that fatal day proved that the best blood of the House of Savoy flowed in their veins, and that they were willing to shed the last drop in the same glorious cause. But in order to save their own country, as well as to have the means of serving Italy in future, it was necessary to come to terms. If the road to Turin had not been left open to the enemy they need not have despaired. The casualties were nearly equal on both sides. The Austrians lost between killed and wounded, 54 officers and 3,456 men. The Piedmontese lost 71 officers and about 2,400 killed and wounded, with about 3,000 prisoners. If the vanquished army could have reached its bases of operations it might have rallied, and the invaders might have been ultimately driven out of the country. But Charles Albert saw no hope now of retrieving his fortunes. It is recorded that about seven o'clock in the evening, when he saw that the day was lost, he suffered himself to be led away by General Durando; but he still lingered under the walls of Novara, in the midst of a shower of bullets, saying—"General, this is my last day; let me die." He remained till about nine o'clock, when he announced to his generals and principal officers that, from that moment, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, was their king, saying—"I have sacrificed myself to the Italian cause; for it I have exposed my life, my children, my throne. I have failed. I am aware that I am the sole obstacle to a peace now become necessary to the State. I could not bring myself to sign it. Since I in vain sought death, I will give myself up as a last sacrifice to my country. I lay down the crown, and abdicate in favour of my son, the Duke of Savoy." Then, dismissing his attendants, he sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife. Shortly after midnight he appeared alone at one of the Austrian outposts, and narrowly escaped being shot as a spy. He told the sentinel that he was a Sardinian count, bringing proposals for an armistice. He was conducted to Count Thurn, to whom he announced the fact of his abdication. After a long conference he was permitted to pass through the Austrian lines, and escape to France, whence he retired to Portugal, where he died at Oporto, July 28th, 1849, of a broken heart.

Meantime, he had announced his abdication in a letter to the Duke of Savoy. When this letter was read to the agitated Assembly at Turin, M. Tosti rose and said, "Shall we sink from want of resolution? Is it always to be the reproach of Italy, that she wants energy in her own cause? For myself, when I consider the littleness with which I am surrounded, I see only one great and noble figure raise itself above all contemporaries—that figure is Charles Albert." All the deputies here rose exclaiming, "Honour to Charles Albert! long live the Champion of Italy!" The enthusiasm was intense, the emotion uncontrollable, and all eyes were filled with tears. Pointing to the King's picture on the wall, the orator continued—"There is the image of the martyr of Italy. Your acclamations will be re-echoed through the entire peninsula. History will do him justice; and, at last, when the hour of Italy's deliverance shall have struck, it will avenge his memory, it will crown with immortality the King who has so valiantly drawn the sword for its deliverance." An armistice was quickly concluded with Austria, whose hard terms were mitigated by the earnest mediation of France and England. Even so they were exceedingly humiliating to the national pride. The King of Sardinia was to disband ten military corps composed of Hungarians, Poles, and Lombards. Twenty thousand Austrian troops were to occupy the territory between the Po, the Ticino, and the Sesia, and to form one-half of the garrison of Alessandria, consisting of 6,000 men, a mixed military committee to provide for the maintenance of the Austrian troops. The Sardinians were to evacuate the duchies of Modena, Piacenza, and Tuscany. The Piedmontese in Venice were to return home, and the Sardinian fleet, with all the steamers, was to quit the Adriatic. In addition to all these stipulations, Sardinia was to indemnify Austria for the whole cost of the war. The reading of these terms to the Assembly at Turin threw it into a state of the most violent commotion. The armistice was denounced as unconstitutional, the Assembly voted itself *en permanence*, agreed to send a deputation to the King, and resolved, that should the Ministry permit the Austrian forces to enter the city of Alessandria, previous to the approval of the armistice by Parliament, or recall the Sardinian fleet from the Adriatic, it would be guilty of high treason. The citizens of Genoa were, if possible, more vehement in denouncing the armistice, whose conditions they considered iniquitous and fatal to the national interests and honour. They therefore determined to resist by force the carrying out of the armistice. The gates were closed, the tocsin was sounded, a Provisional Government was formed, and the Piedmontese general was required to surrender the citadel; the objects of the insurgents being to throw off their allegiance to the King of Sardinia, and establish a republic. After some fighting with the people, the garrison, consisting of 5,000 men, surrendered, and marched out of the city on the road to Turin. The King of Sardinia was not likely to acquiesce in such rebellious proceedings. General Della Marmora was directed to march to Genoa at the head of an army of 34,000 men, invested with full civil

and military authority, to bring the city to subjection. He announced, in a proclamation, that the city should be closely blockaded till it surrendered. On the 3rd of April, therefore, he declared it to be in a state of siege. Next day he commenced the attack. A truce was demanded, and agreed to, that the citizens might consider the terms proposed. It was, however, violated more than once by the foreign leaders of the insurrection, who set free and armed all the prisoners in the gaols. It is stated—apparently on the authority of Lord Hardwicke, who commanded her Majesty's ship Vengeance, stationed in the harbour for the protection of British subjects—that the object was, by a sudden attack on the King's troops and the Civic Guard, to make themselves masters of the naval arsenal and batteries, liberate the galley-slaves, and commence a general pillage. The authorities then appealed to Lord Hardwicke for succour; whereupon, the Vengeance was anchored under the Mole, with springs on her cables, and in such a position as to command the batteries and overawe the insurgents. Alison thinks that by this conduct on the part of the British commander, "the conflict, which had already begun a second time, both inside and outside the town, between the King's troops and the insurgents, was quelled, and Genoa saved from probably the greatest calamities ever endured in its long and glorious annals." General Avezzana, however, who commanded in the city, wrote a strong letter to Lord Hardwicke, reproaching him with assuming this attitude of hostility against the people in their struggle for liberty contrary to the wish of the English nation. He concluded his letter as follows:—"I hereby inform you that I will grant you till six o'clock to consider your course; and if your lordship is not then in a peaceful attitude, the battery of the people will be turned on you, and I will sink your ship at her anchor—a circumstance that will teach your Government that when they give the command of their national vessels to men of rank, they should also be men of sense." To this Lord Hardwicke replied as follows:—Sir,—"This is to acknowledge the receipt of your most extraordinary and most insolent letter. The only answer I can make to such a communication is to let you know that I have received it, and carefully considered its contents; and for your satisfaction, I now enclose a copy of a letter I have addressed to her Britannic Majesty's allies in the port of Genoa."

The result of the siege was that the city surrendered unconditionally on the 11th of April, the principal leaders having escaped in an American steamer to Marseilles. The Sardinian Assembly, however, continued to be in such ill-humour, and so refractory, that Victor Emmanuel got rid of the difficulty by dissolving the Parliament in November. In a proclamation which followed this act, the King said, "that the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies in no way compromises the liberties of the country. They are placed under the protection of the venerated memory of Charles Albert, my father; they are confided to the honour of the House of Savoy, and guaranteed by the sanctity of my oath. . . . I have a right to call the Chamber to severe account for its last acts; and I confidently appeal to the judgment of Italy and of Europe. I concluded with Austria an honourable and not ruinous treaty. The honour of the country, the sanctity of my oaths, commanded me to execute it faithfully without any mental reservation or subterfuge. My ministers having demanded its ratification, the Chamber imposed a condition which rendered the ratification unacceptable, by destroying the mutual independence of the three Powers, and thus violating the statute of the kingdom. I have sworn to maintain justice, and to ensure to each the free exercise of his right. I promised to save the nation from the tyranny of parties, whatever might be the name, the condition, and the rank, of the men who compose them. I fulfil those promises and oaths by dissolving a Chamber which had become impracticable, and by immediately convoking another Chamber. But if the country, if the electors, deny me their co-operation, the responsibility of future events shall no longer rest on me, and the commotions that may ensue must not be ascribed to me, but to themselves."

It remained for Austria to put down the revolution in Venice. That city had bravely stood a siege for nearly twelve months, when, after wonderful displays of heroism, its defenders were compelled to relinquish the unequal contest. This glorious defence was mainly owing to the extraordinary energy and activity of Manin, who was at the head of the Government. After the capitulation, he escaped with General Hesse and other leaders of the Republican party. Manin settled in Paris, where he lived in retirement, supporting himself by giving lessons in Italian. He died there in 1857. The people of Venice honoured his memory by going into mourning on the anniversary of his death, though, by doing so, even ladies incurred the penalties of fine and imprisonment at the hands of the Austrians.

During the months of April and May, Florence, and all the other towns of Tuscany recovered from the revolutionary fever, and returned to their allegiance. At Bologna, the Austrians met with a determined resistance. The garrison consisted of 3,000 men, including some hundreds of the Swiss guards, who had abandoned the service of the Pope. They defied the Austrians, stating that the Madonna was all for resistance, and was actively engaged in turning aside the rockets of the enemy. But the heavy artillery did its deadly work, notwithstanding; and after a short bombardment the white flag was hung out, the city capitulated, and the garrison laid down their arms, but were permitted to march out unmolested. Ancona also capitulated on the 10th, and Ferrara was occupied without resistance by Count Thurn. In fact, the counter-revolution was successful all over Central Italy, except in the Papal States, which now became the centre of universal interest. The leaders of the revolutionary party, chased from the other cities of Italy, were warmly welcomed at Rome, and gladly entered the ranks of its defenders.

We are now about to record the most memorable struggle for freedom that Rome ever witnessed since the

days of Rienzi—a revolution far surpassing the one in which that tribune was the leader, on account of the wider and more momentous interests it involved, and the foreign powers that were the principal actors on the stage. Immediately after the flight of the Pope, a Supreme Junta was established on the 19th of December, 1848, consisting of Count Carsini, Count Camata, and Signor Galetti. They announced that they assumed their functions only *pro tempore*, until a constituent assembly of the Roman States, which was to be convoked as soon as possible, should decide upon a form of government. The elections, which took place on the 25th of January, 1849, were by universal suffrage and secret voting. The Assembly consisted of 200 members, who were to be paid at the rate of two crowns a day, and were not required to have any property qualification. On the 8th of February, the Assembly decreed that the Papacy had fallen *de facto* and *de jure* from the temporal throne of the Roman States; that the supreme Pontiff should enjoy all the guarantees necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power; that the Government should be a pure democracy, and assume the glorious name of the Roman Republic; and that the Roman Republic should maintain, with the rest of Italy, relations of amity required by their common nationality. On the 9th of February, therefore, the Republican flag was hoisted on the tower of the Capitol, and saluted by 101 guns from the Castle of St. Angelo.

Against all these revolutionary proceedings the Pope protested vehemently and repeatedly in his retirement at Gaëta. On Christmas Day he issued a manifesto, declaring all the acts of the Junta to be null, void, and illegal. On New Year's Day, he issued a bull of excommunication against his enemies at Rome, denouncing their conduct as "monstrous acts of hypocritical felony,

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and genuine rebellion." "Heaping iniquity upon iniquity, the promoters of demagogical anarchy," he said, "are endeavouring to destroy the temporal authority of the Roman Pontiff over the domains of the holy Church, believing, and seeking at the same time to make it believed, that his sovereign power is subject to controversy, and depends upon the caprice of factions, although its rights are so irrefragably founded upon the most ancient and solid basis, and although acknowledged and defended by all nations. We will spare our dignity the humiliation of dwelling," he continued, "upon all the monstrosities of this abominable act, arising

from the absurdity of its origin, the illegality of its forms, and the impiety of its object."

Lest, however, the Romans should be overwhelmed with terror at the severity of his denunciations, Pius IX. concluded his anathema thus:—"But though we feel ourselves compelled, by our conscientious duties, to preserve and defend the sacred deposit of the patrimony of the spouse of Jesus Christ confided to our care, and to employ the sword of just severity, which God himself, our Judge, has given into our hands to be thus used, we cannot, however, at any time forget that we hold on earth the place of Him who, in the exercise of His justice, never failed to use mercy." When the Republic was proclaimed, the Pope again protested, solemnly declaring its nullity. This protest was addressed to the representatives of the Roman Catholic States. The Romans, however, paid no heed to his remonstrances or anathemas.

The populace shouted "*Vivas*" for the Roman Republic; and its new government promulgated its decrees as if the Pope and his power had ceased to exist. The Assembly voted by acclamation that the laws should be made, and justice administered, "in the name of God and the people;" that the flag of the Roman Republic should be tri-coloured, with an eagle in the centre; and that all public functionaries, civil and military, should be relieved from their oath of allegiance to the defunct Government.

It was not to be expected that the Catholic powers would allow the barque of St. Peter to go down in the flood of revolution without an effort to save it. Spain was the first to interpose for this purpose. Its Government invited France, Austria, Bavaria, Sardinia, Tuscany, and Naples to send plenipotentiaries to consult on the best means of reinstating the Pope. Austria also protested against the new state of things, complaining that the Austrian flag, and the arms of the empire on the palace of its ambassador at Rome, had been insulted and torn down. On the 8th of February, a body of Austrian troops, under General Haynau, entered Ferrara, to avenge the death of three Austrian soldiers, and an insult offered to an Austrian consul. He required that the latter should be indemnified, that the Papal colours should be again displayed, that the murderers of the soldiers should be given up, and that the city should support 10,000 Austrian troops. On receiving this news, the Roman Assembly resolved that "the whole Republic was accountable for the losses the generous Ferrara, or any other portion of the Roman territory, may suffer from the invasion of Austrian oppressors." On the 27th of February, Mazzini, the most remarkable man who has figured in connection with the history of modern revolutions, appeared upon the Roman stage. Born at Genoa, in 1808, the son of a professor of medicine, he was educated for the law; but he early devoted himself to journalism, and laboured with indefatigable zeal to propagate ideas in favour of Italian unity and independence. Imprisoned, exiled, chased from city to city and country to country, appearing in disguise wherever conspiracy against tyrants could be organised, eluding the vigilance of the police with marvellous success, he continued to labour with his pen at the work of republican propagandism, making London, the home of political refugees, his head-quarters. At length his labours were crowned with success, and the numerous trains laid by the secret societies exploded with tremendous effect in the revolutions of 1848. The time had now come when he could venture to take a public part in carrying on the work. He was elected deputy to the Constitutional Assembly for the city of Leghorn, which received him with enthusiasm. His arrival in Rome was hailed with acclamation. On the 30th of March, 1849, he was placed at the head of the Government, which the Assembly intrusted to a triumvirate, composed of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. Mazzini, however, was the ruling spirit of the Government. On the 14th of April, in view of the efforts which the Catholic powers were making, he addressed the Assembly on the state of affairs at Rome. Treason had triumphed in Piedmont, and also in Genoa; but whatever might happen elsewhere, their duty continued the same. Two millions of free men were sufficiently strong to resist the reaction and foreign enemies. Storbini, a leading member of the body, exclaimed, "Let us swear to bury ourselves under the ruins of our common country, sooner than desert the Republic we have proclaimed!" The deputies all rose and swore most fervently, that sooner than desert it they would die. The Assembly then adopted a proclamation prepared by Mazzini, declaring that the Roman Republic—the asylum and bulwark of Italian liberty—would neither yield nor enter into any compromise. "The representatives and triumvirs pledge their oath to that effect, in the name of God and the people. The country shall be saved!" The time was approaching when their courage and constancy were to be put to the test.

Throughout the whole history of the Papacy, France and Austria had contended, with varying and alternating success, to control the Pope, and render his spiritual power available for their political purposes. The crosier, indeed, was an immense weight to be thrown into the scale on either side. The spirit of the French nation makes itself felt in the Government, no matter what be its form; and whoever might be her rulers, they could not long retain their popularity or their position, if they allowed Austria or any other power to gain an advantage over their own "grand nation." Austria, roused by Spain, and impelled by her own interest and ambition, was taking decided steps for the restoration of Pius IX., and for the re-establishment of the old *régime* in the Papal States. This event following her victories over Piedmont and her own revolted provinces, would give her a decidedly preponderating influence in Italy, from which the influence of France, whom Napoleon the Great had made mistress of the Peninsula, would be excluded. This was a state of things not to be endured by the French Republic, and its Government determined to interpose and overreach Austria, for the purpose of re-establishing French ascendancy at Rome, even though based upon the ruins of a

sister Republic. The French republicans, it is well known, cared very little for the Pope, but they were ready to make use of him to gratify their own national ambition. Their attack on the Roman Republic would therefore be fittingly described by the language which Pius IX. applied to that Republic itself, as "hypocritical felony."

It was agreed between the Catholic powers that the Papal territory should be invaded at the same time by Neapolitan, Austrian, and French troops. France was determined to have the chief part, and, if possible, all the glory of the enterprise. Odillon Barrot, President of the Council, explained the objects of the French expedition, on the 16th of April. He was the leader of the movement that issued in the dethronement of Louis Philippe, and the establishment of a French Republic. The Roman Republic was an exact pattern of the French, and yet the Government of the French Republic resolved to put it down. The pretences for this intervention were shamefully hypocritical. It would have been consistent and noble in France to have intervened for the protection of the emancipated Romans against the attacks of the Austrians and Neapolitans; but to pretend to help the Romans by laying siege to their city, battering down their walls and palaces, and restoring their despotic sovereign, evinced a degree of audacity equalled only by the unprincipled character of the proceeding. Barrot alleged that the protection of their countrymen, the necessity of maintaining their legitimate influence in Italy, "and the desire of contributing to obtain for the Roman population a good Government founded on liberal institutions," imposed upon the Government the duty of intervention. This, he said, should be accompanied by efficacious guarantees for the cause of real liberty. The minister demanded extraordinary credit for the expenses of the expedition. It was promptly voted without any opposition, save some murmurs from the Left. An expedition was immediately organised, and an army, 6,000 strong, was embarked at Marseilles, with astounding celerity, on the 22nd of April, 1849, under the command of General Oudinot. In an order of the day he told his troops that the Government, resolved to maintain in all parts the ancient and legitimate influence of France, was unwilling to leave the destinies of the people of Italy at the mercy of a foreign power, or of a party forming only a minority. It confided to them the flag of France, in order that it might be planted on the Roman territory as a marked testimony of their *sympathy*. The Romans, however, failed to appreciate this mark of sympathy. As soon as the news of the expedition reached Rome, the Constituent Assembly declared itself permanent, and decreed that any deputy who abandoned his post should be regarded as a traitor to his country. On the arrival of the expedition at Civita Vecchia, on the 25th of April, the triumvirs sent a protest to the general in these words: —"The Roman Assembly protests, in the name of God and the people, against this unexpected invasion, declares its firm purpose of resisting, and holds France responsible for the consequences." To the Roman people they said, "A foreign intervention threatens the territory of the Republic: whatever its intention, the salvation of the principle which has been freely accepted by the people, the law of nations, the honour of the Roman name, command the Republic to resist, and the Republic will resist. The people must prove to France and to the world that it is a people not of children but of men, and men who have dictated laws and given civilisation to Europe. No one shall say that the Romans desired freedom, and knew not how to obtain it."

Notwithstanding these protests and remonstrances, the French commenced their march on the 27th of April, apparently expecting to be joyfully received by the population. When they landed at Civita Vecchia, they were met by the people with cries of "*Vivas*" for Italy and the Republic, in which they were joined by the troops. Oudinot issued a deceptive proclamation. He received a deputation from the Assembly with professions of friendship, begging that the French might be received at Rome as brothers. But the Romans had no confidence in their professed protectors. On the contrary, they set about making all possible preparations for the defence of the city. Loopholes were made in the walls, ramparts were raised in various places, barricades were erected in the streets. In each district a captain of the people was appointed to organise the fighting citizens. The women were busily engaged in preparing bandages for the wounded. The greatest enthusiasm and the most perfect union prevailed among the population. There were within the walls altogether about 10,000 soldiers, with about 500 cavalry. Garibaldi occupied a position outside with about 3,000 men. At the same time, the 5th Article of the French Constitution, printed in large letters, was placarded in every direction:— "France respects foreign nationality, as she wishes her own to be respected. She undertakes no war with a view to conquest, and never employs force against the liberty of any people." While matters were in this state at Rome, the French advanced, and were under the walls on the 29th of April. They were without a map of the city or a scaling ladder, which showed that they expected to be freely admitted through the gates, if not received with acclamation. In consequence of the hints he had got, however, Oudinot sent forward a reconnoitring party, which was saluted with a fire of artillery, certainly not meant as a *feu de joie*. The French general then ordered an attack upon two gates, the Portese and San Pancrazio, both on the right bank of the Tiber. The Romans repelled them at both points with a discharge of grape shot, and they were compelled to retire with heavy loss; General Garibaldi, with his Lombard legion, having surrounded a retreating column, and made 200 prisoners. The total number of prisoners made by the Romans was eleven officers and 560 men. The number of French killed was four officers and 180 men; wounded, eleven officers and 400 men; while the total loss of the Romans was only 320 men. After this mortifying repulse, Oudinot retired to Palo, near Civita Vecchia, to await reinforcements, in order to enable him to vindi-

cate the honour of the French arms, which could now be done only by the capture of Rome; and the French Government were probably not sorry to have this pretext for their unwarrantable course of aggression. In the meantime reinforcements were rapidly sent from Toulon. While these preparations were being made, the French Government sent a diplomatic agent, in order, if possible, to effect an adjustment at Rome. Very strong expressions of dissatisfaction broke forth in the Assembly at Paris. It was said that the troops had gone to protect Italy from Austrian fury, not to bombard Rome, and that it was understood they were to remain at Civita Vecchia to watch events and prevent the violence of counter-revolution. The French envoy, however, was instructed to explain matters so as to satisfy the triumvirs; and while negotiations were pending, an armistice was agreed upon. During this period a Neapolitan army, 16,000 strong, commanded by the king in person, had entered the States of the Church. Garibaldi, disregarding the orders of Roselli, went forth to meet the invaders, fell upon them with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, won a splendid victory over them, and compelled them to retreat.

The triumvirs, in their reply to Lesseps, the French envoy, tore away every shred of the mask worn by the French Government. They had professed to come as friends to enable the Romans to act freely in the choice of a form of government, and to keep off the Austrians; but their presence was neither solicited nor desired. They said they wished for time to appeal to France well informed, from France badly informed, in order that the Republic might be saved from the stain and remorse which it must suffer if carried along by bad foreign advice. It became, almost at the moment of its own creation, the accomplice of a crime for which no parallel could be found but the partition of Poland in 1772. Since the French invasion, the Roman territory had been violated by the King of Naples, 4,000 Spaniards had been embarked to invade the coast, and the Austrians, after overcoming the heroic resistance of Bologna, were marching on Ancona. The Romans had beaten the Neapolitans, and would beat the Austrians also, if not hindered by the French. If France was friendly, why not recognise the Republic, and fight in its defence against the Austrians? If she were hostile, she would war against the public liberty and national life of a friendly people, fighting on the side of the Austrians. What the Romans implored the French to do then, was to remain neutral at Civita Vecchia.

All negotiations having failed, the French general commenced a regular siege. He first advanced to the Ponte Molle, which was occupied without resistance on the 2nd of June. Troops were then moved to the Monte Mario, from which regular approaches were commenced. The Villa Pamfili Doria, the scene of a terrible conflict, was taken and re-taken several times, and at length destroyed by fire. On the 12th of June, when everything was ready for an assault, Oudinot addressed the President of the Roman Assembly, inclosing a proclamation which he required him to publish:—"Inhabitants of Rome!—We come, not to bring you war; we come to consolidate order and liberty among you. The intentions of our Government have been misunderstood. The siege works have brought us before your ramparts. Until the present moment, we have replied but at rare intervals to the fire of your batteries. We are arming at the last moment. When the necessities of war produce dreadful calamities, spare them to a city filled with so many glorious monuments. If you persist in repelling us, to you alone will belong the responsibility of irreparable disasters." The answer of the Assembly was a sharp retort. "General, *we* never betray our engagements. In the execution of the orders of the Assembly, and of the Roman people, we have undertaken the engagement of defending the standard of the Republic, the honour of the country, and the sanctity of the capital of the Christian world. We will do it." The firing had commenced the day before. In the night the Romans repaired the breaches that had been effected by the cannon of the enemy. They kept up a continual fire of musketry, which could not be stopped by several discharges of grape. General Oudinot, in his despatch to his Government, bore testimony to the ability and resolution with which the city was defended. "The enemy," he wrote, "took advantage of the slightest shelter to fire through the embrasures, with perseverance and resolution." There were 77 shots of 24lbs. weight, and 70 of 16lbs., fired from the battery. The mortar battery fired, on an average, four bombs per hour; during the night, in the bastions, six and seven; but this fire was not sufficient to prevent the works from being repaired. The numerous other batteries worked on the same scale. The bombardment continued till the 21st of June. The assault was led on from the hill called in classical days the Janiculum, a large space of ground covered with vineyards and gardens. Proceeding in this direction, the French had made their way to an important position commanding the San Pancrazio gate. The way in which this was accomplished was described by the Triumvirate in a proclamation which they issued next day:—"After a vigorous cannonade of thirty hours, silence was restored. No one imagined that France would, like a thief in the night, steal into our city; but it did so, and succeeded to a certain point. From the Porta Portese to the Porta San Pancrazio, the soldiers stole up in twos and threes, all protected by the darkness and silence of night, and entering by holes made in the walls, got possession of a bastion badly guarded by our troops. The first break of day showed them to us endeavouring to fortify themselves where they were, and to turn our own defences against us. At the first alarm, in rushed the people. Without consideration for the number of the enemy, without any regard for themselves, they rushed to the point of danger. The bell of the Capitol tolled loud and heavily. The city rose up in one mass, and every one flew to his appointed post. Romans! in the darkness of the night, by means of *treason*, the enemy has set foot on the breach. Arise, Rome! arise, ye people, in your might! Destroy him; fill the breach with his carcass.

Blast the enemy, accursed of God, who dares to touch the sacred walls of Rome. While Oudinot resorts to this infamous act, France rises up and recalls its troops from this work of invasion. One more effort, Romans, and the country is secured for ever. Rome, by its constancy, regenerates all Europe. In the name of your fathers, in the name of your future hopes, arise and give battle. Arise, and conquer! One prayer to the God of the strong; one thought to your faithful brethren; one hand to your gun. Every man becomes a hero. This day decides the fate of the Republic."

This document was signed by the Triumvirs. The citizens responded to the appeal, and did all that was possible. At length, after a protracted and terrible cannonade, a practicable breach was made, and two columns of attack rushed forward at the same moment. The Romans fought with such desperation that 400 of them were bayoneted on the spot, and 230 prisoners were taken. Then the enemy were able to turn the Roman batteries against themselves. Next day the city would have been stormed, and dreadful slaughter would have been the consequence. A council of war was held. Garibaldi was sent for. He entered, covered with blood and perspiration, declaring that defence was no longer possible. They could at best hold out but a few days, and it was vain to defend the streets when the French were masters of the heights. It was therefore determined to surrender. Mazzini concurred in the necessity, but he would not sign the capitulation. General Roselli, however, sent a despatch to Oudinot, enclosing the following decree, which had been published in the city:—"The Assembly ceases a defence which has become impossible, and remains at its post. It charges the Triumvirate with the execution of the present decree." This was quickly followed by a request to the French general for the suspension of hostilities. The troops ceased firing. The Triumvirs resigned. At midnight, before the white flag was hoisted on the Castle of St. Angelo, they left the city with the other members of the Government, and Garibaldi at the head of 5,000 men, chiefly the Lombard legion. At noon that day, Oudinot entered the city at the head of his troops, and heard mass in the Church of St. Louis, the patron saint of France. The French colours were hoisted on the Castle of St. Angelo, where they remained a week, and were then replaced by those of the Pope. The keys of the city were sent to His Holiness at Gaëta, the National Assembly was dissolved, and everything republican was swept away as cleanly as if the Austrians, and not the French, had been the conquerors. Oudinot issued a proclamation in which he denounced the late Government for its "impious appeal to arms against a nation friendly to the Roman population."

The Pope rewarded the Government that had taken the place of the French monarchy, by assuring them that their army had overcome the enemies of human society. The French at Rome, who had established martial law, saw restored under their eyes all the worst abuses of the old system. Three cardinals, called "The Red Triumvirs," were sent by the Pope to conduct the civil affairs of his states, which he would not venture yet to enter himself. The new Government robbed the people to the amount of thirty-five per cent. of all the money they possessed which happened to bear the stamp of the Republic. Shortly after the Pope issued a decree, *motu proprio*, containing a programme of "liberal institutions," so far as they were compatible with an absolute authority, enjoyed in virtue of Divine right. The people were up for a brief period; they were now down, and would be kept down, if possible. They had presumed to think that they were the source of political power; that they could give their representatives the right of making laws and dethroning kings; but they must now learn that their business is to obey, and submit to anything which their superiors might think proper, of their own will and pleasure, to ordain. This is the lesson which the French Republic assisted the Pope to teach the Roman people. It would have been much better for their credit if they had left that task to Austria. The subject was referred to in the French Chamber, in August, when one of the most enlightened statesmen that ever France produced, M. de Tocqueville, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, made the best excuse he could for the false position France had taken in Italy, remarking that the object was "to maintain for France her just influence, to restore the Pope to his former place, to prevent the effects of a violent reaction, and to ensure the just reforms requisite for the Roman people." The first object had certainly been attained. "The French army," he said, "are now masters of Rome, and beyond any doubt occupy a most lofty position in the eyes of the world." So the French fondly imagined. M. de Tocqueville proceeded to revile the Roman Government which France had just destroyed, and pretended to believe that the "French Government, in rescuing the people of Rome from the bondage to which they had been subjected, had done a good work for humanity." The bondage to which he referred was that imposed by the Constituent Assembly, which had been freely chosen by universal suffrage, and for which every Roman was ready to lay down his life. On the other hand, he said he had "the greatest possible admiration for that most excellent institution of morality, the Catholic Church," whose abuses, however, he was not willing to restore. A committee had been appointed to inquire into the expediency of granting the demand for credits made by the Government to defray the expenses of the Roman expedition; and in that report, another great statesman, M. Thiers, defended the same policy, with more rhetorical ingenuity than political consistency. The following passage is worth transcribing, as a condensed statement of the long unsettled Roman question:—"Amid the wreck was there nothing to save or recover? Could not the balance of power in Italy be still sustained? Austria was about to pursue the consequences of her victory at Novara, and march upon Modena, Bologna, and Rome: the Catholic sovereigns had assembled at Gaëta, in order to re-establish an authority which is necessary to the Christian world; for there is nothing but sovereignty itself which can make the Pontificate

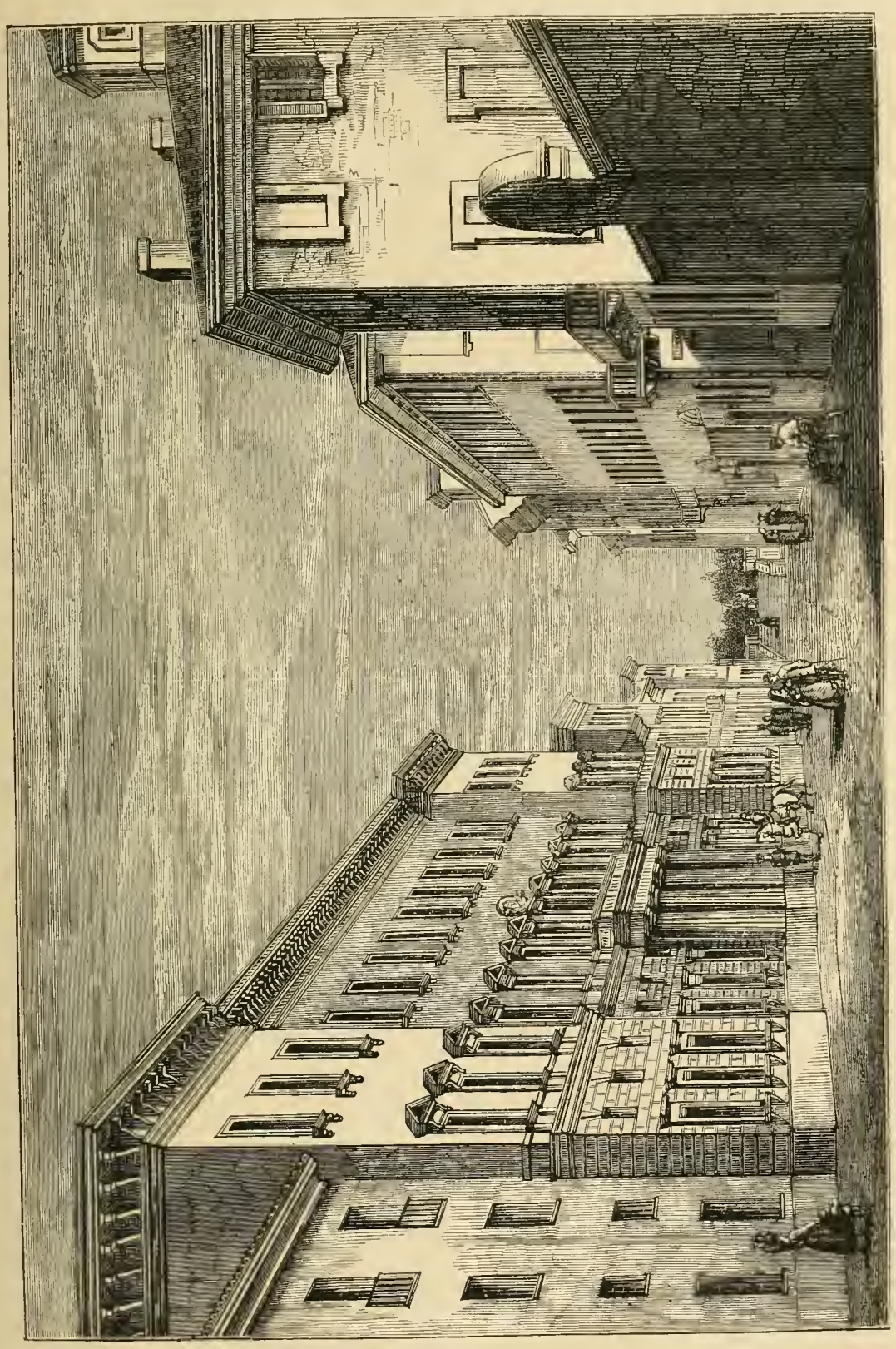
independent: and without that independence, Catholic unity, which demands a certain religious submission on the part of Christian nations, would prove unacceptable, and would be dissolved; Catholicism would perish in the midst of its different sects; and the moral world, already so strongly shaken, would inevitably be destroyed. Could France consent to Austria's pushing her invasion into Rome itself, and obtaining dominion, both morally and materially, over the whole of Italy? If not, war, or the occupation of Rome, were the only alternatives."

Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, complained of the reactionary spirit in which this report was framed, and was supported in his view by Odillon Barrot and Dufaure. This led to the resignation of Thiers, which was soon after followed by the breaking up of the Barrot Ministry. The President seemed very glad to get rid of it. In an address to the Assembly he complained of the contrariety of opinion, leading to the neutralisation of forces that prevailed in the late Cabinet, and causing vacillation in the national policy. He said, "A whole system triumphed on the 10th of December; for the name of Napoleon is a complete programme in itself. It means at home, order, authority, religion, and the welfare of the people; abroad, national dignity. It is this policy, inaugurated by my election, that I wish to make triumph, with the support of the Assembly and that of the people." The views of the President with regard to the Roman question were expressed in a non-official letter to M. Edgar Ney, which furnished the key-note to the several subsequent performances of his on the Roman question. An interrogatory was addressed to the French Government by a member of the Assembly at that time, which might have been repeated as forcibly years afterwards, and receive just the same answer:—"How much longer must the expedition remain at Rome?" The report answered the question in these words: "It is impossible to state the moment when the Pope will be able to dispense with our army in a country which has been the scene of such recent commotions."

A few words on the fate of Garibaldi and his legion will complete this memorable chapter of Italian history. The General departed from Rome on the night of the 1st of July, taking the road to Naples; but that way was stopped by Marshal Nunzianti, with a force too large to be encountered, while he was threatened with another which was moving against him through the Abruzzi. He then took a cross road through the country towards Terni. A fortnight was thus spent in traversing the country, and as they were destitute of provisions and money, they were obliged to help themselves as well as they could; and the feeding of so large a body of men was no light matter. It is easy, therefore, to imagine that their approach was a terror to the country people wherever they went. It is stated that they fled before them, and concealed their effects. Several Austrian columns were now in hot pursuit of the republican General, and as the escape of his little army seemed impossible, and its privations were terrible, it was rapidly thinned by desertions. Entering Tuscany, and keeping to the mountains of the east coast, they arrived at St. Leo, near San Marino, where they encountered the brigade of the Archduke Ernest, and 900 out of the remaining 1,000 surrendered on the 31st of July. Garibaldi, with a hundred faithful adherents, escaped, and put to sea in some fishing-boats, most of which were captured by Austrian cruisers, Garibaldi alone escaping. Most of the legion returned to their homes; some, forming themselves into small bands, under desperate leaders, took to the mountains, and supported themselves by brigandage on the Papal and Neapolitan frontiers. Garibaldi was hunted from place to place, accompanied by his faithful wife, who at last sank from sheer exhaustion, arising from fatigue and want of food. There are few more touching pictures in history than that of Garibaldi digging a grave for his heroic wife, and burying her with his own hands in a wood, under a large tree. Ultimately the Italian General settled on Statten Island; he went from there to Valparaiso, and returned again to the United States, where the command of a division of the army was offered to him, and declined.

The affairs of Italy were the subject of warm debates in our Parliament in the session of 1849. Lord Palmerston was assailed by the Conservatives for having given any countenance to the Sicilian insurrection, and for having sent Lord Minto to Italy on a mission of conciliation, which they considered an unwarrantable meddling in the affairs of foreign countries. His assailants, he said, belonged to a school which maintained "the right divine to govern wrong," and they therefore stigmatised the Sicilians as rebels. But the Sicilians had had a constitution for centuries, and their ancient and indisputable rights were confirmed in 1812. As to Lord Minto, he interfered at the instance of the King of Naples himself. The treaty of Vienna recognised the title of the King as King of the Two Sicilies; "but the recognition of a title was one thing, the overturning of a constitution another."

In the House of Lords the Earl of Aberdeen, Foreign Secretary in the late Government, strongly censured our foreign policy with regard to Northern Italy. He spoke with delight of the brilliant victories and rare generosity of Radetzky, and warmly eulogised the administration of the Austrian dominions in Italy. Lord Brougham spoke strongly on the same side with Lord Aberdeen, indignantly condemning the Italian policy of the Government. On the 20th of July he moved a set of resolutions on the subject, in which he also praised Austria, as being just and moderate, while Sardinia was aggressive and faithless. He spoke of "the terrible tyranny established by those firebrands of revolution, Mazzini and Garibaldi." He considered that an eternal debt of gratitude was due to General Oudinot, for conducting the siege in such a manner as to avoid any waste of blood, and to preserve the treasures of art, of which that city was the repository. With reference to Southern Italy he protested against the conduct, not only of our regular diplomatic body, but of "that mongrel sort of monster—half nautical, half political—diplomatic vice-admirals, speculative ship captains, observers of rebellions, and sympathisers therewith;" the officers alluded to being Lord Napier, Sir William Parker, and Captain Codrington. The Earl



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of Carlisle, in reply to Lord Brougham, ably defended the conduct of our diplomatists and officers throughout the Sicilian contest, and repelled the sarcasms with which they were assailed. He vindicated the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, and called upon the House to reject "the illogical and unmeaning" resolutions of Lord Brougham. Lord Minto, also, at great length defended the course he had taken. The Marquis of Lansdowne, while willing to rest the defence of the Government upon the able speech of Lord Carlisle, made some remarks in answer to the charge of partiality brought by the Earl of Aberdeen against Lord Minto, after which the House divided, when the resolutions of Lord Brougham were rejected by a majority of 12.

On another occasion Lord Beaumont, a Roman Catholic peer, professing to speak the sentiments of millions of Roman Catholics, delivered a remarkable speech on the Papacy, and the French occupation of Rome. He said, "An attempt was made to separate the spiritual and temporal powers, by a mode of all others the most impracticable—the appointment of lay councillors with a sacerdotal government. The Pope adhered to his original resolution, not to concede the slightest abridgment of his secular jurisdiction. Laymen were allowed to assemble and debate, but not initiate. On the granting of this phantom of a constitution, a general revolution broke out in Italy. The Roman people demanded the same liberty that had been granted to the Neapolitans. The cardinals opposed the demand; but ultimately concessions were made with the determination that when a fitting opportunity came, every step taken in advance should be retraced, the supremacy of the clergy restored in all its vigour, and the laity deprived of the privileges conceded to them. On the advice of foreign courts, Pope Pius then called to his councils a man not deserving his confidence (Count Rossi), a man who had been exiled from Rome, who had been branded as a rebel, who had been excommunicated as a Churchman, who had abandoned the Catholic religion and professed another, who had forsaken his own country, and had become the inhabitant and citizen of another country (France), and who had been employed as the ambassador of that country to that which it considered a foreign state. The advice of this man turned out as unwelcome to the Pope, as it was adverse to the views of the cardinals. To relieve the finances of his country he saw no means but a mortgage of church property; and with that view he was entering the capital, when he fell by the hand of an assassin, and thus brought unmerited disgrace on those who opposed him solely as a minister. This was an event completely isolated—a monstrous crime—an event deplored by those who afterwards succeeded him in power, both for the sake of M. Rossi himself, with whom they were on habits of intimacy, and as an obstacle to the success of the cause in which they were embarked. Indeed, the first step taken by Mamiani, when he gained power, was to arrest the assassin, the Pope's Government having never taken any step in that direction. The moment M. Rossi fell, the cardinals endeavoured to retrace the steps taken. Their plans were discovered in time; the people went in indignation to the Vatican, and implored the Pope to renew the oath to stand by the constitutional form of Government then existing, but to disband his Swiss troops, pledging their lives that not a hair of his head should be injured. He declined to do this, and accepted the advice to quit Rome. His retreat would have been opposed only by prayers; but he fled in disguise, and so betrayed a strange want of confidence in his subjects. Attempts were made to reconcile the Pontiff to his people—attempts rejected by the Pope in the harshest manner imaginable. A scheme was devised by Austria for the intervention of Spain and Naples only, Austria and France looking on. Whilst each power was looking to its own interest, the Roman Republic was proclaimed by universal suffrage of the people. Though the real republicans at Rome might not be very numerous, there was no doubt that the number was very great of those who wished the secular power to be taken from the clergy. The country was profoundly tranquil, peace and reform anxiously expected by the Roman provinces, when the French suddenly sent an expedition from Toulon to Civita Vecchia, where they published a proclamation that deceived the Roman people, and procured for themselves a friendly reception; but as soon as it became known in Rome itself that they came to restore the Pope in full ecclesiastical ascendancy, all Rome was against them; and it was impossible for them now to attain that end without destroying liberty, and establishing a pure despotism in its stead."

In the House of Commons, on the 21st of July, Mr. Bernal Osborne raised a discussion on the affairs of Hungary, and was followed by Mr. Roebuck, Colonel Thompson, and Lord Claude Hamilton: the latter denounced the conduct of Kossuth as "infamous." This debate is memorable chiefly on account of Lord Palmerston's great speech on the causes of the revolutions of 1848. In reply to the eulogiums upon the Austrian Government, the noble lord stated that Austria, in the opinion of a great part of the Continent, had been identified with obstruction to progress, resistance to improvement, political and social; and it was in that capacity she won the affections of the Tories. He regarded the conduct of such men as an example of "antiquated imbecility." He firmly believed that in the war between Austria and Hungary there were enlisted on the side of Hungary the hearts and souls of the whole people of that country. He took the question then being fought for on the plains of Hungary to be this, whether that country should maintain its separate nationality as a distinct kingdom with a constitution of its own, or be incorporated in the Empire as an Austrian province. If Hungary succeeded, Austria would cease to be a first-rate European power. If Hungary were entirely crushed, Austria in that battle would have crushed her own right arm. Every field that was laid waste was an Austrian resource destroyed. Every Hungarian that perished upon the field was an Austrian soldier deducted from the defensive forces of the Empire. "It is quite true," continued the noble lord, "that it may be said, 'Your opinions are but opinions; and you

express them against our opinions, who have at our command large armies to back them—what are opinions against armies?' Sir, my answer is, opinions are stronger than armies. I say, then, that it is our duty not to remain passive spectators of events that in their immediate consequences affect other countries, but in their remote and certain consequences are sure to come back with disastrous effect upon ourselves; that so far as the courtesies of international intercourse will permit us to do so, it is our duty—especially when our opinion is asked, as it has been on many occasions on which we have been blamed for giving it—to state our opinions, founded on the experience of this country—an experience that might be, and ought to have been, an example to less fortunate countries. We are not entitled to interpose in any manner that will commit this country to embark in those hostilities. All we can justly do is to take advantage of any opportunities that may present themselves, in which the counsels of friendship and peace may be offered to the contending parties. . . . Sir, to suppose that any Government of England can wish to excite revolutionary movements in any part of the world—to suppose that England can have any other wish or desire than to confirm and maintain peace between nations, and tranquillity and harmony between Governments and subjects—shows really a degree of ignorance and folly which I never supposed any public man could have been guilty of—which may do very well for a newspaper article, but which it astonishes me to find is made the subject of a speech in Parliament." The noble lord sat down amidst much cheering. Lord Dudley Stuart said that he looked upon the speech which had been delivered by Mr. Osborne, followed up as it had been by Mr. Roebuck and Lord Palmerston, as one of the most important events of the session.

CHAPTER VII.

Difficulties with the Ameers of Scinde—Sir Charles Napier marches against them—Sack of Guiamighar—Victories of Sir Charles Napier—Scinde made a British Dependency.

THE conclusion of the Afghan war did not end our difficulties with the countries bordering on India. In our treaty with the Ameers of Scinde, it was provided that we should have liberty to navigate the Indus for mercantile purposes, but that we should not bring into it any armed vessels or munitions of war, and that no British merchant should, on any account, settle in the country. In the first article it was stated that "the two contracting Powers bind themselves never to look with an eye of covetousness on the possessions of each other." But this implied an amount of self-denial and a regard for treaty obligations to which human nature has seldom proved equal, when there was an opportunity and a colourable pretence for the strong to seize the rich possessions of the weak; so that the nobles of Scinde, when the first English vessel entered the Indus, in pursuance of the treaty, said, prophetically, "Alas! Scinde is gone. The English have seen the river!" Permission, however, was given to a British agent to reside at Kurrachee, and in 1836, when the country was threatened by Runjeet Singh, the British Government took advantage of the occasion to secure a footing in the country, one of the most fertile in the East. Kurrachee was only at the mouth of the river, but in 1838 a great step in advance was gained, by getting a British agent to reside at Hyderabad, the capital, in order that he might be at hand to negotiate with Runjeet Singh. But our agent undertook to negotiate without consulting the Ameers, and awarded the payment of a large sum claimed by the Prince whom they dreaded, for which sum they produced a full discharge. This discharge was ignored by the British Government in India, acting in the interests of Shah Sujah, its royal *protégé* in Afghanistan. This was not all. A British army of 10,000 men, under Sir John Keane, marched, without permission, through Scinde, in order to support the same Prince against his competitors. Our encroachments now advanced with a bolder stride. We determined on establishing a military force at Yatah, contrary to the wishes of the people, and compelled the Ameers to contribute to its support, in consideration of the advantages which it was alleged it would confer upon them. When the draft of a treaty to this effect was presented to the Ameers, one of them took the former treaties out of a box, and said, "What is to become of all these? Since the day that Scinde has been covenanted with the English, there has been always something new. Your Government is never satisfied. We are anxious for your friendship; but we cannot be continually persecuted. We have given you and your troops a passage through our territories, and now you wish to remain." But remonstrance was in vain. The treaty must be signed; and the great Christian power, which had its head-quarters at Calcutta, insisted that the British force might be located anywhere in the country west of the Indus, and that the Ameers must pay for its support three lacs of rupees. Pottinger was the first political agent at Hyderabad. He was succeeded by Major Outram, who could detect no hostility or treacherous purpose in the rulers of the country. But this favourable account did not suit the designs of Lord Ellenborough. He had issued a proclamation as hollow as it was high-sounding, condemning the "political system" that had led to the Afghan war. But he immediately began to act upon that system in Scinde, for no reason but that he looked upon that rich country with an eye of covetousness. In order to accomplish his objects more effectually, he superseded Outram, and sent Sir Charles Napier, with full civil and military authority, to get possession of the country any way; by fair means if possible; but if not, he was, at all events, to get possession. It was to be his first "political duty" to hear what Major Outram and the other political agents had to allege against the Ameers of Hyderabad and Khyrpore, tending to prove hostile designs against the British Government, or to act hostilely against the British army. It would be hard indeed if he heard nothing of that kind from the agents, for, Lord Ellenborough shrewdly added,

"that they *may* have had such hostile feelings there can be no doubt. It would be impossible to suppose that they could entertain friendly feelings; but we should not be justified in inflicting punishment upon these thoughts. Should any Ameer or chief with whom we have a treaty of friendship and alliance have evinced hostile designs against us during the late events, *which may have induced them to doubt the continuance of our power*, it is the present intention of the Governor-General to inflict upon the treachery of such ally or friend so signal a punishment as shall effectually deter others from similar conduct. But the Governor-General would not proceed in this course without the most ample and convincing evidence of the guilt of the person accused."*

Notwithstanding the saving clause at the end of this extract, it would be difficult to get a more striking illustration than it affords of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. The expediency of a quarrel with the Government of Scinde was obvious. Nothing was wanted to produce it but evidence of evil designs, there being no overt acts. And as it was impossible that they should not have unfriendly feelings towards a foreign military power placed in the heart of their country, or that they should not have doubted the continuance of that power, the convincing proof would easily be found. Lest, however, there should be any difficulty on that score, they were to be exasperated beyond endurance by further audacious aggressions. Certain letters had been produced by Sir C. Napier, which, no doubt, he considered authentic, though never proved to be so, and which might very easily have been fabricated by interested parties, showing a design among the chiefs to unite for the defence of their country. On the pretence of danger suggested by those documents, a new treaty was tendered to the Ameers for signature on the 6th of December, 1842, which required that around certain central positions the British Government was to have portions of territory assigned to it, and another portion should be given to the Khan of Buhawalpore as a reward for his fidelity; that the Ameers were to supply fuel for the steamers navigating the Indus, and that failing to do so, the servants of the Company were to fell what wood they required within a hundred yards of the river on either side, and that the East India Company should coin money for Scinde, with the head of the Sovereign of England stamped on one side.† This was a virtual usurpation of sovereign rights; and if the people had any spirit at all, any patriotism, the *casus belli* so much desired was now forced upon them. The Ameers were so circumstanced, that they were coerced to sign this treaty; but it seemed to matter little to Sir Charles Napier whether it was signed or not; for long before it was ratified, he issued a proclamation, in which he said, "The Governor-General of India has ordered me to take possession of the districts of Ledzeel Kote and of Banghara, and to re-annex the said districts to the territory of his highness the Nawab of Buhawalpore, to whom they will immediately be made over." This was done, and Sir Charles Napier forthwith marched into the country, without any declaration of war; having by this time succeeded in blackening the character of the people, according to the custom of invaders, in order to make the seizure and confiscation of their country seem to be an act of righteous retribution. The following despatch from Sir Charles Napier would be worthy of a Norman invader of the twelfth century:—"I had discovered long ago that the Ameers put implicit faith in their deserts, and feel confident that we can never reach them there. Therefore, when negotiations and delays, and lying and intrigues of all kinds fail, they can at last declare their entire obedience, innocence, and humility, and retire beyond our reach to their deserts, and from thence launch their wild bands against us, so as to cut off all our communications, and render Scinde more hot than Nature has already done. So circumstanced, and after drawing all I could from Ali Moorad, whom I saw last night at Khyrpore, I made up my mind that, although war was not declared, nor is it necessary to declare it, I would at once march upon Emaum-Ghur, and prove to the whole Talpoor family, both of Khyrpore and Hyderabad, that neither their deserts nor their negotiations could protect them from the British troops. While they imagine they can fly with security they never will be quiet."

The forces on which the Ameers relied for the defence or deliverance of their country numbered about 20,000 men, who had retired to a great stronghold, eight days' journey distant, in the dreary desert of Beloochistan. Thither, notwithstanding the difficulties of the march, Sir Charles Napier boldly determined to pursue them. The wells being all dry, water for the troops and their horses had to be carried on camels' backs. With 360 men of the Queen's Regiment, mounted on camels, and 200 irregular cavalry, followed by ten camels bearing provisions, and eighty loaded with water, the adventurous general directed his perilous course into the desert, commencing his march on the 5th of January, 1843. After three or four days' march over burning sands, the camels became too weak to draw the howitzers. Their place was supplied, or their failing strength aided, by the hardy and indomitable Irishmen who formed part of the expedition. "At length, on the evening of the 14th, the square tower of Guiamighar was discerned, rising on the distant horizon in solitary grandeur, in that profound solitude." They found the place deserted; Mahommed Khan, the governor, having retired with his treasure the day before, leaving an immense quantity of ammunition behind. With this the fortress was blown up. No fewer than twenty-four mines were run under it in different parts. As Major Warburton, the engineer, was applying his fusee to the last one, his assistant cried, "The other mines are going to burst." "That may be," he replied; "but this must burst also." He then set fire to the fusee with his own hand, and quietly walked away. In a few minutes the stronghold of the Beloochees was blown into fragments. They had another, of equal strength, farther on in the desert; but to attack that with the forces now at his command was an im-

* Lord Ellenborough to Sir Charles Napier, dated Simla, Sept. 28th, 1842.
† Thornton's "History of India," vol. vi., p. 416.

possibility; and so Sir Charles Napier returned, and rejoined his main army near Hyderabad. In this aggressive warfare Sir Charles was only obeying the orders of the Governor-General. In his "Memoirs"* he says, "I had permission from the Governor-General to assemble an immense force to impose this final treaty. I told him it could be done with the troops under my command, without bloodshed. It seems to me I have done so, and proved my head sufficient for command in Scinde."

Soon after this, Outram, who continued to place implicit confidence in the pacific professions of the Ameers —they being anxious to gain time till the hot weather should come, and give them an advantage against their enemies—was convinced of his mistake by a treacherous attack made on the British residence; the Ameers boasting that "every man, woman, and child belonging to the British army in Scinde should be collected on the field of battle, and have their throats cut, except the General, who should be led, chained, with a ring in his nose, to the dhurbar." Outram's garrison consisted only of 100 soldiers, with forty rounds of ammunition each, with which he had to defend himself against 8,000 men, with six guns. The British fired with effect from behind a wall, till their ammunition was exhausted, when they slowly retired, till they got safe on board the British steamers, protected by their guns, which swept the flank of the enemy. The war had now come in earnest, and so Sir Charles Napier resolved to show the Ameers what British troops could do. The odds were greatly against him, for he had but 2,600 men, of whom only 400 were Europeans, with which he was to engage an army 22,000 strong, with 5,000 horse, and fifteen guns, all well posted in a strong position at Meanee. It required marvellous hardihood in the veteran warrior of the Peninsula to enter upon such an unequal contest. But it was the first time that the ambition of his life was realised—in being placed in a position of supreme command—and he longed to show the world how worthily he could have filled it long ago. On the eve of battle he wrote in his journal—"It is my first battle as a commander; it may be my last. At sixty, that makes little difference; but my feelings are, it shall be *Do or die*. To fall, will be to leave many I love best to go to many loved, and my home; and that, in any case, must be soon." The officers who fought under him in that memorable battle deserve to be mentioned. Major Lloyd commanded the Artillery, Captain Henderson the Sappers and Miners; next to them stood the 22nd, commanded by Colonel Pennefather; Colonel Teesdale led the 25th Sepoys; Colonel Read the 12th Native Infantry; Major Clibborne the Bengal Engineers; Colonel Pattle the 9th Bengal Horse; and Captain Tait the Poonah Horse. The plain between the two armies was about 1,000 yards in breadth. The space was rapidly passed over. Napier's men rushed forward, and crossing the bed of a river which intervened, they ran up the slope, while the artillery of the Beloochees fired over their heads. Reaching the summit, they beheld, for the first time, the camp of the enemy, which cannot be better described than in the picturesque and glowing language of Sir Charles Napier:—"Thick as standing corn, and gorgeous as a field of flowers, stood the Beloochees in their many-coloured garments and dresses; they clustered on the banks of the Folailee, they covered the plains beyond. Guarding their heads with their large dark shields, they shook their sharp swords, beaming in the sun; their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder, as with frantic gestures they, with demoniac strength and ferocity, dashed against the front of the 22nd. But with shouts as loud, and shrieks as wild and fierce as theirs, and hearts as big, and arms as strong, the Irish soldiers met them with that queen of weapons, the bayonet, and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood." The Native Infantry also behaved well, and while the little army was doing terrible execution upon the enemy, our artillery swept their ranks with shot and shell. Nevertheless, they fought bravely, and held their ground for three hours in a hand-to-hand encounter with their assailants. The chasms which were repeatedly made by our guns in the living mass were quickly filled up by those behind rushing forward to the conflict. The pressure of numbers bearing down the hill seemed more than once on the point of overwhelming the British and obliterating their "thin red lines." Nearly all our officers were killed or wounded. Teesdale was killed while riding over the bridge at the head of his men. Pennefather and Jackson were also struck down. Sir Charles Napier himself was at one time surrounded by the enemy, and narrowly escaped. Everything now depended upon the cavalry, which were commanded by Colonel Pattle, who was ordered to charge instantly. They went at full gallop through the jungle: fifty were thrown off their horses, but the rest pressed on, ascended the ridge of the hill, dashed into the thick of the enemy's ranks, fiercely cutting their way with their swords right and left, trampling down the men under their horses' feet, never ceasing till they had traversed the whole camp. The confusion and wavering thus occasioned gave courage to our infantry. The Irish and the Sepoys, raising the cry of victory, pressed on with fury, drove the enemy back down the hill, and compelled them to retreat, abandoning their guns, their ammunition, and their baggage, leaving their dead on the field, and marking their course by a long train of killed and wounded. Their loss was estimated at 5,000—1,000 bodies being found in the bed of the river. Our loss was almost incredibly small: six officers and fifty-four privates killed, fourteen officers and 109 men wounded. The great disproportion in the casualties in the battle of Meanee is accounted for by the bad generalship of the Ameers, who, instead of extending their wings and endeavouring to outflank their assailants, presented a narrow front, where only a comparatively small portion of their forces could be employed at the same time, and where their dense masses were exposed to the raking fire of our artillery.

Next day the victorious general sent a message to Hyderabad, threatening to storm the city if they did not immediately surrender. The walls were very strong, and might have been defended successfully; but the

* Vol. ii., p. 290.

Ameers had lost heart, and six of them came out to the British camp, and laid their swords with their precious ornaments, valued at thousands of pounds, at the feet of the conqueror, who magnanimously returned them, saying:—"Their misfortunes are their own creation; but as they are great, I give them back their swords." He also left untouched their palaces and property, and respected the sanctity of their harems. But though the city was in his possession, conquest seemed only to increase his difficulties. He had to keep possession of a large hostile city, and to defend his own entrenched camp against 20,000 Beloochees, who were still in the field under Shere Mahommed, and to accomplish all this he had but 2,000 effective men under his command. Reinforcements, however, were quickly dispatched by Lord Ellenborough. They arrived safely, and gave him an army of 5,000 veteran troops. In the meantime, Shere Mahommed had come within five miles of the British camp, and sent Sir Charles Napier a summons to surrender. He conducted the messengers along the whole front of his army, which was then under inspection, and then dismissed them, with a letter to their chief, in which he said:—"If the Ameer Shere Mahommed chooses to meet me to-morrow, as I march to attack him at the head of my army, and will surrender himself a prisoner, with no other condition than that his life shall be safe, I will receive him. If the Beloochee chiefs choose to accompany him, I will receive them, on condition that they swear obedience to the Governor-General, and then they may return to their villages with their followers, and all their rights and possessions shall be secured to them." It was not likely that a high-spirited chief, at the head of an army of 20,000 men, well posted, with fifteen guns, protected in front by a nullah, twenty feet wide and eight deep, with the protection of a wood on one side, and of a village with the houses loop-holed on the other, as well as another deep nullah with its sides scarped—all supported by a large force of cavalry—would submit without a struggle to such humiliating terms. Nothing daunted, however, Sir Charles Napier attacked the enemy. His plan of action was altered, on account of an unauthorised attack made by Colonel Stark with his cavalry, in consequence of the giving way of the centre before an onset of the Irish regiment. The cavalry charge, the result of a sudden inspiration, was brilliantly successful. The cavalry swept everything before them, and carried confusion and dismay into the rear of the enemy's centre. The British general instantly took advantage of this success, and, changing his plan, he led on the Irish infantry to storm the first nullah. After a fierce resistance, the scarp was mounted, and Lieutenant Coote fell wounded, while in the act of waving the Beloochee standard in triumph on the summit. The Sepoys were equally successful in storming the second nullah, which was bravely defended, but ultimately carried with great loss to the enemy, who were routed in all directions, their retreating ranks being mowed down by our artillery, and pursued by our cavalry for a distance of several miles. The loss of the British in this great victory was only 270 men, of whom 147 belonged to the 22nd Queen's—so that the chief

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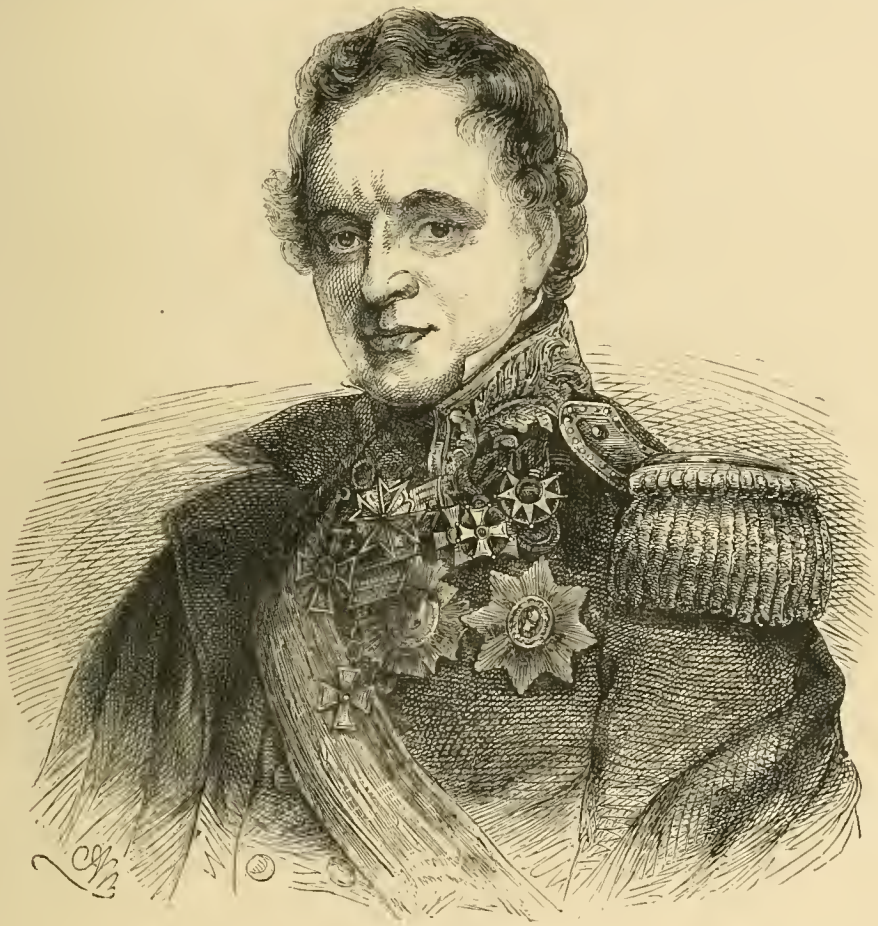
glory of that day was due to the Irish. Seventeen standards and fifteen guns were among the trophies won by the victors. Although the heat was then 110° in the shade, Sir Charles Napier rapidly pursued the enemy, so that his cavalry arrived at Meerpoor, a distance of forty miles, before Shere Mahommed could reach it. It was his capital—strongly fortified, filled with stores of all kinds—and it fell without resistance into the hands of the British general. Shere Mahommed had retreated to the stronghold of Omercote, in the desert. Thither he was pursued by Captain Whitlie, at the head of the Light Horse. In consequence of the flooding of the Indus at this time, by the melting of the snow in the mountains, Sir Charles sent an order to stop the march. This order reached Whitlie when he was only twenty miles from the place, having received intelligence that it was abandoned. He resolved, therefore, to halt and send for fresh instructions. Then was performed a feat of horsemanship, perhaps unparalleled in the annals of war. Lieutenant Browne rode back to Meerpore, a distance of forty miles, without stopping, and having got his orders, after an hour's rest, returned upon the same horse, the thermometer standing 130° in the shade. The army then moved forward. The Ameer fled with some horsemen into the desert. The garrison that remained, after a few shots, pulled down their colours, and, on the 4th of April, the British standard waved on the towers of Omercote.

The remnant of the Beloochee forces were hunted for some weeks by flying columns. At length, Captain Roberts, at the head of one of them, captured the brother of Shere Mahommed and 1,000 of his followers. Another of them was attacked by the Ameer himself; but his followers, after the first round of fire, dispersed. The whole military force of the Ameers was now annihilated, and the conquest of Scinde was complete. "I think," said Sir Charles Napier. "I may venture to say that Scinde is now subdued, The Scindian population everywhere express their satisfaction at the change of masters." No doubt the change from Mahommedan to British rule was an advantage to the poor Hindoos; and if it be allowable to do evil that good may come, Lord Ellenborough was justified in the means he had adopted for supplanting the Ameers. At all events, he was highly delighted with the result, was enthusiastic in his praise of the troops and their commander, and profuse in the bestowment of honours and rewards upon the officers of all



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ranks. He issued a proclamation in the Napoleonic style, in which he said:—"The army of Scindo has twice beaten the bravest enemy in Asia, under circumstances which would equally have obtained for it the victory over the best troops in Europe. The Governor-General regards with delight the new proofs which the army has given of its pre-eminent qualities in the field, and of its desire to mitigate the necessary calamities of war, by mercy to the vanquished. The ordinary expressions of thanks would ill convey the extent of the debt of gratitude which the Governor-General feels to be due to his Excellency Major-General Sir Charles Napier on the part of the Government, the army, and the people of Hindostan. To have punished the treachery of protected princes; to have liberated a nation from its oppressors; to have added a province, fertile as Egypt, to the British empire; and to have effected these objects by actions in war unsurpassed in brilliancy, whereof a grateful army assigns the success to the ability and valour of its general, are deeds to which the ordinary language of praise cannot convey their deserved reward."

The British public, thrilled by the news of his heroic achievements, fully sympathised with the victorious general. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to him and the army, and the Duke of Wellington expressed in the House of Lords the highest admiration of his generalship. Sir Charles Napier became the civil governor of the province which his sword had won for his Sovereign; and he showed by the excellence of his administration, that his capacity as a statesman was equal to his genius as a general. History records that "he raised up the sinking Scindian labourer, and abated the pride and violence of the fierce Beloochee, by the force of order and wholesome control." He encouraged trade and commerce; he commenced and carried on extensive public works; he erected a pier at Kurrachee, extending two miles into the water, and forming a secure harbour; he organised a most efficient police; he raised a revenue sufficient to pay the whole expenses of the administration, giving a surplus of £90,000, which, added to the prize money, brought half a million sterling into the Company's treasury in one year. The cultivators of the soil were protected in the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry; artisans, no longer liable to be mutilated for demanding their wages, came back from the countries to which they had fled; beautiful girls were no longer torn from their families to fill the zenanas of Mahommedan lords, or to be sold into slavery. The Hindoo merchant and the Parsee trader pursued their business with confidence, and commerce added to the wealth of the new province. The effect of these reforms was conspicuous in the loyalty of the Scindians during the revolt of 1857. In contrast with the atrocities which stained the Indian character at that time, it is gratifying to record some touching traits of humanity displayed during the war in Scinde. In a long march over burning sands, the 25th Sepoys, overpowered with heat, and nearly maddened with thirst, on one occasion rushed forward to meet the water-carriers, and tore the full skins out of their hands, crying, "Water! water!" Just then some straggling soldiers of the 22nd came up and begged a drink. Immediately the Hindoos relinquished their hold upon the bags, till the fainting Irish had quenched their thirst, and then they kindly carried their muskets, and, patting them on the shoulder, encouraged them to hold out. But these noble fellows soon after fell on the march, and then it was discovered how intense was their passion for military glory, and their devotion to their general. They had been all wounded; but they concealed their sufferings and the loss of blood which caused their exhaustion, in order that their last hour might be given to their country on another field of battle. Sir Charles Napier gratefully records the names of those heroes in the ranks. They were John Drew, John Macdowney, Robert Young, Henry Sims, Patrick Gill, James Andrews, Sergeant Honey, Thomas Middleton, James Malony, and Silvester Day, the last of whom carried a ball in his foot. "Here," says Alison, "is self-denial rivalling that of Alexander on the same deserts two thousand years before, and heroism equal to any recorded of the Spartan youths, occurring in a lonely desert of Scinde, on the part of the common Sepoy and Irish soldiers!" *

CHAPTER VIII.

Another War of Aggression—Invasion of Gwalior by the Governor-General in person—Sir Hugh Gough Commander-in-Chief—Resistance of the Mahrattas—Battle of Maharajpore—Defeat of the Enemy—Heavy loss of the British—Battle of Mangore—Submission of the Mahrattas—British Occupation of Gwalior—The Government abolished and the Army disbanded—The Administration placed under the control of the British Resident—Warlike Policy of Lord Ellenborough—His Recall—Succeeded by Sir Henry Hardinge—He is instructed to maintain a Pacific Policy—The Sikh War—Character of the People—Runjeet Singh—The Sikhs cross the Sutlej—The Battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Aliwal—The Battle of Sobraon—Defeat and Submission of the Sikhs—The Treaty of Peace—Military occupation of Lahore—Honours and Rewards of the Victors—Sir Henry Hardinge succeeded by Lord Dalhousie—Fresh insurrection of the Sikhs in the Punjaub—Battle of Chillianwallah—Sir Charles Napier sent out to supersede Lord Gough—The Battle of Goojerat—Surrender of Mooltan—End of the Sikh War—Annexation of the Punjaub.

No sooner was the conquest of Scindo completed, than the Governor-General began to discern another cloud looming in the distance. In the Punjaub, Runjeet Singh had organised a regular and well-disciplined army of 73,000 men. He died in 1839. His heir died the next year, it was supposed of poison. The next heir was killed a few days after by accident. The third, who succeeded, was an effeminate prince, who left the government entirely in the hands of his Minister, a wicked man, who, conspiring with others, caused to be murdered several members of the Royal family. They were, in their turn, punished by having their heads cut off, and the only surviving son of Runjeet Singh, a boy only ten years of age, was proclaimed Maharajah. This was the work of the Sikh army, now virtually masters of the country. Lord Ellenborough and his council suspected

* Vol. viii., p. 128.

that this army, still 40,000 strong, and very brave, was unfriendly to the British, and might some day give trouble to the Indian Government—possibly invade its territories and cut off its communications. In order to guard against such contingencies, it was necessary, they thought, to take possession of Gwalior, a powerful Mahratta state in Central India. This country lay on the flank of our line of communications with Allahabad, Benares, and Calcutta. In this country also there were, fortunately for the British, a disputed succession, royal murders, civil dissensions, and military disorganisation. A boy, adopted by the Queen, was proclaimed Sovereign by the chiefs, with a regency, over which the British Government extended its protecting wing. The young Sovereign died in 1843, having no child; but his widow, then thirteen years of age, adopted a boy of eight, who became King under another regency. The regent Nama Sahib was deposed, notwithstanding the support of the British Government. This was an offence which Lord Ellenborough would not allow to go unpunished; and besides, the disorganised army of Gwalior were said to be committing depredations along the British frontier. Here, then, in the estimation of the Governor-General, was a clear case for military intervention, to put down disorder, and secure a good position for future defence against the possible aggressions of the warlike Sikhs of the Punjaub. Lord Ellenborough explained his policy to the Company, stating that the Indian Government could not descend from its high position as the paramount authority in India. The withdrawal of its restraining hand would let loose all the elements of confusion. Redress for the daily occurring grievances of the several states against each other would again be sought not from the superintending justice of the British Government, but from the armed reprisals of the injured; and bad ambition, availing itself of the love of plunder and of war, which pervades so large a portion of the population of India, would again expose to devastation countries which, under our protection, have enjoyed many of the advantages of peace. To maintain, therefore, unimpaired the position we now hold, is a duty not to ourselves alone but to humanity.

These arguments seemed to satisfy the Home Government, and a large force was sent from Agra to Gwalior, under Sir Hugh Gough, then Commander-in-Chief of India, as successor of Sir Jasper Nicholls. So much interest did Lord Ellenborough feel in this invading expedition that it was accompanied by him in person. The Mahrattas of course prepared to defend themselves. They were met at Maharajpore. After a severe struggle, in which the enemy were bayoneted at their guns, and a series of bloody conflicts had taken place in the streets, the British were victorious, and got possession of twenty-eight guns, with the key of the enemy's position. The battle, however, was not over when this vantage ground was gained; for though the enemy had fallen back, they were prepared for a desperate resistance in other less favourable positions. A general attack was then ordered. Brigadier Scott, at the head of the 10th Light Horse, and Captain Grant, with his Horse Artillery, had scattered their cavalry which covered the extreme right. General Vaillant then led on the 40th Queen's, and successively gained three strong positions, which the enemy defended with the utmost firmness and courage, not quitting their guns till they were cut down by their fierce assailants. In this attack they lost six regimental standards. The 2nd Native Infantry also acted bravely on this occasion. The 39th Queen's also made an impetuous attack, and the result was that the enemy were driven from all their intrenchments in utter confusion, with the loss of nine standards and sixty-four guns. The officers that distinguished themselves most in this battle were Major Heppard, Captain Codrington, Colonel Hamilton, Captain Grant, Major Bray, Major Dick, Major Philips, and Captain Campbell. Seven of our officers were killed on the spot or wounded mortally. Our total loss was 106 killed, and 684 wounded. The Commander-in-Chief wrote in his despatch:*—"I regret to say that our loss has been very severe—infinitely beyond what I calculated upon. Indeed, I did not do justice to the gallantry of my opponents." It was a loss certainly almost unprecedented in Indian warfare, and it is remarkable that this misfortune repeatedly occurred while Lord Gough was commander-in-chief. Lord Ellenborough, with his suite, was rash enough to be under fire during part of the engagement. The loss of the enemy was estimated at 3,000. Major-General Gray, with only 2,000 men, on the same day won a victory over 12,000 of the Mahrattas, in the fortified village of Mangore, about twelve miles from Gwalior. Here, too, the loss of the victors was very heavy, more than a tenth of the little army having fallen.

After these victories, an armistice was agreed upon, as a preliminary to negotiations. The result was submission on the part of the Mahrattas, and the occupation of Gwalior by our troops. The Governor-General then imposed the terms of peace, which did not include the seizure of any territory, but consisted solely in the usurpation of sovereignty. The Mahrattas were compelled to disband their army and abolish their Government. The supreme authority was lodged in a council of men devoted to the East India Company, whose President was to receive his instructions from the British resident. A new army was organised as a contingent, which was to be at the service of the Indian Government when required. Until the majority of the reigning prince, the administrators of the Government were to act on the British resident's advice, not only generally or in important points, but in *all matters wherein such advice shall be offered.*† This conquest, with its humiliating consequences, was terribly avenged in 1857.

The career of Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General of India was one of the most remarkable in its annals. He went out for the purpose of inaugurating a policy of peace, conciliation, and non-intervention. His course from that day was one of constant aggression and war. The conquests of Scinde and Gwalior were planned and

* January 11, 1844. † Thornton, vol. vi., p 522.

prepared for deliberately and in good time; and when the Governments to be subdued were goaded into hostilities, he was ready to pounce upon them with overwhelming force. The consequence was brilliant success, and what the world calls glory, with splendid fortunes for a number of British officers and agents. His friends defended this policy, on the ground that, though it was aggressive it was self-defensive; to guard against a possible, but very remote contingency —an invasion of the Sikhs to drive the British out of India. The Governor-General, however, had become entirely too warlike; and since he had smelled powder and tasted blood at Gwalior, the Board of Control became so alarmed at his martial propensities, that they determined on his immediate recall, and sent out Sir Henry Hardinge to rule in his stead. That they were right about his propensities, appears from the language he used in a farewell speech at Calcutta, in which he said:—"The only regret I feel on leaving India is that of being separated from the army. The most agreeable, the most interesting period of my life has been that which I have passed here in cantonments and camps."*

Sir Henry Hardinge, the new Governor-General of India, whom Sir Robert Peel recommended to the Board of Control, had been in the army since he was thirteen years of age. He had followed Wellington through all the battles of the Peninsular war, and had won all the military glory that could be desired, so that he was not likely to follow the example of Lord Ellenborough in opening fresh fields for the gathering of laurels in India. "The man who stood beside the dying Moore at Corunna, who had turned disaster into victory at Albuera, and lost an arm beside Blucher at Ligny, was not likely to be seduced by the phantom of Oriental glory into schemes of doubtful expediency, or hazardous result." The Chairman of the East India Company, giving him instructions on his departure, cautioned him against following the example of Lord Ellenborough, in appointing military officers as administrators, in preference to the civil servants of the Crown. He reminded him that the members of the Civil Service were educated with a special view to the important duties of civil administration, upon the upright and intelligent performance of which so much of the happiness of the people depended. He expressed a hope that he would appreciate justly the eminent qualities of the civil servants of India; and that he would act towards the Sepoys with every degree of consideration and indulgence, compatible with the maintenance of order and obedience. He urged that his policy should be essentially pacific, and should tend to the development of the internal resources of the country, while endeavouring to improve the condition of the finances.†

Sir Henry arrived at Calcutta in September, 1844. He found that tranquillity prevailed throughout the empire, and applied his energies to the formation of railways. But he had soon to encounter the exigencies of war. Notwithstanding the stringent injunctions he had received to cultivate the most amicable spirit with the Sikhs, he was obliged to tax the resources of the empire in maintaining with them one of the most desperate conflicts recorded in Indian history. The Sikhs were a warlike race, distinguished not less by fanaticism than bravery. They were bound together and inspired by the most powerful religious convictions— a tall, muscular, and athletic race of men, full of patriotic ardour, elevated by an ancient faith. They were confederated in various provinces, to the number of about 7,000,000. They were accustomed to ride upon fleet horses, and had organised an effective cavalry, while their infantry had been disciplined by French and Italian officers. They could, if necessary, bring into the field 260,000 fighting men; but their regular army now consisted of 73,000 men, with 200 pieces of artillery. Settled chiefly in the Punjaub, a country of extraordinary fertility, they also abounded in Mooltan, Afghanistan, and Cashmere, celebrated from the most ancient times as the favoured abode of manufacturing industry, social order, wealth, and happiness. This warlike race had been governed by Runjeet Singh, a chief of extraordinary ability, energy, and determination. He had but one eye; he was deeply marked with the small-pox; his aspect was repulsive, and his manner rude; yet was he looked up to by this great people with respectful homage, and obeyed with implicit trust. While he lived he maintained an alliance with the English Government; but after his death the Sikhs were divided into two factions—one headed by Gholab Singh, and professing to be favourable to the British; the other by the Ranee, who yielded to the clamours of the unpaid soldiers to be led against the English. Accordingly the military forces of the Sikhs were ordered to march down to the Sutlej. But their intended attack was prevented by the astrologers, who declared that the auspicious day for marching had not yet arrived. Sir Henry Hardinge, however, in common with the most experienced officers of the Indian Government, did not think the Sikh army would cross the Sutlej with its infantry and artillery, or that they would have recourse to offensive operations on a large scale. Up to this period it had committed no act of aggression. In 1843 and 1844 it had moved down the river from Lahore, and after remaining there encamped a few weeks, had returned to the capital. These reasons, and, above all, his extreme anxiety to avoid hostilities, induced him not to make any hasty movement with his army, which, when the two armies came into each other's presence, might bring about a collision. This moderation, however, was misconstrued by the Sikhs. They supposed that the British were afraid to encounter them. Accordingly, on the night of the 9th December, 1845, a portion of the Sikh army appeared within three miles of the Sutlej; and information was received by our garrison at Ferozepore, that preparations were making on a large scale for the movement of infantry, artillery, and stores, from the Sikh capital, Lahore. On the 12th of December, the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, and concentrated in great force

* "Annual Register," 1844, p. 282. † *Ibid.*, 1844, pp. 283—285.

on the British side of the river. The British reserves, meantime, were advancing to meet this formidable enemy; but they were still far off, and Ferozepore had but a garrison of 9,500 men, to withstand an army of 60,000, with 100 guns! Sir Charles Napier wrote in his "Memoirs" that he did not think history would let off Sir Henry Hardinge for allowing such an army to cross the river unmolested, and entrench itself on the other side. It is quite certain that Sir Charles would not have given them such an advantage. But their generals did not know how to use it. Sir Henry Hardinge had hastened in person to assist General Gough in conducting the operations against the enemy, and both putting themselves at the head of the advanced guard, they were followed by the reserves, marching at the rate of twenty-six miles a day, full of excitement at the prospect of more fighting.

At length the Sikhs moved on to meet the British, on the 17th December. When they came in sight, the British bugles sounded, and the wearied soldiers, who had been lying on the ground, instantly started up and stood to their arms. The Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief rode from regiment to regiment, cheering the spirits of their men, and rousing them to the needful pitch of valour by encouraging exhortations. About two miles from Moodkee, Gough, at the head of the advanced guard, found the enemy encamped behind sandy hillocks and jungle, 20,000 strong, with forty guns, which immediately opened fire as he approached. The battle-field was a sandy plain, on which the view was obstructed by small hills, which prevented the belligerents from seeing one another till they were quite near. For some time the contest was maintained on either side by the artillery. Then General Gough ordered the advance of a column of cavalry—the 3rd Light Dragoons, the 5th Light Cavalry, and the 4th Lancers. The column was launched like an immense thunderbolt against a mass of Sikh cavalry, and proved so irresistible in its terrific onset that it broke them up into fragments, scattered them about, and swept along the whole line of the enemy, cutting down the gunners, and suspending for a time the roar of their artillery. Soon after this the infantry came into action, led on by Sir Harry Smith, General Gilbert, and Sir John M'Caskill. The Sikhs fought bravely and obstinately, at every point; but when the steady incessant fire of our artillery had done its work, a general charge was made, with loud, exultant cheers, and the enemy were driven from their ground with tremendous loss. The day had closed upon the battle-field, but the routed enemy were pursued for a mile and a half by the light of the stars.

Our losses in the battle of Moodkee were very heavy—215 killed; among whom were Sir Robert Sale, Sir John M'Caskill, and a number of young officers who had greatly distinguished themselves. Our wounded amounted to 657. Meantime, the enemy, having left seventeen guns upon the field, retired in tolerably good order, within their entrenched camp, which they had formed at Ferozeshah, on the banks of the Sutlej, near Ferozepore. For two days both armies remained inactive, but ready to renew the conflict. The losses of the British had been made up by the arrival of the 29th Queen's and the 1st Bengal Light Infantry. A memorable event in the history of British warfare in India, was, that Sir Henry Hardinge, the veteran commander, the hero of so many battles, the Governor-General of India, offered his services to Sir Hugh Gough as second in command. The offer was accepted, and the army marched forth to attack the enemy's camp. They started at daybreak on the 21st, and about midday a junction was effected with General Littler's division, which had marched out from Ferozepore, according to orders sent the night before. Our army was now raised to 19,000 effective men. The enemy were double that number, and strongly entrenched, well supplied with provisions, and fresh after two days rest; while our troops were ill provided with food, and had marched ten miles that morning. To attack the Sikhs without waiting for some expected reinforcements, was hazardous; to postpone the attack for another day seemed still more so—as there was a second Sikh army of equal force, which would then have reached the scene of action. An immediate attack was therefore determined upon—Gough leading the right wing, and Hardinge the left. The Sikh artillery was heavier than ours. The guns were protected behind embrasures, the gunners were sure in their aim; and so terrible was the effect that the 62nd regiment, which led on the attack, was nearly cut away, and several Sepoy regiments broke and fled before the shot. The whole of our left wing, though led on gallantly by the Governor-General, were driven back, after carrying part of the works. The right wing, under General Gough, succeeded better, and held possession of several of the ramparts. But the Sikhs were still in possession of the fortified village of Ferozeshah, and remained so till night closed upon the scene; when the smoke and dust subsided, and the silence was broken only by an occasional shot from the guns, responded to in the darkness—the gunners seeing no enemy, but aiming at the flash of light. The dead and the wounded lay upon the ground, and beside them rested the weary and hungry combatants, with their hands upon their trusty weapons—Sikhs and English intermingled; their features visible to one another, only when a streak of light came from a bomb traversing the sky, or their stark forms appearing in terrible relief from the blaze of an ammunition wagon exploding. We may conceive the feelings with which this scene was regarded on that dismal night by the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, and a royal amateur in war, Prince Waldemar of Prussia, who had joined them, as they stood upon the ground surrounded by their troops.

Sleep was chased from their eye-lids by the groans of the wounded, and their cries for water. No wonder if a heavy feeling of despondency crept over the ranks when they recollected that all their forces had been engaged that day, that their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and that the enemy had a second army marching upon them. What was to be done? Some one said that it

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was better to cut their way to Ferozepore, in order to gain the shelter of their entrenched camp; but Sir Hugh Gough would not hear of it. "The thing is impossible," he exclaimed. "My mind is made up; if we must perish, it is better that our bones should bleach honourably at Ferozeshah, than rot at Ferozepore; but they shall do neither the one nor the other." And Sir H. Hardinge said—"The Commander-in-Chief knows as well as anybody that it will not do for a British army to be we understand each other." They shook hands and parted.

The long and weary night was at length passed. The dull sun of a December day rose upon the ghastly scenes of that gory battle-field. The soldiers, many of whom were without food from the morning of the previous day, were again marshalled in order of battle. The artillery commenced the work, but with little effect. "But why waste time and ammunition thus?" said Gough. "We

VISCOUNT GOUGH.

foiled; and foiled this army shall not be. We must fight it out as soon as there is light to see the enemy." Yet he was so doubtful of the issue that he ordered all his private papers to be burned, and sent Mr. Hardinge, his private secretary, out of camp. The two generals then conferred confidentially together. Gough asked, "What think you of our prospects?" "I think," he replied, "that we must live or die where we stand." "That is exactly my opinion," replied the general; "so must try the bayonet once more." Then was made a tremendous charge for life. At first, part of the line reeled under the storm from the enemy's guns; but still the whole army pressed on with desperate shouts, the two wings closing in upon the village, driving everything before them, and still pressing onward till they captured the whole of the enemy's guns on the works. The two generals, waving the captured banners, rode in triumph before the victorious army, and were hailed with enthu-

DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE OF BOATS ACROSS THE SUTLEJ.

siastic applause. The whole of the enemy's military stores and camp furniture, with seventy-three guns and seventeen standards, remained in possession of our army. One Sikh army was now defeated; but there was another to come on, 30,000 strong, most of whom were perfectly fresh. The spirit of the Commander-in-Chief seemed now to fail him, and he so despaired of the issue that he confessed in a letter to a friend, that for a moment he felt regret, as each passing shot left him still on horseback. Most of our cavalry were hardly able to move, from the exhaustion of the horses; our ammunition was nearly spent, while the fire from the enemy's guns was rapid. At this critical moment, owing to a misconception of orders, our cavalry and artillery moved off from the flanks, which they protected, taking the road towards Ferozepore. It was a blunder that seemed ordered by Providence to save our army from annihilation; for the Sikhs, not knowing our weakness, and conceiving that the design was to take possession of the fords, and prevent their crossing the river, immediately began to retreat. Our infantry pursued; and such was the consternation and confusion of the enemy, that they never stopped running till they got to the other side of the Sutlej. In these terrible battles we lost, in killed and wounded, 2,415 men being a sixth of the whole number engaged. Among the killed was Major Broadfoot, political agent in the north-west provinces, Colonel Wallace, and Major Somerset.

It was apprehended that the enemy would return next day in greater force, to renew the contest; but as they did not, the Commander-in-Chief seized the opportunity to summon the troops to join him in public thanksgiving to God for the victory they had won. It was a time and a place calculated to give deep solemnity to the service, and the whole army united with fervour in expressing their sense of the mercy with which they had been sustained and preserved through such fearful trials. There was now a season of rest for both armies. Christmas was spent in the camp, and 1846 dawned upon the still undecided contest. The British gained most by the delay. The Governor-General had ordered up fresh troops from Meerut, Cawnpore, Delhi, and Agra. By the end of January Sir Hugh Gough had under his command 30,000 men, of all arms. On every road leading to the scene of action, from our Indian possessions, convoys were seen bearing provisions and stores of all sorts to the army; while reinforcements were pressing onward rapidly to the scene of action, that they might share the glory by confronting the greatest danger. That danger was still great. The Sikhs also were bringing up reinforcements, and strengthening their entrenched camp at the British side of the Sutlej, having constructed a bridge of boats for the conveyance of their troops and stores across the river. They had chosen a most advantageous position for the camp, which was situated on a bend of the river, their heavy guns being so arranged that if the *tête du pont* were carried, the English would have been exposed to a tremendous fire from batteries which they had no means of reaching, except by a bridge of boats, which might be broken down at any moment. The enemy had established a considerable magazine at a fortified village some miles from the camp, and Sir Harry Smith proceeded at the head of a detachment to attack it. But Sirdar Runjeet Singh intercepted him, cut off and captured all his baggage; but being reinforced, he met the enemy again at a place on the Sutlej, called Aliwal. The Sikh army, which seemed in the best possible order and discipline, were drawn up in imposing array, 20,000 strong, with 70 guns, while the British were 9,000, with 32. After a series of splendid charges, conducted by Brigadiers Godby, Hick, Cureton, Wilson, and Wheeler, the enemy were driven successively from every position, and fled in confusion across the river. Several of the British horsemen followed the guns into the river, and spiked them there. The loss of the Sikhs in the battle of Aliwal is said to have been 3,000, while that of the British was only 673 killed and wounded. The moral effect of this victory over such unequal forces was great upon the rest of the army, and the Commander-in-Chief felt that the time was come when the enemy might be safely attacked in their entrenched camp, and be thoroughly defeated. The war had now lasted a considerable time, and the Indian public expected that, with such a concentration of the military forces of the empire, with the flower of the Indian army, matters would soon be brought to an issue, for it was very unusual for a European army to spend so much time in dealing with the native force. The Sikhs, however, were the best soldiers in Asia, and they were putting forth all their strength and resources to expel foreign invaders from their rich and beautiful country, rendered doubly sacred to them by old religious associations.

On the 10th of February was fought the great and decisive battle of Sobraon, the name of the *tête du pont*, at the entrenched camp of the Sikhs, where all the forces of the enemy were now concentrated. The camps extended along both sides of the river, and were defended by 130 pieces of artillery, of which nearly half were of heavy calibre, and which were all served by excellent gunners. The country all round this encampment was level, completely open to the sweep of artillery, so that before it could be reached there must inevitably be a terrible sacrifice of human life. The British troops formed a vast semicircle, each end of which touched the river, the village of Sobraon being in the centre, where the enemy were defended by a triple line of works, one within another, flanked by the most formidable redoubts. The battle commenced by the discharge of artillery on both sides, which played with terrific force for three hours. After this our guns went up at a gallop till they came within 300 yards of the works, where it was intended the assault should be made. Halting there, they poured a concentrated fire upon the position for some time. After this the assault was made by the infantry, running. The regiment which led the way was the 10th, supported by the 53rd Queen's and the 43rd and 59th Native infantry. They were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. The post of honour and of danger was now taken by the Ghoorkas, a diminutive

race of men, agile, daring, and strong, dressed in dark-green uniforms. A body of these brave little fellows, stepping lightly over the dead bodies, quickly passed the intervening space, and one of them, mounted on the shoulders of a tall grenadier, flung himself into the embrasures. He was quickly followed by others; a desperate struggle with the bayonet ensued; the Sikhs were overpowered by the brigades of Stacey and Wilkinson; but, as the fire of the enemy was now concentrated upon this point, the brave assailants were in danger of being overwhelmed and destroyed. The British Commander-in-Chief seeing this, sent forward the brigades of Ashburnham as well as Smith's division, against the right of the enemy, while our artillery played furiously upon their whole line. The Sikhs fought with no less valour and determination than our own troops. Not one of their gunners flinched till he was struck down at his post. Into every gap opened by our artillery they rushed with desperate resolution, repelling our assaulting columns. At length the cavalry, which has so often decided the fate of the day in great battles, were instrumental in achieving the victory. The Sappers and Miners having succeeded in opening a passage through which the horses could enter in single file, the 3rd Queen's Dragoons, under Sir Joseph Thackwell, got inside the works, quickly formed, and galloping along in the rear of the batteries, cut down the gunners as they passed. General Gough promptly followed up this advantage by ordering forward the whole three divisions of the centre and the right. It was then that the fighting may be said to have commenced in earnest. The struggle was long, bloody, and relentless. No quarter was given or asked; the Sikhs fighting like men for whom death had no terrors, and for whom death in battle was the happiest as well as the most glorious exit from life. But they encountered men with hearts as stout and stronger muscle, and they were at length gradually forced back upon the river by the irresistible British bayonet.

So early as the 2nd of February, Sir Hugh Gough wrote a letter to a friend, in which he looked forward to "a good fall of rain or an accidental thaw of snow upon the hills," to enable him to attack the enemy when the river was flooded and unfordable, and the Sikhs would have no means of passing but the bridge.* He did not wait for this advantage; but, unfortunately for the Sikhs, it occurred exactly at the time it suited his purpose; for during the night before the Sutlej rose seven inches, which made it too deep for foot soldiers; the consequence of which was that the Sikhs ran in thousands towards the narrow bridge of boats that stretched across the broad waters. It was, of course, quickly choked up, and while the frantic, panic-stricken crowd pressed forward, crushing one another, the British Horse Artillery advanced at a gallop to the edge of the river, and opened upon the mass of fugitives a fire of round shot and canister, which may be truly and literally called "murderous." The bridge at length gave way under the enormous weight, and thousands were precipitated into the water and drowned. But even in the midst of this catastrophe, the drowning fanatics would accept no mercy from the Feringhees. Our losses amounted to 320 killed and 2,063 wounded. Of the European officers, thirteen were killed and 101 wounded. To them, with the exception of the Ghoorka regiments, the glory of the day belonged; for the natives lost only three officers killed and thirty-nine wounded. The whole experience of this campaign, indeed, proved that the Sepoys could not be relied upon to fight against the brave and hardy inhabitants of the northern Highlands. The loss of the Sikhs in the battle of Sobraon was estimated at from 10,000 to 13,000 men, the greater number being shot down or drowned in the attempt to cross the bridge. They left in the hands of the victors sixty-seven guns, 200 camel swivels, nineteen standards, and a great quantity of ammunition. The Governor-General, as well as the Commander-in-Chief, were active and conspicuous wherever the battle raged hottest and the danger was greatest. Sir Hugh Gough was on horseback from morning till night, indefatigable in his exertions, but far too careless of his personal safety, for he was among the first of the horsemen who, in single file, got behind the entrenchment of the enemy.

The whole army now crossed the river at leisure, and marched towards Lahore. Lord Hardinge issued a proclamation, in which he stated that the war was the result of the wanton and unprovoked incursion of the Sikhs; that the British Government wanted no acquisition of territory, but only security for the future, indemnity for the expenses of the war, and the establishment of a government at Lahore, which should afford a guarantee against such aggressions in the time to come. The Ranee and her Durbar, or council, now saw the necessity of prompt submission, which was tendered by plenipotentiaries sent to the British camp, who threw the whole blame of the war on the uncontrollable troops. They were well received by the Governor-General, and a treaty was without difficulty concluded on the 15th of February, at a place called Kussoor. By the terms of the treaty, all the territory lying between the river Beas and the Sutlej was ceded to the British Government. The sum of one million and a half sterling was to be paid for the expenses of the war; Gholab Singh was rewarded for his fidelity to the British by the grant of a large tract of territory, including Chumba and Cashmere, for which he agreed to pay £750,000, and to acknowledge himself a tributary of the British Government. Peace having been thus concluded, the young Maharajah, Dhuleep Singh, was received by the Governor-General at his camp with Oriental pomp; and on the 22nd of February, Sir Henry Hardinge entered Lahore at the head of his victorious army, taking possession of the gates, the citadel, and the Royal palace. In a proclamation issued from the capital, he said: "The army of the Sutlej has now brought its operations in the field to a close, by the dispersion of the Sikh army, and the military occupation of Lahore, preceded by a series of

* Alison, vol. viii., p. 178.

the most triumphant successes ever recorded in the military history of India. The British Government, trusting to the faith of treaties, and the long subsisting friendship between the two states, had limited military operations to the defence of its own frontiers. Compelled suddenly to assume the offensive, by the unprovoked invasion of its territories, the British army, under its distinguished leader, has in sixty days defeated the Sikh forces in four general actions, captured 220 pieces of field artillery, and is now at the capital, dictating to the Lahore Durbar the terms of the treaty, the conditions of which will tend to secure the British provinces from the repetition of a similar outrage. The Governor-General, however, being determined to mark with reprobation the perfidious character of the war, has required and will exact that every remaining piece which has been pointed against the British army during the campaign shall be surrendered; and the Sikh army, whose insubordinate conduct was one of the chief causes of the anarchy and misrule which have brought the Sikh state to the brink of ruin, is about to be disbanded." *

These great victories, so hardly won with such heavy sacrifices of human life, and accompanied by such heroic achievements, excited the admiration of the British public. The principal actors were munificently rewarded. The Governor-General was created Viscount Hardinge, of Lahore, the title being accompanied by a shower of honours from his Sovereign, and a large pension from the East India Company. Sir Hugh Gough was also raised to the peerage, and received from the Company an annual pension of £2,000, with the same amount from Parliament, to be enjoyed not only by himself during life, but also by his next two successors in the peerage; and in addition to all these rewards he became Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards and Colonel-in-Chief of the 60th Royal Rifles. Many of the officers engaged in the Sikh war received promotions and military orders, and a gratuity of twelve months' pay was given to all the soldiers without exception engaged in the campaign.

But the conquered Sikhs did not very easily acquiesce in the terms proposed by the conquerors. Gholab Singh was chased from the territory the British had given him, and it became necessary that British arms should reinstate him, and that a British force should permanently garrison Lahore, at a cost to the Sikh Government of £220,000 a year. The intriguing and restless Ranee was sent off from the capital to Sharpoora, where she was kept under surveillance. Sir Charles Napier was obliged to resign his government in Scinde from ill health, and he returned home in 1847. The Governor-General, after making a progress through various parts of the empire, in order to inaugurate and encourage works of social improvement, was also obliged to retire from his post, in consequence of the failure of his health, owing to the fatigues and hardships he had endured in the campaign. On his return home he was made Master-General of the Ordnance and Commander-in-Chief, being succeeded in India by Lord Dalhousie, who arrived there on the 10th of January, 1848. He, too, found disturbances to be quelled and treachery to be punished among our allies and tributaries. Troubles occurred at Lahore, when the hostility of the inhabitants to the British broke out with terrible effect. Mr. Vans Agnew, the British resident, and Lieutenant Anderson were treacherously murdered. Their death was avenged by Lieutenant Edwardes and General Courtland, who, at the head of a small force, attacked and defeated the revolted Sikhs, 3,000 strong. At length 26,000 troops, under General Whish, invested the place. At the same time an insurrection broke out in the Punjaub, headed by the governor of the north-west province: in fact, there was a general revolt of the Sikhs against British rule.

On the 20th of October, 1848, Chuttur Singh, and his son Shere Singh, raised the standard of revolt in the Punjaub, and soon appeared at the head of 30,000 men. In November Lord Gough encountered them with 20,000. At Ramnugger, in attacking the position of the enemy, his men were led into an ambuscade, and were repulsed with tremendous loss. The contest was again renewed on the 12th of January, 1849, when the Sikhs were also very strongly posted in a jungle with 40,000 men and sixty-two guns. Near the village of Chillianwallah, a desperate battle was fought, and had lasted for some time, when the 14th Light Dragoons, on being ordered to charge, turned and fled through our Horse Artillery, upsetting several guns, and causing such confusion that the Sikh Cavalry, promptly availing themselves of the advantage, made a charge, and cut down seventy of our gunners, capturing six guns and five colours. The result was a drawn battle, but the loss on our side was fearful—twenty-seven officers and 731 men killed, and sixty-six officers and 1,446 men wounded. This terrible reverse produced a profound sensation at home. It was ascribed to bad generalship, and there were loud cries for the recall of Lord Gough. The Duke of Wellington felt that the case was so desperate, that he called upon Sir Charles Napier to go out and take the command, though suffering under a mortal disease, using the memorable expression, "If you don't go, I must." Sir Charles went immediately. But before he arrived Lord Gough had retrieved his reputation, and covered the British arms with fresh glory by winning, in magnificent style, the great battle of Goojerat, with the loss of only ninety-two killed and 682 wounded. Mooltan had been besieged in December. During the bombardment the principal magazine was blown up. It contained 16,000 lbs. of powder. 800 persons were killed or wounded by the explosion, and a number of buildings were destroyed.

The following description is from the pen of an eye-witness:—"Yesterday I saw one of the most awful and grand sights I am ever likely to witness; the whole of Moolraj's principal magazine, which he has been five years collecting, was blown up by one of our shells. The shock two miles off knocked bottles off the tables, and the report was terrific. The prisoners we have taken say it contained 16,000 lbs. of powder. It all blew up

* "Army Regulations," 1846, page 367.

with one frightful explosion. All his principal houses, temples, &c., as well as about 800 men, were blown up; but the city, where many of his troops were, was untouched, neither are the walls of the battlements of the fort injured. He kindly sent us word next day to say, he had still enough powder and shot to hold out the siege for twelve months; and we were to do our worst, as he would hold out as long as a single stone of his fort would stand. When we sent in to summon the fort to surrender, he very coolly rammed the letter down his longest gun and fired it at us. But about the explosion—at first we felt a slight shock, like that of an earthquake, and then, a second or two afterwards, a tremendous and prolonged report, that was like an awful clap of thunder. I hardly know what to liken it to, it was so inconceivably grand; then a mass of dust rose to the very clouds, yet so perfectly distinct was its outline, and it was so dense and thick, that nobody at first could tell whatit was. It looked like an immense, solid, brown tree, suddenly grown up to the skies, and then it gradually expanded, and slowly sailed away."

But Moolraj, though he saw destroyed in a moment a work which it cost him five years to construct, with his principal store of gunpowder, still held out. On the 2nd of January, however, the city was stormed, but the citadel remained. Though of immense strength, it yielded to the power of artillery, and Moolraj, with his garrison of nearly 4,000 men, surrendered at discretion.

"First appeared 200 ill-clothed, miserable wretches, who seemed broken and dispirited, then followed about 3,500 hard-trained, stern, and stalwart-looking men. They had defended the fort last, and abandoned it only when no longer tenable. They looked as if they would have fought to the death in the breaches, if such had been the will of their chief. They brought camels and horses, and large bundles of things along with them. These, together with their arms, were placed in charge of the prize agents as they passed. At last came Moolraj, and his brethren and chiefs; the last, as became him, in the retirement. He was gorgeously attired in silks and splendid arms, and rode a magnificent Arab steed, with a rich saddle-cloth of scarlet, which bore no marks of suffering or privation. No small curiosity was experienced to discover the appearance of one who had maintained a defence, obstinate and protracted beyond any related in the annals of modern war. He but little exceeds the middle size, is powerfully but elegantly formed; his keen, dark, piercing, restless eyes surveyed at a glance everything around. He neither wore the face of defiance nor dejection; but moved along under the general gaze as one conscious of having bravely done his duty, and aware of being the object of universal regard."

The result of these victories was that the Punjaub was annexed to our Indian Empire, the reasons for this step being explained by the Governor-General in a proclamation, which announced favourable terms for the conquered people. Moolraj was subsequently tried for the murder of Mr. Agnew and Mr. Anderson, and being found guilty, he was sentenced to death. The sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life.

CHAPTER IX.

Emancipation of the Jews—The Bill rejected by the House of Lords—Election of Baron Rothschild by the City of London—He refuses to be sworn on the "true faith of a Christian"—The Bill again introduced and again rejected by the Lords—Alderman Salomons elected Member for Greenwich—He insists on taking his seat and voting, in defiance of the authority of the Speaker, backed by the House—Removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms—He is prosecuted for sitting and voting, and incurs a penalty of £500—The Jewish Members admitted by a Resolution of the House of Commons—Act of Parliament abolishing Jewish Disabilities—Colonial Self-government—Objections to the Government Measure—Conservative Tribute to the Liberal Party—Death of Queen Adelaide—Her Character—Her Benevolence and Humility—Directions for her Funeral—Death and Character of the Duke of Cambridge—Our Foreign Policy—Dispute with the Greek Government about the Claims of Mr. Finlay and Don Pacifico—Censure on the Government by the House of Lords—Debate upon it in the Commons—Mr. Roebuck's Counter-resolution—Lord Palmerston's Defence of his Policy—The last Speech of Sir Robert Peel—Majority in favour of the Government—The Death of Sir Robert Peel—National grief caused by this event—Tribute paid to his memory in Parliament—Public Honours declined by the Family—A Statue voted by the House of Commons—Eulogium in the French Assembly.

An effort was made to decide the long-agitated question of the emancipation of the Jews in the session of 1849. On the 19th of February Lord John Russell moved that the House of Commons should go into committee for the purpose of considering the oaths taken by members of Parliament, excepting the Roman Catholic oath, settled in 1829. The oath of allegiance, he said, became a mockery when Cardinal York died, there being no descendants of James II. in existence; he therefore proposed to abolish it. The oath of abjuration, which was aimed against Papal aggression, had now no practical effect but to exclude the Jews from Parliament, which it did by the words "on the true faith of a Christian," which were never meant to exclude Jews, but only to give greater solemnity to the oath. He proposed, therefore, to omit these words when the oath was tendered to a Jew, and this he thought would complete the measure of religious liberty. The House resolved by a large majority—214 to 111—to go into committee on the subject. He then moved a resolution that it was expedient to alter the Parliamentary oaths, so as "to make provision in respect of the said oaths for the relief of Her Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion." A bill founded on this resolution was brought in by Lord John Russell. In the long discussion which it called forth, the maiden speech of Mr. Frederick Peel was the best in the debate. The second reading was carried by a majority of 278 to 185. The third reading, after an important debate, was carried by a majority of 66.

In the House of Lords the second reading was moved on the 26th of July, by the Earl of Carlisle, in an able speech, in which he observed that the Jews, though admitted to municipal privileges, were the only religious community debarred from political rights; but there was not, as far as he could see, a single valid objection upon which they could be refused. The Earl of Eglinton objected to their admission, on religious grounds; so also, more naturally, did the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter. The former argued that our national Christianity, to which we owed our greatness, would be grievously disparaged by the measure. The latter condemned it as a violation of the distinct contract

between the sovereign and the nation—that the Crown should maintain "to the utmost the laws of God and the true profession of the Gospel." The Archbishop of Dublin (Wheatly)—always the powerful champion of religious freedom—contended on the other hand, that it was inconsistent with the principles and repugnant to the genius of Christianity that civil disqualifications and penalties should be imposed on those who did not conform to it. Their lordships must either retrace their steps, and exclude from office all who did not belong to the Established Church, or they must, in consistency, consent to the abrogation of this last restriction. The bill was rejected by a majority of 25—the numbers being, for the second reading 70; against it, 95.

Before another attempt was made to open the portals of the legislature, the question was brought to a practical issue by an event similar to the Clare election, by which O'Connell forced on the decision with regard to Catholic Emancipation. The City of London had returned Baron Rothschild as one of its members; and at the morning sitting on the 26th of July, 1850, he presented himself at the table to take the oaths. When the clerk presented the New Testament, he said, "I desire to be sworn on the Old Testament." Sir Robert Inglis, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed—"I protest against that." The Speaker then ordered Baron Rothschild to withdraw. An animated debate followed as to whether the Baron could be sworn in that way, although he declared that that was the form of oath most binding upon his conscience. He presented himself a second time, when there was another long debate. Ultimately, on the 6th of August, to which the matter was adjourned, the Attorney-General moved two resolutions—first, that Baron Rothschild was not entitled to vote in the House till he took the oath in the form prescribed by law; and, second, that the House would take the earliest opportunity in the next session to consider the oath of abjuration, with a view to the relief of the Jews. These resolutions were carried—the first, by a majority of 92 to 66; the second, by 142 to 106.

In pursuance of this resolution, Lord John Russell, soon after the meeting of Parliament in 1851, introduced his Jewish Emancipation Bill once more. The usual arguments were reiterated on both sides, and the second reading was carried by the reduced majority of 25. In the House of Lords, the second reading was moved by the Lord Chancellor, on the 17th of July, when it was thrown out by a majority of 36. In the meantime, Alderman Salomons had been returned as member for Greenwich, and, following the example of Baron Rothschild, he appeared at the bar, and offered to take the oath on the Old Testament, omitting the phrase, "on the true faith of a Christian." The Speaker then desired him to withdraw; but he took a seat, notwithstanding. The order of the Speaker was repeated in a more peremptory tone, and the honourable member retired to a bench behind the bar. The question of his right to sit was then debated. Sir Benjamin Hall asked the Ministers whether they were disposed to prosecute Mr. Salomons, if he persisted in taking his seat, in order to test his legal right. Lord John Russell having answered in the negative, Mr. Salomons entered the House, amidst loud cries of "Order!" "Chair!" the Speaker's imperative command, "Withdraw!" ringing above all. The Speaker then appealed to the House to enforce his order. Lord John Russell then moved a resolution that he should withdraw. Mr. Bernal Osborne moved an amendment. The House became a scene of confusion; and in the midst of a storm of angry cries and counter-cries, Mr. Anstey moved the adjournment of the debate. The House divided, and Mr. Salomons voted with the minority. The House again divided on Mr. Bernal Osborne's amendment, that the honourable gentleman was entitled to take his seat, which was negatived by 229 against 81. In defiance of this decision, Mr. Salomons again entered and took his seat. He then addressed the House, stating that it was far from his desire to do anything that might appear contumacious or presumptuous. Returned by a large constituency, he appeared in defence of their rights and privileges as well as his own; but whatever might be the decision of the House, he would abide by it, unless there was just sufficient force used to make him feel that he was acting under coercion. Lord John Russell called upon the House to support the authority of the Speaker and its own dignity. Two divisions followed—one on a motion for adjourning the debate, and another on the right of Mr. Salomons to sit, in both of which he voted. The last was carried by a large majority; when the Speaker renewed his order to withdraw, and the honourable gentleman not complying, the Sergeant-at-Arms touched him lightly on the shoulder, and led him below the bar. Another long debate ensued on the legal question; and the House divided on two motions, which had no result. The discussion of the question was adjourned to the 28th of July, when petitions from London and Greenwich, demanding the admission of their excluded representative, came under consideration. The Speaker announced that he had received a letter from Alderman Salomons, stating that several notices of actions for penalties had been served upon him, in consequence of his having sat and voted in the House. A motion that the petitioners should be heard at the bar of the House was rejected; and Lord John Russell's resolution, denying the right of Mr. Salomons to sit without taking the oath in the usual form, was carried by a majority of 55. And so the vexed question was placed in abeyance for another year, so far as Parliament was concerned. But an action was brought in the Court of Exchequer, against Alderman Salomons, to recover the penalty of £500, for sitting and voting without taking the oath. The question was elaborately argued by the ablest counsel. Judgment was given for the plaintiff. There was an appeal from this judgment, by a writ of error, when the Lord Chief Justice Campbell, with Justices Coleridge, Cresswell, Wightman, Williams, and Crompton, heard the case again argued at great length. The Court unanimously decided that the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," formed an essential part of the oath; and that, according to the existing law, the

Jews were excluded from sitting in either House of Parliament. This judgment was given in the sittings after Hilary Term, 1852.

The history of this question of Jewish Emancipation gives proof, as striking as any upon record, of the obstinacy and tenacity of prejudice established by law, although no possible danger could arise to the British Constitution from the admission of the Jews; although Mr. Salomons had been elected Sheriff of London in 1835, and a bill was passed to enable him to act; although the year after, Mr. Moses Montefiore was likewise elected Sheriff of London, and knighted by the Queen; although in 1846 Jews elected to municipal offices were relieved by Parliament from taking the oaths; although Baron Rothschild and Alderman Salomons had been repeatedly elected by immense majorities; although bills for emancipating the Jews, the only class of Her Majesty's subjects still labouring under political disabilities on account of their religion, were passed year after year by the House of Commons, but were indignantly rejected by the House of Lords. At length, in 1858, the Commons were obliged to admit them by a resolution of their own House, and it was not till 1860 that an Act was passed permitting Jewish Members of Parliament to omit from the oath the words "on the true faith of a Christian."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

The session of 1850 was creditably distinguished by the establishment of a policy of self-government for our colonies. They had become so numerous and so large as to be utterly unmanageable by the centralised system of the Colonial Office; while the liberal spirit that pervaded the Home Government, leading to the abolition of great monopolies, naturally reacted upon our fellow-subjects settled abroad, and made them discontented without constitutional rights. It was now felt that the time was come for a comprehensive measure of constitutional government for our American and Australian Colonies; and on the 8th of February, Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, brought the subject before the House of Commons. It was very fully discussed, Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Labouchere, and others who had taken an active part in colonial affairs, being the principal speakers. With regard to Canada, great progress had already been made in constitutional government. The same might be said of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in which the practice of administration closely approximated to the practice in this country. It was determined to introduce representative institutions of a similar kind in the Cape of Good Hope. In Australia it was proposed that there should be but one Council, two-thirds elected by the people, and one-third nominated by the Governor. Mr. Roebuck objected

strongly to the Government measure, because it left the colonists free, to a great extent, to gratify the strong desire almost universally felt among them to have power to choose a constitution for themselves, instead of having a constitution sent out to them, cut and dry. He wanted the House to plant at once liberal institutions there, which would spare the colonists the agony of working out a scheme of government for themselves. He declared that "of all the abortions of an incompetent administration, this was the greatest." A ready-made constitution had been sent out by the Government to South Africa; why, then, could not Parliament send out a ready-made constitution to Australia? Lord John Russell replied to Mr. Roebuck's arguments, and after a lengthened debate, the bill was read a second time. There was strong division of opinion in committee as to whether there should be two chambers or one. Sir W. Molesworth moved an amendment to the effect that there should be two, which was rejected by a majority of 218 against 150. The bill passed the House of Commons on the 18th of May, and on the 31st was brought into the Lords, where also it was subjected to lengthened discussions and various amendments, which caused it to be sent back to the Commons for consideration on the 1st of August. On the motion of Lord John Russell, the amendments were agreed to, and the bill was passed. This was the principal legislative work of the session. These concessions to the colonies were necessary to preserve them to the mother country, as well as to ensure their progress and prosperity. In this respect, says a Conservative historian, "the nation has been deeply indebted to the Liberal administrators who have ruled the country since 1850; for it is doubtful whether the old Tory Government would have been as much impressed as their successors have been with the necessity of yielding on this vital point; yet that it was absolutely necessary is now apparent. Self-government is indispensable to colonies as soon as they have attained anything like mature years, for this plain reason, that it is forced on them by the necessities of their remote and isolated situation; while the same cause renders the Home Government ignorant of their wants and indifferent to their complaints. In every quarter and age of the globe, accordingly, colonies have contended for self-government; and those alone have been prosperous, and laid the foundation of mighty empires, which, springing from popularly-governed nations at home, have successfully asserted their title to establish similar institutions, and enjoy privileges as great in their new seats abroad. Witness the colonies of Greece, Carthage, and Rome, around the Mediterranean Sea, in ancient, and the more wide-spread colonies of Great Britain in modern times."*

Adelaide, Queen Dowager of Great Britain and Ireland, the exemplary wife of William IV., died on the 2nd of December, 1849. She was the eldest daughter of George, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Meiningen, who died when she was only eleven years of age. In July, 1818, she was married to the Duke of Clarence. Strong hopes were entertained that this union would produce an heir to the throne, but after repeated disappointments, they were relinquished. Two daughters were born; but one lived only a few hours, and the other only a few months. When her husband ascended the throne, in 1830, it devolved upon her to effect a reformation in the court, which had been bereft of a queen to preside over its ceremonials, its etiquette, and its morals, for twelve years. She acquitted herself in this difficult position with prudence, firmness, dignity, and conciliation, and succeeded in winning the respect and regard of the whole nation; while the King found in her a devoted wife, who attended him with affectionate assiduity during his long illness. Marlborough House and Bushey Park were assigned for her residence as Queen Dowager, with the magnificent allowance of £100,000 a year. She lived in a state of great retirement, and frequently visited her relatives in Germany. She also spent a portion of her time in Malta and Madeira, for the benefit of her health. Quiet and unobtrusive as Queen Adelaide was, and averse to meddling in politics, she did not altogether escape censure during the stormy period of the Reform agitation; and when the first Melbourne Cabinet was dissolved, in 1834, the *Times* laid the dismissal at her door, in words which were placarded all over the kingdom: "The Queen has done it all." But when the storm passed over, it was felt that she had been wronged; and her mild virtues, active benevolence, Christian spirit, and affable manners, won back the heart of the nation and restored her popularity. When the Princess Victoria, heiress to the throne, reached her eighteenth year, and became competent to reign on the demise of the King, Queen Adelaide acted with a magnanimity rare in the history of courts, and perhaps unprecedented in the history of our own court. She celebrated the auspicious event by a ball of unrivalled magnificence in St. James's Palace.

The King expired with his arm resting upon the Queen's shoulder, and her hand supporting his breast —a position which she had maintained for upwards of an hour before he breathed his last. In the autumn of 1847 she went to Madeira, where she spent the winter. In April she returned to England, and resided during the remainder of her days at Bentley Priory, near Stanmore. She expended a large portion of her income—it is said upwards of £20,000 a year—in charity, being especially munificent towards institutions connected with the navy, to which the late king had belonged. She had left directions with respect to her funeral which showed the tone of her mind. "I die," she said, "in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains may be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as quiet and private a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight; no procession—the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel. All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who wish to attend may do so; my

* Alison, vol. viii., p. 803.

nephew, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lords Howe and Denbigh, the Honourable William Ashley, Mr. Wood, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir D. Davis, with my dressers, and those of my ladies who may wish to attend. I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected or embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible." Signed, "ADELAIDE R.—November, 1849."

She was also careful to express in her will her religious faith, in the following words:—"I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shown me, and in full reliance on the mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ, into whose hands I commit my soul."

Queen Adelaide was soon followed to the grave by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Cambridge, who died on the 8th of July, 1850, rather suddenly, and without suffering. He was the seventh and youngest son of George III., born on the 24th of February, 1774; he was, therefore, seventy-six years of age when he died. He had served in the army under the Duke of York, and as early as 1813 he received a Field-Marshal's baton. From 1815 till 1837 he filled the office of Viceroy of Hanover, which he governed in a just and moderate spirit. When the Duke of Cumberland succeeded to the throne of Hanover, the Duke of Cambridge returned to England, where his affability, good humour, and liberality as patron of the arts, made him very popular. He married in 1818, and left a son and two daughters—his son being the present Commander-in-Chief. He died at Cambridge House, and his remains were interred at Kew Church. He expressed a wish that the imposing parts of the ceremonial at royal interments should be dispensed with, and that his remains should rest among his fellow-parishioners, with whom he had so long dwelt in harmony and goodwill.

The most interesting of all the debates that occurred in the House of Commons during the session of 1850 was that which took place on the foreign policy of the country, particularly with reference to Greece. The House of Lords had passed a vote of censure upon the Government, by a majority of thirty-seven, on a motion brought forward by Lord Stanley, and the public were anxious to see how the House of Commons would deal with that fact. On the 20th of June, Lord John Russell read the resolution, and said, "We are not going in any respect to alter the course of conduct we have thought it right to pursue in respect of foreign powers, in consequence of that resolution." He concluded his speech with the following bold defiance, which elicited general and protracted cheering:—"So long as we continue the government of this country, I can answer for my noble friend (Lord Palmerston) that he will act not as a Minister of Austria, or of Russia, or of France, or of any other country, but as the Minister of England. The honour of England and the interests of England—such are the matters that are within our keeping; and it is to that honour and to those interests that our conduct will in future be, as it has hitherto been, directed."

Mr. Roebuck, the next day, moved a counter resolution in the following terms:—"That the principles which have hitherto regulated the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government are such as were required to preserve untarnished the honour and dignity of this country, and, in times of unexampled difficulty, the best calculated to maintain peace between England and the various nations of the world." He supported this position in an able and lengthened speech. The chief ground of dispute was the demand of Lord Palmerston for compensation to a person named Pacifico, a Jew, and by birth a British subject, who resided at Athens, and whose house had been attacked on a Sunday, his property destroyed, and his family beaten by a mob headed by young noblemen. The Greek Government refused him reparation, and he sought protection from England. There was also the case of Mr. Finlay, whose land was seized in order that it might be converted into a garden for the King of Greece, the owner being refused payment, and Lord Aberdeen, when Foreign Secretary, having applied in vain for redress. Lord Palmerston defended his policy, with his wonted spirit and ability, and with triumphant success. Sir J. Walsh, though differing from him, described his speech as an unrivalled effort of parliamentary eloquence. Mr. Sidney Herbert accused the noble lord of lowering the public character of the nation, and exciting detestation against the British name by his foreign policy. Mr. Gladstone arraigned the conduct of the first Minister in sitting down contentedly under the censure of the House of Lords, by sheltering himself under precedents which were in fact no precedents at all. He charged Lord Palmerston with violating international law, by making reprisals upon Greek property to the extent of £80,000, to satisfy the exorbitant demands of Don Pacifico; the fruit of this policy being humiliation in regard to France, and a lesson received without reply from the autocrat of all the Russias. Mr. Cobden also assailed the policy of Lord Palmerston, and asked if there was no other way of settling such trifling matters than by sending fifteen ships of war into the Greek waters. Lord John Russell defended the policy of the Government, and concluded by declaring that by the verdict of that House and the people of England he was prepared to abide, fully convinced that the Government had preserved at the same time the honour of this country and the blessings of peace. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, maintained that the House of Lords had exercised a solemn duty in pronouncing a censure upon the policy which had led to such terrible results. This debate will be rendered for ever memorable in our annals by the speech of Sir Robert Peel. It was one of the best speeches he ever delivered in that House, and it was his last. He argued strongly against intermeddling with the affairs of foreign nations in order to procure for them free institutions, and concluded with the expression of his belief that the cause of constitutional liberty would only be encumbered by our help; whilst by obtruding it we should involve this country in incalculable difficulties. When the hour for the division

came the House was very full—Ayes, 310; Noes, 264; giving the Government a majority of 46.

On the day after this division a deputation of nearly ninety members of the House of Commons, headed by Lord James Stuart, waited upon Lady Palmerston, and presented her with a full-length portrait of her husband, representing him in an erect posture, in evening dress, and wearing the ribbon of the Order of the Bath. They requested her ladyship to accept of this testimony of their high sense of Viscount Palmerston's public and private character, and of the independent policy by which he maintained the honour and interests of this country. What made this presentation singularly opportune was the fact that, on the same day, a telegraphic despatch had been received from Paris, announcing the settlement of the Greek question.

Only a week after Sir Robert Peel delivered his memorable speech on the foreign policy of the country, his career was suddenly terminated. He met death under circumstances calculated to give an appalling sense of the insecurity of human life. So far as unbounded wealth, employed by the soundest practical wisdom, could guard against ordinary dangers, one might suppose that the life of the great statesman was safe. If there was in the United Kingdom a horse that could be trusted for soundness of limb and perfection of training, we might have supposed that such a horse would be in his possession. Yet he was killed by a fall from his horse—not hunting over a difficult country, but riding leisurely in the park. On the 22nd of June, Her Majesty's third son, Arthur William Patrick Albert, had been baptised, with the usual ceremonial pomp, at Buckingham Palace, and on the 29th Sir Robert Peel had called there, and entered his name in Her Majesty's visiting book. Proceeding thence up Constitution Hill, he had arrived nearly opposite the wicket gate leading into the Green Park, when he met Miss Ellis, one of Lady Dover's daughters, on horseback, attended by a groom. Sir Robert had scarcely exchanged salutes with this young lady when his horse became restive, swerved towards the railing of the Green Park, and threw him sideways on his left shoulder. Two gentlemen who saw the accident immediately ran forward and raised him, holding him in a sitting posture. Dr. Foucart, who also saw the accident, ran up to assist the right honourable baronet, who, in reply to his question, whether he was much hurt, said, "Yes, very much." He then became unconscious, and remained so till he was placed in a carriage, when he revived and said, "I feel better." On being lifted out of the carriage at Whitehall Gardens, he walked with assistance into the house. The effect of meeting his family, however, caused a reaction. He swooned in the arms of Dr. Foucart, and was placed upon a sofa in the nearest apartment, the dining-room, from which he was never removed till his death. Sir Benjamin Brodie, Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, Dr. Seymour, and Mr Hodgson, held a consultation, and attempted to reduce the visible injury; but this caused such agony, that, at the patient's earnest request, the attempt was abandoned. He passed a restless night on Saturday, and continued in a very precarious state on Sunday and Monday. On Monday night he became delirious, calling upon the names of some of his oldest and dearest friends, among which Hardinge and Graham were most frequently on his lips. On Tuesday morning he fell into a sound sleep, after which he felt easier, his mind being quite composed. But at two o'clock on that day symptoms appeared which caused the physicians to abandon all hope. The last rites of the Church were administered by the Bishop of Gibraltar, Dr. Tomlinson, a very old friend. Lady Peel and the members of the family joined in this melancholy communion, Sir Robert being scarcely able to recognise them. Lord Hardinge and Sir James Graham also joined the group of mourners; but the painfully excited feelings of Lady Peel rendered it absolutely necessary to remove her from the apartment. He ceased to breathe about midnight, his great spirit departing peacefully from the earthly tabernacle that had been so suddenly crushed. A post-mortem examination showed that the cause of death was a broken rib on the left side pressing upon the lung. The remains of the illustrious statesman were, according to his own express directions, in a will written while in the plenitude of his power, interred without funeral pomp, at the quiet village of Drayton Bassett, amid the respectful grief of attending thousands, and the universal sorrow of the nation.

The death of no English statesman had ever produced a deeper feeling of grief throughout the nation, or more general expressions of lamentation at the irreparable loss which the country had sustained. Mr. Hume had a motion on the paper for the day following his death; but instead of proceeding with it, he moved the adjournment of the House, as a mark of respect to the memory of the illustrious statesman, whose opponent he had been on that floor for so many years. "It is impossible for me," he said, "to express what I feel so strongly at the great public loss which the right honourable gentleman's death has occasioned. When I contemplate the many sacrifices he has made, the strong feelings and deep interest which have been manifested in this metropolis—and which I am sure will extend throughout the whole country—at this great calamity, I hope I may be excused—even if there should be no precedent, on such an occasion, one so seldom, if ever likely to occur again, at least in my time—for proposing that the House do adjourn without proceeding to any other business." Mr. Gladstone paid an eloquent and touching tribute to his memory, concluding with the lines—

> "Now is the stately column broke,
> The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
> The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
> The warder silent on the hill."

Mr. Napier, Sir Robert Inglis, and Sir William Somerville expressed similar feelings of profound respect for the memory of the departed statesman; and the motion for the adjournment of the House passed unanimously. The House of Lords did not sit on that day; but on the following day the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Stanley, Lord Brougham, and the Duke of Wellington gave

earnest expression to the feelings of their lordships upon the subject of this national bereavement. The Duke of Wellington, in particular, as might be expected, was deeply moved, while expressing his great gratification at what had just been said as to the character of Sir Robert Peel. He added his testimony as to what he believed to be its strongest feature—his truthfulness. "In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel," said the Duke, "I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence; or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." Lord John Russell, who had been absent on the previous day, spoke in the warmest terms of admiration of the late statesman, and avowed his conviction that the harmony which had prevailed for the last two years, and the safety which this country had enjoyed during a period when other nations were visited by the calamity of revolution, had been greatly owing to the course which Sir Robert Peel had thought it his duty to adopt. He concluded by offering, in the name of the Crown, funeral honours similar to those accorded on the death of Pitt or Grattan. But Mr. Goulburne—while expressing in the name of the family of Sir Robert Peel their deep gratitude for the proposition made by the noble lord, the highest tribute which the House of Commons could pay—stated that simplicity and a disdain of ostentation were a distinguishing trait in the character of the deceased; and in a testamentary memorandum, written on the 8th of May, 1844, when he was at the head of a large party, Sir Robert had recorded his desire, which he had since verbally repeated to Lady Peel, to be interred in a vault in the parish church of Drayton Bassett, without funeral pomp. On the 12th of July, pursuant to a motion made by the Prime Minister, the House of Commons went into committee for the purpose of adopting an address to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to order the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Sir Robert Peel. He stated that the Queen, anxious to show the sense which she entertained of the services rendered to the Crown, had directed him to inform Lady Peel that she desired to bestow upon her the same rank that was bestowed upon the widow of Mr. Canning. Lady Peel answered that her wish was to bear no other name than that by which her husband was known to the world, and that a special direction was left by Sir Robert Peel, that none of his family should, after his death, accept any title as a public reward on account of any services he might be supposed to have rendered to the public. Nothing then remained but a public monument; and it was unanimously resolved "that an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying her to give directions that a monument be erected in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster, to the memory of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, with an inscription expressive of the public sense of so great and irreparable a loss, and assuring Her Majesty that this House will make good the expenses attending the same."

The national desire to honour the memory of one of the greatest statesmen in the gallery of illustrious Englishmen was no evanescent feeling. His reputation has been growing year after year since his death; and as the blessings of free trade are more and more appreciated and enjoyed, the public gratitude deepens for the services and sacrifices by which Sir Robert Peel secured the triumph of its principles. It was not in the United Kingdom alone that his loss was felt; the Continent of Europe and the United States of America, as well as our colonies, also deplored the calamity. When the news of his death reached Paris on the 5th of July, M. Dupin, the President of the Assembly, rose and said—"At a moment when a neighbouring and friendly nation is expressing its painful sentiments for the loss which it has recently sustained in the person of one of its most eminent statesmen, I think it would be honouring the French tribune to proclaim here our sympathetic regret, and to manifest our high esteem for that illustrious orator, who, during the whole course of his long and glorious career, was always animated with sentiments of justice and kindness towards France, and ever spoke of its Government in the most courteous terms. In consequence of the adhesion given to my words by the Assembly, they shall be inserted in the *procés verbal*."

CHAPTER X.

Papal Aggression—Apostolic Vicars—Bull of Pope Pius IX.—Pastoral of Cardinal Wiseman—Establishment of a Roman Catholic Hierarchy with Territorial Titles—Public Excitement caused by the Papal Aggression—The Durham Letter—The Speech from the Throne—Discussions on the Subject in the Lords and Commons—Speech of Lord John Russell—The Papal Aggression Bill—Dr. Cullen—The Synod of Thurles—The Bill passes both Houses with large Majorities—Ministerial Crisis—Failure of the Leaders of the Protectionists, or Peelites, to form an Administration—Restoration of the Russell Cabinet—The Great Exhibition of 1851—The Prince Consort—Civic Banquets in London and York—The Royal Commission—Mr. Paxton—The Crystal Palace—Opening of the Exhibition by the Queen—Number of Visitors—Receipts—Brilliant Success of the Exhibition.

FROM the Revolution, 1688, when the Roman Catholic hierarchy was abolished with the arbitrary power of James II., the government of the Roman Catholic clergy was maintained in England by "vicars apostolic." England was divided into four vicariates, and this state of things continued until 1840, when Gregory XVI. ordained a new ecclesiastical division of England, doubling the number of vicariates, which were thenceforward named the London, the Western, the Eastern, the Central, the Welsh, the Lancastrian, the York, and the Northern districts. In consequence of the increase of Roman Catholics in this country, and the removal of their civil disabilities by the Emancipation Act, a desire grew up for the re-organisation of the regular episcopal system of the Church of Rome, and Pius IX. resolved to establish it in 1850. He stated in his brief that he was moved to do this by the fact that the vicars apostolic of

England had unanimously prayed for it, and that "petitions in the same sense had been presented to him by very many among the clergy, and by laymen distinguished by their virtues and birth, and that a desire for the hierarchy was entertained by many amongst the Catholics in England." The Pope therefore stated, "We invoke the most blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God, and the saints who shed the lustre of their virtue upon England, that they would aid us, by their intercession before God, in bringing this matter to a happy issue." He then referred the whole question to the consideration of the Cardinals of the *Propaganda Fide*. Their opinion of one archbishop or metropolitan, and of twelve bishops, his suffragans, through whose zeal and pastoral care we trust that Catholicity will, by the favour of Almighty God, receive fresh increase." "The archbishops and bishops of England" were to "enjoy all the rights and privileges which the Catholic archbishops and bishops in other states have and use, according to the common ordinances of the sacred canons and apostolic constitutions," and were to be "bound by the same obligations." The brief concluded as follows:—"We decree that whatever may be attempted, by whomsoever and by whatsoever authority, wittingly or in ignorance, to set aside

BARON ROTHSCHILD, M.P.

was in accordance with his desire, and he resolved to confirm and carry it into execution; whereupon he said, "Of our own mature and certain knowledge, and of the plenitude of our apostolic authority, we decree and ordain that in the kingdom of England shall again flourish, according to the common laws of the Church, the hierarchy of bishops in ordinary, who shall take their titles from the sees, which we appoint by these presents, in the districts of the several vicars apostolic."

Pius IX. then enumerates the sees and the territorial divisions allotted to each of the bishops, and says, "And thus in the most flourishing kingdom of England there will be only one ecclesiastical province, composed the matters hereinbefore contained, shall be void and of no effect. We will that the same faith which would be given to this expression of our will if this original instrument were produced, shall be given to copies, even printed, of the same, provided they be signed by a notary public, and sealed by a person constituted an ecclesiastical dignity, with his seal. Given at Rome at St. Peter's, under the ring of the Fisherman, on the 30th day of September, in the year 1850, of our pontificate the 5th. "A. CARD. LAMBRUSCHINI."

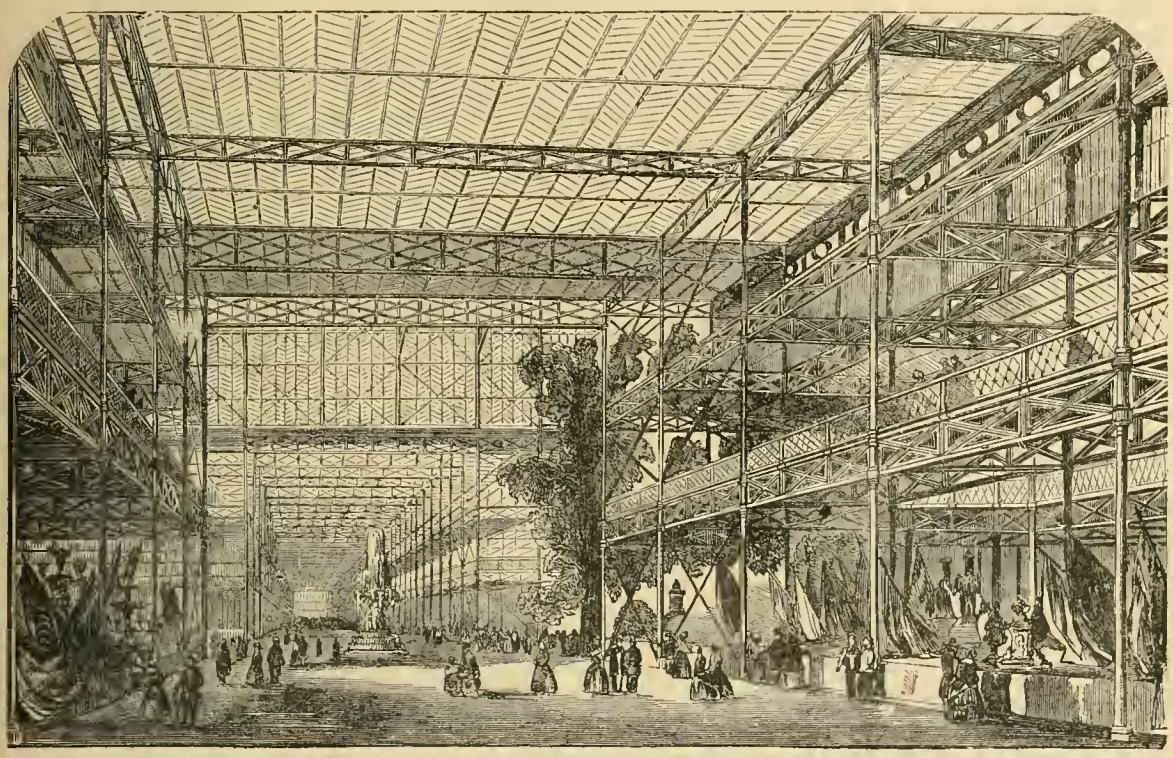
This was accompanied by a "pastoral" headed as follows:—"Nicholas, by the Divine mercy, of the holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Pudentiana, Cardinal

Priest, Archbishop of Westminster, and Administrator Apostolic of the Diocese of Southwark;" and ending in the following words:—"Given out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome, this 7th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1850. (Signed)

"NICHOLAS, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster."

In this document Cardinal Wiseman referred to the "Pope's Letters Apostolic under the Fisherman's ring, conceived in terms of great weight and dignity," in which he substituted for the eight apostolic vicariates one metropolitan and twelve episcopal sees; at the same time creating Dr. Wiseman a cardinal, and appointing him Metropolitan and Archbishop of Westminster. He then proceeded as follows:—"Your beloved country has the overruling of every interest and design, so as to render this measure almost necessary; if the earnest prayers of our Holy Pontiff and his most sacred oblation of the Divine Sacrifice, added to his own deep and earnest reflection, can form to the Catholic heart an earnest of heavenly direction, an assurance that the Spirit of Truth, who guides the Church, has here inspired its Supreme Head, we cannot desire stronger or more consoling evidence that this most important measure is from God, has his sanction and blessing, and will consequently prosper."

He next described "the saints of our country, whether Roman or British, Saxon or Norman, as looking down from their seats of bliss with beaming glance upon this



INTERIOR OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, HYDE PARK.

received a place among the fair churches which, normally constituted, form the splendid aggregate of Catholic communion. Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament, from which its light had long vanished, and begins now anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour. How wonderfully all this has been brought about, how clearly the hand of God has been shown in every step, we have not now leisure to relate; but we may hope soon to recount to you by word of mouth. In the meantime we will content ourselves with assuring you that if the concordant voices of those venerable and most eminent counsellors to whom the Holy See commits the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs in missionary countries; if new evidence of the faith and Church which led them to glory, sympathising with those who have faithfully adhered to them through centuries of ill repute for the truth's sake, and now reap the fruit of their patience and long-suffering." "Oh, how must they bless God," he exclaimed, "who hath again visited his people; how take part in our joy, as they see the lamp of the temple again re-kindled and re-brightening, as they behold the silver links of that chain, which has connected their country with the See of Peter in its vicarial government, changed into burnished gold; not stronger or more closely knit, but more beautifully wrought and more brightly arrayed." The Cardinal concluded by enjoining that his pastoral letter should be read in all the churches and chapels in the diocese of Westminster and the

diocese of Southwark, appointing at the same time various religious solemnities to be observed in order to celebrate the great event.

Perhaps there never was a document published in England that caused so much excitement as this pastoral letter; nor was society ever more violently agitated by any religious question since the Reformation. The pastoral provoked from Lord John Russell a counter-blast in the shape of a letter to the Bishop of Durham, in which he gave deep offence to the Roman Catholics by stating that "the Roman Catholic religion confines the intellect and enslaves the soul." The Protestant feeling in the country was excited in the highest degree. The press was full of the "Papal aggression." Meetings were held upon it almost in every town throughout the United Kingdom. It was alluded to in the speech from the throne, and during the sessions of 1851 and 1852, it occupied a great portion of the time and attention of Parliament. The following passage in reference to it occurred in the Queen's Speech at the opening of the session of 1851:—"The recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles conferred by a foreign power has excited strong feelings in this country, and large bodies of my subjects have presented addresses to me, expressing attachment to the throne, and praying that such assumption should be resisted. I have assured them of my resolution to maintain the rights of my crown, and the independence of the nation, against all encroachment, from whatever quarter it may proceed. I have at the same time expressed my earnest desire and firm determination, under God's blessing, to maintain unimpaired the religious liberty which is so justly prized by the people of this country. It will be for you to consider the measure which will be laid before you on this subject."

In both Houses of Parliament this topic occupied a prominent place in the debates on the Address. The Earl of Effingham, who moved the Address in the House of Lords, declared that the step lately taken by the Pope was such as would never have been tolerated in this country in Roman Catholic times, nor would be tolerated in any Roman Catholic country at the present day. It was necessary, therefore, that this insolent assumption of supremacy should be repressed. He said "they should extinguish the attempt to introduce a Roman Catholic hierarchy into England with territorial designations." Lord Stanley said it was impossible to deny that an insolent aggression had been made on the supremacy of the English crown. It was a political far more than a religious question, and if the Ministry dealt with it fearlessly and vigorously, they would have the assent and support of their political opponents, and of the country at large. Lord Camoys, as a Roman Catholic peer, remarked that he acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope over the Roman Catholic population of this country in spiritual matters; but as to any other assumption of power over this country on the part of the Pope, or any undue exercise of his spiritual power over its population—against any such aggression he felt it his duty to protest. The Marquis of Lansdowne declared that it afforded reason for additional admiration of those sentiments, that they emanated from a nobleman connected by hereditary ties for centuries with the Roman Catholic body in England; and he believed he might safely assert that such sentiments, emanating from such a quarter, would outweigh a hundredfold with the nation the effect of proceedings originating in the most profound ignorance of the past history and present condition and feeling of this country. God forbid that, under the pressure of any circumstances of provocation, they should think of withdrawing the rights and privileges they had given to Roman Catholics. If all the Pope had intended in his bull was to assume a spiritual jurisdiction over Roman Catholics only, why was not that expressed? And if he saw that throughout the document in question the rights of the Crown and the existence of the Protestant hierarchy were studiously and carefully ignored, no person would persuade him that it was by accident, and that the inference of nothing more than spiritual dominion over Roman Catholics being intended, was to be drawn.

Mr. Peto, who seconded the Address in the House of Commons, justified the resistance to Papal aggression upon political rather than religious grounds. Mr. Roebuck, on the other hand, ridiculed the idea that there was any danger from Papal aggression. He said it was no new thing in the country. It began years ago, and had been sanctioned by Lord John Russell himself. How was the prerogative of the Crown assailed, if Dr. Wiseman chose to call himself a cardinal, and put on a large hat and red stockings? He thought it unworthy of the noble lord, so long the advocate of civil and religious liberty, to aid a cry which had its source in some of the vilest passions, and lend the sanction of his great name to the old Puritanical bigotry of England. Lord John Russell drew a distinction between the Church of Rome and the Court of Rome, the latter of which always pursued a policy of aggression, not merely on the spiritual but on the temporal interests of the kingdom with which it was concerned. If nothing but spiritual power was intended, what was the meaning of the passage in Cardinal Wiseman's pastoral—"We govern, and shall continue to govern, the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Hertfordshire?" The noble lord asked, was that a spiritual charge? The answer was given by Mr. Newman, and by the usual organs of the Roman Catholics, both in this country and in France. In reference to the Durham letter, Lord John remarked: "I beg to declare that I have never insulted the feelings of my Roman Catholic countrymen. I made some observations which had reference, not to those to whom the honourable gentleman would apply them, but to a section or body of the Church to which I myself belong. The matter of those observations may have been right or may have been wrong. I do not conceive that any candid Roman Catholic, on perusing them, would feel that they were intended to apply; but it is sufficient for me to state, that in making them I used no stronger terms than I had heard the bishop of my own diocese employ in speaking of the same body in our own Church.

I am firmly persuaded that we have already, in our own public feeling, our own polity, our own public discussion, and in the existing law and authority of Parliament, sufficient to protect the integrity of that civil and religious freedom that all classes of Her Majesty's subjects are so earnest to maintain, against all aggressions of this kind that may be attempted upon them. After all that has arisen to call forth the expression of that feeling, it is upon that feeling I rely with the greatest confidence. It is on the attachment of the people to those institutions, on their deep and earnest feeling for all that regards their welfare and integrity, that I look for the surest protection of this kingdom against the machinations and aggressions of the Court of Rome, or of any other foreign power, spiritual or temporal, whatever."

On the 7th of February the Prime Minister introduced his Papal Aggression Bill. He referred, in connection with the subject, to recent occurrences in Ireland. Dr. Cullen, who had spent most of his life at Rome, had been appointed Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, though his name had not been returned by the parish priests of the diocese, who were accustomed to elect three of their number to be submitted to the Pope as *dignus, dignior, dignissimus*. He was afterwards transferred to Dublin as the more influential post, with the powers of legate, which placed him at the head of the hierarchy. Then there was the synod of Thurles, which condemned the Queen's colleges, and interfered with the land question and other temporal matters. He argued from the terms of the Pope's Bull that there was an assumption of territorial power of which our Roman Catholic ancestors were always jealous. He thought the best course which Cardinal Wiseman could pursue was to renounce his title and reside at Rome; "but if other counsels should prevail, and he should instil motives of ambition and revenge into the Court of Rome, they must prepare for a long and arduous struggle, in which the part he should take would be guided by the principles which had always governed his conduct on those questions." The bill was vehemently opposed by the Irish Roman Catholic members, Mr. J. O'Connell, Mr. Roche, Mr. Moore, Mr. M. J. O'Connell, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Keogh. Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli also opposed the measure, which was supported by the Attorney-General, Lord Ashley, Mr. Page Wood, and Sir G. Grey. Several other members having spoken for and against the bill, its introduction was carried by the overwhelming majority of 395 to 63.

Various alterations were subsequently made in the bill, to prevent its interfering unnecessarily with the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland. The second reading was moved on the 14th of March; a lengthened debate ensued, in the course of which Sir Robert Peel delivered his maiden speech. The right honourable baronet supported the bill with powerful arguments drawn from his diplomatic experience in Switzerland, where he said he had remained a passive observer, witnessing, not without emotion and sympathy, "the mighty struggle of liberty against despotism and intolerance." This first oratorical effort of the son and successor of the illustrious statesman who so long occupied the most prominent place in the House of Commons, was hailed with general and cordial applause. Mr. Cardwell refused his assent to the second reading. He deprecated a little civil war about religious matters, believing that, by supporting the measure, he would affront Protestant England, and do much to render Ireland ungovernable. Lord Palmerston supported the bill, because churches were like corporate bodies, encroaching; because it would supply an omission in the Act of 1829; and as the Church of Rome obeyed that Act, she would also obey this. Sir James Graham, on the contrary, expressed his conviction that the passing of this bill would be a repeal of the Emancipation Act, and then the Dissenters must look about them. Synods were to be proscribed; but if laymen and Dissenting ministers could meet, why should Roman Catholic bishops be interdicted? Step by step we should be led by this measure to the destruction, he feared, not only of religious, but of civil liberty. "We were in this dilemma—that if the measure were cut down, it would be contemptible; if made effectual, we must embark in a course of legislation which would conduct us to a penal code with all its horrors; impotence would be disgraceful; and vigour would be pregnant with danger—a danger, as regarded Ireland, of civil war." Lord John Russell, in replying to the attacks upon the measure, admitted that the bill did not meet every danger we might have to encounter. But he said, "If the spirit lately shown be not checked, if further aggression should take place, if it should be attempted to deprive the people of Ireland of the benefits of mixed education, or if those who serve the Crown are to be menaced with the withdrawal of religious consolations, then other measures might be necessary. He could never consent to identify religious liberty with Papal aggression." Mr. Roebuck ridiculed the alarm about the Pope as a "foreign prince." As a prince, he said, he was nothing; he was without power or an acre of land he could call his own. His power was mere spiritual influence, which no Act of Parliament could restrain. The Attorney-General argued that the effect of the establishment of the Roman canon law in this country would be, that the Court of Chancery would have to enforce the jurisdiction of the bishops. Sir John Young, as an Irish Protestant member, condemned the bill, which would lead to a religious war in Ireland, engendering bitter and lasting animosity, without adding strength to the cause of Protestantism. Mr. H. Grattan denounced the bill as "the reactionary policy of a transition ministry." Mr. A. Beresford Hope considered it "disgraceful to the magnanimity of this country, and discreditable to the civilisation of the Anglo-Saxon race." Mr. Hume regarded it as one of the most unfortunate circumstances of his long parliamentary life. Sir F. Thesiger would vote for the second reading of the bill, because some legislation on the subject was absolutely necessary, though he foresaw how easily the law could be evaded. Mr. Gladstone ably

criticised the bill, and concluded as follows:—"For three hundred years the Roman Catholic laity and secular clergy—the moderate party—had been struggling, with the sanction of the British Government, for this very measure, the appointment of diocesan bishops, which the extreme party—the regulars and cardinals at the Court of Rome—had been all along struggling to resist. The present legislation would drive the Roman Catholics back upon the Pope, and, teazing them with a miniature penal law, would alienate and estrange them. Religious freedom was a principle which had not been adopted in haste, and had not triumphed till after half a century of agonising struggles; and he trusted we were not now going to repeat Penelope's process without her purpose, and undo a great work which had been accomplished with so much difficulty."

Mr. Disraeli expressed his sentiments, and those of his party, upon the general question and the particular measure. He denied that the Pope was without power. He was a prince of very great, if not the greatest power, his army being a million of priests; and was such a power to be treated as a Wesleyan Conference, or like an association of Scotch Dissenters? Sir George Grey having replied to the objections of Mr. Gladstone and others, the House divided, when the second reading was carried by a still greater majority than the first, the numbers being—for the bill, 438; against it, 95: majority, 343.

Considering that Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and all the leading Peelites, as well as Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Bright, and the advanced Liberals, joined the Roman Catholics on this occasion, the minority was surprisingly small, showing how deep and wide-spread was the national feeling evoked by the Papal aggression. Several amendments were moved in committee; but they were nearly all rejected by large majorities. On the 27th of June, Sir F. Thesiger proposed certain amendments with a view of rendering the measure more stringent, when about 70 Roman Catholic members retired from the House in a body. Lord John Russell, alluding to this "significant and ostentatious retirement," said it would not save them from the responsibility, as it would cause the passing of the amendments. They were accordingly carried against the Government. On the 4th of July, the day fixed for the third reading, Lord John Russell moved that those amendments should be struck out. One of them was that it should be penal to publish the Pope's Bulls, as well as to assume territorial titles; and another, to enable common informers to sue for penalties. There was a division on each of these clauses. The question was then put by the Speaker, "that this bill do now pass." Another long debate was expected; but no one rising at the moment, the division was abruptly taken, with the following result:—For the third reading, 263; against it, 46: majority, 217.

On the 21st of July the bill was introduced, by the Marquis of Lansdowne, into the Upper House. The debate there was chiefly remarkable for the speech of Lord Beaumont, a Roman Catholic peer, who gave his earnest support to the bill as a great national protest, which the necessity of the case had rendered unavoidable. No man who spoke on the subject in either House described more accurately the policy against which he protested. In reply to the statement that the Pope had sacrificed some portion of his authority in substituting a regular hierarchy for vicars apostolic, he showed from the appointment of the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, that the Pope had assumed an arbitrary power in Ireland, which he was prepared also to exercise in England, by the absolute appointment of all the Roman Catholic prelates. These recent proceedings of the Court of Rome were evidently intended for the purpose of drawing over to Ultramontane opinions all the educated and free-minded Roman Catholics, who, in this country, had declared their adhesion to liberal institutions. The further purpose of those proceedings, he fully believed, was to influence popular education, and, amongst other things, to destroy the greatest boon ever conferred on Ireland—the Queen's Colleges.

The Duke of Wellington remarked that "the Pope had appointed an Archbishop of Westminster; had attempted to exercise authority over the very spot on which the English Parliament was assembled. And under the sanction of this proceeding, Cardinal Wiseman made an attack upon the rights of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. That this was contrary to the true spirit of the laws of England, no man acquainted with them could doubt, for throughout the whole of our statutes affecting religion, we had carefully abstained from disturbing the great principles of the Reformation. If, in their legislation on this subject, they did what was necessary for protecting the religious liberties of the people, and no more, they might rely upon the cordial support of England, and of the better portion of Ireland; he should, therefore, give his vote, without hesitation, in favour of the motion that the bill be then read a second time."

Lord Lyndhurst supported the bill in an elaborate and able speech. "The late Pope," he said, "in a letter to the Bishops of Belgium, declared 'liberty of conscience' to be an 'absurd and erroneous maxim—a wild notion,' which he rejected with disdain. Their principles were immutable. Now, as much as 300 years ago, their aim was domination—hesitating when it was politic, blinking when it was necessary, advancing when they might with safety. The provisions of the Relief Act had been totally disregarded in Ireland. Titles had been assumed, the Jesuits recalled, and twenty monasteries of men established. The national election of a Roman Catholic primate had been overruled by the Pope, a synod established, and the Queen's Colleges, when they could not be sapped and perverted, had been condemned. Such were the evidences of the unchanging designs of that Church." Here then, Lord Lyndhurst said, he would make his stand. In adhering to the principles of the bill he acted on a maxim, *principiis obsta;* for while retracting nothing which he had conceded to toleration, not one step would he yield to ascendancy or domination. The Earl of St. Germains looked with dismay to the effect of the bill on

Ireland; they might put down rebellion, but how were they to contend with

> "The unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield?"

The second reading was carried in this House also by an overwhelming majority, the numbers being—for the bill, 265; against it, 38. On the 29th of July it was read a third time and passed, and shortly afterwards received the Royal assent, after occupying nearly the whole of the session. So far as the assumption of titles is concerned, and the actual establishment and working of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, the act has undoubtedly proved a dead letter; but it is not to be inferred from this fact that it has not substantially answered its purpose in materially restraining aggression and keeping our jurisprudence clear of the Roman canon law. Cardinal Wiseman and his suffragans in England, on the whole, wisely pursued a moderate and conciliatory course. But a very different course might have been pursued, had not the national feeling been so strongly expressed and been legally embodied in the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act.

Lord John Russell's Administration had been for some time in a tottering state. Early in the session of 1851, the Government was defeated on a motion by Mr. Locke King, for leave to bring in a bill to make the franchise in counties in England and Wales the same as in boroughs; that is, the occupation of a tenement of the annual value of £10. The motion was carried against the Government by a majority of forty-eight. The Budget came on shortly after, and gave so much dissatisfaction, that there was a general conviction on the public mind that the Cabinet could not hold together much longer. It was felt that the times required a strong Government; but this had become gradually one of the weakest. The announcement of its resignation, therefore, excited no surprise; but the anxiety to learn what would be the new Ministerial arrangements was evinced by the crowded state of the House of Commons on Friday, the 21st of February. On the order for going into Committee of Ways and Means being read, the Prime Minister rose, and requested that it might be postponed till the 24th. On the 24th both Houses were full. In the Upper House, Lord Lansdowne stated that in consequence of divisions which had recently taken place in the House of Commons, the Ministers had unanimously resigned; that Lord Stanley had been sent for by the Queen, and a proposal was made to him to construct a government, for which he was not then prepared. Lord Stanley gave an account of his gracious reception by Her Majesty, but reserved his reasons for declining to undertake the task. In the Lower House, on the same evening, Lord John Russell stated that Her Majesty had sent for Lord Stanley, who had declined to form an administration, and that Her Majesty had then asked him to undertake the task of re-constructing one, which he said he had agreed to do. He asked the House to adjourn to the 28th, and when that day arrived, matters were still in a state of confusion. Lord John Russell had failed to re-construct his cabinet; Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham had refused to concur in forming an administration. Lord Stanley had also failed in a similar attempt, and the Queen was at last obliged to send for the Duke of Wellington, in order to have the benefit of his advice. The Marquis of Lansdowne stated that for his part there was one sacrifice which he could never be called upon to make, and that was the sacrifice of dignity which would attend the prolonged attempt to carry on the Government without the support of Parliament. From explanations given by Lord Aberdeen, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell himself, it appeared that the attempts to re-construct the Cabinet, or to form a new one, arose from two difficulties in the way of any coalition between the leaders of existing parties—free trade, and the Ecclesiastical Titles, Bill. There could be no union between the Whigs and the Peelites on account of the latter, nor between the Peelites and the Protectionists on account of the former. Lord Stanley remarked that the Peelites, with all their ability and official aptitude, seemed to exercise their talents solely to render any ministry impossible. A partly Protectionist Administration was out of the question, as it would have to contend against a large majority in the House of Commons. In this dilemma the Queen sent for the Duke of Wellington, and he advised Her Majesty that the best course she could adopt under the circumstances was to recall her late advisers; and Lord John Russell's Cabinet resumed their offices accordingly in exactly the same position that they had been before the resignation.

The year 1851 will be for ever memorable in our history by the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. The idea originated with the Prince Consort, who took a lively interest in everything that tended to promote industrial progress, and to improve the public taste. As President of the Society of Arts, his attention had been attracted to the "Expositions" at Paris, under the guidance of the Minister of the Department of Commerce and Industry; and his Royal Highness thought that an Exhibition of the same kind in London, open to competitors from all nations, would be useful in a variety of ways, especially in uniting together the people of various countries by the bonds of mutual interest and sympathy. The proposal was embraced with alacrity by the English public.

On the 21st of March, 1850, the Lord Mayor of London gave a splendid banquet at the Mansion House to the chief magistrates of the cities, towns, and boroughs of the United Kingdom, to stimulate, by the friendly intercourse of a dinner, their united interest in the proposed Exhibition. H.R.H. Prince Albert was also his lordship's guest, a chief point of the union being the introduction of these dignitaries to the illustrious projectors of the Exhibition. The hall was specially adorned for the occasion in the most magnificent style, with arms of the countries and corporations, trophies characterising local industry, painted windows, allegorically representing the pacific and commercial influences of the Exhibition, &c. Before the banquet, Prince Albert held a levée in the grand drawing-room of the

Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presenting the first magistrates of 202 English cities and boroughs, ten Scotch provosts, and five Irish mayors. The general company included the Archbishop of Canterbury, foreign ministers, leading statesmen of all parties, the Commissioners of the Exhibition, the aldermen, masters of companies, chairmen of committees in Common Council, and some leading gentlemen connected with the City.

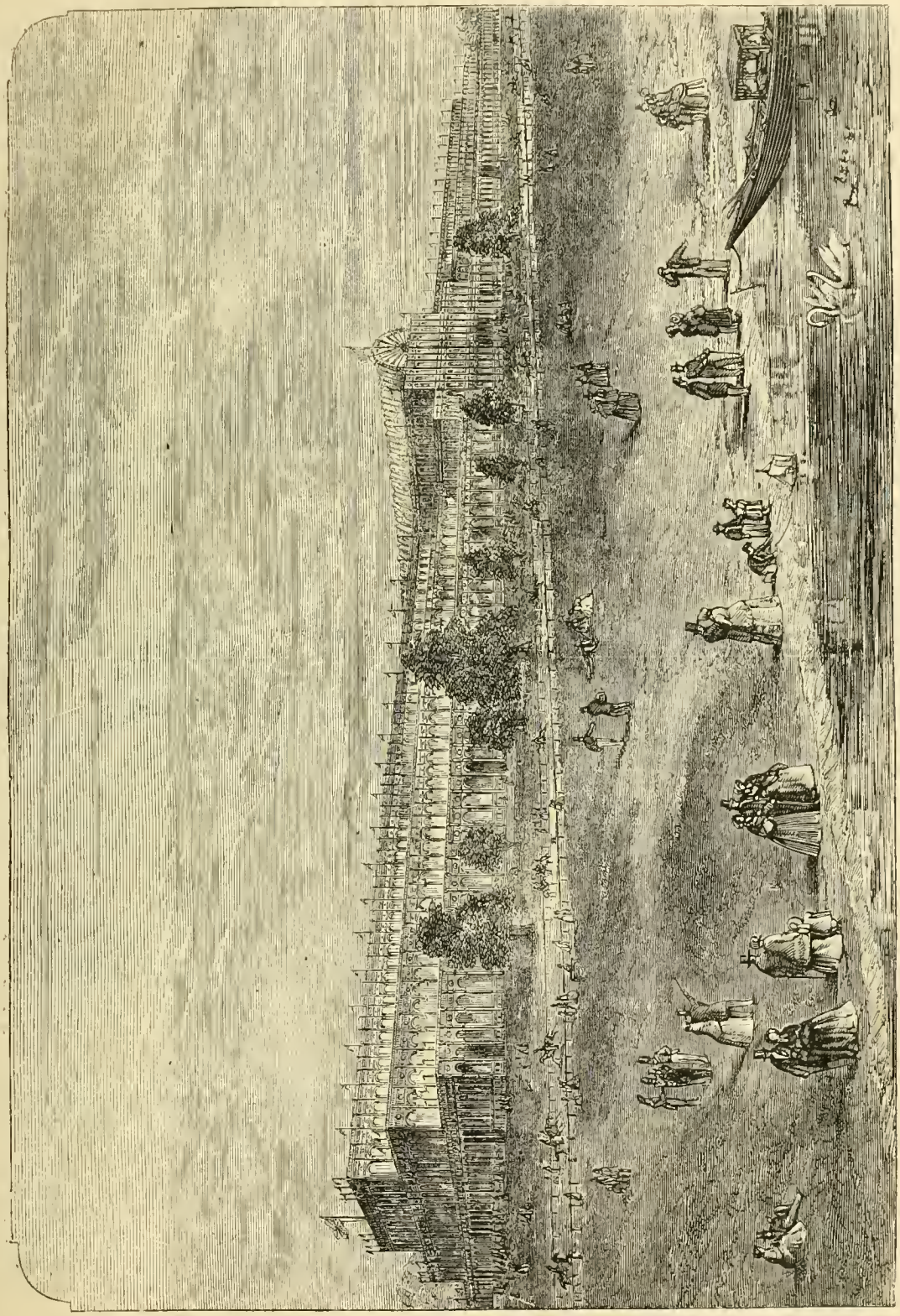
The banquet over, His Royal Highness addressed the guests in an admirable speech, in which the tendencies of the age, the modern developments of art and science, the rapid intercommunication of thought, all realising the unity of mankind, were strikingly presented. The Ministers, past and present, the foreign ambassadors, prelates, and peers, vied with each other in expressing the high value they attributed to the design for the Exhibition.

A similar banquet was given by the Lord Mayor of York, when the Prince Consort and the Lord Mayor of London, the Prime Minister, the Earl of Carlisle, and many of the nobility, were present. The Archbishop of York and the High Sheriff of Yorkshire headed the provincial guests, while the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and the Lord Provost of Glasgow appeared as the chiefs of the municipal magistrates. The ancient capital of the North brought forth upon that occasion a gorgeous display of historical memorials. There was a collection of maces, state swords, and various civic insignia belonging to corporate bodies, wreathed with flowers and rare evergreens, through which gleamed the bosses and incrustations of gold on the antique maces that had been wielded by generations of mayors, with the velvet shields and gaudy mountings of gigantic swords of state. Among the ornaments appeared the jewelled, bestudded mace of Norwich, presented by Queen Elizabeth. York, on this occasion, surpassed the City of London in the splendour of the banquet; while, with regard to the viands, M. Soyer exerted his genius to the uttermost. The Prince, in returning thanks for his health, paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the late Sir Robert Peel.

A Royal Commission was appointed to manage the undertaking. Hyde Park was fixed upon as the most appropriate site for the building, and Mr. Paxton, though not an architect, had the honour of furnishing the plan of the Crystal Palace. It was chiefly composed of iron and glass, being 1,848 feet long, 408 feet broad, and 66 feet high, crossed by a transept 108 feet high and also 408 feet in length, for the purpose of enclosing and encasing a grove of noble elms. Within, the nave presented a clear, unobstructed avenue, from one end of the building to the other, 72 feet in span, and 64 feet in height. On each side were aisles 61 feet wide, horizontally divided into galleries, which ran round the whole of the nave and transept. The wings exterior to the centre or nave on each side had also galleries the same height, the wings themselves being broken up into a series of courts each 48 feet wide. The Palace was within 10 feet of being twice the width of St Paul's and four times the length. The number of columns used in the entire edifice was 3,230. There were 34 miles of gutters for carrying off the rain-water to the columns, which were hollow, and served as water-pipes, 202 miles of sash bars, and 900,000 superficial feet of glass, weighing upwards of 400 tons. The building covered about 18 acres of ground, and with the galleries gave an exhibiting surface of 21 acres, with 8 miles of tables for laying out goods.

The plan was accepted on the 26th July, 1850; and Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co. became the contractors, for the sum of £79,800, if the materials should remain their property, they being at the expense of removal; or £150,000, if the materials became the property of the Commissioners. It actually cost £176,030. The first column was fixed on the 26th of September; the contract to deliver over the building complete to the Commissioners on the 31st of December was virtually performed; and on the 1st of January, 1851, the Commissioners occupied the vast space with their carpenters, painters, and various artisans. The Crystal Palace excited universal admiration, from the wonderful combination of vastness and beauty; from its immense magnitude, united with lightness, symmetry, and grace, as well as admirable adaptation to its purpose. And when it was fully furnished and open to the public on the 1st of May, 1851, the visitor felt as if he had entered a fairy-like scene of enchantment, a palace of beauty and delight, such as one might suppose mortal hands could not create. The effect on the beholder far surpassed all that its most sanguine projectors could have anticipated.

The scene never can be forgotten by any one who had the good fortune to witness the opening, on that beautiful May morning, by the Queen and Prince Albert, followed in procession through the building by a long train of courtiers, ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, and civic dignitaries; while the sun shone brightly through the glass roof upon trees, flowers, banners, and the picturesque costumes of all nations, the great organ, at the same time, pealing gloriously through the vast expanse, which was filled by a dense mass of human beings, representing the grandeur, wealth, beauty, intelligence, and enterprise of the civilised world. The number of exhibitors exceeded 17,000, of whom upwards of 3,000 received medals. It continued open from the 1st of May till the 15th of October, altogether 144 days, during which it was visited by 6,170,000 persons, giving an average daily attendance of 43,536. The greatest number in one day (October 8) was 109,760. The greatest number in the Palace at any one time was 93,000, which surpassed in magnitude any number ever assembled together under one roof in the history of the world. The charges for admission were half-a-crown on particular days and one shilling on ordinary days. The receipts, including season tickets, amounted to £505,107, leaving a surplus of about £150,000, after paying all expenses; so that the Exhibition was in every sense pre-eminently successful.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

No. 375.

CHAPTER XI.

France—Differences between the President and the Assembly—Solemn Vows and Protestations of Louis Napoleon in favour of the Inviolability of the Constitution—Secret Preparations for the *Coup d'état*—Selection of Trusty Associates—The *Coup d'état*—Arrest of the leading Members of the Assembly, the Members of the Government, and the Generals of the Army, in the middle of the night—Their Incarceration—Conduct of Louis Napoleon during the progress of these events—Expulsion of the Assembly by the Military—Their Impeachment by the President—The Judges of the Supreme Court dragged from the Bench—Massacre of the Citizens by the Military—Proclamations by the President and his Agents in the Conspiracy—Election of the President for ten years by Universal Suffrage, the alternative being Louis Napoleon or Anarchy—Lord Palmerston expresses his approval of the *Coup d'état*, and is dismissed—Fall of the Russell Administration—General Election—The Derby Cabinet and its Measures—The Militia Act—Resignation of Lord Derby—The Coalition Ministry under the Earl of Aberdeen—Death of the Duke of Wellington—His Funeral.

WE have already seen how solemnly and vehemently Louis Napoleon, when President of the French Republic, vowed to maintain the constitution. These vows were repeated from time to time in his speeches and declarations, which he was always ready to volunteer. So late as November 13th, 1851, he gave his idea of the criminality which would be involved in violating the constitution which he had sworn to maintain:—"He considered," he said, "as great criminals those who, by personal ambition, compromised the small amount of stability secured by the constitution. * * * That if the constitution contained defects and dangers, the Assembly was competent to expose them to the eyes of the country; but that he alone, bound by his oath, restrained himself within the strict limits traced by that act." He declared, that "the first duty of the authorities was to inspire the people with respect for the law, by never deviating from it themselves; and that his anxiety was not," he assured the Assembly, "to know who would govern France in 1852, but to employ the time at his disposal so that the transition, whatever it might be, should be effected without agitation or disturbance; for the noblest object, and the most worthy of an exalted mind, is not to seek, when in power, how to perpetuate it, but to labour incessantly to fortify, for the benefit of all, those principles of authority and morality which defy the passions of mankind and the instability of laws."

The National Assembly, however, had strongly suspected him for some time to be entertaining treasonable designs, and plotting the ruin of the Republic. One of the symptoms of this state of mind was found in the rumours propagated in France about the failure of parliamentary government, and the designs of the Red Republicans. In this way vague fears were generated that another sanguinary revolution was impending, and that, in order to save the state, it was necessary to have a strong government. In fact, the conviction gained ground that a monarchical *régime* was the best fitted for France. The army was probably inclined the same way. The first thing the President did, of course, was to sound its disposition, and ascertain how far he might be able to wield its irresistible power against the liberties of his country. But, however the soldiers might be disposed to aid his designs, it was well known that its generals would not allow a shot to be fired, without orders from the Minister of War; and the man who held that post was not a character likely to lend himself as the instrument of a treasonable plot. Louis Napoleon therefore found it necessary to enlist others in his service. The principal of these were daring and needy adventurers, namely—M. Morny, a great speculator in shares; Major Fleury, a young officer who had squandered his fortune in dissipation, entered the army as a common soldier, and risen from the ranks; St. Arnaud, an Algerian officer; M. Maupas, who had been a prefect, and had been guilty of conspiracy to destroy innocent persons by a false accusation of treason; and Persigny, a man who had descended from a noble family, but had entered the army as a non-commissioned officer. St. Arnaud was made Minister of War, and Maupas Prefect of Police. The National Guard was kept from acting by superseding General Perrot, who was insulted by an offensive appointment on his staff, which had the desired effect of compelling him to resign. General Lawestine was appointed in his stead. General Magnan, the Commander-in-Chief of the army at Paris, readily entered into the plot. He filled the garrisons of the city with regiments that he could rely upon, and which were known to be exasperated against the people, in consequence of former conflicts and recent proceedings in the Assembly. Magnan, however, requested that he might not be apprised of what he was required to do till the moment for acting arrived; so that he might be able to produce the order of the Minister of War as his warrant for acting, without being implicated in any plot. On the 27th of November he invited twenty generals who were under his command to meet at his house. There they matured their plans, and after vows of mutual fidelity, they solemnly embraced one another. In the meantime the common soldiers were pampered with food and wine, stimulated by flattery and exasperated by falsehood against the "Bedouins" of Paris. On Monday night, the 1st of December, the President had an assembly at the Elysée, which included Ministers and others who were totally ignorant of the plot. The company departed at the usual hour, and at eleven o'clock only three of the guests remained—Morny, who had shown himself at one of the theatres, Maupas, and St. Arnaud. These, with Colonel Beville, an orderly, and Mocquard, the President's private secretary, went together into a cabinet.

Meantime the State printing-office was surrounded by *gendarmerie*, and the compositors were all made prisoners, and compelled to print a number of documents which had been sent from the President.* These were a number of decrees, which appeared on the walls of Paris at daybreak next morning, to the utter astonishment of the population. They read in them that the National Assembly was dissolved, that the Council of State was dissolved, and that universal suffrage was re-established. They read an attack upon the Assembly, in which it was charged with forging arms for

* "Invasion of the Crimea," by J. A. Kinglake, vol. i., page 237.

civil war, with provocations, calumnies, and outrages against the President. These things were said to be done by the men who had already destroyed two monarchies, and who wanted to overthrow the republic; but he, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, would baffle their perfidious projects. He submitted to them, therefore, a plan of a new constitution: a responsible chief, named for ten years, ministers dependent on the executive alone, a council of state, a legislative corps, a second chamber—in fact, a Napoleonic constitution. There was also an appeal to the army, which told the soldiers to be proud of their mission, for they were to save their country, and to obey him, the legitimate representative of the national sovereignty. He told them that their enemy, the Assembly, had ceased to exist, and that they, the *élite* of the nation, had been treated as a vanquished army in 1830 and 1848. He did not speak to them of the recollections attached to his name, they were engraven on their hearts. "Your history," he said, "is mine. There is between us and the past a community of glory and misfortunes. There shall be in the future a community of sentiments and resolutions for the repose and grandeur of France."

At half-past six o'clock in the morning M. de Morny took possession of the Hotel of the Interior, accompanied by 250 Chasseurs de Vincennes. The army and the police were distributed through the town and had all received their respective orders. Among these were the arrest of seventy-eight persons, of whom eighteen were representatives and sixty alleged chiefs of secret societies and barricades. All these arrests were effected accordingly. At the appointed minute, and while it was still dark, the designated houses were entered. The most famous generals of France were seized and dragged forth from their beds—Changarnier, Bedeau, Lamoricière, Cavaignac, Leflo—all were placed in carriages, ready at their doors to receive them, and conveyed to prison through the sleeping city. Precisely at the same moment the chief members and officers of the Assembly shared the same fate.

All the trusted chiefs and guides of the people being thus disposed of, De Morny from the Home Office touched the chords of centralisation, and conveyed to every village in France the unbounded enthusiasm with which the still sleeping city had hailed the joyful news of the revolution which had been effected. When the free members of the Assembly heard of the arrest of their brethren, they ran to the Hôtel de Ville, the entrance of which was guarded. Those who had got in by a private passage were rudely expelled, some of them being violently struck by the soldiers. They then reassembled at the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement, at which they passed the following resolution:—"By this act merely the President is deprived of all authority. The citizens are bound to withhold their obedience. The executive power passes in full right to the National Assembly. The judges of the High Court of Justice will meet immediately, under pain of forfeiture; they will convoke the juries in the place which they will select to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; they will nominate the magistrates charged to fulfil the duties of public ministers. And seeing that the National Assembly is prevented by violence from exercising its powers, it decrees as follows, viz., Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is deprived of all authority as President of the Republic. The citizens are enjoined to withhold their obedience. Consequently, all the officers and functionaries of power and of public authority are bound to obey all requisitions made in the name of the National Assembly, under pain of forfeiture and high treason. Done and decreed unanimously in public sitting, this 2nd of December, 1851."

"In the course of the morning, the President, accompanied by his uncle, Jerome Bonaparte, and Count Flahault, and attended by many general officers, and a numerous staff, rode through some of the streets of Paris. It would seem that his theatric bent had led Prince Louis to expect from this ride a kind of triumph, upon which his fortunes would hinge; and certainly the unpopularity of the Assembly, and the suddenness and perfection of the blow which he had struck during the night, gave him fair grounds for his hope; but he was hardly aware of the light in which his personal pretensions were regarded by the keen, laughing people of Paris. * * Thenceforth, for the most part, he remained close shut up in the Elysée. There, in an inner room, still decked in red trousers, but with his back to the daylight, they say he sat bent over a fireplace for hours and hours together, resting his elbows on his knees, and burying his face in his hands. What is better known is, that in general, during this period of danger, tidings were not suffered to go to him straight. It seems that, either in obedience to his own dismal mistrust, or else because his associates had determined to prevent him from ruining them by his gloom, he was kept sheltered from immediate contact with alarming messengers. It was thought more wholesome for him to hear what Persigny or the resolute Fleury might think it safe to tell him, than to see with his own eyes an aide-de-camp fresh come from St. Arnaud or Magnan, or a commissary full fraught with the sensations which were shaking the health of Maupas." *

The Chamber was not long permitted to deliberate in peace. A band of soldiers, headed by their officers, sword in hand, appeared at the door, but did not enter. They hesitated, evidently from shame of the infamous part they had to play. The officer sent for further orders. Two commissaries of police soon entered, and summoned the representatives to disperse. "Retire," said the President. One of the commissaries was agitated and faltered, the other was rude and insolent. "Sir," said the President, "we are here the lawful authority; sole representatives of law and order." After some hesitation the commissaries seized the President by the collar, and dragged him forth. The whole body then rose, 220 in number, and declaring that they yielded

* Kinglake, vol. i., p. 245.

to force, walked out, two and two, between files of soldiery. In this way they were marched through the street, General Forey riding beside the column. They passed through Rue de Grenelle, the Rue St. Guillaume, the Rue de l'Université, the Rue de Beuné, and into the Quai d'Orsay, where they were shut up in the barracks, without any accommodation for their comfort. During the day eleven more deputies were brought to the barracks, three of whom came for the express purpose of being incarcerated with their brethren. Night was coming on, and it was wet and cold, yet the Assembly was left for two hours in the open air, as if the usurpers did not deign to remember its existence. It contained nearly all the Frenchmen that were favourably known in Europe. Few were absent, except those who, like Molé, had not been permitted to reach their colleagues.

The unanimity of these martyrs of constitutional government was as wonderful as it was noble. Some were there who, like the Duc de Broglie, had come to the post of danger and of honour though suffering from illness. M. Kerratry, the father of the Assembly, was obliged to be seated in a straw chair while waiting in the barrack-yard. The imprisoned Assembly included the illustrious names of Thiers, Berryer, Odillon Barrot, Dufaure, Remusat, Gustave de Beaumont, De Tocqueville, &c. There were among them twelve ex-ministers, nine of whom had served under Louis Napoleon; there were eight members of the Institute; and all of them were men of tried loyalty, who had struggled for three years to defend society against anarchy. After being left for hours on a winter's evening in the open air, the Assembly were driven into the barrack rooms up-stairs, where they were left without fire, almost without food, and were obliged to lie upon the bare boards.

But there remained for representative France another indignity, a cruel degradation, which the French must be the most volatile, or the most enslaved of people, ever to forget or forgive. It was a deed of darkness, and therefore it was put off till ten o'clock at night. Most of the 220 members of Parliament were thrust into large prison vans, like felons, and were carried off, some to the fort of Mont Valerien, some to the fortress of Vincennes, and some to the prison of Mazas. Before dawn on the 3rd of December, all the great statesmen and great generals of France, all the men who had made her name respected abroad, were lying in prison. No *coup d'état* so audacious as this had ever occurred in Europe since the worst days of the Roman empire. The men who had committed this great crime were Louis Bonaparte, Morny, Maupas, St. Arnaud, Persigny, and Fleury.

All the constituted authorities were true to themselves in this great emergency. We have seen how nobly the members of the Assembly stood together. The High Court of Justice acted with equal dignity and courage. It met on the 2nd of December, and having referred to the placards that had been issued that morning, made provision for the impeachment of Louis Napoleon and his fellow-conspirators. But while the court was sitting, an armed force entered the hall, and drove the judges from the bench. Before they were thrust out, they adjourned the court to "a day to be named hereafter," and they ordered a notice of impeachment to be served upon the President at the Elysée.

These astounding acts did not produce the alarm that might have been expected. They were felt to be so illegal and extravagant, that they must prove abortive. Hitherto Louis Napoleon was not regarded with terror, as the inscrutable and the unpitying, but rather with a feeling of contempt and derision by the citizens of Paris. They thought he was performing a hideous burlesque, and they jeeringly called him "Soulouque," after the negro emperor, who had travestied the achievements of the great Napoleon. But the citizens had been disarmed; the leaders of the Faubourgs had been carried off by the police. In the absence of such leaders, the members of the Assembly who happened to be at large called upon the people to resist the usurpers. During the night of the 3rd, therefore, barricades were rapidly erected along the streets which lie between the Hotel de Ville and the Boulevards Montmartre and des Italiens. But the troops were ready for action, 48,000 strong, including cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers, and gendarmes. They had been supplied with rations, wine, and spirits in abundance. They had been ordered to give no quarter, either to combatants or to bystanders; but to clear the streets at any cost. Everything had been done to exasperate the soldiers against the citizens, to work them up to a pitch of fury, so that they might perform their bloody task without shrinking or remorse. Magnan's conscience, however, caused him to hesitate long, and was on the point of making a coward of him. There was a small barricade which crossed the boulevard close to the Gymnase Theatre, which was occupied by a small advanced guard of the insurgents; and facing this, fifty yards off, was an immense column of troops, which occupied the whole boulevard, and also the whole way to the Madeleine. The windows and balconies along the line were filled with ladies and gentlemen, gazing at the grand military spectacle, which seemed only to be a demonstration to overawe the disaffected, there being no visible enemy to contend with. The foot pavements were also crowded with men and women, all looking on in the most peaceable and orderly manner, without a thought of resistance or of danger.

An English gentleman, Captain Jesse, who had from his window an uninterrupted view of the scene for 1,000 yards, gave a vivid description of what he witnessed.* The whole boulevard, as far as his eye could reach, was crowded with troops, principally infantry, with here and there batteries of 12-pounders and howitzers. The mounted officers were smoking their cigars. Suddenly a few musket shots were fired at the head of the column. The troops returned the

* Letter in the *Times*, 13th December, 1851.

fire so regularly, that it seemed at first a *feu-de-joie*. The column advanced, still firing, and to the utter consternation of the spectators, the shots were directed at the windows and balconies, shivering the panes of glass, smashing the mirrors, rending the curtains, and rattling against the walls. This continued for a quarter of an hour, the inhabitants endeavouring to save themselves by lying prostrate on the floor and flying to the back apartments. There is no doubt that this fusilade was the result of a panic among the troops, who apprehended an attack from the windows. Many persons were shot down in the streets, some endeavouring to escape into the houses. Next day pools of blood were to be seen round the trees along the boulevard. Fortunately the massacre did not last long. When the barricade of St. Denis had been carried, the insurrection was at an end; but while it did last, it was fearful. The soldiers fired point blank into the crowd; the people rushed in wild confusion seeking shelter, many of them crawling on their hands and knees to escape the deadly shot. "The soldiers loaded and re-loaded with a strange industry, and made haste to kill and kill, as though their lives depended upon the quantity of the slaughter they could get through in some given period of time. When there was no longer a crowd to fire into, the soldiers would aim carefully at any single fugitive."* Even those who appealed to them for mercy were ordered off, and shot running. It was a perfect slaughter while it lasted. Some awful spectacles presented themselves to the citizens next morning. Here and there were small heaps of corpses, as if the dying had fallen over one another. Here was a venerable old man with silver hair, whose only weapon was the umbrella that lay by his side. Here was a gay idler, shot in front of the café, with a cigar in his hand. Next was a printer's boy, the proof-sheets grasped firmly in his hand, stained with gore and fluttering in the wind. Many women and children were victims. One woman fell dead clasping her murdered infant in her arms. In some places the boulevards were "perfect shambles," and everywhere along the line the passengers were obliged to pick their steps through the pools of blood upon the pavement. The soldiers broke into many houses, and hunted the inmates from floor to floor till they found them, and killed them crouching in corners. As many as fourteen were thus slaughtered in one shop, behind a pile of carpets. Sometimes even the prisoners that had been taken were turned out and shot. One hundred insurgents were slaughtered behind the porch of St. Denis. So deliberate and determined were the officers in the work of slaughter, that the citizens were allowed to give up their effects to be sent to their wives or mothers, and were then shot in cold blood.

In order to save the conspirators from the effects of the universal horror which these atrocities were calculated to excite, it was necessary to set forth in a public manner the reasons for the usurpation of power by Napoleon. St. Arnaud did not hesitate to say all that was thought needful. He might do so with impunity, for there was no one to contradict him. Every newspaper in Paris had been seized, and every newspaper office occupied by the police on the night of the *coup d'état*. There was, therefore, no public voice but that of the new Government. There was only one ground on which a shadow of excuse could be offered for the deeds that had been done—that was, that it was necessary to save society from Red Republicanism. On the evening of the 4th, at the close of the dreadful work, the general published an order of the day, in which he said—

"Soldiers, you have to-day accomplished a great act of your military life. You have preserved the country from anarchy and pillage, and saved the Republic. You have shown yourselves, what you will always be, brave, devoted, and indefatigable. France admires and thanks you."

In order to give the full appearance of truth to this proclamation to the army, it was necessary that the police should play their part. Therefore De Maupas sent forth a circular to the commissaries of police, stating that arms, ammunition, and incendiary writings were concealed to a large extent in lodging-houses, cafés, and private dwellings. "Hence," he said, "all the causes of agitation must be suppressed, by practising on a large scale a system of search and arrests." The National Guard was disbanded on the 7th, as another precautionary measure. There was one order of men, however, which could neither be disbanded nor sent off in prison vans, but which, if conciliated, could be made powerful auxiliaries of despotism; while, if alienated and exasperated, they would be its most dangerous enemies—the Roman Catholic clergy. Therefore Louis Napoleon hastened to announce the restoration of the Pantheon to its original use as the Church of St. Geneviève.

The next step was a proclamation to the French people, stating that he had saved society, that it was madness to oppose the united and patriotic army, and that the intelligent people of Paris were all on his side. Then followed the vote by universal suffrage, which was put in this way:—"For Louis Napoleon and the new constitution, Yes or No." This was putting before the nation this alternative—a strong government or anarchy. In this way it was understood by Montalembert, who said—"To vote for Louis Napoleon is not to approve all he has done. It is to choose between him and the total ruin of France." The result of the voting was, for Louis Napoleon, 7,481,231; against him, 640,737. Thus armed, the President met his consultative commission on the last day of the year, and told them that he understood all the grandeur of his new mission, that he had an upright heart, that he looked for the co-operation of all right-minded men, and that he would next day solemnly invoke the protection of Heaven. The inscriptions on public buildings of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," were all effaced, and the trees of liberty were all cut down.

* Kinglake, vol. i., p. 269.

Thus, by cleverly securing the aid of the soldiery, through sharpening their feelings of irritation against the civilians, a small band of conspirators were enabled to seize and keep the government of the greatest nation on the Continent, to extinguish all its organs of public opinion, and to imprison and transport all its greatest statesmen, generals, and citizens. Such was the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1851.

On the public mind in England, as the facts were made known through correspondence, the effect produced was a general feeling of execration. But it had political consequences of a serious nature, for it caused the fall of the Russell Administration. It appeared that Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Secretary, was in the habit of acting very much on his own responsibility in his department, and that this gave dissatisfaction to the Queen, which led to the following communication:—

"The Queen requires, first, that Lord Palmerston will distinctly state what he proposes in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distiuctly to what she has given her royal sanction; secondly, having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider as failing in sincerity towards the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her constitutional right of dismissing that Minister. She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the foreign ministers before important decisions are taken based upon that intercourse; to receive the foreign despatches in good time; and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they must be sent off. The Queen thinks it best that Lord John Russell should show this letter to Lord Palmerston."

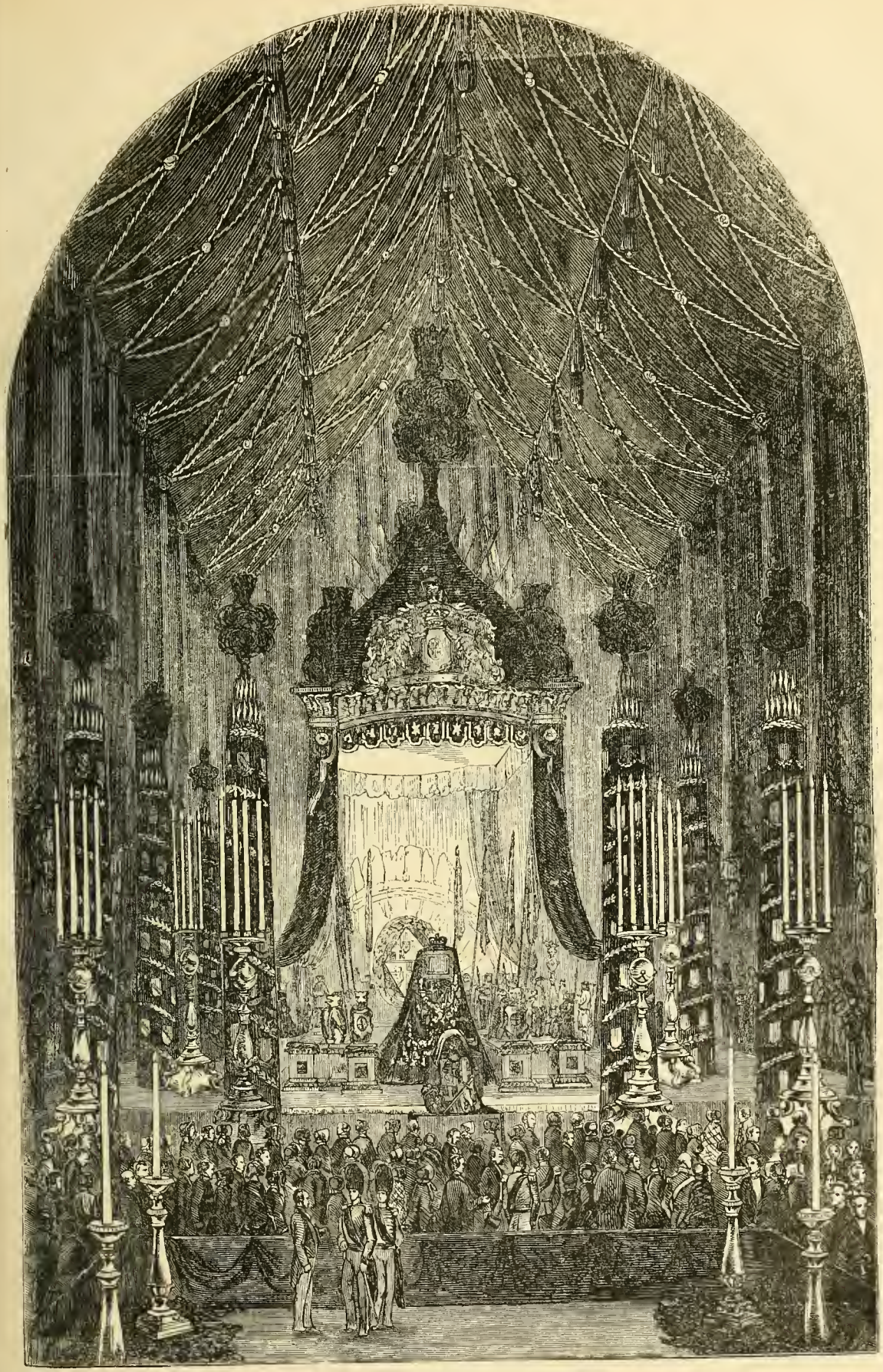
This was sent to Lord Palmerston by Lord John Russell, and it was acknowledged by Lord Palmerston as follows:—"I have taken a copy of this memorandum of the Queen's, and will not fail to attend to the directions which it contains." This occurred in August, 1850, more than twelve months before the occurrence of the *coup d'état* in Paris—a very important event, which certainly required deliberation and consultation in the Cabinet before our Sovereign was committed to a recognition of the usurper.

Soon after the opening of Parliament in 1852, Lord John Russell related to the House what had happened in connection with this matter. Our ambassador in France had been instructed to abstain from all interference with the internal affairs of that country. Lord Palmerston was alleged to have held a conversation with the French Ambassador inconsistent with those instructions. The Premier wrote to him on the subject, but his inquiries had for some days been met with a disdainful silence; Lord Palmerston having meanwhile, without the knowledge of his colleagues, written a despatch, containing instructions to Lord Normanby, which Lord John Russell considered was putting himself in the place of the Crown and passing by the Crown; while he gave the moral approbation of England to the acts of the President of the Republic, in direct opposition to the policy which the Government had hitherto pursued. Under these circumstances Lord John said he had no other alternative but to declare, that while he was prime minister, Lord Palmerston could not hold the seals of office. The noble Foreign Secretary had been accordingly dismissed.

Lord Palmerston then rose to explain his conduct. He stated that the French Ambassador had given a highly-coloured version of a long conversation, to the effect that he had entirely approved of what had been done, and thought the President of the French fully justified. Lord Normanby wrote for authority to contradict that statement. Lord Palmerston repeated, however, his opinion that it was better the President should prevail than the Assembly, because the Assembly had nothing to offer as a substitution for the President, unless an alternative obviously ending in civil war or anarchy; whereas the President, on the other hand, had to offer unity of purpose and unity of authority, and if he were inclined to do so he might give to France internal tranquillity, with good and permanent government. Lord Palmerston retaliated on Lord John Russell, by stating that both he and other members of the Cabinet had also expressed opinions, in conversation with the French Ambassador, not very different from his own.

Lord Palmerston had been succeeded as Foreign Secretary by Earl Granville; but the noble lord soon had his revenge on the Prime Minister. Feelings of anxiety prevailed at this time with regard to the national defences, and it was thought necessary to organise a large militia force, which would constitute a powerful reserve in case of war with any foreign country. Lord John Russell therefore brought in a bill on the subject, on the 16th of February. Lord Palmerston suggested that the word "local" should be left out of the bill, and stated that it was susceptible of other improvements. He accordingly moved amendments in committee. Upon this Lord John Russell stated that if the House decided to leave out the word "local," the chairman of the committee and Lord Palmerston must bring in the bill. Upon a division, however, the word was left out by a majority of eleven. Lord John Russell then said that he must now decline the responsibility of the measure. Lord Palmerston expressed his extreme surprise at this abandonment by the Government of their functions in that House. Lord John replied that he was stopped at the threshold, and told by the division that the House had no confidence in the Government. The cheers with which this statement was received confirmed its truth.

The Ministry therefore resigned. The fact was announced in the Upper House by Lord Lansdowne, who intimated that it was the last time, in all probability, that ever he should address them from the Treasury Bench. The parting speech of the noble Marquis was frequently interrupted by cordial cheers, and although from that time forward he did not take the same prominent part in the Legislature that he had done hitherto, still, upon occasions of trouble and difficulty, he was ever ready to give his sage counsel and



LYING IN STATE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

advice; and when his long and distinguished career was some years later brought to a close, Her Majesty lost one of her most faithful advisers. The Queen sent for Lord Derby, who succeeded in forming a Cabinet, which consisted of the following members:—Prime Minister, Lord Derby; Chancellor, Lord St. Leonards; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Disraeli; President of the Council, Lord Lonsdale; Privy Seal, Marquis of Salisbury; Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole; Foreign Secretary, Lord Malmesbury; Colonial Secretary, Sir John Pakington; Admiralty, Duke of Northumberland; Board of Control, Mr. Herries; Postmaster-General, Lord Hardwicke; Board of Trade, Mr. Henley; Public Works, Lord J. Manners. In Scotland, the Lord Advocate was Mr. A. Anderson; and the Solicitor-General, Mr. J. Inglis. In Ireland, the Earl of Eglintoun was Lord Lieutenant; Mr. Blackburne, Lord Chancellor; Lord Naas, Chief Secretary; Mr. Napier, Attorney-General; and Mr. Whiteside, Solicitor-General. The new Ministry carried through the Militia Bill, which passed the House of Commons by large majorities. In the Lords, the second reading was moved on the 15th of June. It passed through all its stages without difficulty, and received the royal assent in due course.

A considerable number of useful measures were passed during the session of 1852, among which may be mentioned the Militia Act, the New Zealand Constitution Act, several measures of Law Reform, including the procedure in the Court of Chancery, and an extension of the jurisdiction of the County Courts. Lord Lyndhurst, reviewing the session, said that, "during the four months that had elapsed since Lord Derby came into office, bills of greater importance had passed than in any session since the commencement of the present Parliament."

On the 1st of July the Queen prorogued Parliament in person, and delivered a speech, in which she expressed her satisfaction at the "*final* settlement of the affairs of Holstein and Schleswig." The order for the dissolution of Parliament appeared next day in the *Gazette*. The general election, which took place in due course, left the state of parties very much as it had found it.

The new Parliament assembled on the 4th of November. Mr. Charles Shaw Lefevre was re-elected to the Speaker's chair without opposition. The Royal speech was delivered by the Queen in person on the 11th, when Her Majesty announced the existence of the most amicable relations with all foreign powers. The session was occupied principally with commercial matters and financial questions, with regard to which the majority of the House were at issue with the Government. This fact was brought to the test by a division, after a long debate, on the 10th of December, when the Government was defeated by 305 to 286. This led to the resignation of the Derby Cabinet. A coalition between the Whigs and the Peelites was next tried, with Lord Aberdeen as Prime Minister; after which the House adjourned to the 10th of February.

The Duke of Wellington, whose name has been so often mentioned in this history, terminated his long and glorious career at Walmer Castle, on the 14th of September, 1852, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. No Englishman ever received so many honours from his country. In 1809 he was raised to the peerage, and Parliament voted him a pension of £2,000 a year, for two generations, to sustain his dignity. In 1812 he became a marquis, and the sum of £100,000 was voted to purchase him an estate. In 1814 he became a duke. After the battle of Waterloo an additional grant of £200,000 was made, to purchase him a mansion and an estate. Foreign princes united with the Sovereign, and Parliament, and citizens of his own country, to honour and reward the hero, whom Talleyrand once called "the most capable man in England," and whom Mr. Disraeli, as leader of the House of Commons, designated "the greatest man of a great nation—a general who had fought fifteen pitched battles, captured 3,000 cannon from the enemy, and never lost a single gun." And he truly added, he was not only the greatest and most successful warrior of his time, but his protracted civil career was scarcely less splendid and successful; and when he died, "he died at the head of that army to which he had left the tradition of his fame."

The Queen was at Balmoral at the time of his death, and she immediately conveyed her wishes to the Government that his remains should be honoured with a public funeral. On the 15th of November Lord Derby proposed a resolution in reply to Her Majesty's message, which was unanimously adopted; and a select committee was appointed to consider the mode in which the House might best assist at the ceremony. A similar course was adopted in the Commons. The public obsequies commenced when the remains were committed to the officers of the Lord Chamberlain, to be conveyed to the hall of Chelsea Hospital, there to lie in state.

The hall was arranged in the most appropriate manner, and everything was in keeping with the object. Black draperies, escutcheons, tattered and faded banners, the spoils of many victories, hung round the hall, which was lighted by wax tapers, in gigantic candelabra, while motionless Grenadiers, standing as mutes, marked the entrance to the chapel. Beneath an elegant canopy, upon a dais covered by a carpet of cloth of gold, stood the bier, and on this rested the gilt and crimson coffin which contained the remains of the hero. The pall was ornamented with escutcheons, and at the foot was a display of the insignia of the orders of knighthood, more numerous than any individual had ever before borne in England. The bier was surrounded by a magnificent silver balustrade, adorned with heraldic devices, and with the Field Marshal's batons of eight kingdoms.

The remains were deposited in the Hospital on the 10th. On the 11th, the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Royal children privately visited the lying in state. The pensioners, the Life Guards, and Grenadiers were then admitted. On the next day, the nobility and gentry who had Lord Chamberlain's

tickets only were admitted, to the number of 10,800; but many thousands of ladies and gentlemen, who had been waiting in their carriages for hours on a wet and stormy day, were grievously disappointed. The arrangements for the admission of the public were not satisfactory, and the consequence was dreadful confusion and crushing, attended in some cases with fatal consequences. At a very early hour in the morning, an enormous crowd pressed for admission. When the gates were opened, the tide of people rushed in like an inundation. Then followed scenes of the most fearful kind: "struggles for bare life, frightful shrieks, and screams of agony, such as will never be forgotten by those present. Women were knocked down, or fainted away; children were held aloft to escape suffocation; fathers and mothers strove in vain to recover those who had been torn away from them in the crowd; the multitude actually smoked like a heated hay-stack, from the pressure and strain upon individuals." Order was ultimately restored, and it was calculated that from 50,000 to 65,000 people passed daily through the hall. Three persons, two women and one man, lost their lives by the crushing on Saturday.

Late on the night of Wednesday the corpse was conveyed to the Horse Guards, escorted by a squadron of cavalry. The funeral procession took place next day. First appeared the infantry, six battalions, then the artillery, next the cavalry, five squadrons, and then in succession martial men on foot, pensioners, trumpets and kettle-drums, deputations from public bodies in carriages, persons connected with the late Duke's household, military dignitaries, judges, ministers and officers of state, archbishops, the Prince Consort and Her Majesty's household, in three carriages drawn by six horses each, officers connected with foreign armies, pall-bearers, the funeral car, which weighed twelve tons, drawn by twelve horses, and decorated with trophies and heraldic achievements, the hat and sword of the deceased being placed on the coffin. Then followed the chief mourner, the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by a long train of mourners. The Queen beheld the procession from the windows of Buckingham Palace, and again from St. James's Palace. The Lord Mayor and Corporation awaited the funeral procession at Temple Bar, and then fell into the line, the Lord Mayor taking precedence of the Archbishop of Canterbury within the city.

The coffin was borne into St. Paul's, where nearly 20,000 persons were assembled, including the peers and the members of the House of Commons, the Duchess of Kent, a great number of peeresses and other ladies. At the conclusion of the dirge the mortal remains were lowered into the crypt. "It is impossible," says the contemporary record, "to convey an idea of the singular solemnity of the spectacle. The organ, assisted by the wind instruments, breathed the intensely mournful passages of the Dead March in Saul, while the coffin with the coronet and baton slowly descended; and thus the great warrior departed from the sight of men. A sense of heavy depression came over the whole assembly. Prince Albert was deeply moved, and the aged Marquis of Anglesey, the octogenarian companion in arms of the deceased, by an irresistible impulse, stepped forward, placed his hand on the sinking coffin that contained the remains of his chief in many battles, and burst into tears."

Not the least impressive circumstance connected with this national homage to departed merit crowned with glorious success, was the conduct of the people of the great metropolis, of which the Earl of Derby, then Prime Minister, expressed his admiration in eloquent terms.

"Justice must be done," he said, "to another class—I mean the admirable temper, patience, forbearance, and good conduct which were manifested by the whole of these incredible masses. When we consider how large a proportion of the population of these United Kingdoms was for that single day crowded together in the streets of the metropolis—when you remember, as those at least remember to whose lot it fell to take part in the procession, and who saw it throughout its whole length and breadth—when you remember that on a line of route three miles in length, extending from Grosvenor Place to St. Paul's Cathedral, there was not a single unoccupied foot of ground, and that you passed through a living sea of faces, all turned to look upon that great spectacle—when you saw every house, every window, every house-top loaded with persons anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of England's greatest son—when you saw those persons (those, at least, within the streets) remaining with entire and unflinching patience, for many hours, in a position in which movement was hardly possible, and yet that scarce a single accident occurred to the most feeble woman or child amid that vast mass—when, throughout the whole of that length, not only was a perfect decorum preserved, and a perfect and ready assistance given to the efforts of the police and military, but there was no unseemly desire to witness the magnificent spectacle, no light and thoughtless applause at the splendour of that spectacle, and that the people of England, in the awful silence of those vast crowds, testified in the most emphatic manner the sense in which every man among them felt the public loss which England had sustained—I know not, my lords, how you may have looked upon this manifestation of public feeling, and good sense, and order; but I know this, that as I passed along those lines, it was with pride and satisfaction I felt that I was a countryman of those who knew so well how to regulate and control themselves; and I could not help entertaining a hope that those foreign visitors who have done us and themselves the honour of assisting at this great ceremonial, might upon this occasion, as upon the 1st of May, 1851, bear witness back to their own country how safely and to what extent a people might be relied upon, in whom the strongest hold of their Government was their own reverence and respect for the free institutions of their country, and the principles of popular self-government, controlled and modified by constitutional monarchy."

CHAPTER XII.

Origin of the Crimean War—President Prince Louis Napoleon (1850) raises the Eastern Question—State of Europe—New Element in the Balance of Power—France under the Prince-President—The Emperor Nicholas and the French President—French Agitation and Russian Ambition—The Eastern Question makes slow Progress—M. de Lavalette (1851-2) at Constantinople—His Violence—Nature of the Dispute about the Holy Places—Vacillation of the Porte—Its Evasions and Conflicting Pledges—Striking Spectacle of Jerusalem—Anger of Nicholas—Troops set in Motion—New Ministry in England—Its Trust in the Czar—Secret Overtures at St. Petersburg (1853)—The "Sick Man"—The Czar suggests a Partition of Turkey—The Word of a "Gentleman"—Lord Stratford sent to Constantinople—Russia preparing for a Grand *Coup*—Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople—His rude Attitude—Colonel Rose sends for the British Fleet—Admiral Dundas will not move, but French Fleet sails to Salamis—Anger of Russia—Rumours of a Russian Demand for a Secret Treaty—British Government Incredulous—Lord Stratford arrives at the Porte—Interview with the Sultan—His Tactics—Separates Question of the Holy Places from the Ulterior Demands—Settles Question of the Holy Places—Prince Menschikoff becomes more violent—Sends in an Ultimatum—Lord Stratford's Exertions—Ultimatum Rejected—The Prince quits Constantinople (May 22, 1853).

EUROPE was allowed scant breathing-time after the wars which sprang from the political movements of 1848 had come to an end. An old danger, one which at intervals, sometimes as a grim shadow, sometimes as a near reality, had threatened the general peace, appeared once more. In 1852 it became known that the Emperors of France and Russia were, in the names of their respective churches, wrangling over the Holy Places. The Prince-President of the French Republic had raised the demon of the Eastern Question, and the policy which Prince Louis Napoleon initiated as President he pursued with fresh vigour when he became Emperor. That policy was one of the causes which led directly to those great events which we know under the collective name of the Crimean War.

Europe was far from dreaming that she stood on the verge of a great convulsion. The waves of the continental revolutions had not, it is true, wholly subsided, but the military monarchies, though triumphant, seemed exhausted by the efforts they had made to quench domestic conflagrations. France appeared to be wholly engrossed in her own affairs; in the re-organisation of her somewhat shattered public forces; in the improvement of her finances; in the settlement of knotty questions between her parliament and her executive. Germany was prostrate beneath the armies of Austria and Prussia. In the dominions of the Emperor of Austria a rigorous system of despotism was enforced, and Italy and Hungary were ground down by an exacting and vexatious tyranny. Russia had gained in *prestige* by her expedition into Hungary, but though she had expended men and treasure, still the formidable military machine constructed by the Emperor Nicholas remained practically whole. Yet men hardly looked at that epoch for an aggressive policy at the hands of Russia. England, too, was thriving and pacific. Her dreams were wholly of peace. Her people had begun to imagine that war was a thing of the past, that the nations would be rivals no more, except in the fields of commerce, and that thenceforth there would be peace in Europe, if not good-will among men. In 1850 the English people were engaged in preparing to entertain the world at a Carnival of Commerce, Art, and Invention; the brilliant summer of 1851 was regarded as the beginning of a new era; and the delusion was scarcely dispelled by the rude and sudden blows struck at the liberties of the French ere the year had closed, and by the appearance of a Bonaparte, emerging from the ruins, clothed in the imperial robes, and animated by the traditions, of the First Napoleon.

There were men, indeed, who saw, and more who felt, that Europe had come under new conditions of existence. They saw and felt that to a new empire, based on Napoleonic ideas, glory of some kind was essential, and that, for good or evil, France would, in future, take a more active, a more imperative, perhaps an aggressive, part in public affairs. The nation desired peace, and the Emperor understood the desire of his subjects, as well as of Europe, when he said the empire was peace. But, more than peace, Frenchmen desired glory, and glory of that kind which springs from an incessant participation in the affairs of other nations. The problem which the Emperor had to solve was, how to create material prosperity at home and satisfy the national craving for conspicuous action abroad. These signs were not hidden from the meditative few. They saw the new force which had thrust itself into that combination of forces called the European equilibrium. They dreaded it the more because the multitude, absorbed in pressing struggles, thought of it lightly, and because a sovereign like the Emperor Nicholas treated it with studied contempt. To keen eyes there was ambitious Russia, proud of her strength, and smiling over the supposed paralysis of France; and there was ambitious France, in the hands of a man of unknown gifts, and eager to force from the world respect and fear; and between these two was Germany, vast, but disjointed, and incapable of concerted action. Turkey was looked upon by most men as sick unto death; and England, half-disarmed, irresolute of purpose, was busied in securing free trade, and just awakening from dreams of perpetual peace. There was a vague, but not general presentiment, that tempests were at hand, but none foresaw that, when the clouds broke over us, France would be our ally and Russia our foe.

Yet towards that consummation events were rapidly tending. It so chanced that the Emperor Napoleon owed his election, in great part, to the strenuous exertions of the French clergy. It also happened that the French clergy writhed under the humiliation implied in the superior privileges enjoyed by the orthodox Greek Church in Jerusalem. Now it was one of the conditions of his tenure of power that the Emperor should "restore France to her rank in Europe," as it was called; that is, should not only aggrandise her influence, and make her feared and respected, but should bring her vast power to bear, visibly and emphatically, upon the affairs of Europe, and assume somewhat of the position of an arbiter of her destiny. It is a settled maxim that a usurper looks to foreign wars for the consolidation of his power, and strives to hide the dark past in the blaze of new-won glories. The Emperor Napoleon comprehended fully

the necessities of his position. Moreover, they harmonised with his own character. He had educated himself sedulously for the office to which, by patience and craft, he had attained. He had studied more deeply than any man the career of Napoleon I. He knew its strong and its weak points. He desired nothing more earnestly than the task of recovering some of the ground lost in 1814 and 1815. But he had a delicate game to play, for all the powers suspected him. One of the disadvantages of the First Napoleon was, that he could not conciliate England. The Third Napoleon determined that he would not suffer from a similar misfortune, and with infinite art he contrived to bring about an Anglo-French alliance. Yet, having to please his jealous subjects as well as his suspicious allies, he was bound to pursue an independent policy, and to make it appear that England followed the lead of France. It needed a sure judgment to choose a field of action, one that would bring success of some kind, without alarming other states. The complex Eastern Question was found to afford the opportunity for display, and the ambition of the French Church indicated the part of the Eastern Question on which it would be most convenient to lay hands. The Emperor resolved to re-assert the lapsed supremacy of the Latin Church in the Christian temples and grottoes of Palestine.

Now England, as a Protestant power, had no special interest, certainly none worth fighting for, in the squabbles of the rival Churches of Rome and Russia. Turkey, as a Moslem power, had no interest in the matter, save the important one of keeping the peace at those holy seasons when Greek and Roman entered on the sacred spots where Christ preached good-will among men. But both Turkey and England had an interest in preventing a dispute between two churches from becoming a battle for political influence between two powers, both of whom were very much of this world. And Austria, although she could not fail to sympathise with the Latins, looked with alarm upon any quarrel which threatened the integrity of Turkey. It was therefore certain that if the demands of the French ruler led to a severe diplomatic struggle, Austria would be found on the side of England and Turkey; because Austria was vitally interested in preserving her influence in the valley of the Danube, and England was vitally interested in preserving hers in Syria, Egypt, and the Mediterranean.

But there was another power whose ambition, if not whose interest, led her counter alike to England, Austria, France, and Turkey. Russia desired to issue from her icy realm. She longed for dominion over sunny lands and seas open to her ships throughout the year. As her people turn their eyes towards Jerusalem, so her rulers turn theirs towards Constantinople. The Russian peasant dreams of a pilgrimage to the holy shrines, the Russian monarch dreams of a march to Byzantium. For a hundred years, without a serious check, successive Czars have pressed on steadily towards a goal once marked on the mile-stones of the steppes. Catherine, Paul, Alexander I., Nicholas, each added provinces or points of vantage to the southern frontiers of the empire; each attacked Turkey in Europe and in Asia; each vexed, and threatened, and fought her by sea and land. They won the Crimea; they occupied Georgia, and the head of the Euphrates valley; they took post in the delta of the Danube; they covered the Black Sea with ships of war; they dictated peace at Kainardji, at Bucharest, at Adrianople. Their policy was to obtain the headship over the Christians in Turkey, and to take such positions, and hold them with such forces, as would enable them to seize the coveted prize—Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles—at any moment. Europe had long seen the growing danger, but had done nothing to ward it off. The German and the Western Powers, irritated but helpless, looked on while Diebitch marched to Adrianople in 1828, and connived at the peace he was allowed, by sheer effrontery, to force from the Sultan. Lord Aberdeen, who then would not, or could not, aid the Turks, contented himself by writing a masterly criticism on the peace, showing how fully he saw the peril which he had not the heart to encounter. The only time when Europe seemed to be united in an effort to preserve Turkey, an effort in which Russia joined, was when Mehemet Ali had nearly dismembered the empire; and to that effort France was not a party. Perhaps it was the separate policy pursued by France in 1840 which made the Emperor Nicholas disregard that nation in the calculations he made in 1844 and 1853. For Nicholas had long made light of the power of France. With reluctance he had recognised Louis Philippe, and it seemed as if no power on earth could make him address Louis Napoleon in the style sanctioned by usage. The Czar called him his "good friend," not his "brother," in violation of the usage which makes sovereigns all brothers or sisters. So far as he was concerned, he would not admit Louis Napoleon into the royal circle, but kept him on its verge. There was more of pride than prudence, more of passion than sagacity, in this act of sovereign rudeness, and while France resented the known contempt of the Czar for her voice in Europe, the Emperor was certain to resent the slight put upon him. In 1844, the Czar, believing he had secured the subservience of Austria and Prussia, half disclosed an intention to tempt England with offers of a share in the spoil of the dismembered Turkish empire, and although he met with a plain rebuff from the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, remembering what occurred in 1828, he did not scruple, in 1853, to approach the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen with a distinct offer of specified provinces, intimating that so long as England agreed with him, it was indifferent to him what France thought of the transaction; and while he alleged that he was sure of Austria, he did not even deign to mention Prussia—a sign that he believed he carried her proxy in the pocket of his uniform. Whether the Emperor Napoleon was acquainted with the designs of the Czar upon Turkey or not, it is of little importance. The policy he developed was precisely that which he might have adopted had he known how anxious Nicholas was to secure the concurrence of England in his schemes. He set about thwarting the policy of

Russia in the East, and selected a point of attack, which, while it brought him directly into collision with the Czar, did not rouse the hostility of any other power. He aimed at a weak part in the Russian system, the Christian protectorate, founding his claims upon a treaty obtained from the Porte more than a century before, and almost forgotten. The claims were indefeasible; but it was their characteristic that they excited the wrath of Nicholas and stirred him to action, not only because they touched his pride as a pontiff, but because the wound was made by a power which he had contemned.

Thus it happened that, while it was the provocative policy of France which lighted the torch, it was the passion and obstinacy of Russia which fanned it into a devouring flame, threatening at one moment to involve the whole of Europe, but finally concentrating in the Crimea, and there consuming the hoarded means of executing the cherished projects of every Russian sovereign since Catherine.

The first movement of France in this Eastern Question was made in 1850. The Latin priests in Jerusalem were always clamouring against their rivals, and a fresh complaint reaching Paris, the Prince-President directed his ambassador at the Porte, General Aupick, to claim the fulfilment of a treaty in favour of the Latin Church, obtained in 1740. The gist of the grievance was that, by Russian influence, and by degrees, the Greeks had gained possession of certain churches and other holy places, in contravention of this treaty, and by the connivance of the Porte. And it was natural that as, since 1740, Russia had exercised a greater pressure on the Porte than France, so she had brought it to bear to exact concessions in favour of the priests of her faith, and give them a predominance at the holy shrines. For a century France had acquiesced; but in 1850 the country had fallen under a ruler more active in the employment of French power than any ruler since Louis XIV., except Napoleon I., and, for purposes almost personal, he determined that France should acquiesce no longer. At that moment, however, Louis Napoleon had not seated himself on the throne—indeed, he had not seated himself securely in the presidential chair. He was engaged deeply in a plot to seize sovereign power in France, and he had no time to devote to the task of recovering Latin supremacy in Palestine. Moreover, it does not appear that at this period the President had any decided intentions. The clerical party in France were gratified by the mere knowledge that General Aupick had raised the question of the holy shrines at the instance of the President. Throughout the year 1850 nothing was done of a serious character. The French Minister made demands, and the Porte evaded them as best it might. But in the very beginning of 1851, General Aupick imparted new life to the negotiations. M. de Titoff, the Russian Minister, struck into the fray, and warned the Porte that he should insist on the *status quo*. Then General Aupick grew still warmer in his language, and the Austrian Minister supported him. In the spring, the Marquis de Lavalette, a more energetic, indeed, a "zealous" man, replaced General Aupick as the representative of France at the Porte, and in his hands the business soon began to make progress. During this period the English Minister, Sir Stratford Canning, acting on instructions from home, held quite aloof from the disputes, and contented himself with watching closely the contest between the Porte and the French Minister. He thought that the Porte would not give way unless forced, and the Emperor of Russia was so fully persuaded of the strength of his influence at Constantinople, that he felt convinced that no change in the matter of the holy shrines would occur. But in this respect, as in so many others, he was mistaken. In the autumn of 1851 the English Minister began to see the gravity of the contest going on under his eyes; for the Marquis de Lavalette, growing impatient at the delay of the Porte in according his demands, talked in a menacing tone of the use that France could make of the strong fleet then assembled at Toulon. It was at this moment, November, 1851, that the quarrel visibly assumed the character of a struggle between France and Russia for influence at Constantinople and throughout the East. This is the cardinal fact to be borne in the mind of the reader throughout these transactions. It is the key to what followed; and our narrative will show how the conflict deepened in intensity, until it ended in war.

The Turks, having no interest in the religious question, proposed various arrangements, which proved agreeable to neither party. When something like the basis of an agreement had been arranged, a strong letter from the Emperor Nicholas to the Sultan forced the Porte to retract it. Learning this, M. de Lavalette said that his Government having embarked in the question, could not stop short under the dictation of Russia. The Russian Emperor would not desist from opposition at the dictation of France. Each presented himself to the Sultan, one with the treaty of 1740, the charter of the Latins; the other with documents, antecedent and subsequent to that date, embodying concessions made to the Greeks. The Porte, desirous of satisfying both the powerful complainants, exhausted its ingenuity in devices, yielding now to Russian, now to French menaces, and looking keenly for assurances of support in the event of danger. The Turks consulted Sir Stratford Canning; but he was powerless to aid them, for his Government had determined to take no part. Nevertheless, he did his utmost to prevent precipitate action on all sides, on a question "involving little more than a religious sentiment, and the application of a treaty permitted to be more or less in abeyance for a century." He was only partially successful, for M. de Lavalette continued to talk of breaking off negotiations unless his demands were complied with, and M. de Titoff stood out against any alteration of the *status quo*.

And here it may be proper to state in general terms the exact nature of a dispute so "vexatious and uninteresting," yet so dangerous to the Porte, and so full of trouble for Europe. There are at Jerusalem certain holy places—churches, grottoes, tombs, and gardens. Under

the vague terms of the treaty of 1740, the French Government claimed at first possession of the greater number of these on behalf of the Latins. Whatever may have been the case in 1740, in 1850 these places were in the hands of the Greeks, whose pilgrims resorted to them in great numbers; whereas, as Count Nesselrode remarked, sarcastically, the Latin pilgrims were represented by "occasional Roman Catholic tourists." The Russian Emperor saw in the demand of France both an attempt to humiliate his co-religionists, and an attempt to diminish his political influence in Turkey. Hence he insisted on the *status quo*. But while there was a legal right at the back of the French demand, because it rested on an unabrogated treaty, there was only a moral right on the side of Russian resistance, because, though the Greeks had possession and usage, they had no treaty rights in the French sense. Nevertheless, it was impossible that the Porte could ignore its own acts in favour of the Greeks during a whole century, and consequently it would not admit the French claims in their full extent. Indeed, M. de Lavalette, very eager for the glorification of France, but not burdened with excessive religious zeal, soon saw the propriety of reducing his demands. The Porte applied itself to the investigation of the whole history of the Holy Places, through the medium, first of a mixed, and finally of a Mussulman commission, and on the basis of their reports arrived at what appeared to be a satisfactory decision. The Latins were to have a key of each of the gates of the great church of Bethlehem, "as of old," and they were to be admitted to officiate once a year at the shrine of the Holy Virgin. They were also to be allowed to replace in the sanctuary of the Nativity a silver star, bearing the arms of France, similar to one formerly there. At the same time the Greeks were to be admitted to officiate in the Mosque of the Mount of Olives. And on this basis, at the beginning of 1852, by the exertions of M. de Lavalette, the questions at issue seemed to be settled, and the Porte embodied the whole of the arrangements respecting the Holy Places in an "imperial firman invested with a hatti-scherif." The Turkish Ministers hoped that both parties would be satisfied by concessions.

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This was a delusion. M. de Lavalette took umbrage at the firman. To his mind it denied, practically, the right of France to the Holy Places, and made out to be valueless the musty old treaty of 1740, furbished up for the occasion. Fresh mutterings were heard in the embassies. Sir Stratford Canning had come home, but Colonel Rose warned Lord Malmesbury, then Foreign

Minister, of the coming storm. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, on the part of France, was willing to accept from the Porte a declaration that it was not intended to say anything in the firman at variance with the promises made to M. de Lavalette. But Lord Malmesbury was warned by Sir Hamilton Seymour, the British envoy at St. Petersburg, that serious consequences would follow such a step, as the Russian Government would uphold the firman, and resent any successful attempt on the part of the French Government to modify or explain away that document. The Emperor Nicholas would not permit his rights to be encroached upon. It was manifest that the strife still preserved its old political character, and that his jealousy of France rendered the Russian Czar as intractable as ever. The Porte did what the French desired, and gave the assurances deemed to be satisfactory; once more the Ministers congratulated each other on the termination of the quarrel, and once more it broke forth again.

For the Porte, in its trepidation, gave conflicting pledges to the fighting embassies. In giving the assurance which calmed for a time the abounding zeal of M. de Lavalette, the Porte promised that the firman should not be publicly read, but simply registered. The Russian *chargé d'affaires* got wind of this, and insisted, with effect, that the firman should be read. M. de Lavalette, hearing probably that the Porte had promised M. de Titoff, months before, that the key of the "great door" of the Church at Bethlehem should not be given to the Latins, became very keen in his instructions to the French Consul to see that it was given up. M. de Lavalette became very violent. "He more than once," wrote Colonel Rose in November, "talked of the appearance of a French fleet off Jaffa (in case the stipulations were not fulfilled), and once he alluded to a French occupation of Jerusalem, 'when,' he said, 'we shall have all the sanctuaries.'" Colonel Rose judged correctly the real character of this nominally religious conflict, when he said it was "a vital struggle between France and Russia for political influence, at the Porte's cost, in her dominions." And he painted the condition of the Sultan, with great force, when he said, "The Sultan is required to be a judge, and to decide in this dispute; but, so far from having judicial independence and immunity, His Majesty is coerced and humiliated before his subjects by menaces, forced to give contradictory and dishonouring decisions, and then accused of perfidy by those who have driven him into it." Here we have manifestly a true picture of the weakness of the Turk, but we have also a true picture of the insolent ambition of two strong states. The Porte could not serve two masters, each of whom was bent on having his will obeyed, each of whom had fleets and armies, wherewith one could threaten Syria and the whole Levant, but the other could appear off Constantinople itself.

Nevertheless, the Turkish Government tried to appease France without offending Russia. In the autumn of 1852 there was a striking spectacle at Jerusalem. Afif Bey had been sent on a special mission to inform the contending Churches of the decisions arrived at in Constantinople. In the middle of October he went in state to meet the Greek, Latin, and Armenian patriarchs, and under the great dome, in front of the Holy Sepulchre, the whole party refreshed themselves with pipes and sherbet; the French Consul, Botta, and the Russian Consul-General, Basily, being present to watch the proceedings. But Afif Bey did nothing except declare how desirous the Sultan was to gratify all classes of his subjects. Next he invited "all the parties," writes Consul Finn, "to meet him in the Church of the Virgin, near Gethsemane. There he read an order from the Sultan for permitting the Latins to celebrate mass once a year, but requiring the altar and its ornaments to remain undisturbed." The object of this was to please the Greeks and affront the Latins. "No sooner were these words uttered than the Latins, who had come to receive their triumph over the Orientals, broke out into loud exclamations of the impossibility of celebrating mass upon a schismatic slab of marble, with a covering of silk and gold instead of plain linen, among schismatic vases, and before a crucifix which has the feet separated instead of nailed one over the other." Nor were the Greeks more satisfied. Afif Bey in the tumult had ridden off, but M. Basily pursued him, and demanded the public reading of the firman, which was understood to declare the Latin claims to the shrines null and void. Afif Bey pretended not to know what firman was meant, then said he had no copy of it, then no directions to read it. Thus both parties were angered: the Latins because the key was withheld, the Greeks because the firman was not read; and M. Botta and M. Basily appealed at once, and in haste, to their chiefs at Constantinople. It was these proceedings, arising out of the irreconcilable hostility of Russia and France, which led to fresh threats from their respective envoys at the Porte. Fuad Effendi and the Grand Vizier, driven hither and thither by the violence of the disputants, resolved, come what might, to make an end of the business. They gave up the keys to the Latins, they caused the silver star to be placed in the grotto, not, as has been stated, with much pomp, but quietly, and in a business-like way, and they caused the firman to be read. Had there been sincerity on the part of the French or Russian Governments, here the matter should have ended; but neither had triumphed sufficiently over the other, and the quarrel did not come to an end.

And here, at the beginning of December, 1852, we find the origin of that now famous demand for a protectorate over all the Greek Christians in Turkey, which, when advanced by Prince Menschikoff, led at once to war. The claim purported to be based on the treaty of Kainardji, but that treaty expressly limited the Russian Protectorate to two chapels—one in the Russian Legation, the other a chapel to be built in Galata. This baseless demand irritated the French, frightened the Turks, and filled the English with apprehension. But it was not then pressed. Another incident occurred, showing the critical temper of the time. The Porte was at war with the tribes who inhabit Montenegro, but

who live mainly on plunder. Austria, affecting to see danger to herself in the continuance of a contest so near her frontier, sent Count Leiningen to Constantinople, with a peremptory demand for the cessation of the war. It is not improbable that this was a Russian project; for the Czar felt, or affected to feel, that Austria would do all he desired in the Eastern question; and no sooner was the Austrian demand made, than he supported it. But the Porte, beset by enemies, determined wisely to satisfy Austria, and thus to deprive Russia of any pretext for hostilities on that score. Russia was baffled, but not diverted from her purpose; for the Emperor now began to be impassioned, to feel the sting of French rivalry, and to commit himself almost too deeply to recede. In vague, but menacing terms, he declared that the Porte should be required to fulfil its engagements with him, and to that end he set troops in motion. "It was necessary that the diplomacy of Russia should be supported by a demonstration of force," and he prepared for a violent struggle. Two *corps d'armée*, above 100,000 men, were ordered to march towards the frontier of the Turkish empire.

It was an anxious moment for statesmen; but the attention of the great European public was not turned towards the East. In England, the strife of parties had led to the downfall of the Tories, and to the great joy of the Emperor Nicholas, Lord Aberdeen became the head of a new Cabinet, in which the post of Foreign Minister was filled, not by Lord Palmerston, but by Lord John Russell. The Emperor conceived great hopes of support from the new British Government; the British public looked for social reforms from a composite Cabinet which unquestionably included in itself the ablest servants of the State. If the people thought of danger, it was danger from France, for the Prince President had made himself Emperor; and a desire to see a completion of economical reforms was mingled with a determination to look to the defences of the nation. Mr. Gladstone was meditating a budget which should control the course of our financial and fiscal policy for seven years, and the public shared his anticipations; but side by side with this great peace budget, the causes of a costly war were growing with a rapid growth. Ministers were not, and could not be, blind to the perils which threatened peace; but, as will be seen, they placed an unfounded reliance on the personal honour of the Emperor Nicholas, and they did not appreciate the provocative policy of France. Yet whatever qualms of apprehension they may have felt, they carefully kept to themselves, and even so late as April, 1853, Lord Clarendon assured Parliament that as regarded Turkey there was no danger of the peace of Europe being disturbed.

Yet between the 1st of January and the 30th of April the British Government had become possessed of facts which should have clouded their sanguine anticipations—facts which should have revealed to them the intensity of the strife between Russia and France, the insidious conduct of the latter, the fraud and the ambition of the former—the weakness of the Sultan, and the extreme probability that the contending Powers would not rest content without an appeal to arms. Whether the British Government could have prevented the outbreak of war is doubtful, but the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen was justly open to the charge of having failed to comprehend the character of the disputants, and to foresee the consequences of their strife.

For the conflict, hitherto confined to Constantinople, was transferred for a time to Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, and did not improve by its extension. Lord Cowley suggested direct negotiations between France and Russia. The suggestion was adopted, but it only served to embitter the relations between the two Courts, and it was open to the objection, that it took out of the hands of the Porte a question which nearly concerned its sovereignty. This was met by the device of requesting the Porte to sanction such an arrangement as the two Courts might recommend in common. It had no other result than the exchange of sharp observations between Count Nesselrode and General de Castelbajac. For Russia had determined on a totally different course. The Emperor resolved to treat directly with the Porte, and obtain from the Porte his demands.

The first warning of this line of conduct reached Lord John Russell on the 23rd of January, and the next day Baron Brunnow handed in a despatch, dated January 14, which disclosed the temper of the Russian Government, if not the scope of its designs. In this important document Count Nesselrode pointed out that the question had undergone a total change. The French Ambassador at Constantinople had "triumphed." Not only had "the firman, sanctioned by the Sultan's hatti-scherif, not been executed at Jerusalem," but it had been "treated with derision by his Highness's Ministers. To the indignation of the whole Greek population," continued Count Nesselrode, "the key of the Church of Bethlehem has been made over to the Latins, so as publicly to demonstrate their religious supremacy in the East." This language showed that Russia still resented vehemently the infraction of the *status quo*. And the subsequent language revealed a determined purpose to exact ample reparation. "The mischief then is done, M. le Baron," the Russian Minister went on, "and there is no longer any question of preventing it. It is now necessary to remedy it. The immunities of the orthodox religion, which have been injured, the promise which the Sultan had solemnly given to the Emperor, and which has been violated, require some reparation. We must labour to obtain it." And then come fierce attacks on the violent conduct of the French Government—which used the cannon as its first argument, which risked the downfall of the Ottoman Empire. The Emperor of Russia would not take that course. He desired to maintain the independence of the Sultan against foreign dictation. He would make "one further, one last conciliatory endeavour;" but in order to guard against a Government which presented its least demands at the cannon's mouth—"a Government accustomed to act by surprises"—he would take precautionary measures, that is, he would move his troops up to the frontier. England was advised to dispel the panic fear of the

Turks, and to bring back the French Cabinet to prudent counsels. Now, what could language of this kind mean, except that the Emperor of Russia was possessed by passion, and that he was resolved on a victory over France, or a quarrel with her? The Aberdeen Cabinet did not so read the despatch. Lord John Russell complied with the advice it contained. He wrote a soothing letter to Colonel Rose; and, through Lord Cowley, he pointed out how France had troubled the relations of friendly powers, and had used menaces to enforce demands upon the Porte. Then he informed Lord Cowley that the Government would not enter into the merits of the question; that it disapproved of threats, and still more of the employment of force; and that "both parties should be told, that if they were sincere in their professions of a desire to maintain the independence of the Porte, they ought to abstain from the employment of any means calculated to display the weakness of the Ottoman Empire. Above all, they ought to refrain from putting armies and fleets in motion for the purpose of making the Tomb of Christ a cause of quarrel among Christians." The French Government appears to have seen more deeply into the controversy, or to have known better in what directions it was going; for, on the very day when Lord John Russell was penning this letter of good counsel, M. Drouyn de Lhuys was telling Lord Cowley that he thought the time had come when "the two Governments should endeavour to arrive at a common understanding as to what their common policy should be under every contingency which might happen to Turkey;" and that "the first object should be to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." Lord John answered this overture, in the name of the Government, by saying, it was desirable that "some understanding should be arrived at between *the great powers* on this important subject"—a reply which was quite satisfactory to M. Drouyn de Lhuys. And at this very time, as we shall notice at more length presently, the Russian Emperor was taking most unusual steps on his side to draw England into an alliance with him to the exclusion of France. It was evidently the intention of the Aberdeen Cabinet to form no exclusive alliance with any power on the Eastern Question, but the vehemence of the Czar soon drove the English ministers closer and closer to France. Meantime it was the cue of the Russian diplomatists to talk softly and affect ignorance; and this mildness was all the more remarkable since it was accompanied by concurrent testimony that fleets were fitting out in Sebastopol and Nicolaief, and armies were concentrating a few miles from the Moldavian frontier.

The real policy of the Czar was steadily developing itself. It was on the 4th of February, 1853, that Count Nesselrode informed Sir Hamilton Seymour of the intention of the Czar to send Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople, and at the same time gave assurances that the Prince would be provided with instructions of a conciliatory nature; and that "although bred to arms," the negotiator was "animated by intentions the most pacific." A few days later Count Nesselrode again declared that the Prince's instructions, though "necessarily vague," were moderate; and he volunteered the further information, that there would be no question of attempting to regain from the Latins any privileges which they might have acquired since the year before. Subsequent events showed what this studied moderation and vagueness were intended to cover, and how the Czar was aiming at larger game than the privileges conferred by the acquisition of keys and the affixing of stars. At the same time the Russian Government, preparing for a grand *coup*, resolved not to prosecute further the direct negotiation with France opened at St. Petersburg, but to transact the business in hand at Constantinople. For the great conflict, the scope of which none but the Russians foresaw, all the Governments prepared. England, at the end of February, directed Lord Stratford to proceed to Constantinople by way of Paris and Vienna. The Earl of Clarendon had succeeded Lord John Russell at the Foreign Office, although the latter still remained in the Ministry. It was Lord Clarendon's duty to draw up the instructions to Lord Stratford; they were broad and wise; they left the accomplished diplomatist a large discretion; they entrusted to him the power of ordering Admiral Dundas to hold his fleet in readiness; but at this stage of the dispute, the Ambassador was not to direct the Admiral to approach the Dardanelles without positive instructions from Her Majesty's Government. Although Austria had interfered somewhat roughly between the Porte and Montenegro, she had told the British Government that she would not depart from her conservative policy in the East; and although France had thrust the Porte into so deep a peril, she had in the opening of 1853 officially stated that she regarded her interests in the East as identical with those of England, and it was everywhere given out that the two Western Powers were acting in concert. To carry out her objects in the East, France sent, as successor to M. de Lavalette, M. de la Cour, a mild diplomatist, who had none of the fiery qualities of his predecessor, and who was not likely to quarrel with Lord Stratford. The British Government believed it would be able to neutralise, by moral influence, the evils springing from the action of France and Russia, and thus, by imposing moderation on both, stave off a catastrophe involving all. But at this juncture, as Russia grew more menacing, France grew more moderate; indeed, for some time to come she hardly appears in the quarrel at all; the original question of the Holy Places fades rapidly out of sight, and a new one arises, in which the opponents are Russia and Turkey, with Lord Stratford as the supporter of the Sultan. In fact, France, supposing her ruler desired war, had no need to stir a finger, for the rage of the Czar had got the better of his judgment, and he was bent on working out his will.

Before narrating the incidents of the brief and stormy career of Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople, it is needful that we should look into the mind of his master at St. Petersburg, and take note of the ideas and prepossessions brooding therein. This we are enabled to do, because circumstances rendered it desirable, in the follow-

ing year, to publish officially the authentic records of what occurred at St. Petersburg in January and February, 1853. The Emperor Nicholas, knowing that he was about to enter upon a very hazardous policy in the East, sought, on the 9th of January, an apparently accidental meeting with Sir Hamilton Seymour, at the palace of the Grand Duchess Helen. His object was to convey to Sir Hamilton his opinion how very essential it was, especially at that moment, that Russia and England should be on the best terms. "When we are agreed," he said, "I am quite without anxiety as to the West of Europe; it is immaterial what others may think or do. As to Turkey, that is another question: that country is in a critical state, and may give us all a great deal of trouble." He was about to go, when Sir Hamilton, seizing the opportunity with much tact, begged the Czar to say a few words which might tend to calm anxiety with regard to Turkey. With some hesitation the Emperor came, not exactly to the point, but very near it. He spoke of Turkey as about to fall to pieces. "The fall," he said, "will be a great misfortune, and it is very important that England and Russia should come to a perfectly good understanding upon these affairs, and that neither should take any decisive step of which the other was not apprised. But," he added, "we have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man—and it will be a great misfortune if, one of these days, he should slip away from us, especially before all necessary arrangements were made." Here was a singular revelation, and it was probably the fact that Lord Aberdeen was in office, an old friend, which made the Czar thus open his mind. Five days later the Emperor sent for the British Minister, and this time spoke out more fully. He disclaimed the dreams and plans of the Empress Catherine, but he pictured Turkey again as sinking into decrepitude, as likely to die suddenly; as likely to fall, and if to fall, to rise no more. Would it not be better, therefore, to be provided beforehand? Sir Hamilton replied that "England objected to contingent arrangements, and would not like to discount the succession of an old friend and ally." "The rule," said the Emperor, "is a good one; but the two powers must not allow themselves to be taken by surprise. Now," he continued, "I desire to speak to you as a friend and as a *gentleman*. If England and I arrive at an understanding in this matter, as regards the rest, it matters little to me; it is indifferent to me what others do or think. Frankly, then, I tell you plainly, that if England thinks of establishing herself one of these days at Constantinople, I will not allow it. I do not attribute this intention to you; but it is better on these occasions to speak plainly. For my part, I am equally disposed to take the engagement not to establish myself there—as proprietor, that is to say; for as occupier I do not say. It might happen that circumstances, if no previous provision were made, if everything should be left to chance, might place me in the position of occupying Constantinople." This was the second time of asking, and Sir Hamilton rightly thought that the British Government could not permit this overture to go unanswered. Lord John Russell, then still in the Foreign Office, replied on the 9th of February. In a masterly State paper he showed the extreme danger attending the kind of convention or understanding the Czar required, and courteously, but firmly, indicated how unfriendly—he might have said dishonest—it would be towards the Sultan, to dispose of his provinces beforehand. Nor did he think the fall of Turkey near at hand; but he was ready to assure the Czar that England would not enter into any agreement to provide for that contingency without previous communication with His Majesty. The Czar declined to take this for an answer. Meeting Sir Hamilton at another evening party, he again repeated, this time with more emphasis, that the sick man was not only sick, but sick unto death; adding, "We must come to some understanding." He did not want a treaty or a protocol—a general understanding was sufficient among "gentlemen." Let Sir Hamilton call the next day and read the answer from his Government.

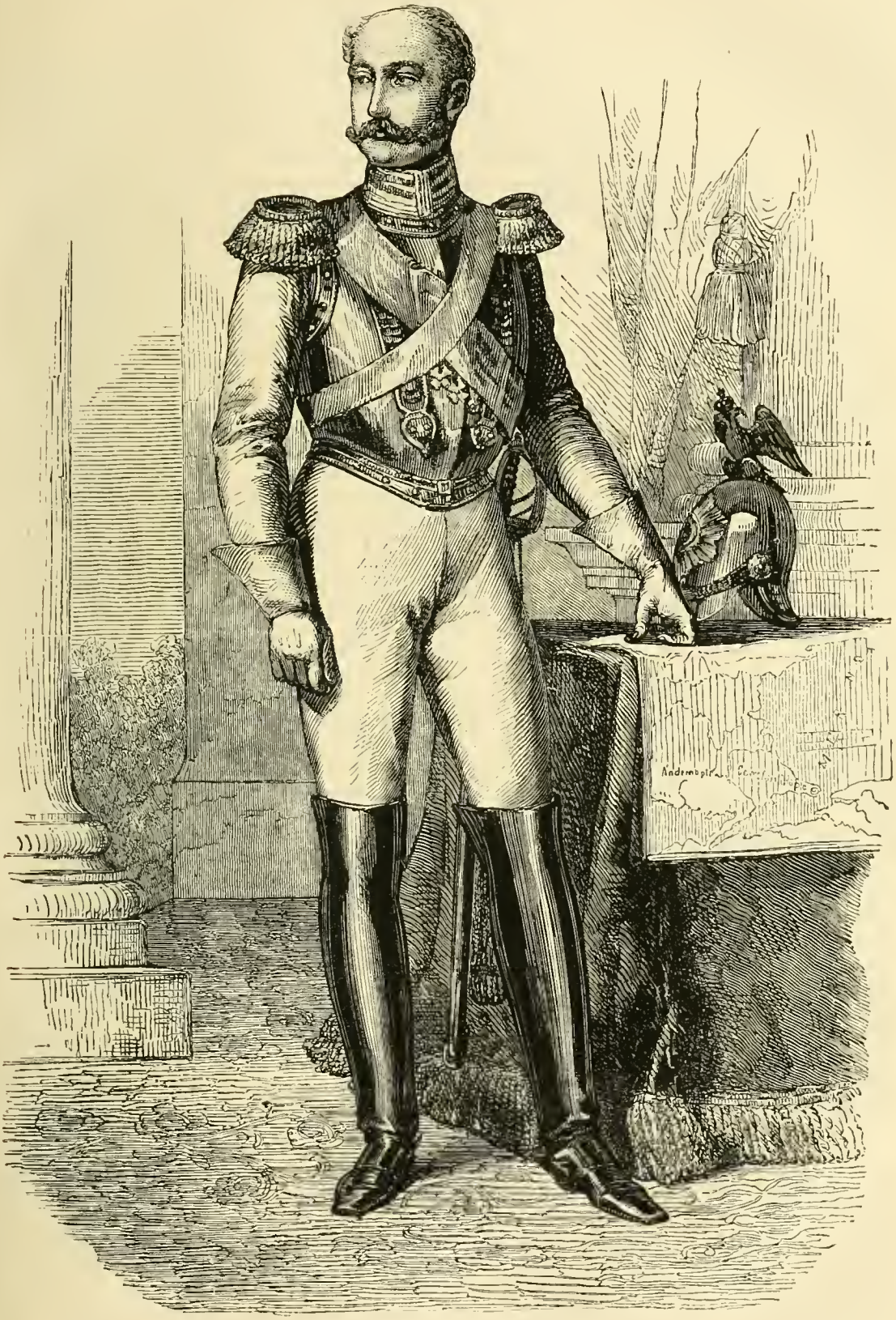
Sir Hamilton Seymour called accordingly on the 21st of February, and he has left a vivid report of the conversation which ensued. But the main point is still the same. The Emperor dwelt on the fall of Turkey as if, to use the words of the British Minister, he had "settled in his own mind that the hour, if not *of* its dissolution, at all events *for* its dissolution, must be at hand;" and he urged his project of an understanding between "the English Government and me, and me and the English Government"—on the faith of a gentleman—with singular persistence. And when Sir Hamilton remarked, "The great difference between us is this: that you continue to dwell upon the fall of Turkey, and the arrangements requisite before and after the fall; and that we, on the contrary, look to Turkey remaining where she is, and to the precautions which are necessary to prevent her condition from becoming worse"—"Ah," replied the Emperor, "that is what the Chancellor (Nesselrode) is perpetually telling me." Sir Hamilton was not surprised to hear the Czar speak scornfully of the French—he had done so before; but he was surprised to hear the Czar say, "When I speak of Russia, I speak of Austria as well: what suits one suits the other; our interests, as regards Turkey, are identical." This remark led the British Minister to surmise that Austria had entered into the engagement which England declined, and that it was the intention of the Imperial Courts to exclude France. At length, after further repetition of the idea that Turkey must fall, "the Emperor went on to say that, in the event of a dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, he thought it might be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than was commonly believed." "The Principalities are," he said, "in fact, an independent state under my protection: this might continue. Servia might receive the same form of government. So again with Bulgaria: there seems to be no reason why this province should not form an independent state. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. I can, then, only say, that if, in the event of the distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objection to offer. I would

say the same thing of Candia: that island might suit you, and I do not know why it should not become an English possession." Here, then, was a disclosure implying the kind of understanding which the Czar, as a gentleman, desired to arrive at; and it need not be said that the British Government adhered to its old views, and declined to be a party to any such understanding. But these conversations had one effect — they created in the minds of the British Ministers a baseless confidence in the honour of the Czar. Before these secret transactions closed, the Emperor, it is necessary to remark, solemnly undertook not to harass the Porte by overbearing demands, and, provided others would obey the same rule, to labour at the work of prolonging the existence of the Turkish empire. And he gave this pledge at the very moment when Prince Menschikoff was on his way to the Porte to extort, by intimidation, a secret treaty which would have laid the Turkish empire at the feet of the Czar of all the Russias.

It was just as the Porte, yielding to the advice of England, had satisfied the Austrian demands touching Montenegro, and just as the question of the Holy Places seemed to be dying away, that Prince Menschikoff, at the end of February, landed at Constantinople. His coming had been heralded by a Russian war steamer and a Russian colonel. Nothing could be learned of the object of his mission. An air of mystery was thrown studiously over his advent. He came like a portent. All that could be gleaned by industrious seekers was that he had visited fleets and armies, and that he was coming clothed almost in the panoply of war, but with "pacific intentions." He came. In his suite were, among others, the son of Nesselrode and Prince Galitzin, an aide-de-camp of the Czar. At his heels, in another ship of war, came Admiral Korniloff, the commander of the Black Sea Fleet, and a general, holding the rank of Chief of the Staff to General Rudiger, who commanded two *corps-d'armée* on the frontier. With them came rumours of the march of troops and the fitting out of fleets, and everything was done to frighten the Turks, and impress them with a due sense of the vast power of the Emperor. It cannot be wondered at that the Divan was in a fever of alarm; the forces of friends were so far off, and those of the Czar so near.

Nor did Prince Menschikoff's first act tend to mitigate the terror of the Porte. The Turks had made all the preparations required for the reception of an envoy from a potentate so mighty. Prince Menschikoff sent in his credentials to Fuad Effendi, the Foreign Minister, and diplomatic etiquette demanded that he should first visit the Grand Vizier, and then the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Attended by his showy suite, but himself plainly attired, the Prince went to the Porte and presented himself to the Grand Vizier. One of the Sultan's household then invited him to visit Fuad Effendi, whose offices were next to those of the Turkish Premier. But the Prince said he should not, as Fuad Effendi had broken faith with the Emperor; and, having put this slight on Fuad, he passed by the line of troops and the very door of the minister, which had been opened to receive him. To add to the mortification of the Turks, this affront was given in the presence of a crowd of Greeks, and it made a "great and painful sensation." The blow had been struck without a previous complaint, and without any kind of warning, and yet Prince Menschikoff did not hesitate to say that he did not intend in any way to offend the Sultan. Fuad Effendi might, if he chose, be present at the ceremonial audience between the Sultan and the Russian, but with him Prince Menschikoff would not negotiate.

For a moment there was a panic in high places at Constantinople. The Grand Vizier was indignant and terrified, and, fearing the worst, trembling lest a mortal blow should be struck before help could arrive, if help were deferred, he asked Colonel Rose to request Admiral Dundas to bring up the British squadron to Vourla Bay. Colonel Rose did not hesitate. He knew how forward were the warlike preparations of the Czar, and he immediately complied with the wish of the Grand Vizier. But this bold step was premature. The Czar had not made up his mind to strike a sudden blow, and Count Nesselrode told Sir Hamilton Seymour that the tendency was rather to slacken than to push on military preparations—a statement destitute of truth. Fuad Effendi, of course, refused to hold office any longer, and the Sultan, for the first time, accepted the resignation of a public servant, replacing him by Rifaat Pasha. When Admiral Dundas received the request of Colonel Rose, he declined to act upon it, and his Government, brimming with faith in Nicholas, notwithstanding the tenor of the secrets in their possession, approved of the conduct of the Admiral, and disapproved of the bold haste of Rose. But the French Government, hearing of what had occurred, without consulting the British Ministers, ordered their fleet at once to set out on a "cruise in Greek waters." The fleet sailed, and Lord Clarendon instantly expressed the regret of his Government that France had taken so strong a measure. Her Majesty's Government, he said, had received from the Czar his most solemn assurance that he would uphold the Turkish empire, and not change his policy without notice of his intention; and, as no such notice had been received, the British Government were "bound to believe, until they had proofs to the contrary, that the mission of Prince Menschikoff was not of a character menacing to the independence and integrity of Turkey." Lord Clarendon feared that the arrival of the French fleet near the Turkish capital would give "a hostile character to Russian policy"—as if the character of Russian policy were not, at that very time, as overbearing as it professed to be moderate, and as warlike as it professed to be pacific. But the British statesman was quite right in his fears. The movement of the French fleet to Salamis did not change the character of Russian policy, but it quickened the Czar to wrath, and accelerated the progress of his occult designs. He was gratified to learn that the British Government did not share in the alarm and irritation which prevailed at Paris, and still had faith in his honour; and he must have been more gratified to know, as he was allowed to know, that, at this critical moment, it was the position of



THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

France, and the political feeling embarked in the question, which, in the opinion of England, afforded the only grounds for apprehending embarrassment in the East. And even from this cause little danger was apprehended, for Lord Cowley had informed his Government that the whole tenor of the recent correspondence between Paris and St. Petersburg showed that the Emperor of Russia had "no hostile feeling towards Turkey," and was "anxious for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." This accorded well with the information received from Sir Hamilton Seymour; and thus the British Government, at least, was cradled in the hope of a peaceful settlement, alloyed only by some misgiving as to the effect on the mind of the Czar of the rush of the French fleet to Salamis.

In the meantime Prince Menschikoff conducted himself so mysteriously and so quietly at Constantinople, and Sir Hamilton Seymour received such positive assurances at St. Petersburg, that no one, except the French *Chargé d' affaires*, and perhaps the French Government, suspected the bad faith of Russia. The Prince, it is true, could not explain away the threatening armaments of his master; but Count Nesselrode said, over and over again, that nothing would be demanded unpleasing to the French. The Prince did not unfold the object of his mission; but then, what he said, and said vaguely, did not agree with what was said at St. Petersburg. In short, there was mystification, reserve, equivocation in all that was said and done; yet the British Government continued to put faith in the Czar, while the French Government, in its communications with our own, continued to harp on the necessity of framing some common line of action, and had even sounded Austria with a similar object.

What was happening at the Porte served to justify French suspicions. It seems to have been the common talk in Pera and Galata that the Russian Minister was intent on obtaining from the Turks a secret treaty. But Prince Menschikoff went about the business in so strange a manner, that Rifaat Pasha, with whom he talked, did not appear to comprehend at what the Prince was driving. The Grand Vizier thought the mild manner and smooth language which the Russian employed was calculated to induce the Porte to agree to a secret compact. The fact is, the Turks already knew well enough at what the Czar aimed; and instead of being mild in his tone, his negotiator denounced upon the Turks severe penalties if they revealed his secret demands. Those demands went the length of endowing the Czar with a protectorate over the whole of the Greeks and Armenians in Turkey. This was the meaning of the phrase, that the Czar would not seek to deprive the Latins of what they had won. He sought a stronger position—that of master. This was the Emperor's example of forbearance to a weak power! It is not surprising that the pale Sultan grew paler, and that the Turkish Ministers trembled. For, ever and anon, came more and more decisive and more and more authentic reports of the advance of the Russian armies; while the British Government would not give up its faith in the good intentions and its trust in the personal honour of the Emperor.

Colonel Rose was indefatigable in his endeavours to worm out the exact nature of Menschikoff's proceedings, and on the 1st of April the Grand Vizier made a clean breast of it. Prince Menschikoff offered the Porte 400,000 men and a fleet, in case she required them against any Western Power, provided the Porte would make such an addition to the treaty of Kainardji as would place the Greek Church entirely under the protection of Russia without reference to Turkey. The Grand Vizier regarded this as ruinous, and refused to keep secret the demand; on the contrary, he reported it to Colonel Rose, and begged him to communicate it without delay to the British Government, which Colonel Rose did not fail to do. How then, after the receipt of this news, could the British Government pretend that they had no reason to suspect the Czar? Their excuse is that from St. Petersburg they received persistent statements that Prince Menschikoff sought nothing but reparation for the wrong done in the matter of the Holy Places. The suspicions of England were lulled asleep by the extravagant praises the Russian Cabinet bestowed upon the noble, the confiding attitude of her Government, as contrasted with the ardent spirit, the precipitation, the menaces of the French. It is evident that the sailing of the French fleet, notified to all the world in the *Moniteur*, rankled in the heart of the Czar. He felt under pressure; his pride was wounded; but that did not prevent him from dissembling. How well he and his servants dissembled may be seen from the fact that Lord Clarendon, in the middle of April, believed that the secret treaty demanded by Prince Menschikoff would be simply "a written agreement respecting the Holy Places." In the meantime, the naval and military measures of Russia were vigorously pushed on, and all the satisfaction Colonel Rose could get to his remonstrances was the reply from Prince Menschikoff—"All that I can tell you is, that I have the most pacific intentions!"

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had not yet arrived; for there had been delays on the road, and he had travelled by a circuitous route from London to the East. But he was now near at hand. "On the morning of the 5th of April," to borrow a striking passage from Mr. Kinglake, "the Sultan and his Ministers learned that a vessel of war was coming up the Propontis, and they knew who it was that was on board. Long before noon, the voyage and the turmoil of the reception were over, and except that a frigate under the English flag lay at anchor in the Golden Horn, there was no seeming change in the outward world. Yet all was changed. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had entered once more the palace of the English Embassy. The event spread a sense of safety, but also a sense of awe. It seemed to bring with it confusion to the enemies of Turkey, but austere reproof for past errors at home; punishment where punishment was due, and an enforcement of hard toils and painful sacrifices of many kinds; and a long farewell to repose. It was the angry return of a king whose realm

had been suffered to fall into danger." For Sir Stratford Canning had been a stanch but an exacting friend to the Turks, and had exercised more real power in Turkey than any man of foreign birth; and the power which he possessed as Sir Stratford Canning had not gone from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, nor had age diminished his ability, or deprived the strong man of his force. The crisis into which he plunged was one just suited to his nature, and before the sun had set he had put his hand to the work. He was fated to encounter again the Czar of all the Russias, and he was fated to foil him as he had often foiled him before.

The first step of Lord Stratford—and he took it at once—was to discover the actual position of affairs, and to learn how far the demands of Prince Menschikoff were moderate or threatening. On the day after he landed, Lord Stratford saw the Grand Vizier and Rifaat Effendi; but while he learnt from their conversations that there was some prospect of settling the tiresome question of the Holy Places, he could gain no distinct statement respecting the ulterior views of the Czar. The Turks were not so frank with him as they had been with Colonel Rose. Nevertheless, they admitted the existence of ulterior demands, and they were pressing in their requests for advice. Lord Stratford gave it willingly. He recommended them to keep the question of the Holy Places separate from the ulterior proposals, and he set before them a variety of considerations carrying comfort with them, in case the ulterior demands took an inadmissible form. On the 7th he saw the Sultan and offered his good offices, and, alluding to the secret Russian demands, said he was convinced the Sultan, in making reasonable concessions, "would be careful to admit no innovation dangerous to his independence." This from Lord Stratford's lips meant more than the mere words convey. It meant support in case that independence were menaced, and the Sultan knew he could rely upon the speaker. For some reason Prince Menschikoff became less offensive in manner, and men were able to entertain hopes that the clouds hanging over Turkey would disperse without a storm.

Acting on Lord Stratford's advice, the Turkish Government applied themselves steadily to the settlement of the minor question. Projects were drawn up, designed, modified, and debated again with persevering energy. Lord Stratford found the new French Minister, De la Cour, disposed for concession, provided matters were "arranged for the satisfaction of French feelings of honour," and he did not despair of bringing the Russian to reason. It is not necessary, nor would it interest the reader, to follow the ins and outs of what still remained in 1853, as it was in 1851, a vexatious and uninteresting question. The old points rise up over and over again—the keys and stars, and cupolas and gardens, the great doors and little doors, the door-keepers and the questions of precedence—but behind these there is a dark and threatening cloud, and it is that, and not the disputes of churches, which formed the groundwork of men's anxieties. Lord Stratford's earnest entreaties, his diplomatic skill and deep insight, the energies of the goaded Porte, the elasticity of the French Minister's instructions, all working together, although obstructed by the growing proportions of the larger question, soon overcame Prince Menschikoff, who did not see the vantage ground he was losing in allowing the conflict about the Holy Places to be settled. When the French and Russian seemed to be on the verge of a rupture, Lord Stratford, intent on the mightier game, thought it advisable "to adopt a more prominent part." Accordingly he brought the two Ministers face to face, and in a short time sent them away, and with them the settlement of the dispute, so that nothing remained to be done but to embody the compromise in a firman. In little more than a fortnight after his arrival, the points raised by General Aupick in 1850 were put to rest, but out of them had grown a huger quarrel, which it was soon found could be only appeased by an appeal to arms.

It was during the closing days of the combat about the Holy Places that Lord Stratford became aware of the arrival of despatches expressing the keen dissatisfaction of the Czar at the slow progress made by his envoy. He also learned that the warlike preparations of the Emperor, far from being "slackened," as Count Nesselrode had said they were, on the contrary were being urged on. The 5th Corps d'Armée was actually marching on the Pruth, and the 4th was ready to move up in support as soon as the deep roads of Volhynia were hard enough to bear the passage of guns and baggage. A division at Sebastopol and another at Odessa were exercised in embarking and disembarking, and the fleet was prepared to carry them. Immense quantities of biscuit were cooked. It was these preparations which both Count Nesselrode and Prince Menschikoff said were not in progress. Lord Stratford, on the 22nd of April, learned that, four or five days before, "fresh and pressing instructions" had reached Prince Menschikoff from St. Petersburg. In fact, Rifaat Pasha placed in the hands of the English Minister a document called a *note verbale*, which Prince Menschikoff had put in. In this note the Prince demanded a categorical answer on certain points, some of which were settled by the agreement come to in regard to the Holy Places, but the main demand for a protectorate remained, of course, to be dealt with. And this had now to be taken in hand. The British Government, it should be remarked, persisted in believing that Prince Menschikoff had no authority to make these ulterior demands which so disturbed Europe. Her Majesty's Government, they said to Baron Brunnow on the 16th of May, "were compelled either to think that Prince Menschikoff had exceeded his instructions, or to doubt the assurances they had received" personally from the Emperor; and they blindly preferred the first alternative. The French Government were not deceived. But they affected to regard the demand of Russia for a protectorate as one affecting all the other Powers, and they declared themselves ready to consult and act with them, but not to act alone. The conduct of the British Government is the more remarkable, as Lord Stratford pointed out, in a despatch which reached Lord Clarendon on the 6th of May, that the omission of Count Nesselrode,

in his remarks to Sir Hamilton Seymour, to make any mention of the ulterior demands, corresponded with the endeavours of Prince Menschikoff to insulate the Porte. The Austrian Minister at the Porte had no doubts respecting the intentions of Russia, and told the British Minister that he could only advise the Porte to give its unqualified assent to the Czar's demands. This drew from Lord Stratford the severe remark that he was "not prepared to take part in placing the last remains of Turkish independence at the feet of any foreign power;" and he warned the Internuncio that he would find Count Buol held the same determination—a curious fact, which seems to show that at this stage Austria had not made up her mind sufficiently to enable her to give the Internuncio distinct instructions. But it will be seen that the Austrian Government, like the British Government, had been deceived, and that the extreme duplicity of Russia took Count Buol by surprise.

In the meantime events had been marching rapidly at Constantinople. There was an end of all reserve. Urged on by the impatient orders of his master, Prince Menschikoff, on the 5th of May, sent by a common messenger a note to the Porte, having all the character, though it did not bear the name, of an ultimatum. It embodied the obnoxious demand for a protectorate in a most offensive form, and it gave the Porte only five days of grace. If an answer did not arrive in five days, Prince Menschikoff would consider that his Government had been treated with disrespect, and on their behalf he said he should have to execute a painful duty. What that meant no one was permitted to doubt—the Czar had ordered his envoy to obtain his demands at once, or quit Constantinople. Lord Stratford now applied himself to the task of turning the Prince from his purpose, by striving to induce him to negotiate in the usual way; at the same time he gave the Porte advice affording the best chance of leading the Prince into that line of action. In vain: the French Minister did the same, but with less energy. He was instructed to express his objections to the Russian demands, but not to excite the Porte to refuse them. The Turks appeared to be firm, but showed some trepidation; yet they had the courage to refuse compliance. Before all was over, Prince Menschikoff committed one further act of violence. As an ambassador, he had access to the Sovereign when he pleased, and thinking the Grand Vizier was the main obstacle to his designs, he compelled the Sultan to receive him at a private audience, and forced upon him the dismissal of that functionary. The Sultan, it is said, yielded, in order that the Prince might know that the rejection of the Russian demands was the act, not of a Minister, but of the whole Government. This led to a large modification of the Ministry but to no change in its policy. Lord Stratford had also had a private audience of the Sultan. In this interview he described the position of the Porte in forcible terms, pointing out the consequences of refusing the demands of the Czar; hinting even at the possible occupation of the Danubian Principalities; but expressing his opinion that the Emperor Nicholas could not, without forfeiting his word, resort to war. He counselled the Porte to take up a position of moral resistance, and to rely on a good cause and the sympathy of friendly and independent Governments. And then he gave the Sultan the comforting assurance, that in case of danger, he was empowered to direct Admiral Dundas to hold his squadron in readiness. One can easily imagine how the Sultan must have drunk in these words; privately uttered, it is true, but soon to be imparted to his anxious Ministers.

Prince Menschikoff, although he broke off all negotiations on the 15th, made one more effort to carry his point. He agreed to suspend his departure three days, but did not substantially alter his ultimatum. The Austrian Ambassador now undertook to mollify the Prince, but, like the others, he failed. On the 22nd of May the arms of Russia were removed from the Embassy, and the Prince and his whole suite embarked on board a man-of-war and steered for Odessa. Thus one act of the drama was finished, and the nations were one step nearer to war.

CHAPTER XIII.

Question at issue becomes European—Fleets ordered to Besika Bay—Russian Duplicity and Pretensions—The Czar and Lord Stratford—Nesselrode's "Last Effort"—Ultimatum sent to the Porte—Attitude of England—Negotiation—Firm Resolves of the Czar—The Porte rejects the Ultimatum—The Russians cross the Pruth—The Czar's Manifesto—Protest of the Sultan—The Four Powers—Their Efforts—Austrian Mediation—Conference at Vienna—Growth of the Anglo-French Alliance—The Western Powers committed to the Defence of Turkey—Preparations of the Porte—The Four Powers frame the Vienna Note—The Czar, but not the Porte consulted—The Czar accepts, the Porte rejects the Note—Wrath of Nicholas—Anger of the Powers—Nesselrode's Interpretation of the Note justifies the Porte—Position of the German Powers—Nature of the Vienna Note Explained—Alarm at Constantinople—Precipitate Conduct of M. de la Cour—The Fleets ordered within the Straits—Royal Conference at Olmütz—Fresh Russian Scheme—Lord Stratford's Plan of a Settlement—The Porte declares War, but still frames Peace Preliminaries—Summons from Omar Pasha to Prince Gortschakoff—Its Rejection—Rejection accepted as a Declaration of War.

When Prince Menschikoff presented his ultimatum, the Eastern question underwent a complete change. Up to that moment the quarrel had been confined, first to Russia and France, next to Russia and the Porte; and the struggle, although supported on one side by the advance of armies, was still a diplomatic struggle. Prince Menschikoff's formal demand for a protectorate, the violence of his language, and his imperious request for an answer in a limited time, converted the question at once into a European question of the first magnitude.

The earliest news that the Prince had presented an ultimatum to the Porte, created a profound impression in the Courts of Paris and London, and even in the Courts of Berlin and Vienna, where Russia had so many friends. The British Government heard of it with "extreme surprise and regret." They had been wronged by the conduct of the Czar, and a strong revulsion followed from confidence to mistrust. The "gentleman" had broken his word. Count Buol, on behalf of Austria, had also received "solemn assurances," and finding how little they were worth, one link in the chain which

bound Austria to Russia gave way. Baron Manteuffel, on behalf of Prussia, even so late as the 30th of May, declared himself unprepared for the news which had arrived. He, too, had been led to believe that the sole question of negotiation was that of the Holy Places; and he "wished to believe that Prince Menschikoff, who had gone beyond everything they were given to expect," had overstepped his instructions, and would be disavowed—as if disavowals were usual in Russian diplomacy! The French Government, though much moved, were less surprised and less alarmed. The first thought of M. Drouyn de Lhuys was of a contingent alliance with England—the Emperor desired it; but while there was an apparent unwillingness to act alone, and an apparent disposition to acquiesce, if Turkey acquiesced, in reality, as it afterwards turned out, the French fleet had been at the disposal of M. de la Cour ever since the 22nd of March.

The intelligence of the last violence offered to the Porte by Prince Menschikoff reached England on the 30th of May. The British Cabinet took a decisive resolution. On the 31st of May a despatch went forth from the Foreign Office, placing the fleet under Admiral Dundas at the "disposal" of Lord Stratford, to be ordered whithersoever he would, but not to be allowed to enter the Dardanelles, except on the express demand of the Sultan. Two days afterwards, by a direct order, Admiral Dundas was instructed to proceed at once from Malta to the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles; and three days later, the French Government learning this, and being desirous of acting in concert, the Emperor sent orders to his squadron to quit Salamis, and proceed to Besika Bay. It was not possible—it was not, at that stage of the question, desirable—to do more. The two fleets were placed within call of the Sultan, and the treaty of 1841 was not broken or strained.

The temper of the British Government now underwent a great change. Its trust in the Emperor Nicholas was gone. On the same day that Lord Clarendon entrusted the fleet to Lord Stratford, he wrote a despatch to Sir Hamilton Seymour, recapitulating, with trenchant brevity, those "most solemn assurances" which the Czar had given over and over again. It is a long catalogue; there are no less than sixteen distinct pledges that the question of the Holy Places, and that alone, required to be resolved. Count Nesselrode went so far as to say on one occasion, when challenged to state whether he knew of any other grievances except those appertaining to the Holy Places, that there were "none except such as might exist between any two friendly governments, and form part of the *current business* of every Chancery. The Emperor respected the independence of Turkey, and if his views changed, he would be the first to say so." Yet at this very time the Czar was urging on Prince Menschikoff to extort from the Porte a treaty which would have laid that independence at his feet. The "explicit, precise, and satisfactory assurances" which came day by day from St. Petersburg, were day by day proved to be worthless at Constantinople. The assurances of the Czar, and the language and acts of his minister at the Porte, were in flagrant contradiction. Count Nesselrode did not tell direct lies. He only deceived. He used language to which, in his own mind, he gave a peculiar signification, knowing, as he must have known, that it conveyed a far other meaning to the person addressed. This flagrant "discrepancy," as the British Secretary of State mildly called it, he did not fail to set forth as the ground of a demand for explanations; nor did he fail to remark that Prince Menschikoff had been supported by a display of force, with what object he desired the Russian Government to explain. At the same time Lord Clarendon distinctly informed the Russian Government that England was determined to abide by that policy which held the preservation of Turkish independence and integrity to be essential to the peace of Europe. The French Minister exhibited an equally heavy bill of indictment against Russia, and enumerated an equally imposing catalogue of broken vows.

Sir Hamilton Seymour had already confronted Count Nesselrode with his promises. Nothing can exceed the cool effrontery with which the wily old Chancellor maintained that he had concealed nothing. His language, he averred, had always pointed to the exact reparation which Prince Menschikoff had demanded, and against which the Turkish Ministry and the English Ambassador had raised such "unaccountable" objections. When it was observed that the effect of the proposed treaty would have been to make ten millions of Greeks look up to a foreign sovereign and not to their own master, he answered with ill-concealed triumph, "Have they looked for the last hundred years in any other direction?" The treaty would change nothing in the state of affairs—a confession that Nicholas already regarded himself as sovereign and the Sultan as vassal. Well might Sir Hamilton remark that "a long-cherished object" had been "sought by a tortuous path." Indeed, few finer specimens of treacherous diplomacy can be found than those which are furnished by the authentic records of the correspondence between the Czar and the British Government in the first five months of 1853.

The anger and violence of the Emperor Nicholas at his defeat were augmented by the fact that Lord Stratford was the British Envoy at the Porte. In spite of the evidence pouring in upon him from day to day, the Czar would believe that Lord Stratford, overawing the Ministers, and coercing the Sultan, had alone been the cause of the rejection of the treaty. The Czar writhed at the thought. Count Nesselrode—and in reading his words, we read, no doubt, the words of Nicholas—imputes the failure of Menschikoff to the vehemence of "the Queen's Ambassador." Lord Stratford was accused of displaying an "incurable mistrust, a vehement activity." Russia was aware of the efforts *he* employed with the Sultan and the Council, and how deaf he had proved to the prayers of Reschid Pasha. No; the rupture had been brought about by "passion," by "a blind obstinacy," by forcing the Porte "to brave us," by "distrust as unfounded as it was offensive." In short, the Czar believed, or affected to believe, that he had suffered

a moral defeat at the hands of Lord Strafford; and *that* he would not endure. If it were not so like the rage of an ill-tempered schoolboy, the wrath of the Czar would be sublime, so intense, so devouring were the feelings called forth by a painful delusion. It can hardly be doubted that the totally unfounded calumnies which the Czar chose to believe, gave a spur to execution of the designs he had already formed. In a certain sense, too, he had been defeated by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; but the methods of Lord Stratford were as honourable and as straightforward as those of the Czar had been dishonourable and underhanded; not that, in so acting, he was faithful to the instructions he had received, and to the spirit of his Government.

Lord Clarendon's catalogue of Count Nesselrode's worthless promises was crossed on its way to St. Petersburg by a despatch from that Minister to Baron Brunnow, quite as insolent as any Prince Menschikoff had addressed to the Porte. It was dated June 1st, and it began by a fierce attack upon the English Ambassador. It boasted of the moderation, the conciliatory spirit of the Emperor; it professed to give a history of what had occurred, and it announced that his Imperial Majesty had determined to make a "last effort" to bring Turkey to reason. That effort consisted in the dispatch of an ultimatum to Reschid Pasha, demanding the signature of the Sultan to the obnoxious note, and granting him a week for reflection. "At the expiration of that period," wrote the Chancellor, "the Emperor will only consult the honour and dignity of Russia. He will order his troops to occupy the Danubian Principalities, which he will retain as a deposit until he has obtained the satisfaction above mentioned." England was coolly advised not to create bugbears, and contend against phantoms, and instead of urging the Porte to brave it out, the Queen's Government was ostentatiously recommended to induce the Turks "to trust to the Emperor's moderation the care of not abusing his influence." And then the fact was flaunted in the face of the British Government that all the opposition, all the marked affectation of precautions against it, could not do away with the sympathy which bound a population of fifty millions of orthodox believers in Russia to the twelve millions and more which compose the majority of the Sultan's subjects. In the most haughty style of the Russian Foreign Office, England was warned not to drive the Porte, by a policy of mistrust, to the verge of an abyss in which the moderation of the Emperor had alone prevented her from being swallowed up. This heated language, this avowal that the Czar regarded himself as the destiny of Turkey, did not open the eyes of Lord Aberdeen, did not enable him to see that the Czar was resolved, cost what it would, to have his will obeyed. Nor did the ultimatum addressed to Reschid Pasha, insolent and peremptory as it was, reveal to Lord Aberdeen the true state of the case. Declaring that the Czar had been always friendly, and generous, and moderate, and that by opposing his intentions, by showing distrust without cause, by giving refusals without excuse, a serious offence had been committed against "a sincere ally and well-disposed neighbour," Count Nesselrode had the tact to appeal, not only to the wisdom, but to the "patriotism" of the Turkish Minister, and almost ordered him to surrender without delay, under penalty of seeing a portion of the dominions of his master taken, and held as a "material guarantee!" Such was the character of the "last effort" made by this moderate, this conciliatory, this generous potentate, this "sincere ally and well-disposed neighbour," to extort from a weak power the essence of sovereignty over twelve millions of subjects!

The fiery ultimatum went on its way to Constantinople. The force to back it received fresh marching orders. Baron Mantcuffel told Lord Bloomfield that Prince Gortschakoff had been appointed to command the Russian army on the frontier of Turkey; and that his horses and baggage had, on the 5th of June, already reached head-quarters. A strong force of gunboats went up the Danube to Ismail, to prepare a means of crossing the river, and the merchants at Odessa were warned to wind up their affairs. The Turks also were bent on making ready for the worst. The small squadron of Turkish men-of-war took up a position in the Black Sea mouth of the Bosphorus. A flying camp was established between the Black Sea and Kilia, and Omar Pasha was ordered to Shumla. But Varna was defenceless, and the works at the mouth of the Bosphorus were out of repair, and the guns worthless; and except the resistance which the Anglo-French fleet might offer, there was none which the navy and army of Nicholas could not overcome. The whole disposable force of the Sultan consisted of 80,000 men, mainly militia. In the face of the menacing preparations of Russia, the English Government did nothing but form a camp for 10,000 men at Chobham!

For they did not believe in the outbreak of a war. Lord Clarendon's despatches breathed of nothing but peace. The English Government could not shake off its old confidence in Nicholas, although he was in arms at the threshold of Constantinople. The policy of England, it was said, was "essentially pacific." No hostile feelings were entertained towards Russia, but every allowance was made for the difficulty in which the Emperor "had been placed"—by his own acts, in the main, the Foreign Secretary should have said. The British Government seemed to regard the threatened occupation of the Principalities as something inevitable, and while they still hoped to bring about a peaceful settlement, they did nothing and said nothing to prevent this further violation of right. It was a matter of course, that they should appeal to the German Powers, telling them that France and England, in sending their fleets to Besika Bay, and in approving of the stand made by the Porte, were actuated by the sole desire to uphold Turkish independence, and begging them, especially Austria, to exert their influence upon the Czar in favour of peace. It is strange, indeed, that the British Ministers did not see the drift and persistency of Russia; and that, from the temper of the Czar, war was so probable that they could not do too much to place themselves in a position to bear a part becoming

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England. Lord Stratford saw more distinctly. He told the Ministers that the master view of the Czar was to obtain a predominant influence over the counsels of the Porte, as a means of securing, if not hastening, its downfall; and he said rightly that if Turkey were to be left to struggle single-handed, the sooner the Porte were apprised of its helpless condition the better. But the British Government had taken up the weak position of desiring, almost resolving, to defend the Sultan, yet of neglecting to provide the means, lest that very act should precipitate war. And so, while they went on the road to war, by thwarting the Emperor's designs over the Ottoman Empire, they prevented themselves from making war with effect by abstaining from the smallest preparation. We beg pardon, there was the never-to-be-forgotten camp at Chobham; and the determination to have that was come to, not as a preparation for war, but as a reform in our military system!

The idea of the British Government was, that if common action could be established between the Four Powers, they would be able to find the Czar a way out of his difficulties without hurting his honour. They therefore abstained from military preparation, and laboured hard to bring about a diplomatic union between England, France, Austria, and Prussia. But they forgot one thing—that the Czar, however anxious he might be for peace, was more anxious to carry his point; that he desired, not *a* way, but *the* one way out of the perils which he had himself prescribed. He was not sure, so great was the hesitation, so strong the anxiety of England—for France did not exhibit anything like the same apprehension—that England would go to war. If she did not, he would win without firing a shot; if she did, he was ready to meet her. And thus, while Lord Clarendon was pushing his negotiations at the German Courts with indifferent success, while France was ready to do what England did, the Czar was a man with a mind made up, and prepared for any contingency. Certain firmans issued at this time by the Sultan, securing religious freedom to all his subjects, Greeks as well as Latins, Jews as well as Protestants, only enraged the Czar, and made him more bent than ever upon wresting from the Sultan the power of being just to his people. It was an unheard of thing that the Sultan should issue charters of religious toleration, usurping functions which Nicholas regarded as his *de facto* and *de jure*, and to do this at the instance of "Canning." He would not recede—"it would be a triumph for the Turks and a humiliation for Russia;" and he publicly declared that the Menschikoff demand was the Gordian knot of the question—a knot Russia desired to see peacefully unravelled, but which others seemed to have undertaken the task of "forcing her to cut." While Russia held this bitter language, the other Powers were in this position: they had not the least reason to believe, and they did not believe, that the Porte would accept the Russian ultimatum; moreover, not one of them was willing that she should, or able to approve her course if she did; yet, foreseeing—dimly, it is true, but still foreseeing—war as the result, they were unable to see any means of reconciling the Porte and Russia, and unwilling to plunge into war. There can be no question that the knowledge of the existence of this doubt and perplexity in the capitals of Europe was a great encouragement to Russia. She, therefore, full of hope, persevered.

The note of Count Nesselrode, dated May 31st—enclosing the ultimatum of Prince Menschikoff, and demanding its acceptance within eight days, on pain of seeing its provinces occupied by a foreign force, with the object, as Nicholas put it, of obtaining without a war what the Porte would not give up spontaneously—reached Reschid Pasha on the 9th of June. Its contents required no deliberation. The Porte determined to reject the ultimatum, and incur the penalty, but of course it did not refrain from availing itself of the whole of the days of grace. In adopting this course the Porte was supported by the envoys of all the Powers at Constantinople. That the ultimatum would be rejected was known in London and Paris on the 17th of June. This issue of the "last effort" had been anticipated by the Four Powers, and they had simultaneously arrived at an opinion respecting the course which it would be most expedient for Turkey to follow. Although an act of war, the Sultan was advised to refrain, should it occur, from declaring it to be such, and to content himself by publishing a solemn protest. This was particularly pleasing to the German Courts. Count Buol urged the Czar not to cross the Pruth, pointing out the dangers of that step; and at the same time he rather lectured the Porte on the propriety and expediency of doing everything possible to satisfy Russia. Baron Manteuffel took the same line. On the part of France, M. Drouyn de Lhuys dwelt on the concert established between England and France, on their determination to defend the integrity and independence of Turkey, and desired to be informed how far, in all eventualities, the Maritime Powers could count upon the support of Prussia and Austria. There was in the negotiations of France a more eager tone than in those of England; Lord Aberdeen's aversion to war imparting something of weakness to the despatches of Lord Clarendon. The attitude of England at this time was that of a Power whose policy was "essentially pacific," a Power which had just somewhat over-confidently regulated its finances for seven years, but which had an uneasy consciousness that it would, after all, be compelled to draw the sword, and throw down the flood-gates of the Exchequer, yet could not bring its mind to face the dread contingency, and prepare to meet its obligations. And in this England was more like the German Courts. But France—meaning the Government—though resolved not to act alone, and probably even ready, should it seem expedient, to act with Russia, was keener in pursuit and more ready for the fray, foreseeing the great moral gain that would accrue from a war in defence of a European policy waged in company with England, and not indifferent to the *prestige* to be derived from the laurels of anticipated victory. These feelings and calculations were confined mainly to the Governments: for though

there was a latent hatred of Russia in England, and France, and Germany, it had not yet been called forth and blown into a flame.

When the second Russian ultimatum arrived, the Turkish Government did not hesitate a moment respecting the answer which it should receive—they determined at once to reject it. But being now assured, by the coming of the fleets, of the support of England and France, they betrayed no anxiety in so doing, and Lord Stratford had no difficulty in obtaining the assent of the Sultan to the suggestion that he should protest, but not declare war, and should, on the contrary, offer to open fresh negotiations by sending an Ambassador to St. Petersburg. It was not supposed that the Emperor would assent to this, but the offer was in unison with the policy of the friendly Powers, and placed the aggressor still further in the wrong. On the 16th of June, the date of the answer to Count Nesselrode, when the step taken by the Porte was irrevocable, Lord Stratford waited on the Sultan. His ostensible object was to present a letter from Queen Victoria announcing the birth of Prince Leopold, and to offer Her Majesty's condolence on the severe affliction the Sultan had sustained in the loss of his mother, the Sultana Validé. Having accomplished this, he gave the Sultan what, perhaps, was more substantial comfort, by informing him with what friendly sentiments and "eventual intentions" the powerful fleet of Admiral Dundas, then at anchor in Besika Bay, had been placed at the Ambassador's disposal. At the same time, and in obedience to his instructions, Lord Stratford told the Sultan that peace was the great object of British policy, and that the fleet would be used only to protect the Sultan from foreign aggression. On the 17th of June, M. Balabine quitted Constantinople, carrying with him to Odessa the answer to Count Nesselrode's ultimatum, and the whole of the archives and correspondence of the Russian Legation.

The answer was received in St. Petersburg about the 25th of June. It had been anticipated by the Russian Court, and orders were at once issued for the troops to cross the Pruth. On the 27th the Czar published a manifesto, which bore the date of the 26th. Its object was to inform the Russian people and Europe that the Russian army would enter the Principalities. This manifesto was a crafty document. The Czar reminded his subjects that he was the hereditary defender of the orthodox Church; that in his dealings with the Turks he had always been devoted in the fulfilment of his holy obligations; but that now, to his great grief, the Porte had arbitrarily infringed the rights and privileges of the Church, and that the Sultan, so he told *his* subjects, had "perfidiously" broken his pledged word. Wherefore he had found it needful to advance his armies into the Danubian Principalities, to show the Ottoman Porte to what its obstinacy might lead. But, even then, outraged as he was, so great was his magnanimity, he would not begin war. He desired not conquest, but satisfaction, and he laid hands on a "material guarantee." If the Porte would grant him his will, he would arrest the movement of his armies. If "blindness and obstinacy" led the Porte still to refuse, then, "calling God to our aid," and "in full confidence in his omnipotent right hand, we shall march forward for the orthodox Church." Such was the purport, such were some of the terms of the Czar's manifesto, as published in the Russian tongue; the French translation thereof, for the behoof of Europe, was the same, with one important exception—the Czar did not, in the document intended for European enlightenment, venture to accuse the Sultan of perfidy. But the shabby act did not avail him, and it soon became known that he who had acted so perfidiously towards all the Powers, in order to evoke the passions of his people, did not scruple, when addressing them, to affix the stigma on the monarch he was about to attack. It will be seen how careful the Czar was to make it appear to his people that he was about to engage in a religious war; and at a time when his minister, and even himself, had been discussing the probable downfall of Turkey and the division of the spoil, the Czar had attended divine service publicly in the Church of St. Isaac, wearing his full uniform, and bearing conspicuously on his breast the great Greek cross, the symbol of his pontifical authority. For the Czar of all the Russias is a Pope as well as an Emperor; and Nicholas wore his uniform to signify his temporal might, his blazing cross to display his spiritual power. Face to face with the European Powers, he was worldly, and worldly-minded; face to face with his subjects, he appeared as the leader of a crusade. To European Governments he spoke of his honour; to his people, of his faith, and their faith, and the orthodox religion of holy Russia. And thus, while his legions streamed over the frontier, and spread through the Principalities, and the flag of Russia floated over the Black Sea, the Czar sought to stir up that hatred of the Moslem instinctive in Russian breasts. Nor was he wholly insincere. He had so wrought and blended together his temporal and spiritual passions—his pride as an Emperor and his pride as a Pontiff—he had so long looked upon himself as the arbiter of the destiny of Turkey and as the defender of the faith, that he had come to believe in the extravagant pretensions which he put forward. Yet, if he were pious, he also seemed to be politic; and, as he said, he hoped to force concession from the Sultan without going to war. The mistake made by Europe was in thinking that, without going to war, he might be induced to forego his object, or even accept a fair compromise.

On the contrary, the Czar was blind and obstinate. He had made a series of mistaken calculations, and he was under the dominion of a dangerous passion. He had calculated that the Ottoman Empire was in the agonies of death, and only needed a "fillip," as his minister said, to give it the finishing blow. He had calculated that when he lifted the sacred banner of the orthodox Church, the Greek Christians would rise in revolt. He had calculated that England, loving peace so much, and having Lord Aberdeen at the head of the Cabinet, would not have the courage to go to war. He

knew that if England refrained, Austria and Prussia would refrain, and he looked with scorn upon France. And even if England grew restive, he thought that his great influence in Germany would keep down any vagrant desire to restrain his will. By entering the Principalities he calculated that he should awe Europe and humble Turkey to the dust, and obtain the coveted power he sought in the Sultan's dominions.

In all these calculations he was wrong. Turkey was far from being at the point of death. There remained in her a good deal of the old martial fire which had carried her banner so far into Europe. The call of the Sultan could still muster a formidable host, not to be dispersed by a crack of the Czar's whip. The Greek Christians, although glad to have friends, either in the north or the west, were not ready for revolt, and were not sure that the yoke of the much-governing Czar would not be heavier than that of the lax Sultan. England was busy with her affairs, and not bent on martial deeds; but the old spirit was strong in her, too, and needed only the right kind of stimulus to call it forth. The rough demands of the Czar at Constantinople had roused an angry feeling among the people, who did not yet appreciate as her statesmen did the profound duplicity of Russia. But when the Russian troops crossed the Pruth, the Czar, if he could have read the signs of the hour, would have seen the angry feeling growing more angry, and the British nation becoming inflamed by passions which the spectacle of oppression and violence provoke among a free people. There were words uttered, too, in Parliament which he would have done well to heed; and when he saw that, under the influence of this new feeling, the people were overcoming their repugnance to France—nay, almost welcoming steps towards an alliance between their Queen and Louis Napoleon—even the Emperor Nicholas might have seen that he had taken a false step, and that if he did not wish for war, it would be well to retreat with honour. He also trusted too much to that delusive ascendancy which he had taken so much pains to set up in Germany, and even in the beginning of July he had in his hands proofs that he could wholly count neither on the subservience of Prussia nor on the politic calculations of Austria. But he had gone too far to recede, and he was too much bent on making the Sultan his vassal, to heed signs of hostility or accept the means of escape so plentifully provided for him.

The Russian troops crossed the frontier on the 1st of July, and on the 2nd, Count Nesselrode issued a manifesto to the diplomatists, as the Emperor had issued one to the people; he immediately published it, and it did not calm the irritation already excited. Count Nesselrode, besides recurring to hackneyed arguments, had the coolness to accuse the Governments of England and France of aiding and abetting the Porte in the high crime and misdemeanour of resisting the Czar. They had not thought fit to defer to his opinions. They had taken the initiative, they had anticipated the Czar, and had sent their fleets to the neighbourhood of Constantinople—already they were in the waters of Turkey, within reach of the Dardanelles. Wherefore, the resolution of invading the Principalities, only announced as an eventuality, the Czar could not, under this kind of pressure, refrain from executing. The Principalities would be occupied, and the Russian troops would not withdraw until Turkey had accepted the Menschikoff note, and the Maritime Powers had ceased to exercise a pressure on the Czar. This strange perversion of facts excited universal reprobation. It served as matter for questions in the British Parliament, and not only questions, but cutting speeches, even from those hitherto regarded as not unfavourable to Russia. It was known to all men that the fleets were not sent to Besika Bay until Russia had declared that, unless the Porte submitted within eight days, she would occupy the Principalities. So that it was false to say that the sailing of the fleets provoked, or that their destination justified, the invasion of Moldavia and Wallachia. Nor was there any similarity in the two acts. The fleets of England and France in Besika Bay were a friendly force in friendly waters. The troops of the Czar in the Principalities were a hostile and aggressive force in an enemy's country. Russia had committed an act of war; England and France had not committed an act of war. The falsity of the Russian despatch was seen of men, and it gave a new impulse to the rising wind of popular indignation.

But although the British Government had ceased to trust the Czar, although the Cabinet was indignant alike at the menaces and the meannesses which he put forward through Count Nesselrode, they were quite as strongly determined to spare no honourable means of preserving peace. They were eager to agree to any plan which should prove acceptable to the Czar and the Sultan; which should save the honour of the first, and preserve the independence of the second. They were more eager after the occupation of the Principalities than before that rash step had been taken, because of course they felt that the Emperor had imperilled everything by crossing the Pruth. Count Nesselrode thought it would be easier to make terms after the 1st of July, but in that opinion he and his master stood alone. It did not improve the prospects of peace to know that the Czar persisted in thinking that the Powers really approved of his demand for a protectorate, that they thwarted him out of a desire to bring him low, and that they had used Lord Stratford, whom he hated, merely to heighten the affront. No views could be more unsound, but, unhappily, in this world, the effects of unsound views are not confined to those who form them, and nations suffer manifold evils because a despot makes a wicked blunder.

Between the 1st and the 30th of July, while the Russians were settling down in the Principalities and acting like proprietors, projects of settlement grew and withered apace. The Four Powers were endeavouring to find out what each thought and what each would do. One of them had no doubts whatever. The French Emperor, always provided he could get English aid, was ready, and had been ready since the 22nd of March, to stand armed by the side of the Sultan. And although,

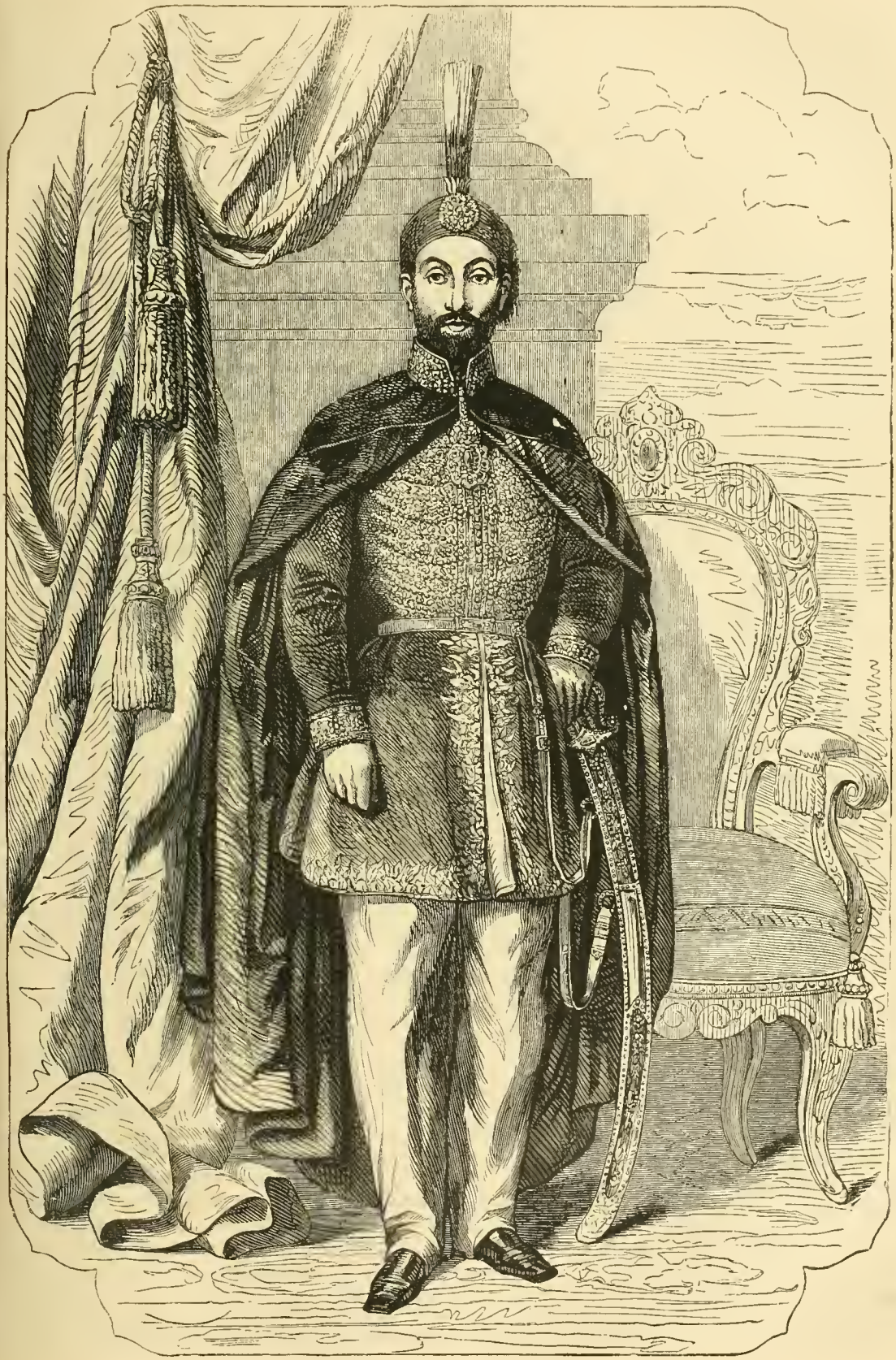
like all the Powers, Prussia excepted, he too broached a project of reconciliation, less than any was he hopeful of success; and although the despatches forwarded from his Court did not lack the polished, but rather stilted, courtesies which varnish the surface of diplomatic intercourse, yet in substance they were more trenchant and harder to digest. The two Powers, England and France, were rapidly growing more and more intimate. No step, at this time, was taken by one without consultation with the other. They took counsel in speech and action; they plied Russia with the same remonstrances; they plied Austria and Prussia with similar arguments. Without being allies in form, they were allies in fact. If there was any secret treaty between them, it had been kept secret. But, in truth, there was no need of a treaty; for Russia, by successive outrages, had driven the Maritime Powers into each other's arms; their intimacy kept pace with the growth of the common danger. Instead of finding in England the accomplice he had the audacity to expect in the work of pulling Turkey in pieces, the Czar had the mortification to find his chosen confidant rapidly becoming the ally of the Power he had so scorned, and both intent on preserving the State whose independence he struck at, whose integrity he had infringed. France was proud of her position. She was not the arbiter or pacificator of Europe, but she was rising fast in the estimation of Europe, and regaining that position lost by the Revolution, the *coup-d'état*, and the revival of the empire. Her master saw how much he gained by appearing, Bonapartist though he was, as the upholder of a fundamental principle of European policy in company with Austria and Prussia, and in alliance with England.

There was, therefore, no swerving on the part of France; if anything, there was too much impatience to proceed. But it was far otherwise with Austria and Prussia. Count Buol, nurtured on time-tried and sound traditions of Austrian policy in the East, saw well enough the shameless and the dangerous character of the proceedings of Nicholas. But he served a master young in years and as young in mind, who could not rid himself of Russian influence; and hence it came to pass that there were doubt and vacillation in Vienna, and a tendency to patch up an insecure peace at the expense of Turkey. Austria, too, had been invoked as a sort of mediator by Russia—evidence that the Czar relied a good deal on his supposed ascendancy over the mind of Francis Joseph. This monarch was ill at ease between the politic Buol, preaching sound Austrian doctrine, and the agents of the imperious Czar prophesying smooth things. The maxims of State policy so far prevailed as to permit Count Buol to declare that he disapproved of the conduct of Russia, and that he would take no engagement not to oppose her by arms, as to permit him, in the name of his master, to entreat, to implore Nicholas not to send his legions over the Pruth, and to express his profound disappointment when those entreaties and painful prayers were disregarded by the impetuous Emperor. But there he stopped short. He would not join the Western Powers at this stage, he would act singly and alone. In June he deprecated a Conference at Vienna, lest Russia should take offence; he urged the Porte to give way as much as possible; he begged the Czar, if he would enter the Principalities, to send thither only a few troops; and he was especially anxious, and in this all the Powers concurred, that the Porte should not regard the invasion as an act of war. Lord Clarendon reminded him that the Porte had agreed to forbear, and only protest; but that "this forbearance on the part of the Porte must not be reckoned on for any length of time, as the occupation of the Principalities, without a declaration of war, meant nothing but that the Emperor of Russia intended to give himself all the benefits of a state of peace without incurring any of the risks of war; and that he desired to keep the treaty of 1841 in full vigour, and the Dardanelles closed against the fleet of England and France, while he gained time for preparing his armament, and for making fresh demands upon Turkey, whose resources would gradually become exhausted." This forcible argument did not suffice to bring Austria to act in concert with England and France. Count Buol urged the Porte to frame a note—by blending together the note of Prince Menschikoff and the note of Reschid Pasha, which set forth the lengths to which the Porte would go—and send it to St. Petersburg by an ambassador. This was not a hopeful project, but it was allowed to run its course, and end in failure. It is further illustrative of the Russian leanings of this Austrian mediation, that in the beginning of July Count Buol harshly declared the invasion of the Principalities to be a direct consequence of the "insufficient" answer sent by the Porte to Russia. This was making the Porte responsible for the invasion—a notion the British Government rejected; as it was likewise compelled to reject the attempt of Austria to make the evacuation of the Principalities contingent on the withdrawal of the Anglo-French fleet from Turkish waters. The invasion of the Principalities drew from Count Buol the declaration that it was impossible for Austria to identify herself with Russia, especially as the invasion was preceded by the publication of a manifesto at variance with the facts. Nevertheless, Austria was not moved out of her semi-isolated position. On the 5th of July Count Buol had arrived at the opinion that it was incumbent on the Powers to concert measures—for what? To ask Russia what she meant! and to press on Turkey the necessity of signing a note acceptable to Russia. At the end of July Austria had got no further than she was at the beginning of that month. Count Buol considered himself united in policy with England, but he positively declined to enter into any engagement to enforce it, except so far as to say that if he were "called upon to carry out an armed intervention on the frontier, it would be in support of the authority and independence of the Sultan." Prussia occupied a similar position, except that Baron Manteuffel gave no promises at all. It has been necessary to dwell upon the position taken up by the German Powers, because it is important to show that they were not "in line" with the Western Powers. The former were engaged only to promote a peaceful settlement, and

not to side with Russia; the latter were engaged to promote a peaceful settlement, *and* to take other measures if their efforts failed. "It is from England and France alone," wrote Lord Clarendon to Lord Stratford on the 28th of July, "that Turkey can look for *active* sympathy and support; in the event of a struggle, all the other Powers would be found neutral, or would become hostile." France and England, he continued, did not go to war at that moment because they had any doubt that the policy of Russia had been unjust and ungenerous, and was indefensible; but because war would be an additional danger to Turkey; and, he might have added, because neither England, France, nor Turkey were then prepared for war. But they were not the less determined to resist Russia. For the Foreign Secretary finished his despatch with words not only showing that determination, but showing that England and France were allies. "In the event," he said, "of any further aggression by Russia, or of undue delay on her part in accepting the terms of an amicable arrangement that may be proposed to her, Her Majesty's Government, *in conjunction with that of France*, will be prepared to take more active measures for the protection of Turkey against a Power of whose hostile designs there exists no reasonable doubt." Thus, at this middle stage of the business, England and France were committed to make good their policy by war. Nor were these views kept secret. A little later, Lord Palmerston, in reply to a pro-Russian speech from Mr. Cobden, expressed them in the House of Commons, with not less explicitness and with more energy than Lord Clarendon. And it was therefore with reason, and unhappily with reason, that in the Queen's speech the French Emperor was mentioned by name as in league with Her Majesty, while the other Powers were vaguely spoken of as allies. This distinction was strictly in accordance with facts, for although Austria and Prussia were allies of England in a general sense, in this special sense, and for this special purpose, they were not allies. England had no ally, not one, except the French Emperor. Thus much is due to truth. Louis Napoleon had his own peculiar motives, doubtless, for arraying himself on our side with such eagerness; but the theory of a distinguished historian, that he prevented others from doing so, and drew us away from them at this early stage, obtaining by some compact, "hidden in the folds of private notes," special mention, will not bear the test of facts.

In the meantime projects of conciliation had not been wanting. The idea of a Conference at Vienna occurred to several persons at once. Lord Clarendon started a scheme, based on the project of a Convention between Russia and Turkey, which he drew up. M. Drouyn de Lhuys framed a note to be signed by Turkey, and accepted by Russia. There was Count Buol's project of a fusion of Russian and Turkish ideas. Independently of all this, the representatives of the Four Powers at Constantinople got up a scheme of their own, which proved to be distasteful to everybody but the Turks. Peace projectors abounded, while Russia steadily went on with her design, occupied the Principalities in a military fashion, seized on the post-office, intercepted the Sultan's tribute, sent gunboats up the Danube, and when the Porte recalled the Hospodars, induced them to disobey the Sultan's mandate, and forced him to dismiss them. Nor did Russia stop here. She sent emissaries into Servia and Bulgaria; she scattered her manifesto broadcast; she strove to raise a spirit of disaffection; and she replied with haughtiness to the complaints of the Western Powers. In the dominions of the Sultan a corresponding spirit arose. The Czar's manifesto had been read in all his churches; the Ulemas answered by sermons calculated to raise a spirit of counter-fanaticism. It was manifest that Turkish ardour was not extinct. Lord Stratford began to fear more from the rashness than the timidity of the Divan. Military and naval preparations went on briskly, and by the middle of August the Sultan had the satisfaction of knowing that he could defend Shumla, the Balkan, and the Bosphorus, if pressed by the Czar. Lord Stratford did not fail to lay before his Government the real issues at stake, nor did he disguise his doubts of the possibility of coming to a settlement without a resort to war.

It was under these circumstances that Count Buol exerted himself at Vienna to frame a plan of conciliation. He took the draft of a note drawn up by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and by the aid of the representatives of the Four Powers at Vienna, and after frequent communication with London and Paris, he constructed out of this draft a note which he hoped would prove acceptable alike to Russia and Turkey. The design was to ascertain whether the Czar would accept the note, and if he agreed to do so, to send it to Constantinople, accompanied by urgent recommendations from the Four Powers to the Porte advising its acceptance. In taking this course, Austria acted as mediator at the request, or at least with the assent, of Russia; but the Russian Ambassador at Vienna would not attend the Conference, and his master was only represented there by a sort of friend. After great labour the note was framed, and a copy sent to St. Petersburg. The Powers took steps immediately to ascertain whether the Czar would accept the note, and they found that, although it did not give him satisfaction, he was content to accept it in a spirit of conciliation, as an arrangement devised by a friendly Government; and he was willing to take it from the hands of a Turkish Ambassador, provided it were not altered in any way. This was the famous "Vienna Note" which attracted so much attention, and raised so many hopes in the summer of 1853. But while Austria and the other Powers had consulted Russia and learned her views, they had forgotten Turkey, for whose benefit the thing was supposed to be devised. They had not ascertained whether Turkey would or could sign it, and, indeed, in framing it, the Powers seemed more anxious to devise a form of words satisfactory to the Czar than safe in the eyes of the Sultan. And so, when it reached Constantinople, although backed by strong advices from all the Powers, and not least by England, the Porte declined to sign it, except in an amended form. The note, indeed, was found to confer rights on Russia



THE SULTAN, ABDUL MEDJID.

almost as extensive as those she claimed through Prince Menschikoff. Lord Stratford, although he saw this, scrupulously executed the instructions of his Government, and pressed the note on the Porte. But the Sultan, the ministers, the Grand Council were firm. After much deliberation, the Grand Council, of sixty members, comprising the most distinguished statesmen of the capital, adopted a form of note embodying their views, but rather deferring to the plan suggested at Vienna. "If the decision," wrote Lord Stratford, on the 20th of August, "does not completely represent the feeling of this country, it only fails in being framed with too much forbearance and moderation."

The news that the Porte would not sign the note, except in a modified form, vexed both Austria and England. Count Buol was chagrined, Lord Clarendon was angry. What the Four Powers, most interested in pressing Turkish independence, they said, regarded as preserving that independence, was surely a form of words which the Sultan might accept. They did not object to the changes made in the note as unreasonable in themselves—M. Drouyn de Lhuys, indeed, thought they were decided improvements—but they objected to them as unnecessary. The Four Powers would have assented to the interpretation put upon the note by the Porte, and Lord Clarendon had no doubt that Russia would have agreed with the Four Powers. But the Porte seemed to desire war, and had certainly made peace more difficult by the course it had pursued. In short, the friends of the Sultan were very angry with him for exercising his undoubted right, and looking sharply after his own independence. But if the Powers were angry, the Czar was enraged. He was beside himself when he thought on the fact that the Porte had refused what he had accepted. He would not at first discuss the modifications themselves. He would not think about them. What he objected to was, "any alteration —to the principle of alteration, to the fact of the Porte having done that which, out of regard to the wishes of the allied Powers, his Imperial Majesty had refrained from doing." Count Nesselrode expressed his master's views with such asperity as polite diplomatists permit themselves to indulge in. If the Turks, he said, had had "the faintest perception of their own interests, they ought to have clutched at the note with both hands. That which the Emperor received without change or hesitation in the course of twenty-four hours, should unquestionably have been received by the Turks with the same expedition." The Emperor again saw in this defeat the hand of Lord Stratford, and felt sure that the Turks had not been "made sufficiently sensible" of the dangers they incurred. The Emperor would concede no more. "Concession had reached its term."

This burst of temper had not its origin entirely in the unheard-of audacity of the Porte. The Emperor, in accepting the note, felt that the Four Powers, in drawing it up, had outwitted themselves, and had placed the Porte in his power. That is why he lost no time in acceding to the note; that is why he insisted that it should not be altered. Except that it was proposed by the Four Powers, and not presented at the sword's point by Russia alone, the Porte might as well have signed the original Menschikoff note, as this product of the wits of the Four Powers. The wrath of the Czar soon compelled Count Nesselrode to make that manifest, and soon converted at least England and France to the views of the Porte. For Count Nesselrode wrote such fierce despatches on the subject, and placed such an interpretation on the Vienna note, as permitted the Powers to see that they had made a blunder in recommending it to the Porte. When he came to discuss it, the Chancellor was forced to show that the note, as understood by Russia, affirmed the protectorate, whereas the changes made by the Porte refused to notice or to admit the existence of any protectorate at all. Moreover, the Czar advised Austria and the Powers to abandon these intractable Turks to the tender mercies of Russia, as the only way of cutting the matter short; then the Turks would be obliged to give way: advice which could have only opened further the eyes of the Western Powers.

Nothing shows more clearly how far, although still professing identical views, the German Powers were separated from England and France, than the fact that Count Buol and Baron Manteuffel, after they were aware of the interpretation put on it by Russia, moved by the emphatic language of Count Nesselrode, did once more urge the Porte to sign the original note, and thus to sign away its independence. Far from being in real concert in August, they were less in concert with the Western Powers in the middle of September. The only power which acted straight through with England was France, and the only divergence of policy apparent was this—the French Government did not seem to think the pace of the alliance fast enough, and were constantly urging the transmission of orders to the admirals to enter the Dardanelles. The plea was that the anchorage at Besika was unsafe. But this was seen to be absurd, and twice Lord Clarendon resisted the appeals sent by Louis Napoleon with the view of forcing the fleets upon the Sultan, and depriving Lord Stratford of any discretion in the matter. This occurred during the negotiations on the new aspect imparted to affairs by the Russian acceptance and the Turkish rejection of the note. The German Powers, knowing what was the interpretation put upon the note by Russia, persisted in pressing it upon the Sultan. The Western Powers, always more respectful to Turkey, would not take part in this move: indeed, they could not do so. Count Nesselrode's comments on the modified note, showing that the Emperor of Russia *did* desire to seek new rights and extended power in Turkey, had proved to England and France that the apprehensions of the Porte, so far from being groundless, were justified by the Russian construction. Instead of asking the Porte, as they were disposed to do before they were in possession of the Russian views, to re-consider its decision, they now asked the Emperor to re-consider his. Austria, on the contrary, declared that if the Porte again disregarded her counsels, she should consider her efforts to effect a reconciliation at an end:

further, that if England and France would not support her in this step, there would be an end to the conference at Vienna. In this opinion, perhaps to the regret of Count Buol, England and France agreed, and the conference at Vienna came to an end accordingly. The German Powers went one way, the Western Powers another; both professed to be hastening towards the same goal, but the German Powers went astray, whereas the Western Powers kept in the straight path. The secret of this was the personal ascendancy which the Czar exercised over the German Courts, and which diverted them from their true course on the Eastern question.

It may here be proper to describe in more detail the Vienna Note, on the terms of which, and on its modification, and the circumstances attending and following both, the preservation of peace depended. This note began by setting forth the desire of the Sultan to re-establish friendly relations between himself and the Czar; and then went on to state the terms of the proposed compromise. A difference arose on the first practical clause. As worded at Vienna, the note implied that immunities and privileges of the orthodox Church existed as something independent of the Sultan's will, and declared that the Sultans had never refused to confirm them by solemn acts. The Turks could not subscribe to this. It was not historically true. It impeached the sovereign power of the Sultan. It implied that the Czar was protector by right of the Greek Church. Accordingly, the Porte, in modifying the note, took care to use words showing that these immunities and privileges had been "granted spontaneously," and confirmed spontaneously from time to time by the Sultans. This was the first amendment. The second practical clause, the origin of which was referred to the complaints of Prince Menschikoff, needed other corrections. The Vienna Note made the Sultan say that he would remain faithful "to the letter and spirit of the treaties of Kainardji and Adrianople, relative to the protection of the Christian religion." Here was established an active protectorate. Now the treaty of Kainardji applied only to one church in existence, and to one that was to be built, and gave Russia no rights to protect the Christian religion. This clause in the note would then have actually given an extension to that treaty. The Porte demurred, and rightly, modifying the clause by undertaking to remain faithful "to the stipulations of the treaty of Kainardji, confirmed by that of Adrianople, relative to the protection *by* the sublime Porte of the Christian religion." No one who knows the meaning of words can fail to see the practical distinction existing between the two forms of expression. In the Vienna Note the Sultan was made to declare that he would cause the Greek rite to share in the advantages granted to other Christian rites by convention or special arrangement. The Porte substituted the words, "granted or which might be granted to the other communities, *Ottoman subjects*," for the last words of the note. This was also an important and a needful change. Under various treaties Austria enjoyed large rights of interference respecting the Roman Catholic subjects of the Sultan. The terms of the original note would have conferred similar rights on Russia. "Such a concession," wrote Lord Stratford on the 20th of August, "when practically claimed by Russia, would leave her nothing to desire as to the means of exercising a powerful influence on all the concerns of the Greek clergy, and interfering even on behalf of the Greek laity, subjects of the Porte. . . . Confined to Austria, the privilege in question may be exercised with little inconvenience to the Porte; but in the hands of Russia, applicable to twelve millions of the Sultan's tributary subjects, the same right becomes a natural object of suspicion and well-founded apprehension." In fact, the original Vienna Note was as huge a diplomatic blunder as could possibly have been devised; Count Nesselrode's comments confirmed the view taken of it by the astute Turks; and combined with the temper displayed by Russia, convinced England and France that they had been flagrantly in the wrong when they assented to Count Buol's note, and pressed its acceptance on the Porte. It is no wonder the Czar was so eager to clutch at such a document, and not surprising that the failure of the scheme, especially as it failed because the Turks saw through it, should have provoked him to a burst of passion. It will be seen from this statement that the final rupture did not take place on mere verbal differences, nor in mere caprice on the part of the Porte. There were valid, nay, imperative reasons operating to prevent the Sultan from conceding to the Four Powers, acting in haste and under wrong impressions, that which he had refused to concede to Prince Menschikoff. And although the act of the Porte led to war, the war was as just as it was unavoidable.

In the middle of September matters had come to a crisis. On the 22nd news arrived at Paris, in the shape of a telegraphic despatch from M. de la Cour, stating that the Porte was apprehensive of a "catastrophe," in consequence of the excitement among the Turkish population. The lives and properties of Europeans, and even the throne of the Sultan, were, in the opinion of the Grand Vizier, in danger. M. de la Cour also reported that he and Lord Stratford, in order to afford protection to the Europeans, had ordered up four steamers from Besika Bay. This was very vague and indefinite news. It was alarming, because it was indefinite. No account of the affair was sent by Lord Stratford; and the British Government, to whom the news was reported, were compelled to rely upon the view of M. de la Cour. What should they do? The French Government, always eager for a movement of the fleet, at once proposed that in addition to the four steamers the whole of the united fleet should be directed to proceed to Constantinople. Count Walewski was instructed to request from Lord Clarendon an immediate decision, and was further to state that the Emperor's Government regarded the advance of the fleets as "indispensably necessary." The British Government agreed "without hesitation," and orders went out at once from both capitals to Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin. This was undoubtedly a serious step. Had the Govern-

ment waited for the usual despatches of Lord Stratford, they would have seen that the danger reported by M. de la Cour disappeared very rapidly, and that Lord Stratford, in describing the circumstances, took a cooler view of the dangers, and did not even suggest the advance of the fleet. It may be doubted whether the British Government did not act with as much precipitation as M. de la Cour. For it cannot be denied that this fresh move of the fleet—a move so decisive, so completely pledging the two Powers to the defence of Turkey, and so irritating to Russia—lessened the chances of peace, if any were remaining. On the other hand, the chances of peace were few; in fact, it is difficult to discover any. The Czar was obstinately attached to the Vienna Note. The German Powers insisted on thrusting the note for signature before the Porte, while the Western Powers would have nothing more to do with that unlucky offspring of laborious diplomacy. The German Powers were for leaving Turkey to get out of the scrape as she could; the Western Powers would not desert the Sultan. On the other hand, Russia was certain to take fresh offence, and did in fact take offence at once, and charged the Western Powers with breaking the treaty of 1841 by entering the Dardanelles in time of peace. The all-sufficing answer to this was that a state of war, though ignored by the Porte, had existed ever since the first Russian soldier crossed the Pruth. On the whole, and considering the course of events, it was perhaps a wise decision on the part of the British Government, though it looked like a rash one, to send the fleet to Constantinople.

At this time there were two contemporaneous sets of incidents going on which influenced largely the course of events. The scene of the one set was Olmütz; that of the other, Constantinople. At the first named place the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and their Ministers, were still trying to find a peaceful issue; at the second, the Sultan, and his Ministers, and his Grand Council were deliberating on war.

Throughout the summer the Czar had not neglected to court the German Powers of all dimensions. At some of the smaller courts his influence was supreme. At the larger, after the first shock occasioned by the discovery of Prince Menschikoff's designs, he contrived to recover the ground lost, and did recover it in a great degree. September afforded him an opportunity of exerting his direct personal influence upon the Sovereigns of Austria and Prussia. The Austrian Emperor, ambitious of military distinction, had assembled about 50,000 men in a camp at Olmütz, for purposes of field exercise on an extensive scale. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia resolved to be present on the occasion, not only to witness what they had seen before—a fine military display—but to discuss the affairs of the East, the Czar hoping to gain thereby. The Czar carried with him his son and Count Nesselrode, and, of course, Count Buol attended his Emperor, and the British and French Ministers went also. There was thus established a conference at Olmütz, and it did not fail to bring forth its scheme. It was here that the Czar disclosed a new plan of action. Through his Minister he declared that he did not intend his refusal to entertain the Turkish modifications of the Vienna Note as putting an end to negotiation. He desired peace. He was "annoyed and hurt" at the current suspicions of his good faith. He still insisted that he sought no new right, and no increase of power in Turkey, and he was ready to give that assurance. His plan was based on this. He proposed that the Turks should accept the Vienna Note unaltered, and that in return, he should give the assurances described above. But he did not propose to give these assurances directly from his own Minister. The Four Powers were to take upon themselves to transmit to the Porte "a declaration founded upon assurances given by the Emperor of Russia." Count Buol and Count Nesselrode drew up a draft of the note, and sent it to the other Powers. This was a very notable scheme. The Czar wished to make the Four Powers his sponsors at the Porte; and, in fact, as Lord Cowley observed to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, convert the Four Powers into the advocates of Russia. But it was open to more serious objections. In the first place, its terms were ambiguous. In the second place, its value, as far as it had any, was neutralised, if not quite destroyed, by the famous interpretations placed by Count Nesselrode upon the Vienna Note. The plan gave Russia the advantage of two documents, contrary to each other, which she might use as she pleased. When the project was submitted to the French Government, the Emperor would not decide what he would do. He thought it might be sent to the Porte; but he could hardly recommend it, and he desired first to know the opinion of the British Government. No one could be more careful than the Emperor Napoleon not to commit himself to any course alone. The British Government decided at once. They rejected the project, because, under no circumstances, would they recommend the Porte to accept the Vienna Note; because it would be useless, as the Turks would not accept it; because Count Nesselrode's analysis of that note left no doubt that Russia intended through the note to establish rights and influences she never before possessed in Turkey; because "no settlement was possible by notes requiring explanations, and accompanied by vague assurances." Thus this last Russian scheme fell through; and Austria again, now siding with Russia, advised the Western Powers to abandon Turkey. The fruit of the Czar's visit to the Emperor at Olmütz was this further separation of Austria from the Western Powers. As to the French Emperor, seeing England so resolute, he was bent on arriving at some plan of action for the fleets which had been sent up to the Bosphorus. He thought they should play a part in the defence of the Ottoman Empire, and the British Government were not slow to signify their assent.

For another incident had occurred during those momentous five days. It was about the time when the conferences at Olmütz began, and when, at the urgent request of the French Government, England agreed to issue orders for the fleets to enter the Dardanelles—that is, about the 23rd of September—that the Porte learned

the refusal of Russia to accept the modifications of the Vienna Note. The Sultan could bear the suspense no longer. He was, no doubt, in fear of an outbreak of Moslem fanaticism, as well as unable to endure the affront put upon him by Russia. He had put his capital in a respectable state of defence; he had fortified Varna, and thrown a force into Shumla; he had collected an army. This gave him confidence. The Czar had shown a determination to extort concessions. That design admitted of no doubt. The Sultan, therefore, notwithstanding the advice of the envoys of the Four Powers, summoned his Grand Council to meet on the 25th and 26th, and determine the question of peace or war. Hearing this, Lord Stratford made a last effort to prevent war. He begged Reschid Pasha to prevail on the Council, whatever might be its decision, to allow time for one more appeal to the Four Powers, on the basis of their concurring in the Porte's interpretation of the note. It was in vain. The Porte saw no safety but in war. The Council met. One hundred and seventy-two distinguished Turks obeyed the summons of the Sultan, and unanimously agreed, on their first meeting, that the Vienna Note could be by no means accepted without modifications; and at their second they adopted a report to the Sultan, recommending that Omer Pasha should be directed to summon Prince Gortschakoff to quit the Principalities within fifteen days from the receipt of the summons, that a refusal should be regarded as a declaration of war, and that thereupon war should be declared. Within three days the Sultan assented to the report, and the necessary instruments for executing the measures resolved on were prepared by the 4th of October. A form of summons was forwarded the next day to Omer Pasha, a manifesto to the Empire was issued, and a formal appeal for aid was sent to the Western Powers. Thus the irrevocable step was taken, and war was certain.

There was now scant time for further negotiations. Nevertheless, although Lord Stratford regarded the chance of averting war as hopeless, so desirous was he of preserving peace, that he proposed another mode of extricating all parties from their difficulties. It embraced the alternative of a new note or arbitration. But although looked upon favourably in England, the Austrian Government would not take it into consideration. As the Cabinets of London and Paris, said Count Buol, had not thought proper to support the Austrian plan—that is, the Czar's astute scheme—the Austrian Government could not support Lord Stratford's plan, especially at a moment when the Porte was declaring war against Russia. Here was, for the time, an apparent break down of the whole diplomatic machinery; but nevertheless the British Cabinet still persevered in the work of framing notes, and Austria and Prussia did not fail to give advice which could not be accepted, while Russia and Turkey prepared for war.

At this period the conduct of the Turks made a favourable impression on Europe. The manifesto of the Sultan was sensible and temperate, and still left open a door to negotiations. A spirit of self-devotion, unaccompanied by fanatical demonstrations, showed itself among the highest functionaries of the state. The Ulemas offered a large sum of money, and the Sultan, with reluctance, gave consent to the raising of a loan. The Egyptian Viceroy prepared to send ships and troops; the Grand Vizier and the leading ministers gave many horses for the service of the artillery; men were forthcoming, and troops were constantly on the march for the Danube and the Georgian frontier. Lord Stratford, taking a very comprehensive view of the merits of the quarrel, and of the interests at stake, justified the Turks in having recourse to arms. "Having," he wrote on the 28th of September, "witnessed the whole course of pretension and intimidation to which the Sultan and his ministers have been subjected, and the conciliatory though firm consistency with which so many vexatious proceedings have been met, I may be allowed, while lamenting the necessity for war, to admire the gallant and orderly spirit which has prevailed, with slight exceptions, in all the proceedings of this Government." On the 9th of October the summons of Omer Pasha reached Prince Gortschakoff at Bucharest; and on the 10th he answered that he was not empowered to treat of peace or war, or the evacuation of the Principalities. This reply the Porte considered as constituting a state of war. The Anglo-French fleet was in the Dardanelles, and the admirals had instructions to defend the territory of the Sultan, but their power to operate in the Black Sea was limited. The Western Powers were as yet committed only to a policy of resisting any aggression of Russia. The German Powers declared themselves neutral, and Austria, deeply interested in the issue, assumed for herself the character of mediator.

CHAPTER XIV.

The British Government desires to prevent Hostilities—Pressure on the Porte—Suspension agreed to, but Hostilities break out in Asia, on the Danube—Action at Isaatcha—Position of England, of France, of the Czar—Another Vienna Project—Lord Stratford's Project progresses—Military Position of Russia—Omer Pasha on the Danube—Battle of Oltenitza—Seizure of Kalafat—The Turks victorious—Omer Pasha withdraws to the right bank, but keeps his ground at Kalafat—Massacre at Sinope: its Effects on Europe: why not prevented?—Lord Palmerston tenders his Resignation—Fleets ordered to enter the Euxine, and compel the Russians to keep within their Ports: was this wise?—Turkish Scheme of Peace (1854)—The Turkish Victory at Zetati—Russia will not hear of the Turkish Plan—Offers Counter Propositions, which are rejected at Vienna—Anger of Nicholas at the Entry of the Fleets—Count Orloff sent to Vienna: his Proposals—"Explanations" demanded in Paris and London—Diplomatic Relations between Russia and the Western Powers broken off—Letter of Napoleon to Nicholas—Warlike Spirit of England—The Guards embark for Malta—Western Powers summon Russia to quit the Principalities—"The Emperor does not think it becoming to answer"—Manifesto of the Czar—British Fleet sails for the Baltic—"For Faith and Christendom! God with us: who against us?"

THE first anxiety of the British Cabinet when they learned that the Sultan had determined on war, was to prevent the outbreak of actual hostilities. But this was no easy task. The warlike spirit of the Turks had been aroused. There was an eager desire for battle throughout the Sultan's dominions. The Russian Emperor had himself placed the quarrel on a religious footing, and the challenge he threw down the Turks were not slow to accept.

The state of suspense in which they were kept by Western negotiators was growing unbearable. Even the mild Sultan, stung by the insults of Russia, awoke from his lethargy. It was the Turkish statesmen, however, who, seeing a fair chance of ridding themselves once for all of the grinding interference of Russia, most desired war. When, therefore, Lord Stratford, acting on pressing instructions from home, requested the Turkish Ministry to defer hostilities, and suspend them if they had begun, during a period of at least twelve days, while the Four Powers once more had recourse to notes and protocols, he met with unexpected resistance. His colleagues at Constantinople joined him in expressing the wish of the friends of Turkey; but their united efforts barely prevailed. The Council of Ministers, meeting at five in the afternoon of the 20th of October, sat and debated throughout the night. The war party offered an obstinate resistance; but at six the next morning, when the Council broke up, the peace party had prevailed. Orders were at once sent off to the commanders on the frontier to defer or suspend hostilities until the 1st of November. The orders, in every case, arrived too late. The first shots were fired in Europe on the 23rd of October, and even at an earlier date there had been skirmishes in Asia. It was the attempt of the Russians to carry gunboats and troops from Ismail to Galatz which led to an artillery combat at Isaatcha on the Danube; it was the ardour of the Turkish commanders in Asia which brought on skirmishes near Gumri, and the surprise of Fort Nicholas close to Batoum. We reserve the military operations for more comprehensive treatment, and proceed to describe the growth of the quarrel between Russia and the Western Powers.

To most men, at this time, war appeared to be inevitable. By slow degrees it had come to be seen that peace could only be preserved by surrendering to Russia all she required, and that as this was precisely what neither Turkey, nor England, nor France would do, and as Russia would not yield, there was no issue but through war. Wherefore, then, did the British Government persist in devising schemes of settlement? Wherefore continue to draw up notes which, if they satisfied Turkey, proved offensive to Russia; and if acceptable to Russia, offensive to Turkey? Because Lord Aberdeen could not reconcile himself to the dreadful alternative of war. He felt bound to exhaust even fanciful plans of pacification before he drew the sword. His extreme morbid horror of bloody strife made him unable to appreciate, to weigh facts. He remembered, with a shudder, the scenes he had witnessed in Germany and France forty years before, and the pictures of calamity imprinted on his memory interposed between him and the real world of 1853. No man knew better than he the dangers involved in the overgrowth of Russian power in Eastern Europe. But his humane feelings opposed a stout, and, for a long time, an insurmountable resistance to his political convictions; and hence, in the teeth of the plainest facts, he persisted in striving to find a peaceful means of reconciling the incompatible exigencies of Russia and Turkey. The French Emperor was inclined to take a bolder and harder line of action. He would at an earlier period have brought a stronger pressure to bear upon the Czar. But he deferred to the wishes of England in favour of a "last effort," perhaps because he saw that the current of events, the equal obstinacy of the Porte and the Czar, would sooner or later lead to a rupture; but certainly because, rupture or no rupture, he desired above all things the English Alliance. The German powers desired peace, almost at any price, and they welcomed the renewal of negotiations with eagerness. It is worthy of remark how these dispositions on the part of the Four Powers suited the policy of Russia. The Czar was as determined as ever to keep possession of the Principalities until he obtained from the Porte some document which he might construe into an admission of his right to protect the Greek Church. But he was inclined to temporise if he failed to obtain it, because, by gaining time, he would be able to concentrate a larger force in the Danubian Principalities; because he hoped that the Turkish army would melt away during the winter, and Turkish ardour die out; because he wished to secure at least the neutrality of the German Powers; and because he counted on time to bring about a coolness between England and France. In fact, he had already exerted a marked influence over the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. In the month of October these Sovereigns had visited him at Warsaw, and he had visited the Prussian King at Sans Souci. The result of these interviews appears in the changed tone of the Austrian despatches, and the increased tendency to exert a harsher pressure on the Porte. So far he had been partially successful at the German Courts; but he had failed to eradicate the jealousy with which Austria especially regarded the occupation of the Principalities, and he had made no way towards conciliating England and France. He was satisfied, however, because the German Powers were unconsciously aiding him in the execution of his wish to gain time. On the 14th of October, Count Nesselrode, in these words, described the then position of Russia:—"War," he said, "has been declared against us by Turkey; we shall, in all probability, issue no counter declaration, nor shall we make any attack upon Turkey; we shall remain with folded arms, only resolved to repel any assault made upon us, whether in the Principalities or on our Asiatic frontier, which we have been reinforcing; so we shall remain during the winter, ready to receive any peaceful overtures which, during that time, may be made to us by Turkey: that is our position." On no account would he take the first step. That Turkey must do. But if Austria thought she could induce the Turks to take it, and the Maritime Powers to accept an Austrian proposition, Austria might proceed. Acting on this suggestion, and finding the British Cabinet eager to negotiate once more, Count Buol renewed the lapsed conference at Vienna.

It were profitless to trace in detail the course of this fresh effort of diplomacy. There was a sudden creation of notes and declarations. The spur of actual war had quickened the inventive faculties of the men who would

govern by the adroit use of words. Count Buol wrote out one prescription; Lord Clarendon framed another; Lord Stratford elaborated a third. The pen and the tongue were briskly plied, and the electric telegraph brought into play. Events, however, moved too swiftly for diplomacy; for no sooner was one scheme laboriously built up, than it was found to be no longer applicable to the facts. Besides, the notes and plans not only clashed with facts, but with each other. The wind of the cannon-shots on the Danube blew away the words of ministers and envoys. The poor diplomatists were obliged to work in an element disturbed by the roar of actual warfare, and the mutterings of a rising storm of popular indignation. As this element grew hotter, Count Buol grew more eager in his supplications for peace, the Western Powers more and more angry, and Russia more obstinate. Nor was it only against outbursts of popular feeling in England, and outbursts of actual war in Turkey, that the negotiators had to contend. While professing a desire for peace—providing his wishes were granted—the Czar was continually giving way to passionate impulses, and doing acts which made negotiation almost impossible. Thus, on the 3rd of November, he published a manifesto to his people, dated the 20th of October, which was received in Europe with a shout of astonishment. There was no truth in it. The Czar represented "Europe" as hostile to the Porte. The "Powers of Europe," he said, had vainly endeavoured to shake its blind obstinacy. The pacific efforts of "Europe" had been answered by a declaration of war. Russia was challenged to fight, and she would fight, to compel the Ottoman Government to respect treaties and grant reparation for offences. His cause the Czar pronounced to be "holy and just," and he ended with the prayer of the prophet, "In thee, Lord, have I trusted; let me never be confounded." This

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document was a tissue of falsity. The Powers of Europe had not endeavoured to shake the blind obstinacy of the Porte. "It is true," wrote Lord Clarendon, "that they endeavoured to mediate, and the Porte showed itself willing to adopt their advice, with certain modifications. Those Powers then attempted to shake the determination of Russia, but in vain; they received only proofs of how real were the dangers apprehended by the Porte." And Lord Clarendon went on to point out that, far from treaties having been broken, Russia had never put forward one specific charge to that effect. The Greeks had not invoked the protection of Russia; but they had thanked the Sultan for privileges confirmed. "No treaty had been violated," he continued, "except that which forbids the passage of the Pruth to Russian soldiers;" and the Sultan had given "no offence to Russia beyond refusing to grant what Russia had no right to demand, and which it would have been fatal to his independence to concede." Had he chosen to do so, Lord Clarendon might have confronted Count Nesselrode with his own words on the question of the part the Powers had taken in dealing with Turkey. On the 27th, the Russian Chancellor had said that "all the difficulties" had arisen from the English Cabinet; that if "England had insisted, *as she ought to have done*, at Constantinople," the Porte would have given way long before; and that "England was solely to blame for the complications of the moment, and for those disastrous consequences to which they were likely to lead." How far such language was consistent with the words of the Imperial manifesto, the reader can judge for himself. England was to blame for not abandoning Turkey to the tender mercies of Russia—a blame she could well afford to bear. But the Emperor and his Minister said exactly what seemed best calculated to serve their turn for the moment. The manifesto, as Lord Clarendon said, did a signal service to Turkey, by forcing upon Europe a comparison of the good faith of the two Powers.

In spite of this indication of hostile views and confirmed obstinacy at St. Petersburg, the British Government still continued its labours for a peaceful settlement. For some reason—most likely to gain time—the Russian Government in the beginning of November thought that, as the war had begun, negotiation, until some decisive event had occurred, would be out of place. That was not the opinion of Count Buol and Lord Clarendon; and as Prussia watched and followed the course of Austria, and as France deferred to the opinion of England, the Conference went on with the elaboration of notes, although Russia appeared to be more intractable than ever. The Czar would not hear of a composition until the superiority of his army had been proved. He declared he would only hear of direct negotiations between Russia and Turkey. Russia would not appear before a European tribunal, at which a Turkish minister sat. Nevertheless, the Conference of the Four Powers proceeded, and brought its schemes to a head. Their plan was to send a collective note, that is, a note signed by the representatives of the Four Powers at Vienna, to the Porte, stating that Russia was willing to treat, and asking on what terms the Porte would be willing to negotiate a treaty of peace. At the same time they signed a protocol, making a formal tender of their good offices, with the view of terminating the war. These measures were regarded as preliminaries to a treaty, and it was understood that if the Porte assented, and named reasonable conditions, the Four Powers should urge their acceptance at St. Petersburg.

But it so happened that Lord Stratford, seeing all the peril of the situation, and knowing the anxiety of his Government, had been, at the same time, exerting his influence on the Porte in favour of peace. He had, on the very day when the Vienna negotiators had completed their formal labours, induced Reschid Pasha to frame a basis for a peace. The Turkish Minister consulted his colleagues and the council, and made them feel how much Lord Stratford was in earnest. They resisted; the war party were furious at the thought of peace; but in the end the influences which the British Ambassador brought to bear prevailed, and on the 18th of December the Grand Council agreed to treat for peace. In the interim—indeed, just one day after Lord Stratford had set everything in trim—the identical note arrived from Vienna. It was too late, and Lord Stratford kept it in his pocket. The Austrians were much annoyed, but the French and English Governments prevailed on them to suffer the negotiations begun at Constantinople to proceed. They went on. But the Turkish divinity students learning that peace proposals were under discussion, they held tumultuous meetings, uttered threats, and tried to overawe the Government. The Sultan's Ministers, however, feared the Allies more than the people, and the agitations were summarily suppressed. The Grand Council, for the second time, under pressure, it must be admitted, agreed to negotiate on bases recommended by the Four Powers. These were the evacuation of the Principalities, the renewal of ancient treaties, a reasonable arrangement respecting the religious privileges of non-Moslem subjects, the adoption and confirmation of the *status quo* in regard to the Holy Places, and the entry of the Porte into the European system. These bases Lord Stratford considered just and reasonable; and when they were submitted to the Conference at Vienna, they received the entire consent of that body. On the 13th of January, 1854, they were embodied formally in a protocol, signed by the agents of the Four Powers, and sent on to St. Petersburg by Count Buol, backed by the earnest recommendations of all the Cabinets. The Allies were sanguine of success, and already seemed to anticipate a peace.

But while these industrious diplomatists were engaged in their work, events had occurred, followed by acts on the part of the Western Powers, which helped to frustrate their benevolent designs, and put an end, for a time, to their abounding use of the pen. The Turks had won victories; the Russians had exacted vengeance; the Western Powers had determined to occupy the Black Sea.

The Turks had not wasted the summer and autumn. The violent demeanour and abrupt departure of Prince Menschikoff, the occupation of the Principalities, the manifestoes of Nicholas, distinctly appealing to the religious feeling of his obedient people, had alarmed and aroused the Turks. Although they had some not unwarranted confidence in the Western Powers, although they were comforted by the movement of the allied fleets, and the efforts in their behalf of the diplomatists, yet as the danger was near, as their honour and existence as a nation were at stake, they strove to collect as large an armed force as the empire could be made to supply. Nor did the Sultan appeal in vain to his people. There was no want of that patriotic fire which had sustained the Sultan in the last war with Russia. On the contrary, men came readily from far and near to do battle, the rich gave horses and raised troops, and there were many gatherings of wild horsemen in the interior of Asia Minor, and of brave and docile foot soldiers in European Turkey; Egypt also sent a goodly number of her trained soldiers. By the autumn, Omer Pasha, the Moslem commander-in-chief, had arrayed above 100,000 men on the Bulgarian bank of the Danube; and with these, resting on the river fortresses, having behind him the entrenched camp of Shumla, and behind that the ridge of the Balkan, being strong in artillery, though weak in horse, he faced the scattered forces of Russia in the Principalities.

The Emperor of Russia always prided himself on his military force. He maintained a vast and well-ordered army, complete in every point, and deficient in no arm. When he resolved to occupy the Principalities, he had in his hands at least 500,000 men, and 1,000 guns ready for service, and these were only the nucleus of a force capable of great development, both in guns and men. The regular troops could be speedily raised to 700,000, and the guns to 1,400. There were besides local reserves, raising the total to above a million. But the empire of Russia is so vast that only 290,000 men and 800 guns could be marched to a great distance and kept effective. In July, 1853, the Czar, thinking, perhaps, that Europe would acquiesce in his seizure of the Principalities, or negotiate until they had negotiated him out on his own terms, did not send so immense a force over the Pruth, nor did he, until a later period, take measures for war. He ordered the 4th corps, under General Dannenberg, which had long been hovering on the frontier, to take military possession of the Principalities; and he sent Prince Gortschakoff to command in chief, but with instructions not to cross the Danube. That was to be the line of demarcation. All attacks were to be repelled, but no aggressive movement was to be undertaken. Dannenberg's corps mustered from 60,000 to 70,000 men, and it was spread about in detachments, from the confluence of the Danube and the Pruth to Lesser Wallachia. In support of this intrusive force were the 3rd corps, under Osten-Sacken, in the Ukraine, and the 5th, under Lüders, in Bessarabia. These two corps were each about 60,000 men strong, but the latter was not quite complete. The other Russian corps were in Poland, Lithuania, Moscow, the Caucasus, and Georgia. Thus, it will be seen, the Czar thought 60,000 men in possession sufficient to secure his material guarantee, and as Turkey was a "sick man," and as he did not wish to alarm Europe, he left their supports at such a distance that they could only reach the field of action in the winter time after performing long and destructive marches. In fact, the Czar fully counted on either gaining his point or passing the winter in negotiations, which would have given him full time to concentrate his troops, form his depôts, and pass from the defensive to the offensive in the spring. He never contemplated any attack from the Turks which he could not easily repel, and was far from anticipating the reverses which came upon him.

When he agreed to act only on the defensive, he overlooked the peculiarities of the position Prince Gortschakoff had been directed to assume. The Danube rises in Styria, and flows into the Black Sea. After receiving the streams of Hungary and Croatia, it breaks through the Carpathians, near the frontiers of the Austrian and Turkish empires, and flowing in an easterly direction, between Bulgaria and Wallachia, for upwards of three hundred miles, it bends suddenly to the north for nearly a hundred more, and by a fresh turn to the east rushes into the Black Sea by several mouths. From the point where it turns towards the north as far as the Pruth, it separates Wallachia from a rough, mountainous strip of land, called the Dobrudscha, and from the mouth of the Pruth to the Black Sea it divides the Dobrudscha from the swampy shores of Bessarabia. Now, before the war of 1828-9, the Turks had forts and garrisons on both banks at all the points where troops could pass from Ibraila to Widin; below Ibraila, the Russians held one bank and the Turks the other. By that war Turkey lost every stronghold on the left bank, but she regained possession of the forts taken from her on the right bank. In 1853, therefore, the Russians, having crossed the Pruth, found no enemy before them until they reached the banks of the Danube. Prince Gortschakoff, executing his master's instructions, took military possession of both Principalities, absorbed in his hands the civil power, detained the Sultan's tribute, and acted more like a proprietor than a mere occupier. But to do this he was forced to divide General Dannenberg's corps of 60,000 men into small detachments, so that he was in great force at no one point. The right of his army was opposite Widin, the centre opposite Silistria, and the left near the mouth of the Pruth. Now, this was all very well so long as the Porte refrained from war. But when the Porte declared war, Omer Pasha was able to show the Russians that they were far from safe. He held the line of the Danube from the mouth to Widin, and his troops found support in the fortified places of Isaatcha, Hirsova, Matchin, Silistria, Rustchuk, Nicopoli, and Widin. He knew that the Czar had promised not to pass the Danube; he knew that the German Powers were vehemently opposed to the passage of that river; and he knew besides that the Czar had not force sufficient in the Principalities to attempt it. He was, therefore, at liberty to exercise his army in

actual warfare with comparatively little risk to himself. He could keep troops in the Dobrudscha, certain that they would not be cut off. He could concentrate on his left or centre, as he pleased, and threaten the flanks or the centre of the enemy. He was not the man to miss opportunities of gaining successes, and thus of improving the moral position of the Porte.

Accordingly, as soon as the fifteen days of grace accorded by the Porte to Prince Gortschakoff had expired, and while Lord Stratford was urging the Sultan to defer hostilities, Omer Pasha began the war. Drawing together large forces at points so widely separated as Widin and Turtukai, a place between Rustchuk and Silistria, he resolved to pass the Danube in two columns, with the apparent design of marching on Bucharest, where Prince Gortschakoff had his head-quarters. On the 28th of October the Turks threw a large body of men over the Danube at Widin, and occupied Kalafat, which they at once entrenched and armed with heavy guns. This secured him a passage over the river on the flank of Prince Gortschakoff's line of occupation, and it diverted attention for a moment from operations at Turtukai. It was here that the Turks obtained their first success in the campaign, and startled Europe and enraged the Czar by beating his troops at Oltenitza.

The point chosen by Omer Pasha was admirably fitted for his purpose. The right bank of the Danube at Turtukai is much higher than the left, and the Turkish commander took care to erect a strong earthwork there, and arm it with heavy guns. Between Turtukai and the opposite shore lay an island in the Danube, furnishing a post to cover the construction of a bridge. This Omer Pasha determined to seize. On the night of the 1st of November he threw into it a body of troops, who at once constructed strong defences, and armed them with cannon. The next day he reinforced his advance, and from Turtukai opened fire on the handful of Russians who held a quarantine house on the opposite shore. The Russians winced under the cannonade, and retired, and the Turks, having boats in readiness, immediately crossed the river and seized the building. Without loss of time, Omer Pasha sent over the gabions he had prepared in anticipation of success, and in a brief space the quarantine building was covered by a line of works, and armed with heavy guns brought from Shumla. Thus a bridge and a bridge-head were rapidly and effectively constructed before Prince Gortschakoff could offer any resistance; but Omer Pasha, foreseeing that he would be assailed, sent over further reinforcements, including a body of horse. In the meantime, the Russian general collected a force he deemed sufficient, and moved upon Oltenitza, a village lying on the river Argish, in front of the Turkish lines. The advanced guard of this force reached Oltenitza on the 3rd, but did not attack. During the night the whole force assembled under General Pauloff. It consisted of about 12,000 men, with thirty-two guns, including a strong body of horse. They made light of the Turks, and on the 4th attacked the entrenchments in three columns. But they were over-matched. Their attempts to force the centre were frustrated by the deadly fire of the Turkish infantry. Nevertheless, the Russian soldiery sturdily advanced up to the very brink of the ditch, and there fell smitten down by the hail of shot. Their flanking columns withered under the fire of the guns of the Turtukai batteries. Such of the daring enemy as strove to climb the works were thrust back with the bayonet; and after sustaining this contest for several hours, the Russians fell back sullenly behind Oltenitza, on the road to Bucharest. The Turks thus gained a very considerable success, at small cost to themselves, and at great cost to their opponents; for not only was the Russian army fewer by some 2,000 men, but they had lost what was of more moment —*prestige*. Omer Pasha had contrived to convince his soldiers that the Russians were not invincible: an immense gain to him. The Turkish victory at Oltenitza resounded through Europe. If the man were sick unto death, clearly he would die hard. In itself, Oltenitza was a mere skirmish; but in relation to the then state of affairs, it was a great event. There stood Omer Pasha, on the left bank of the Danube, putting in his armed protest against the seizure of the Sultan's dominions, and bearding Prince Gortschakoff in the face of Europe. The Turks were filled with joy; while the Czar hid his chagrin under an aspect of indifference. What had happened down there, he said, was of no importance. He should not change his defensive attitude. But Count Nesselrode let it be seen what the Czar really felt, for he said that the Emperor could agree to no composition until the superiority of his army was placed beyond a doubt.

During eleven days Omer Pasha held his ground. Diplomacy forbade him to advance, and perhaps it was as well for him that it did. Prince Gortschakoff came down with the largest force he could collect; but he did not venture to make an attack on the strong Turkish lines. Rain, however, came down, and the Danube, and the island, and low left bank became flooded and unhealthy; and Omer Pasha, without being molested, withdrew his guns and his troops to Turtukai. At the same time a small force which had crossed from Silistria re-passed the river; but Omer Pasha knew too well the value of his entrenched camp at Kalafat to give up that also. On the contrary, he reinforced the garrison, and left that thorn sticking in the side of the Czar. He also held several islands in the Danube, and jealously watched the enemy from the Dobrudscha; but his main army he put into winter quarters. Both sides were suffering from the sickness incident to all campaigns, and more especially to winter campaigns, and it is probable that at this time fully one-tenth of the troops on each side were non-effective. The effect of the operations of the Turks on the Czar was immediate. He ordered the troops of Osten-Sacken and Lüders to march towards the Principalities; but their divisions did not arrive until the end of December.

Nor was his activity confined to the valley of the Danube. He determined to show his strength in the Black Sea. While the allied fleets were toiling up the straits, delayed by contrary winds, the ships of the Czar

were used as transports to carry soldiers to the coasts of Circassia, Mingrelia, and Imeritia. The Turks had been active on the Armenian frontier, and had greatly harassed the Russian outposts, but without obtaining any marked success. Schamyl was also spurred forward by the calamities which had befallen his old foe; and hence it was resolved to increase the army in the Caucasus and in the Transcaucasian countries to 180,000 men. The Czar seems to have believed that the Turks were reinforcing their posts on the shores of Anatolia, and sending arms and ammunition to the Circassian tribes. This he resolved to prevent. He was anxious, also, to strike some blow at sea which would hurt the Turks; and thus in November the Sebastopol fleet went forth to scour the Euxine. The Turks were indeed imprudently eager to employ their fleet. Before the allied squadrons had entered the Bosphorus, the Turkish Ministers ordered four line-of-battle ships and ten frigates to enter the Black Sea. Lord Stratford becoming aware of this, set about preventing it, and he caused the Porte to be informed that until the enterprise was abandoned, he would not order up the remainder of the allied squadron. He would not, he said, be drawn into the wake of the Porte; and he caused Reschid Pasha to be told that, if he wanted the support of the Allies, he must be content to respect their opinions. He prevailed. At this time the allied fleets were really under the absolute control of the two Ambassadors; but the French admiral was in some doubt whether he was bound to obey General Baraguay d'Hilliers, the French envoy. For this reason the fleets did not quit their anchorage in the Bosphorus. This was unfortunate, as Russian men-of-war were known to be cruising in the Euxine, and the orders of the allied Governments were distinct that Turkish territory "anywhere" was to be defended. The only anxiety of Lord Stratford was to prevent the Turkish *ships* from exposing themselves to capture in the Euxine. The Turkish Ministers appeared to comply with his earnest request, but in reality they left a light squadron between the Bosphorus and Trebizond, and hence it happened that, while the allied fleets were in Beikos Bay, ready at any moment to move into the Black Sea, the Russians were able to fall upon the Turks at Sinope.

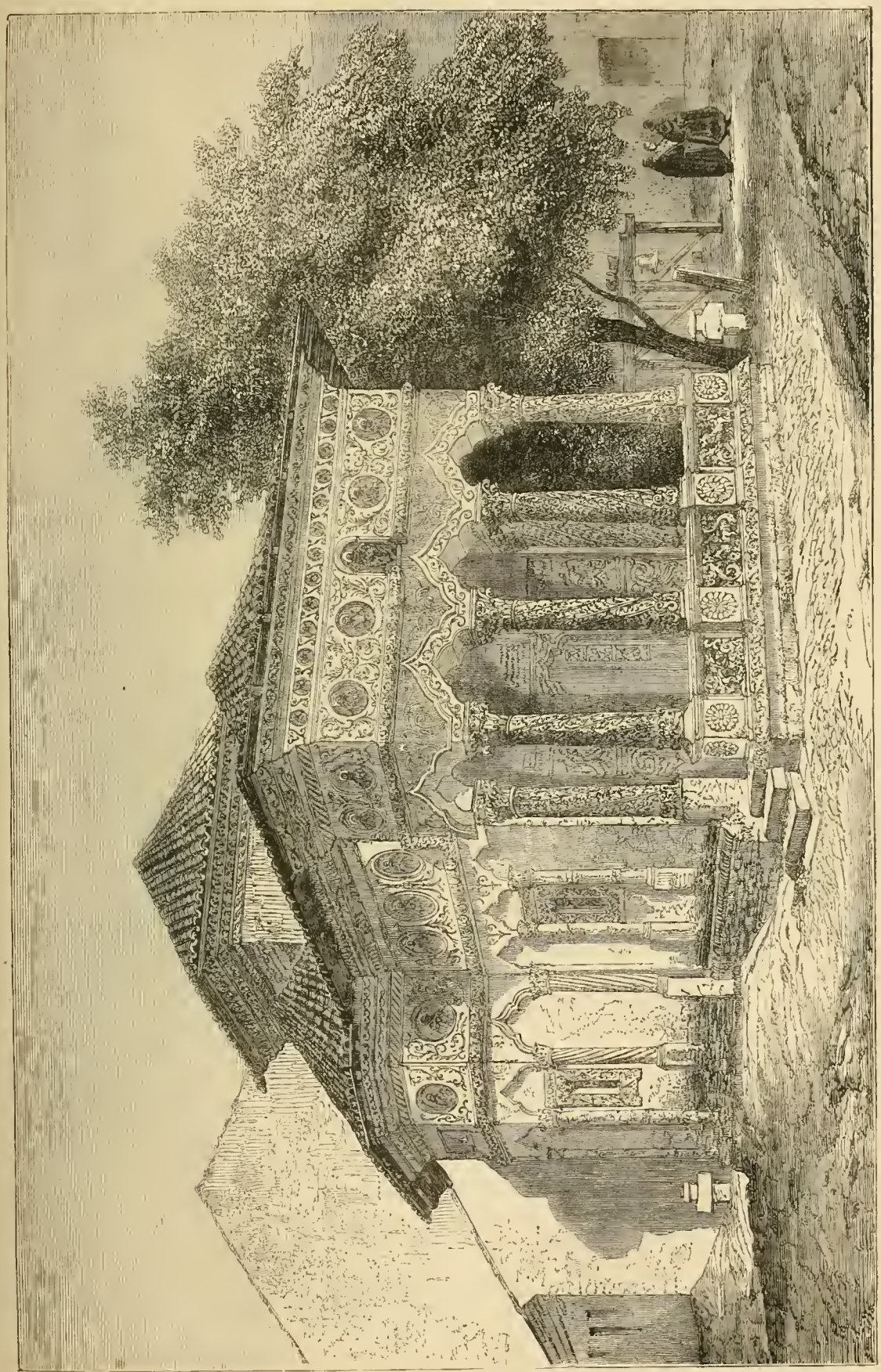
The Russian squadron went out from Sebastopol about the middle of November, steering for the Asiatic coast, and so disposed as to intercept any Turkish ship proceeding from Constantinople to Trebizond or Batoum. On the 20th they captured a Turkish war steamer, and one or more Turkish merchant ships. The news of these captures reached Sinope, where a Turkish squadron lay, and its commander for a moment indulged in the notion that he would go out and fight the Russians. Better counsels, however, prevailed, and he remained in port. On the 23rd the enemy's fleet, seven sail of the line and two steamers, hove in sight ten miles from Sinope; and the next day part of this squadron looked in at the Turks, but did not attack. From the manner of their proceeding, it might be judged that the admiral doubted whether he should attack, and that before doing so, he obtained some order from Prince Menschikoff at Odessa. Such was the case. The British consul at Samsoun, and the Turkish admiral, sent off news of the presence of the hostile squadron to Constantinople, but it did not reach the Porte in time to prevent the calamity which followed. On the 29th Nachimoff had received his orders, and had rallied the whole of his squadron. On the 30th, while the Porte and the Ambassadors were consulting, Admiral Nachimoff sailed into the port of Sinope, and signalled the Ottoman squadron to surrender. The superiority of the Russian force would have justified compliance, but the Turks answered the summons by opening fire. Thereupon the Russian ranged up, and firing shot and shell, not only into the ships but into the town, soon set both on fire. The seven poor Turkish frigates and three corvettes, whose heaviest guns were only twenty-six pounders, were no match for the line-of-battle ships which poured in broadside after broadside of heavy shot and Paixhan shells. Nevertheless, with unsurpassed gallantry, the Turks fought until their ships blew up under them, or burnt to the water's edge. There was no flinching. Every commander was true to his flag, and died rather than strike. But it was not a battle, it was a butchery. The use of Paixhan shells has been condemned by one of our best naval writers, who insists that the Russians ought to have forced the Turks to surrender by using their solid shot guns. When the sun went down there remained nothing of the Turkish fleet in the bay, but the smoking wrecks, and the torn and mangled limbs of the crews. Nearly 4,000 men had perished! One steamer alone escaped and fled to Constantinople. Having completed the task of devastation, and repaired damages, the Russian fleet sailed back to Sebastopol. Prince Menschikoff, in his despatch to the Emperor, said His Majesty's order had been "brilliantly executed;" and His Majesty exulted over his "victory" without a tinge of shame. He thanked his admirals and sailors "on behalf of the glory and honour of Russia," and, with his wife and children, he was present at a solemn service in the Imperial Chapel, when he "thanked the Lord of lords for the success of the victorious Russian arms, which triumphed in the sacred combat for the orthodox faith."

It would be difficult now to make the reader feel what the people of England felt when, a fortnight after it occurred, they received the news of this disaster. They asked for what purpose fleets had been sent to Constantinople, if not for the purpose of protecting the Turks. They asked why Ministers continued, and had continued, to rely upon the equivocal language of the Czar; and they met with derision the assurance of the Government that, *after* the Ottoman squadron had been crushed by a force of ten times its strength, the allied fleets had entered the Black Sea. The fact is that the public, in its eagerness to punish Russia, saw more clearly than the Ministers. The prevailing sentiments in London and in the embassies at Constantinople were indignation at the bad faith and violence of Russia, and an almost morbid longing to preserve the peace. It was the latter sentiment which made Lord Stratford slow to send the fleets into the Black Sea. He and his Government were

afraid that some conflict would break the finely spun web of peace negotiations which they thought promised so fairly, and which, if they failed, would at least put the Czar utterly in the wrong. Then the French admiral raised objections and expressed doubts whether his instructions warranted him in running the risk of an encounter; and the British Ambassador would not send British ships alone into the Euxine, fearing it might produce a bad political effect. More than this, supposing the assurance of the Czar that he would not attack applied to the sea as well as the land, the case did not seem urgent; and above all there appears to have been a real ignorance of the fact, that there was an exposed Turkish squadron in the Euxine. And, after all, the fleets would have been ordered out, had not Admiral Hamelin declined to employ his ships on the weak plea that he could dispose of fewer than Admiral Dundas! These considerations only palliate, but do not excuse, the conduct of the allies in refraining from taking at an earlier period a decided course.

When the mischief was done, they did not fail to adopt the most severe measures. The French were the first to move. On the 15th of December M. Drouyn de Lhuys wrote a despatch which reached Lord Clarendon the next day. In this, after showing that Russia had given out that she would take the offensive "in no quarter," and how her action had falsified that assurance, he proposed that Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin should declare to the Russian admirals, that every Russian ship met at sea by the allies should thenceforward be invited to return to Sebastopol, and that every subsequent act of aggression should be repelled by force. Lord Cowley was desired by the Emperor personally to urge this measure on the Government, and convey to them a sense of his great disappointment if the suggestion were not adopted. On the same day, and before he received Lord Cowley's letter, Lord Clarendon wrote to Lord Stratford, informing him that the most effectual means should be taken to guard against a disaster similar to that of Sinope. He had no doubt, he said, that the combined fleets had entered the Black Sea. "Special instructions," he wrote, "as to the manner in which they should act do not appear to be necessary. We have undertaken to defend the territory of the Sultan from aggression, and that engagement must be fulfilled." Such was the first intention of the Queen's Government. It was written before the despatches of M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lord Cowley had been considered. It did not come up to the mark of French exigencies. It shows the hesitation of the Cabinet. But between the 17th and the 24th the whole subject had been re-considered under very peculiar circumstances. Lord Palmerston had tendered his resignation, and his tender of resignation coincided with the arrival of the news of the calamity at Sinope. Why did he resign? It has been vehemently asserted, and denied, that he resigned because the policy of the Cabinet in the East was not bold enough to suit his view of the exigency. It has been asserted, and denied, that his sole ground for tendering his resignation was a difference with his colleagues on the question of Parliamentary reform. Now both may be true. The sufficing reason may have been a weak and dilatory Eastern policy; the pretext may have been a disinclination to debate a reform of Parliament on the eve of war. Certain it is that his period of partial eclipse—for he never gave up the seals—was the interval between the coming of the Sinope news and the adoption of the French suggestion. On the 24th of December Lord Palmerston withdrew his resignation. On the 24th of December Lord Clarendon informed Lord Cowley, that Her Majesty's Government agreed to the French proposal—namely, that besides providing ample naval protection for the coasts of Turkey, the fleets should secure the Ottoman flag immunity in the Black Sea, by "requiring" every Russian ship to run for a Russian port. It was not until the 27th that he sent the formal instructions to Lord Stratford, directing him to inform the Russian admiral of the determination arrived at by France and England. It was not until the same day that Lord Clarendon instructed Sir Hamilton Seymour to make known to Count Nesselrode the nature of the orders sent to the East, orders issued with "no hostile design against Russia," but rendered imperative by Russian acts. Russia was not to mistake forbearance for indifference, nor calculate on any want of firmness in the execution of a policy having for its object the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

Was it judicious at a moment when the last attempt to obtain peace by negotiation was making progress, to send the fleet into the Black Sea, and to send it with such orders? Long before the point was mooted in the West, Lord Stratford had felt that preponderating reasons called for the presence of the ships in that quarter, but he does not even hint at the proposed restriction upon Russian navigation. He merely wished to protect the Sultan's territory, and to keep the Sultan's fleet in the Bosphorus out of harm's way. When, therefore, the French envoy received on the 24th positive orders from his Government to send out the ships, he was quite prepared to co-operate, and had been for weeks empowered to do so; but not to sweep the Russian flag from the Euxine. Lord Stratford, Lord Clarendon, even Count Buol, were prepared to see the neutrality of that sea established, and the Russian ships forced to cruise on or between the Russian coasts. The reluctance of the British Government to adopt the more menacing course has been made evident. They were a week making up their minds. Count Buol was quite shocked when he heard of it; and it may be doubted whether Lord Stratford approved. Even Count Nesselrode showed little indignation when he was told that the fleets would enter the Euxine; and he simply remarked that the Russian fleet, in consequence of the advanced season, would not be likely to quit Sebastopol. But when he was duly informed that Russian ships would be "constrained" to remain in port, he took a very different view. When Sir Hamilton Seymour told him that although the Governments of the West had taken this course, they were not less intent on effecting a peaceful settlement, and that



VIEW OF CHURCH IN BUCHAREST.

measures would be taken to prevent Turkish ships of war from making descents on the coast of Russia, Count Nesselrode asked, with ill-concealed irony, "Are you sure that this intention is expressed in your instructions?" This question shows what was working in the mind of the Czar. It was most unfortunate, said the Russian Chancellor, still affecting the same tone to which perhaps his indisposition imparted more asperity, "that Her Majesty's Government should have decided upon taking measures of so decided a character at the precise moment when strenuous efforts were being made at Vienna for coming to a peaceful arrangement." "That," rejoined Sir Hamilton, "is exactly the opinion of the Queen's Government." That night the Czar called together his Ministers, and the decision taken was of the most momentous kind. Ten days before the combined fleet had entered the Black Sea, and Captain Drummond had steamed into Sebastopol, and delivered to the port commandant a notification excluding the Russian ships from the waters of the Black Sea.

Now, it may be said that this course was injudicious. The Porte had agreed to terms of peace; the Conference had signed those terms; they were about to be sent by a special minister to St. Petersburg. How could the Western Powers hope that these terms would be accepted at a time when they had almost made war upon Russia? The fact is that they were in possession of ample evidence showing that Russia would not accept these terms. The Czar was offended because the Allies treated Turkey with deference. He was indignant because it was proposed that a Turk should sit in a European council. He was resolved not to recede from his original demand of a protectorate. Whether the fleet remained at Beikos, or whether it entered the Black Sea; whether the Russian flag was free to float over its waters, or forced into Russian ports, the Czar would have rejected the terms agreed to at Constantinople. He and the Western Powers were moving in opposing lines, and a collision was inevitable, unless one gave way. Under these circumstances, and considering the intractable and unfaithful character of the Czar, bold measures were best, and bold measures should have been taken earlier. Lord Palmerston, if he counselled acquiescence in the French demand, counselled wisely, and as the instinct of the English people would have led them to counsel. The only political result obtained by sweeping the Russians into their ports, was that the Czar was forced to declare himself two or three months earlier than he would have done.

Another incident occurred to quicken his determination. Irritated by the presence of the Turks at Kalafat, where they obstructed Russian access to Servia, Prince Gortschakoff had pushed a force from Krajova to Zetati, a village whence the Russians threatened the entrenched camp. This village was near the Danube, above Kalafat, and its occupation was intended to serve a double purpose—that of serving as a point whence a flank attack could be made on the lines, and whence communication could be kept up with Servia, where Russian troops were expected in the spring. To frustrate both objects, Omer Pasha directed Ismail Pasha—a Pole in the Ottoman service—to dislodge the Russians. This he accomplished on the 6th of January. Marching out with a strong force, Ismail Pasha carried the village and the redoubt erected near it by storm. The Turkish soldiers behaved with remarkable intrepidity and coolness, and when assailed by a Russian reinforcement coming from Krajova, they steadily changed front, and, fighting in line, defeated the huge Russian columns, and compelled them to retreat with heavy loss. The Turks lost 1,200 men, and their foes 2,000. The fruit of this battle was the possession of Lesser Wallachia. The Russians retired behind the river Aluta, and the Turks returned to Kalafat. This fresh victory raised the spirits of the Turks, and mortified the Czar. In Europe his troops had been worsted in every combat. At sea he boasted of the reeking laurels of Sinope. In Asia, it is true, his generals had read the incompetent Turkish pashas on the Armenian frontier severe lessons, and had forced them into Kars. But even these successes did not heal the wounds inflicted on his pride by Ismail and Omer, and by the Allies, who in time of peace had warned his fleets to quit a sea he had called his own. He gave orders to raise the whole of his army to a war footing.

It is here the place to remark that the stringent naval measures of the Western Powers brought into high relief the nature of the relations between them and Austria and Prussia. It showed clearly that the concert established at Vienna was purely diplomatic; for when Austria complained that she had not been consulted respecting this step, the answer was, that France and England had undertaken to defend the Sultan, Austria and Prussia had only undertaken to mediate for a peace. There was a concert of the Four Powers for the latter; there was an alliance of two for the former. Until Austria declared herself ready to aid in repelling Russian aggression, she could not expect to be consulted on the measures necessary to ensure its success. In short, the European concert was imperfect, and Russia knew it, and drew encouragement from this. The statement of some writers that the European concert was perfect, and that the precipitate naval measures of the Western Powers thwarted its action, would be just, if all the Powers had been acting on the same basis. That was not so. The German Powers would not peril anything at this period in defence of the Sultan.

We have already recorded the steps taken at Vienna and Constantinople to restore peace, and have described how the Four Powers, by their agents, sanctioned and forwarded to St. Petersburg a plan for resuming negotiations on bases agreed upon by them and the Porte. The messenger bearing them left Vienna on the 13th, and arrived at St. Petersburg on the 20th. The next day the Austrian Minister, Baron Lebzeltern, presented them to Count Nesselrode. At first, incredible as it appears, the Czar resolved not to answer the overture of the Conference, but to leave the Four Powers to infer that their terms were beneath his attention. His passion cooled down, and he allowed his Minister to frame a reply. The

answer, rejecting them, and proposing a new basis on the old plan, was returned in due course to Vienna, and on the 2nd of February it was formally considered, and formally rejected by the Conference. The counter-propositions were declared to be essentially different from those of the Conference, and unfit to be forwarded to the Sultan. Pending this transaction, the Czar had sent Count Orloff to Vienna on a secret mission, which, of course, was revealed as soon as it was known to Austria. Count Orloff—one of those men to whom Czars appeal when in distress—was almost a personal friend of the Emperor Nicholas, and he was now chosen as the direct intermediary between that monarch and the Emperor of Austria. Count Orloff reached Vienna on the 29th of January, and on the 30th he had a long interview with Francis Joseph, during which he tried his utmost to detach Austria from the Western Powers, and bind her to Russia. What the Czar demanded was, that Austria should pledge herself to be neutral in the war. When this was asked of him, Francis Joseph inquired, in his turn, whether the Czar would undertake not to pass the Danube; whether he would evacuate the Principalities after the war, and do nothing to disturb the state of things then existing in Turkey. The answer to this challenge was, that the Emperor Nicholas would take no engagements. Thereupon, Francis Joseph replied that he also would take no engagements; and when Count Orloff came to see Count Buol, he learned further that not only would Austria not give the desired guarantee to be neutral, but that, if the troops of the Czar passed the Danube, Austria would be forced to consider what line of conduct her interests required her to take. The same attempt was made upon Prussia. Even Baron Manteuffel resisted what he described as a means of handing over to Russia the destinies of Prussia in the event of a war. Seeing diplomacy failing all around her, Austria took some precautions in her own interest, and at the same time gave the Czar a hint of what she could do if she chose. In addition to the small corps of observation already at Temesvar, orders were sent for the concentration of 25,000 men on the frontiers of Wallachia.

During this interlude at Vienna, the Czar had adopted a decisive course with regard to the Western Powers. When he heard the unwelcome news that the Black Sea had been cleared of his fleet, he seemed at first inclined to temporise, to gain time. But just at that moment, a sharp circular, from the pen of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, to French agents abroad, published in the *Moniteur*, on the 6th of January, reached St. Petersburg, and on the back of it a courier brought a copy of the notification addressed by the allied admirals to the Russian admiral. The Emperor gave way to passion, and was for sending their passports to the French and English Ambassadors; but Count Nesselrode interposed prudential considerations, and the Czar agreed that a demand for explanations should be sent to London and Paris, while Count Orloff essayed his skill as a tempter at Vienna. He also bought up at once all the lead and sulphur he could obtain, and sent orders to the 6th corps, at Moscow, to march at once towards the south. The demand for explanations was made in London on the 23rd, and in Paris on the 24th of January, 1854. Baron Brunnow placed in the hands of Lord Clarendon a despatch from Count Nesselrode, in which the Chancellor vindicated the conduct of the Russian fleet at Sinope, and declared that Russia could not look upon the exclusion of her flag from the Black Sea in any other light than that of a violence offered to her belligerent rights. He protested against the notification, and refused to admit its legality. "The Emperor," said his Minister, "cannot but regret to see the peace with France and England, which he has never been desirous of interrupting, put in jeopardy by this fresh extension given to a system of pressure which the two Maritime Powers have deemed it their duty to adopt towards him, and which, advancing step by step, involving each time more and more his dignity, as well as their own, at the same time that it encouraged the Porte to push matters to extremities, has ended by bringing the affairs of the East to their actual state of tension." Baron Brunnow asked, in writing, whether it was intended to establish a system of reciprocity in the Black Sea—that is, whether Russian ships as well as Ottoman ships were to be allowed to keep up communication with their respective coasts? Lord Clarendon, in answer, while professing peaceful sentiments, re-stated, in precise terms, the order given to clear the Black Sea of the Russian flag. But while striving for peace, England would not shrink from the duty imposed on her by Russia. "Turkey," he wrote, on the 31st of January, "is the aggrieved and weaker Power; a portion of her territory has been forcibly occupied and retained, while military preparations on a scale of the greatest magnitude are made by Russia." In defending Turkey, England upheld that fundamental principle of European policy which all the Powers, including Russia, had repeatedly proclaimed. And then, he added—"The extent to which this defence may be carried, and the nature of the operations it may entail, must depend on the course which may be pursued by Russia." In a letter written on the same day to Sir Hamilton Seymour, Lord Clarendon branded the Czar as "the disturber of the general peace," and traced to his unprovoked conduct all the evil consequences that had already ensued. On the 4th of February, Baron Brunnow, firing a parting shot, announced his departure; and, on the 7th, Sir Hamilton Seymour was directed to quit St. Petersburg. The same scenes had been enacted in Paris. M. de Kisseleff departed, and M. de Castelbajac was recalled. Whatever may have been the feelings of the French people, the British nation openly expressed its joy that the season of suspense was over, and that a double-dealing, not to say fraudulent potentate, who represented at that time the principle of despotism, was about to be called to account for his conduct by the combined might of England and France.

At this time the Emperor of the French had taken a remarkable step on his own account, and without consulting his allies. He wrote a letter himself to the

Emperor Nicholas, in the hope of averting the dangers which menaced the peace of Europe. It was dated January 29, five days after M. de Kisseleff had demanded explanations, but before that envoy had announced his determination to quit Paris. The Emperor Napoleon began his letter, "Sire"—not "Sire, my brother," the usual form—for Nicholas had never addressed him in the usual form. He ended it by styling himself his Majesty's "good friend," and good friend was long a cant name at St. Petersburg for the Emperor Napoleon. In this extraordinary Imperial missive, the French Emperor coolly recapitulated the history of the Eastern Question, not from the beginning, but from the time of the Menschikoff mission; and he told it in a manner showing, and intended to show, that the Emperor Nicholas had by his acts caused the Maritime Powers to adopt what Russia called a system of pressure; but what the Emperor Napoleon said was a system "protecting, but passive." It was the Czar, he said, who, by invading the Principalities, took the question out of the domain of discussion into that of facts. It was the offensive, the unexpected affair at Sinope, which, by touching the military honour of the Western Powers, obliged them to place an interdict on the Russian fleet. The Czar, he implied, ought to have known that the 3,000 pieces of Anglo-French cannon in the Bosphorus were a pledge that the protecting Powers would not permit Turkey to be attacked by sea. Now, there must be a prompt understanding or a decisive rupture. He offered the Czar peace or war. Let him sign an armistice, and let all the belligerents' forces be withdrawn. Then he politely told the Czar, in direct terms, that, as he desired, he "should" send a plenipotentiary to negotiate with a plenipotentiary of the Sultan, respecting a convention to be submitted to the Four Powers. "Let your Majesty," the letter went on, "adopt that plan on which the Queen of England and myself are perfectly in accord, and tranquillity will be re-established, and the world satisfied. If, from a motive difficult to be comprehended, your Majesty should refuse, in that case, France as well as England will be obliged to leave to the fate of arms, and to the hazards of war, what might be decided at present by reason and justice."

Now, without questioning the sincerity of the writer, we need know but little of the nature of the Emperor Nicholas, to be certain that no missive he received, no despatch he read, could be more calculated to inflame his passions. Should he, the Czar of all the Russias, accustomed for thirty years to have his will, and to dictate to others, submit to a lecture from the upstart at Paris? What one Minister said or wrote to another was of little moment, compared with what one Emperor wrote to another; and when one Emperor dictated to another, and offered him courteously an alternative, how could it be borne? It is not to be supposed that this singular production of the Napoleonic mind destroyed any chance of preserving peace: the last chance had long been blown to the winds. Properly speaking, there never had been any chance except one—submission to Russia. But the letter, published as it was in the *Moniteur*, served only two purposes: it enraged the Czar; it glorified the Emperor Napoleon. It was a purely spontaneous act of the latter for his own benefit, and it repaid the small cost of producing it; for its terms pleased the French, who were enchanted with the spectacle of their Emperor, and two-year old empire, loftily pointing out to the mighty occupant of an ancient throne, how he should perform his duties, and satisfy reason and justice. What England had a right to complain of in this French speculation, was the use of the name of the Queen of England in connection with that of Napoleon. That was a liberty and a solecism: a liberty because permission was not asked; a solecism because the Queen of England never acts at all except through her Ministers, and the Emperor Napoleon was not one of these. He had no right to link his own name with that of the Queen.

This imperial caprice had no influence, except on the fortunes of Napoleon and the temper of Nicholas. It neither hurried nor delayed events. Parliament had met, and there was much talk of peace; but this was not the language which drew forth cheers in both Houses. The conduct of Ministers was criticised severely, and Mr. Disraeli went so far as to accuse them of "credulity or connivance." But the House scouted an accusation which was preceded and followed by a cheerful assent to the votes of supplies for increasing the land and sea forces of the empire. Mr. Disraeli, in fact, performed an act of opposition, as in duty bound; but Lord Derby had in his place already declared he would sacrifice the interests of party to patriotism; and even Lord Grey, hostile to the war, insisted that it should be carried on with a resolute determination to strike heavy blows, the heaviest that could be struck. The country was still more hot and resolute than the Parliament, and the protracted cheering which followed Lord John Russell's famous exclamation at the close of a spirited vindication of the course pursued by Ministers—"May God defend the right!"—only faintly expressed the depth and heartiness of the national resolve.

The diplomatists still talked of peace, and gossipped over schemes of accommodation; but the Governments of the West and North prepared for inevitable war. The Western Powers entered upon an intimate alliance; Sir John Burgoyne and Colonel Ardent were sent on a military mission to Turkey, and in the middle of February it was notified to the Porte that England and France would send a considerable force to Constantinople. Greece, which showed a disposition, and more than a disposition, to take sides actively with the Czar, was told, in so many words, to choose between the goodwill of France and England, and the blockade of Athens. Servia, where Russian agents invoked the spirit of disaffection, was warned to be upon her good behaviour. Austria and Prussia were implored to adopt a bolder policy, and unite with the Maritime Powers. From his vast resources the French Emperor proceeded to select a choice army, taking by preference the picked troops which had been seasoned in Algerian warfare; and England, with smaller means, laid hands on whatever

regiments were nearest. The fleet was not forgotten, and seamen were rapidly raised to man a squadron for service at the earliest moment in the Baltic. England, in fact, grown rusty during a long peace, was ill-prepared for the work she had undertaken. Neither her military nor her naval establishments were up to the exigencies of war; while her administration was a painful chaos of routine and contradiction. But her energy and goodwill were never doubtful, and with a steadfast heart, but unready hand, she plunged into a war with that Northern Empire which boasted of its destiny to control the fortunes of the East of Europe by land and sea.

It was on the 13th of February that Count Nesselrode notified to the Ambassadors of France and England, at St. Petersburg, that Baron Brunnow and M. de Kisseleff had quitted London and Paris, and that diplomatic relations were suspended between Russia and the Western Powers; and the two Ministers shortly afterwards took their departure. It was now the policy of Russia to watch the moves of the Western Powers. She would not declare war, flattering herself she would thereby escape the responsibility of that momentous decision. Accordingly she held her peace. But, on the same day on which the Russian Government offered passports to the French and English Ministers, an order came out to levy nine men in every thousand in the western part of the empire. That "fiery prelate," the Metropolitan of Moscow, had dismissed the 16th division of Infantry on their southward march, presenting them with the image of the most holy father Sergius, telling them to remember that they went forth to fight "for the most pious Czar," for their country, for "holy Church against infidels, against persecutors of the Christian faith," and insulters of the Holy Places; and reminding them that "by faith kingdoms are conquered." This fervid appeal was printed officially, but it needed not that to show how grimly in earnest was the most pious Czar. Russia had exhausted her efforts in trying to detach Austria and Prussia, and now she determined to trust to herself alone, confident in her military might.

Before declaring war, the Western Powers had recourse to one more step—a step which can be hardly termed peaceful, but one which placed them in the right, and showed Russia in the wrong. They determined to summon Russia to evacuate the Principalities within a given time, and they spared no pains to induce Austria and Prussia to support the summons. These two Powers agreed to support the summons at St. Petersburg, but Prussia expressly declined to undertake to enforce it if refused, and Austria reserved her liberty of action. The summons was entrusted to a special messenger, who was to pass through Vienna and Berlin, and take with him the despatches of those courts, backing up the summons. This document declared, in effect, that unless Russia ordered Prince Gortschakoff to retire from the Principalities at once, and to complete the evacuation by the 30th of April, England and France would consider that equivalent to a declaration of war. The bearer of the missive was to wait at St. Petersburg six days for an answer, and no longer. Captain Blackwood carried this stringent demand. He arrived at Vienna just as fresh proposals for peace reached Count Buol from St. Petersburg, the last effort to detach Austria. Captain Blackwood was detained a few hours while the Conference at Vienna examined these proposals, and while the Ambassadors informed their Governments, by telegraph, of this new incident, and requested instructions. These Russian proposals were found to be as objectionable as ever. Except that Russia ceased to require that a Turkish Minister should be sent to St. Petersburg, "it was that same old story," of which even diplomatists had become thoroughly weary. So the Conference, having duly examined the document, and having found it utterly inadmissible, recorded the fact after the solemn fashions of diplomacy; and messenger Blackwood, with his summons and its supporting despatches, jumped into the train and started for the North. He arrived at St. Petersburg on the morning of the 13th of March, and Consul Michele, in charge of English interests, at once sent to the French consul and the Austrian legate the packets brought for them. On the 14th Mr. Michele and M. de Castillon waited on Count Nesselrode, who, however, declined to see them together, and called for the English consul. The interview was short. The summons was duly delivered, and the positive instructions to the messenger to return in six days were made known. The Emperor was then in Finland, whence he did not arrive until the 17th; and it was not until the 19th, the last day of grace, that Count Nesselrode requested Mr. Michele to wait on him for an answer. "On entering the room," writes the consul, "his Excellency's greeting was of the most friendly description. He said, 'I have taken His Majesty's commands with reference to Lord Clarendon's note, and the Emperor *does not think it becoming to make any reply to it.*' I replied, 'M. le Comte, in a matter of so much importance I am sure I shall be excused for desiring to convey to my Government the exact words employed by your Excellency.' The Count at first used the words, 'His Majesty does not think it becoming in him to give any answer to Lord Clarendon's letter' (ne le croit pas convenable de donner aucune réponse à la lettre de Lord Clarendon). Upon my repeating this phrase after Count Nesselrode, his Excellency said, 'L'Empereur ne juge pas convenable,' &c.; and I again repeated after him the entire sentence. After I had done so the Count said, 'Yes, that is the answer I wish you to convey to your Government. L'Empereur ne juge pas convenable de donner aucune réponse à la lettre de Lord Clarendon.'" Nothing could well be more contemptuous in substance, or more polite in form; and so, with this singular scene at the Russian Foreign Office, exit Peace and enter War.

The Western Powers having had no misgivings respecting the nature of the reply their summons would receive, had accelerated their preparations for war. Before the summons was in the hands of Count Nesselrode, the British fleet intended for the Baltic had steamed out from Portsmouth, in the presence of Queen

Victoria. This took place on the 11th of March, when Her Majesty witnessed the departure of sixteen steamers, subsequently augmented to forty-four ships, of which only six were sailers. The whole, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, mounted 2,200 guns, and were manned by 22,000 men. Three battalions of the Guards and several regiments of the line had already embarked for Malta, and cavalry and infantry were in course of rapid preparation. The public spirit rose still higher as actual war drew near, and it was manifested emphatically on every occasion. At the same time, the French Government began to collect troops at Toulon and Marseilles, and in Algeria. The commanders-in-chief of both armies were appointed—Lord Raglan for England, and Marshal St. Arnaud for France. The first had been the comrade and friend of Lord Wellington, the second was a soldier of Algerian growth, and Minister of War on the 2nd of December, 1851.

While the English courier was on his way from St. Petersburg with the contemptuous message of Nicholas to the British Government, two incidents occurred, both of which helped to stimulate the indignation of England. The *Journal of St. Petersbourg* thought fit to reply to some sharp language about disturbers of the peace, used by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, by charging the English Government with having stated what was not true, when they said Russia had deceived Europe, and, with incredible audacity, referring, for proof of its statement, to the secret communications which took place between the Czar and the Queen's Government in 1853. Lord Derby at once seized the occasion to assail the Government and demand the production of the correspondence; and Lord Aberdeen remarked that since Russia had shewn no reluctance to disclose its character, Her Majesty's Government had none, and the whole should come out. And come out accordingly it did, producing effects quite different from those expected by Russia. The reader has already seen what this correspondence was, and he can well conceive how, when published just on the outbreak of war, it served as fuel to feed the national indignation at the double-dealing of the Czar. Instead of blowing the Ministers out of their offices and branding them with discredit, the mine, sprung by the Czar himself, spent its force upon him, and the very means he took to support the English peace party not only recruited the war party, but filled all men with a righteous anger. Ministers, whose apparently vacillating conduct had called forth bitter criticisms, regained the confidence of the country, and the whole peace party was completely submerged in the storm. The scope of Russian policy was laid bare to the gaze of Europe, and from that moment, let who might be in office, it was terribly manifest that the British nation would insist on an earnest and deliberate war policy

The other incident was the publication of a somewhat haughty and not over-courteous reply from the Emperor Nicholas to the Emperor Napoleon, retorting upon the latter the charge of provoking war: and the publication also of a new manifesto from the Emperor Nicholas to his people, dated February 21. In this he charged England and France with conduct unheard of among civilised nations, declared that they had sided with "the enemies of Christianity against Russia, combating for the orthodox faith;" asking, "Are we not the same Russian nation of whose exploits the memorable events of 1812 bear witness?" and concluding with a sacred text from the well-stored memory of the Pontiff-Emperor. The allusion to 1812 aroused the French, who were not at this time at all zealous for a war which did not promise laurels of glory plucked in neighbouring states. For the French people did not penetrate the profound design of Napoleon, to establish French influence on the base of a successful war for a European object.

Thus the flames kindled by the ambition of the Czar and the ambition of his Western rival, grew fiercer, and began to burn with astonishing power and intensity. Nothing was wanting to war but the formal declaration: and this was not wanting long. Captain Blackwood had landed with the Czar's negative defiance. On the 27th of March, the Queen sent down a royal message to Parliament, stating that all the endeavours of her Government to preserve the peace had failed, and that she relied on the zeal of her Parliament to support her in protecting the dominions of the Sultan from Russian encroachments. On the 28th war was declared, and on the 31st both Houses agreed to an address, recording the aggressions of Russia, and expressing a firm determination to resist them. On the 3rd of April, a very large body of peers of all parties, and three hundred members of the House of Commons, headed by the Speaker, presented the addresses in answer to the royal message, to Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, who, seated on her throne, with Prince Albert on the one hand, and the Prince of Wales on the other, received these genuine representatives of the spirit and determination of her whole people. On the day that war was declared, the British fleet anchored in the bay of Kiel. On the 11th of April, the Czar published his declaration of war, in which he again, in a strain of semi-religious exaltation, declared that Russia took up arms for no worldly interests, but for "the Christian faith, for the defence of her co-religionists oppressed by implacable enemies." "It is for the Faith and for Christendom that we combat! God with us—who against us?"

CHAPTER XV.

Attitude of the German Powers—Alliance between Austria and Prussia—Mission of Sir John Burgoyne—Choice of Gallipoli as a Base—The Czar's Forces in the Principalities—They cross the Danube—Drive the Turks out of the Dobrudscha—Are frustrated before Kalafat, and retreat—Paskiewitch determines to besiege Silistria—Description of that place—The Russians partially Invest it—English Defenders of Silistria—The Arab Tabia—Attempts to Storm Defeated—The Russians advance their Parallels—Employ Mines—Omer Pasha reinforces the Garrison—Paskiewitch, Gortschakoff, Schilder Wounded—Siege Raised—Causes of Failure—Treaty between Austria and the Porte—The Fleet in the Black Sea—Odessa Bombarded—Russian Reverses in Circassia—Assembly of the Allies at Gallipoli: at Scutari—Weak Constitution of

the Armies—Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud visit Shumla—Plan agreed upon—Vagaries of St. Arnaud—Plan upset—Concentration at Varna deferred: at length effected—State of the Camps—Lord Cardigan's Reconnaissance—Omer Pasha's Visit to Varna—Battle of Guirgevo—Evacuation of the Principalities by Russia—Austria agrees to certain Essential Bases of a Peace—She Occupies the Principalities—Value of this Act—The British Government turns its eyes on the Crimea—Sebastopol—The Duke of Newcastle's Despatch—Council of War—Expedition resolved on—Cholera in the Camp—Fatal Expedition to the Dobrudscha—Fire in Varna.

THUS by a series of complex events, beginning in 1850 with the restless interference of the French, met with corresponding readiness by Russia, who, out of a Political quarrel with the French Emperor, developed a large and aggressive design against Turkish independence—a series of events which culminated in 1854—the Czar found himself at war, not with Turkey only, but with France and England.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

And what was the attitude of the German Powers, whose arms and influence should have exercised so great a pressure in this quarrel? It is necessary at this stage of the story to define their position, because attempts have been made to shew that their policy was the same as that of the Western Powers, and that all were united in the work of bringing the Czar to reason. Unhappily, this was not so. The offence committed by Nicholas was an offence not only against Turkey, but against Europe. By Europe, no doubt, it should have been met and defeated, and the common disturber should have been punished, if need were, by the common force. But, although England and France were prompt in pledging themselves to meet force by force, the German Powers would not pledge themselves to more than the meeting of force by diplomacy. Over and over again it was proved that the Czar would not recede; yet the German Powers refused to act, or even declare their readiness to act. There was, between them and the Western Powers, only union up to a certain point. The concert was incomplete. Austria was more willing than Prussia to adopt strong measures; but Austria did not do more than take up a negative and neutral position during the winter and spring of 1853-4. Yet she could not evade the danger which grew every day; and, therefore, on the 9th of April, Austria—Prussia going with her so far—signed, in common with the Western Powers, a protocol taking note of the existence of war, and declaring that the summons addressed to Russia was "founded on right;" that the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire was and remained a *sine qua non* condition of peace; that means should be found of

bringing that empire within the European system; and that the Four Powers would not enter into any arrangement with Russia, or any other Power, which did not accord with these principles, without previously deliberating in common. So far there was union; but there was no union in arms. Yet the very requirements of the protocol were those which, as every fact had shown, Russia would not agree to without an application of adequate force. A wide chasm separated the Western from the German Powers—the gulf of war. All that the protocol did, beside justifying the war in which the German courts would not engage, was to pledge them to a basis of peace. What the Germans, and especially Austria, were eager for, was the evacuation of the Principalities; that was a German as well as an Austrian interest, and Prussia, aspiring to be the leading German Power, could not neglect her duty in that respect; and so, ten days later, namely, on the 20th of April, Austria and Prussia formed an offensive and defensive alliance. To do what? Defend the Sultan? Defend Europe? No; to "defend the rights and interests of Germany." They undertook to hold troops in readiness, and they guaranteed to each other reciprocally their German and non-German possessions. They did not ally themselves with the Western Powers, to defend with them the common interests of the Sultan and Europe. The "interests of European welfare" were, indeed, invoked as a motive for German action; but the substantial parts of the treaty related to Germany alone. Russia had at this time whispered in the ear of the King of Prussia that the original motive for seizing the Principalities had been removed by the concessions granted to the Christians by the Porte. Prussia, therefore, hoped the Czar would withdraw his troops; but, as this hope might prove delusive, Prussia agreed to add another article to the treaty providing for hostilities. The two Powers in effect declared that they would make war on Russia "in the event of the incorporation of the Principalities, or in the event of an attack on or passage of the Balkan by Russia." How, then, can it be said, that even at the end of April, 1854, the Four Powers were united? At this time neither Prussia nor Austria would make war to thrust the Russians from the Principalities. England and France were actually present on Turkish soil to effect that object. The Four Powers were agreed upon several very important points of great though deferred interest—the bases of a peace; but they were not agreed upon the most important point of all—the mode of obtaining the peace. On that point the Western Powers took one path, and the German Powers another. As we shall soon see, Austria had reason to fall farther away from Prussia, and to approach the Western Powers. But it is now time to turn from diplomacy to those other arbiters of the destinies of nations, who are called in to cut the knots which diplomacy ravels together, and then fails to untie.

The allies do not appear to have entered on the war with any very definite notions. England and France formed an alliance together, and then allied themselves with the Sultan. In defending the Sultan, they were to defend a fundamental principle of European policy in the concrete, and they were to take no advantage to themselves by the act. But their earlier views were limited even from the defensive point of view. While Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge were proceeding through France, to meet Marshal St. Arnaud on the way, and to take counsel with the Emperor Napoleon; while Count Walewski and the British public exchanged compliments at the Mansion House, and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert went to a fancy ball at the house of the French Ambassador, the French and English troops were slowly moving up the Mediterranean, the French and English fleets were cruising on the Black Sea and the Baltic, and the Turks were fighting on the Danube. If the allied Powers had then formed great designs for offensive war, they were not in a condition to execute them, for, although they had troops to send, neither had an organised army with which to act at once. They, therefore, at first adopted a middle course. They determined to secure a line of retreat for their ships, and a base of operations from which, in the event of the Turkish army being driven over the Balkan, they could effectively defend Constantinople. At this time there was existent an exaggerated dread of Russian power. The Czar was so strong, the Sultan so weak, so men thought, that it was deemed possible the Russians might force both the Danube and the Balkan by the rapid marches of an overwhelming force, and thus confront the Sultan in his capital. To provide against this, and also to cover their weakness, the allies determined to land their troops at Gallipoli. The shores of Europe at the mouth of the Dardanelles terminate in a remarkable tongue of land, bounded on one side by the straits, on the other by the Mediterranean, and joined to the Continent by a narrow neck of rugged country at the western end of the Sea of Marmora. Sir John Burgoyne and Colonel Ardent had been sent out to inspect this peninsula, and they agreed with earlier military surveyors that it would be advisable to fortify the neck a few miles to the east of Gallipoli, covering the point of debarkation, and commanding the flank of the great road through Adrianople to the Turkish capital. Therefore, as the allied troops began to arrive in March and April, they were employed in throwing up entrenchments, known as the lines of Boulair, and extending from the Gulf of Saros to the Sea of Marmora. It was in the camps near Gallipoli that the whole of the French and part of the British army were organised for active service; but while they were gradually assembling there, the Turks were fighting so manfully on the Danube, and so effectually thwarting Russia, that the lines of Boulair became useless, and the allies, as we shall see, found it needful to take post on the southern, instead of the northern slopes of the Balkan.

When it became certain that war would ensue, the Emperor Nicholas reinforced his army in the Principalities, and raised it to the strength of about 150,000 men, including an immense force of cavalry, and no fewer than 520 guns. Against this mass the Sultan could barely array a nominal force of 120,000 men, and a

number of guns far inferior to that of their foe. The bulk of the Russians were in Wallachia, posted in detachments from Kalafat to Galatz. Their plan of operations was to concentrate a mass of troops opposite Silistria, to hold in check the Turks at Kalafat, on one flank, while on the other they invaded the Dobrudscha. It was then intended that the main body should cross the Danube at Kalarasch, and joining the troops coming up the river upon Silistria, invest and capture that fortress. This done, they hoped to capture or mask Varna, and forcing Shumla, debouch through the passes of the rugged Balkans upon the plains of Roumelia. Marshal Prince Paskiewitch had been appointed to command the army, and such is assumed to have been his plan of operations. If so, the Russians must have counted on the slowness of the allies, on the weakness of the Turks, and on their own rapidity. But the plan was essentially vicious. They could not fail to lose men in the pestiferous Dobrudscha. So long as the Turks held Kalafat, the Russians were never secure on that flank. Then, assuming that they kept the Kalafat army at bay, and even captured Silistria, it was in the highest degree improbable that they could force Shumla, and impossible that they could take Varna, so long as the allied fleets held the Black Sea. Nor were these the only dangers incurred by the Czar. The plains of Wallachia lie between the ridges of the Carpathians and the Danube. These mountains border the whole line of the Russian communications. On their northern slopes Austria was collecting a formidable army. Austria, though not resolved to fight, was growing more menacing in her language and in her attitude. It was true that she trammelled herself by a treaty with Prussia, laying down the march of the Russians on the Balkan as a *casus belli*. But Russia had no security that circumstances might not occur to produce a change in Austrian councils, or that the very success of her preliminary movements might not bring Austria to act. And if she acted, she would move across the Russian line of communications, and the mere threat to do that would almost ruin the Russian plan. For although the Czar had 150,000 men at his disposal, he could not with these force the strong line of the Danube fortresses, and make head against an Austrian army issuing from the Carpathians at the same time. Moreover, if he were not speedy, the allies would appear, either at Varna or in the Balkan.

The Czar did not hesitate to face these dangers. He plunged headlong into war. Before the publication of his manifesto, his troops forced the passage of the Danube near its mouth, and at other points above, drove the Turks out of their fortified posts on the right bank, and established an immense force in the Dobrudscha. Between the 20th of March and the 2nd of April, the whole of that peninsula was cleared of enemies. Mustapha Pasha had rallied his troops behind the wall of Trajan, the remains of an old Roman trench, running between Kustendjeh and the Danube, while the Russian General Lüders had concentrated about 60,000 men on the Baba Dagh mountain, preparatory to a movement up the right bank. Three days afterwards the Turks were driven from Chernovada, on the left flank of their defensive line, and Mustapha Pasha, falling back towards Varna, left a free passage to the enemy. The Russians had lost many men in the Dobrudscha from malaria, want of water, and a defective commissariat. They lost, indeed, more than they gained by this movement, for although the command of the right bank was gained from Ismail to Silistria, the army emerged shaken in its *morale* and diminished in its effective.

As soon as Prince Paskiewitch arrived at headquarters, and saw the state of things for himself, he began to feel keenly the two dangers which menaced his rear and right flank, the Austrians in the Carpathians, and the Turks in their entrenched post at Kalafat. He saw that the line occupied by his troops was too extensive, and that his right beyond the Schyl was too far from his centre near Bucharest, whence he was to strike his first blow. General Liprandi, who commanded the right wing, had vainly sought for an opportunity of attacking Kalafat with effect. Every move he made towards it was frustrated, for the Turks remained firm, and the fire of the heavy guns was destructive, and he lost men and reputation before these earthworks. It is to be presumed also, for the matter was not kept secret, that Prince Paskiewitch had some inkling of the treaty Austria and Prussia were about to sign. Therefore the Prince determined to withdraw his troops, first to the Schyl, and next behind the Aluta, a few miles further to the east. The Russians suffered a defeat before Kalafat on the 17th of April, and on the 21st they began to file off towards Krajova. Observing this, the Turks pushed out from Kalafat, and also threw a body of men over the Danube at Turna, near the confluence of the Danube and Aluta, but these were roughly handled by Liprandi's left wing. On the 10th of May, the Turks occupied Krajova, and following the Russian rear-guard, brought it to an action; but pushing on too fast, they were assailed by the supporting columns and driven back. The main body, however, had, in passing the Aluta, broken the bridge of Slatina, and left the rear-guard to its fate. But the Turks, deceived by its firm front, made no serious attack; the bridge was repaired, and the rear-guard crossed to the left bank. The Russian columns retired no further, but took up a defensive position behind the Aluta, their right at Slatina, their left on the Danube, with advanced posts beyond the Aluta. General Dannenberg commanded this right wing, having under him Generals Liprandi and Soimeneff. Thus the right wing was strongly posted, and it served the purpose of preventing the Kalafat army from doing anything to interfere with the siege of Silistria. The remainder of the Russian army on the left bank was at Giurgevo, opposite Rustchuk, at Oltenitza, opposite Turtukai, and at Kalarasch, facing Silistria; while on the right bank, two divisions were in the Dobrudscha, and the corps of Lüders, less one division, was marching up the right bank of the Danube to join in the offensive movement against Silistria. The Turks had 30,000 men on the Aluta, strong garrisons in Rustchuk, Turtukai,

and Silistria, a field force of uncertain amount between Varna and the wall of Trajan, and a reserve of about 40,000 men in Shumla and Varna. In the first week of May, the Turks had thus lost the Dobrudscha, and with it the road to Silistria; but they had recovered Little Wallachia, and found employment in that quarter for 50,000 Russian troops. The vigour and audacity they had shown on the Danube piqued the military pride of the Czar, and he urged his lieutenant to strike and strike hard at the centre of the line.

The fortress of Silistria stands on the right bank of the Danube, in a position which makes it, as military men say, "important in a strategical point of view, and unfavourable for the purposes of fortification." Its strategical value is shown by the fact, that it is "on the flank of every possible line of operation upon the Balkan." Indeed, no impression can even be made on the Balkan so long as the Turks can keep possession of Silistria, Shumla, and Varna. They are the Turkish Trilateral. Besieged and taken in 1810, the Russians failed before Silistria in 1828, but captured it in 1829, after an obstinate resistance extending over forty-four days. As it stands on the brink of the Danube below a ridge of commanding heights, the last spurs of the Balkan as they push towards the river, no works of whatever strength could make it secure. At eight and even six hundred yards from the wall, the whole of the interior can be overlooked. But not only was the position bad, the works were bad also. The wall was low, the ditches were shallow, the flanking fire ineffective. In 1828-9 there were no outworks, only here and there a few "lodgments," mere trenches; and so dreaded were the Turks even then behind such light cover, that these furrows in the soil were approached by the double sap and blown up by mines! In 1854, a Prussian officer, Major Grach, had helped the Turks to improve the defensive works, and he seeing, as Moltke had seen before him, how impossible it was to defend the place without holding the hills above it, threw up some indifferent entrenchments on the south and east of the place. One of these was the Arab Tabia, and in the course of the coming contest it came to play a principal part in the work of resistance. Another point in favour of the Turks was the breadth of the Danube, but this was in some measure counterbalanced by the facilities which the islands below the town afforded to the Russians. From the fortress on the east ran the road to Rassova down the right bank; on the west, the road to Turtukai up the right bank; and towards the south, the roads to Shumla and Varna and the passes of the Balkan. Such was the post. It was held by a garrison under Moussa Pasha, which, with the fighting part of the population, numbered perhaps 10,000 men, against which Prince Paskiewitch was about to throw the strength of the Czar.

The first object of the Russians was to gain possession of the islands below the fortress, and above the belt of marshes which border the left bank of the Danube, from Kalarasch to Hirsova. To facilitate this, they brought a flotilla of gunboats from Galatz, and under their protection threw bridges from the left bank to the islands, and from the islands to the right bank, so that, in spite of the opposition of the Turkish outposts, and the cannon of the eastern face of the fortress, by the end of April, the Russians were masters of the river and both banks. Next, they threw up batteries for siege guns on the islands within range; and having accomplished their batteries and secured their bridge, they put in motion the two columns destined to invest the place and conduct the siege. They brought 30,000 men over the bridge from Kalarasch, who were joined by 40,000 from Rassova under Lüders. On the 17th of May, General Schilders took the command of the besieging force and the conduct of the siege. By a strange coincidence, this very general, on that same day, just a quarter of a century before, when General Diebitsch headed the Czar's invading army, had sat down before Silistria. He knew its strong and its weak points. He preserved a lively recollection of the tenacity with which a Moslem soldier clings to a little earthen shelter, and he must have looked with some misgivings on the little furrows of earth, which, as one writer says, were scratched on the plateau commanding the fortress of Silistria. Moltke has recorded how profoundly a Russian respects a Turk when the latter is ensconced, even in a poor earthen field-work defended by a shallow ditch; and the mode in which Schilders approached the place showed that the respect inspired by the valour of the defenders of Silistria in 1828-9 had not been effaced from his mind. He opened his first trench at a distance of more than 3,000 yards from the outwork on the plateau! In 1828 the Russians were too weak to invest the place completely; in 1829 they did invest it, blocking up all the approaches. In 1854 they repeated the mistake of 1828; for although a column crossed the Danube at Turtukai to close up the western side, it was only for a moment imperfectly in communication with the main body, and throughout the siege the Russians were not able to cut off the communication between the town and Omer Pasha in Shumla. The fact is that the outworks on the plateau overlooking the fortress gave it such an extensive area that even 80,000 Russians did not suffice to guard the bridge, perform the service of the trenches, and cover the siege. So that practically Silistria was assailed only on one side, and weakly menaced on another, while between the two there was a chasm partially patrolled by the Russian cavalry.

On the 20th of May Prince Paskiewitch crossed the Danube, and inspected the attack. He brought with him Prince Gortschakoff, who took the command of the besieging force. Prince Paskiewitch saw the error which had been made in opening the trenches at a point so distant from the works; he caused the first parallel to be abandoned, and on the 21st opened a new one within 500 yards of the works. Moussa Pasha, seeing the enemy within reach, opened fire, and sallying forth did some damage, but did not hinder the completion of the parallel. It so happened that two Englishmen, Lieutenant Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth, travelling for pleasure, had entered Silistria, and had volunteered to aid in the defence. They took their posts in the advanced works,

notably in the Arab Tabia, and their presence and bearing produced such an effect on the Turks, that the latter never thought of yielding, but fought with a steadfastness and devotion equal to any troops in the world. These young men, looking over the low parapets of the Arab Tabia, saw beneath them the immense Russian camp, and beyond that the broad stream of the Danube spanned by their splendid military bridges, and beyond the Danube the plains of Wallachia swarming with cattle and intersected with transport trains. But the sight of the mighty means of the Czar did not daunt them, and they imparted their own spirit to the defenders of the Arab Tabia. And when Prince Paskiewitch, thinking he could carry these miserable outworks by storm, hurled his heavy columns upon them three times within four-and-twenty hours, he had the mortification to see his troops recoil and fly each time that they attacked. On the 25th, in the midst of a storm, which came on at nightfall, the docile Russian soldiers once more dashed at the work, and reached the ditch; but they could go no further. They were smitten by a ceaseless fire, and forced back with loss. What was to be done? Here was a miserable bank of earth, which, defended by Turks, under British guidance, had withstood four assaults, three by day and one by night. A mere ridge of Bulgarian earth, and a handful of mere Turks, had so withstood the valiant and tried soldiers of the puissant and most pious Czar. Yet this ridge and furrow on the hill side must be taken, or the Czar's troops would never have Silistria. The orders of Nicholas to take it, cost what it might, were frequent and imperative. There was only one way to execute his orders: the Arab Tabia must be carried, not by bayonet and bullet, but by pickaxe and spade.

The Russian parallels came nearer. A third appeared only 200 yards distant. The Russian infantry made a dash at one of the redoubts on the left. But the Turks sallied forth, and falling on with cold steel, expelled the enemy, and killed two generals and several hundreds of men. Three days afterwards Prince Paskiewitch risked another assault. Making a false attack on the left, he brought up heavy columns against the Arab Tabia, preparing the way by a terrible fire from all his batteries. Inspired by their English leaders, the Turks received the shock without flinching, and once more forced them headlong back, this time with a loss of two thousand men. The trenches had now been open; the siege guns from the mainland, from the islands, from the Danube, had been firing for sixteen days. Yet no progress had been made towards the capture of the Turkish outworks. Again the spade was plied, and again the beautifully executed saps and parallels approached. The opposing soldiers could hear each other speak, and look into each other's eyes. Pressed as he was by the orders of his master, who looked with apprehension at the gathering of Austrians in Transylvania, and the increasing forces of the allies at Gallipoli and Scutari, Prince Paskiewitch issued orders for a seventh assault. The sturdy Russian soldiers, who had failed so often, who had lost so many men, who had come to regard the work as impregnable, obeyed, indeed, as they always do, but obeyed without heart or confidence; and after a fierce conflict, they were for a seventh time routed utterly. The Turks, however, lost their commander, Moussa Pasha, a soldier who had the merit at least of firmness of soul, and an integrity without stain. This was a serious blow; but the presence of Butler and Nasmyth compensated fully for the loss of the Pasha. They were adored by the soldiers, and obeyed with that cheerfulness and devotion which make men so terrible in conflict.

After the failure of the last assault, the Russians began to mine. By sap and mine they had taken the place in 1829. They fell back upon the old methods. Unable to storm over the low rampart, they sought to blow it up from below. Here again the British officers frustrated them, for they caused the Turks to cut a fresh entrenchment in rear of the first; and, if need were, another behind that, and then another, but always, whatever happened, to stand fast and fight with them. The Turks did as they were bidden, and their coolness under fire, and indifference to danger, provoked the warm admiration of the English officers whose confidence was so liberally repaid. And thus the siege went on. The Russians continued to creep forwards, under cover of the sap, and to drive their mines and explode them; but ever as they reached one point of defence, they found another behind it, and gallant men ready to cross bayonets and defend both, and even to rush out suddenly and kill and destroy. Nevertheless, the Russians came so close that the pick and spade could be heard beneath the ground, and it seemed, certainly to those who looked on from a distance, who reflected on the strength of the Russian army, and the weakness of the place, that it must fall. Omer Pasha held that opinion, and even so late as the 19th of June imparted it to the commanders of the allies. It was the picture he drew of the state of affairs in Bulgaria which induced Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud to send troops to Varna. At the end of May the Light Division of the English army landed at Varna, followed by that of General Canrobert; and from that time in the French and English camps, and in the wooded gorges of Shumla, men listened to the muffled roar of the Russian guns, expecting every day to see a tired horseman ride in with the news of the fall of Silistria.

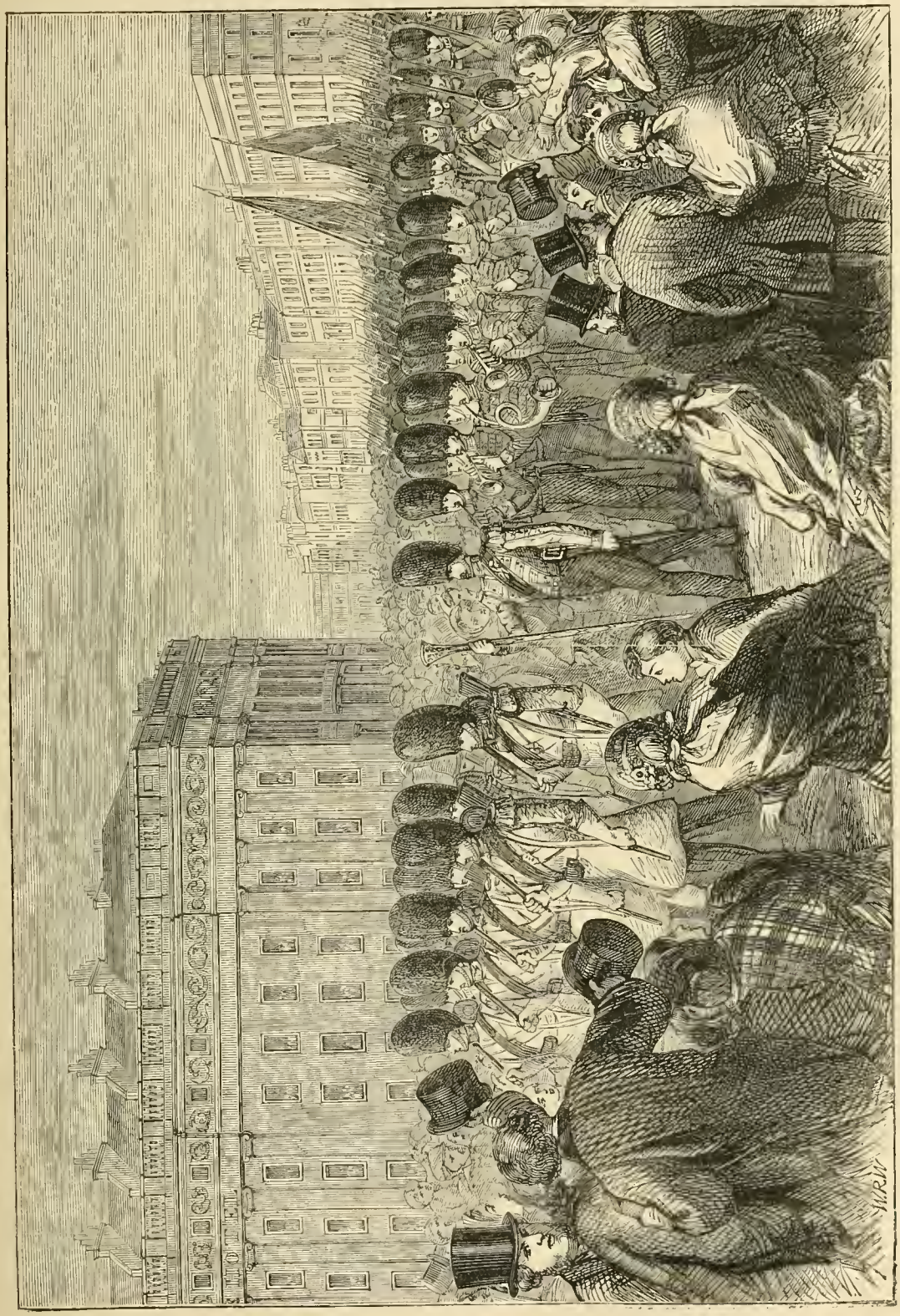
Yet Silistria fell not. The investment was so imperfect that General Cannon, an Englishman in the service of the Porte, contrived to pass between the Russian covering armies, and enter the place, to the great joy of the besieged. In the meantime the enemy had come so close, that a Turk dared not speak above a whisper without drawing upon himself a Russian bullet. It is to a remark in too loud a tone that the death of Captain Butler is attributed. He was speaking to General Cannon, when a Russian bullet, passing obliquely through the earthwork, gave him a wound, of which he died. Shortly afterwards General Cannon, obeying, it is supposed an order, withdrew from the fortress with the troops he had brought, and carried Lieut. Nasmyth with him, but left behind another British officer, Lieut.

Ballard, who supplied his place in the Arab Tabia. The middle of June had now arrived. Prince Paskiewitch, having entered the trenches to reconnoitre these invincible outworks, was wounded, and forced to withdraw to Bucharest, leaving the completion of his task to Prince Gortschakoff. But he fared no better. The Turks sallied forth impetuously, and inflicted great losses. General Schilders was wounded so severely that he died from the effects of the shock and from amputation, and Prince Gortschakoff himself was slightly hurt. The siege had lasted five weeks. The Russian army had lost thousands of men from disease as well as wounds, yet, except that their works were close to those of the Turks, nothing had been gained. They resolved to abandon the enterprise. On the 22nd of June, they opened a tremendous fire on the place from all their batteries. When daylight dawned on the 23rd, the Turks became aware that the trenches were tenantless, and soon saw that the bulk of the army had re-passed the bridge, and had encamped about Kalarasch. The siege was at an end. The Russians had lost 15,000 men and nine generals before the weak and ragged outworks of a feeble fortress, and they had lost, too, something of priceless value—*prestige*. Their decisive defeat before Silistria was the crowning disaster of a disastrous campaign. Frustrated on all sides, the sole laurels gathered by the Czar were furnished by the massacre at Sinope, the routing of a handful of Turks in the Dobrudscha, and the blowing up of an English war-steamer, the Tiger, which had run ashore in a fog near Odessa.

The causes which led to this failure of the Russian arms were, first, the shining valour and noble resolution of the Turkish soldiers, and, next, the arrival of the allies at Varna, the operations of their fleets in the Black Sea, and the new position taken up by Austria. For Austria, eager to obtain the evacuation of the Principalities, had, on the 14th of June, while yet the issue of the siege of Silistria was uncertain, made a separate treaty with the Porte, whereby the Emperor engaged "to exhaust all the means of negotiation, and *all other means*, to obtain the evacuation of the Principalities" by the foreign army which occupied them. In other words, Austria undertook to occupy the Principalities herself—an engagement which, if the Russians did not withdraw, rendered it incumbent on Austria to use force for their expulsion. It is easy to see that, unless the Czar was ready to incur the hazards of a war with Austria, in addition to a war with the allies, this pressure put upon him, coming at the back of a defeat before Silistria, and the gathering strength of England and France ashore and afloat, would compel him to yield up the material guarantee which he had so recklessly seized. And it did so. But before we describe this event, we must glance at the incidents which preceded it in the Black Sea, and on the shores of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont.

On the Black Sea the combined fleet had ridden triumphant. In a cruise of twenty days they met no foe, but picked up prizes in considerable numbers. One incident had occurred which added to the wrath and mortification of the Czar. The Furious was sent to Odessa to bring away the English consul. As her boat, bearing a flag of truce, was returning to the ship, she was fired upon; and no satisfactory explanation being given, the Admirals Dundas and Hamelin appeared off Odessa on the 21st April, with a combined squadron, and demanded redress. General Osten-Sacken having refused to grant any redress, the admirals sent in a steam squadron the next morning, and bombarded the war-port, but tried to spare the town. In twelve hours they had blown up a powder magazine, destroyed, by shot and shell, a goodly number of ships, and many buildings containing stores. The loss of the allies was three killed and twelve wounded. After inflicting this chastisement for a breach of the usages of war, the squadron cruised off Sebastopol, but met no enemy; and on the 5th of May, Sir Edmund Lyons, with a squadron, steamed away for the Circassian coast, where his presence caused the Russians to abandon all their forts, except those of Anapa and Sujak Kaleh, lying at the northern end of the coast, near the straits of Kertch. The Circassians took immediate advantage of this, and confined the garrisons of the two forts within the walls; while the Turks occupied Redut Kaleh and Sukhum Kaleh, in Mingrelia and Abasia.

During the spring, the troops of the allies gradually assembled in the dominions of the Sultan; and in the month of March, and for many subsequent months, the blue waters of the Mediterranean were ploughed by the fleets of transports, under steam and sail, all bound eastward; while the straits which divide Europe from Asia were almost as crowded as the Thames. The first soldiers of the allies to land in Turkey were six Sappers and Miners, under Captain Chapman, who arrived at Constantinople on the 29th of January, and were employed in surveying the defences of the Bosphorus and the site for the lines at Boulair. The first French detachment left Marseilles on the 19th, and landed at Gallipoli on the 31st of March; with these went Generals Bosquet and Canrobert. At the same time convoys were departing from the ports of Algiers, and fresh divisions were assembling near Toulon and Marseilles. The British Guards, and some line regiments, had been sent on to Malta, and thence at the end of March, and also from the ports of England, they began to embark for Turkey. Part of the Light Division, under Sir George Brown, reached Gallipoli on the 6th of April, and encamped on the north flank of the lines of Boulair. The soldiers of the two armies now met together; they had greeted each other cordially at sea, and they were not less friendly ashore. Once embarked in the same cause, and the two nations, as well as the two armies, became the heartiest of allies. Day by day, and week by week, the huge English transports, and the French vessels, of smaller tonnage, came labouring up the Dardanelles—the French to discharge their living freight at Gallipoli, the English to land theirs at Scutari, on the Asiatic shore opposite Constantinople. Lord Raglan arrived there on the 29th of April, and Marshal St. Arnaud on the 7th of May. The Duke of Cambridge, coming in with the French marshal, completed the British staff. On the 7th of May, there



DEPARTURE OF THE GUARDS.

were about 17,500 British troops at Scutari and Kululi, near by, and 4,000 at Gallipoli. The cavalry and more infantry were still at sea. By the end of May, the French had concentrated 37,000 men and 5,500 horses at Gallipoli. Thus, the allied forces, some of whom had quitted England for Malta in February, gradually, and somewhat slowly, brought their hosts into masses in the dominions of the Sultan.

The French army consisted of four divisions of infantry, under the orders of General Canrobert, General Bosquet, Prince Napoleon, and General Forey—an officer who served his master on the 2nd of December, 1851, and who, in 1863, won his marshal's bâton in Mexico. There were besides, eight batteries of artillery, or sixty-four guns. The British army consisted of four divisions. The first, under the Duke of Cambridge, was composed of the Guards and the Highland Brigade; the second, commanded by Sir De Lacy Evans, consisted of the 30th, 41st, 47th, 49th, and 95th regiments; the third division, under Sir Richard England, was composed of the 1st, 4th, 29th, 38th, 44th, and 50th; the Light Division, with Sir George Brown for its chief, was made up of the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 33rd, 77th, 88th, and the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade. At the end of May, only two regiments of British horse had been landed at Scutari—the 8th Hussars and 17th Lancers. There were probably at this time about fifty guns in the parks at Kululi. Every day, however, augmented the forces of the allies; and two months later we shall see that each army had been increased in the interval by the arrival of fresh divisions from the West. The pressing question at the beginning of May was to organise the military machine; to put it into fighting and marching order; to provide more for its future than its present wants; to lay up stores of provisions and depôts of ammunition; and, above all, to gather together the means of setting the military machine in motion when it was completed. This was no easy task. The French, by habit, were better prepared for war than the English, but the French found it difficult to give legs to their transport corps. As to the English, they had been hurried into action almost totally unprepared. They had neither a military train nor even the nucleus of such a corps; they had no effective medical staff; they had an inexperienced and undermanned commissariat. They had magnificent regiments, individually perfect; but they had no army. Everything had to be done on the spot; and being done in a hurry, and by men not accustomed to the work, it was imperfectly done. The British had not been a week in Turkey before there was an outcry for transport. Lord Raglan had a splendid collection of soldiers; but he could not have marched them fifty miles. Let those who have read the letters of St. Arnaud say whether it was far different with the French.

Pending this interval, employed in organising the army, there were balls, and banquets, and reviews to "reinforce the alliance, and make it patent to all the world. The Sultan did two noticeable acts: he galloped his horse twice in public; and he spoke to a Christian woman—Madame de St. Arnaud! But this was the showy part of the business; the real work was done quietly, in the chambers of the embassy, in the quarters of the generals, and in the councils of war and consultation. The reader is aware that at this time the Russians were hurling column after column upon the outworks of Silistria. Not a man in the allied army believed the place could resist beyond a given time, say six weeks. By the end of June, then, it was calculated that Prince Paskiewitch would have established himself in Silistria, and would be able from that base to act offensively against the line of the Balkan. What were the means and modes of opposing him? This was the question which occupied the thoughts of the allied commanders. Marshal St. Arnaud was, to judge from his letters, in a state of feverish impatience for action; but, according to the statements of Mr. Kinglake, he was also in a disturbed as well as ambitious frame of mind. It is said that he tried first, to obtain the command of the Turkish army, next to effect an arrangement which would have given him a control over that of England. These vagaries of a vain and ambitious man were frustrated by Lord Stratford and Lord Raglan, and they did not meet with the approval of the Emperor. But events pressed. The Russians were certain not to wait until the allies had devised some plan. It became imperative to see the facts a little more clearly than they could be seen at Constantinople; and, in the middle of May, Lord Raglan and the Marshal went to Varna, to meet the Turkish general, and hear from Omer Pasha his view of the situation, and his conception of its requirements. Omer Pasha told them he had 45,000 in Shumla, and with these he could defend it. He had 18,000 in Silistria; but these, he believed, could not hold the place longer than six weeks, that is, to the end of June. He had about 20,000 at Kalafat. The rest of his forces were scattered in detachments. He naturally suggested Varna as the point of concentration for the allies. The two generals agreed to bring up their troops to Varna. After the conference broke up, they drove to Shumla, inspected the troops and the field works forming the camp, and found both better than they expected. They saw that with a Turkish force in Shumla, and an allied force in Varna, the Russian general, even if he captured Silistria, would hesitate to plunge into the rough country leading to the Balkan with an enemy on each flank. Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud returned to Constantinople on the 23rd of May, to execute the measures they had undertaken in concert with Omer Pasha.

Marshal St. Arnaud went to Gallipoli with the full intention of fulfilling his engagements. "We have chosen Varna as the base of our operations," he wrote on the 25th. "We must get into line as early as possible. I have ordered the troops to embark. On the 2nd of June I shall have at Varna 12,000 men; on the 8th, 24,000; on the 18th, 40,000." This was written at Constantinople. When he reached Gallipoli, he suddenly changed his mind. He determined not to move his troops by sea, but to direct them by land upon the line of the Balkans. The reason assigned for this

change was the defective organisation of the French army, its want of horses and guns. He determined not to put his forces in peril, and, without consulting Lord Raglan, he gave orders for the land march. One division, indeed, he sent by sea; but the remainder he directed to move in succession, two by Adrianople upon Aidos, the third by Rodosto and Constantinople upon Bourgas. Lord Raglan, when informed of these proceedings, could not fail to be astonished. He could not control the French army, he could not concur with its chief; but he could and did control the English army, and he steadily declined to take part in the movement. The plan of the French marshal was to occupy the southern slopes of the Balkans, to place his own troops next to the sea, and to place the English on the extreme left flank among the hills. Lord Raglan demurred to the proposal. He would not employ or place any part of his army in Roumelia. Marshal St. Arnaud's project has been defended in a military point of view. It certainly provided for the safety of the allied army; but, as we conceive, it was neither sound in a military nor a political point of view; for, regarded from the first, it gave up the advantage of the sea route, and the combined position of Varna and Shumla; and, in the second, it left Omer Pasha to wage war alone against the whole Russian army, and offered no encouragement to the Austrian project of aiding by demonstrations, if not by arms, in the expulsion of the Russians from the Sultan's territory. Lord Raglan's opposition was fatal to the plan; but the unexpected proposal of such a scheme, and the hasty measures taken by St. Arnaud to execute it, delayed for many days the better movement of concentration upon Varna by sea; for General Bosquet was already painfully toiling along the road to Adrianople, and Prince Napoleon's division was marching to Rodosto. The consequence was that Lord Raglan, who had landed Sir George Brown's division at Varna on the 30th of May, had to keep his other divisions at Scutari, lest he should appear in greater force than the French. In fact, the time of concentration was now determined by the progress of the French divisions marching overland. Whether this arose from the passion of the Emperor Napoleon for strategy, we know not; but certain it is that he did strive, more than once, to direct military operations from Paris, and that the change in the mind of the marshal was coincident with the arrival of Colonel Trochu, a staff officer, from Paris.

Thus it happened that a movement on Varna, begun on the 29th of May, was not completed until the 4th of July, when the troops of General Bosquet emerged from the passes of the Balkan. It was not, in fact, until the 30th of July that the French had even three divisions at Varna. In the meantime Lord Raglan had sent up in succession his four divisions by sea, and had thrown forward the Light and 1st Divisions on the road to Shumla. The time had been occupied in making Varna a base of operations —that is, in heaping up vast stores of food, collecting ponies, mules, carts, placing ammunition in magazines, providing forage, building piers and wharves, making roads, and even sinking wells. The French divisions, when they came, lay on a wooded plateau above Varna to the northward, overlooking the sea. Marshal St. Arnaud kept them altogether camped in a military fashion. The British force was not massed. The Light Division and the 1st were thrown forward as far as Devna and Aladyn on the road to Shumla, with the 8th Hussars and 17th Lancers and four guns doing outpost duty. The other divisions lay nearer to Varna. The camps were pitched in beautiful places. The white tents crowned a green knoll, or extended along a sandy plateau, and looked out upon broad sweeps of turf broken by groups of fine trees, and overlooking a shining lake skirted by meadow lands, and backed by the rugged outlines of the Balkan. The woods were gay with birds of gaudy plumage, and the marshes streaked with lines of venerable storks. But the peculiarity of the country was the absence of inhabitants. Except those in the service of the commissariat, drivers of mule carts and bullock drays, and now and then a wandering Bulgarian, none were to be seen. Fear had driven them to desert their homes; and it was not one of the least disadvantages attending the armies of the allies that they had to operate in a country practically deserted. The want of transport, felt even at Scutari and Gallipoli, became a positive evil in Bulgaria. The porter and ale sent out for the consumption of the troops could not be carried inland for want of carts and horses; the water was bad, and the men drank the red wine of the country, and, in consequence, fell victims to disease. Diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera, made their appearance in the camps, and the graveyards began to fill. Then the air was polluted with horrid exhalations, and in addition the men pined for action. So that, although the sites of the camps looked healthy, bad management, imperfect food and drink, intemperance, a burning sun by day and chilling dews by night, and *ennui*, soon reduced the physical and moral stamina of the troops.

Before all the troops were concentrated, the news arrived that the Russians had raised the siege of Silistria, and had crossed the Danube. It was brought by a Tatar, who rode in from Shumla on the 24th of June, three days after Lord Raglan had landed, and before Marshal St. Arnaud had come up from Constantinople. The news created a welcome stir in the camps, but the commanders were not in a position to follow up the check by moving on the Danube. They had, moreover, the greatest dread of undertaking any operation beyond it; and they were aware of the treaty between Austria and the Porte. Marshal St. Arnaud, indeed, in his wild fashion, did speak of pursuing the Russians, who had "robbed him of victory," to Bucharest, to the Sereth, and the Pruth; but a few moments' reflection convinced him that he was indulging in a dream. Very little, indeed nothing, could be done with a force wanting in so many of the essentials of an army. The French cavalry, too, were still engaged in marching by land to Varna, and there were only two British regiments at hand. Lord Raglan, however, sent Major Calthorpe to communicate with Omer Pasha, and as that officer had to ride as far as Silistria to find him, he was the first to

catch a glimpse of the Russians encamped about Kalarasch. Lord Cardigan and a body of light cavalry were sent to patrol as far as the Dobrudscha. They rode through a desolate country for seventeen days, and saw no enemy; but, after undergoing great privation from want of food, water, forage, and shelter, they returned, having out of 280 horses, 90 with sore backs! There were also immediate changes in the camps, the British forces pushing further into the country. That was all that was or could be done. The Russians were over the Danube far away, and if the allies had been ever so minded to follow them, they could not have done so for want of transport.

Elated with the success of his soldiers at Silistria, Omer Pasha rode off to Varna, to confer with the allied commanders, and to see the armies of the West. On the 3rd of July he inspected the Light Division at Devna. "The *coup d'œil*," says an eye-witness, "was magnificent. The blue outlines of the distant hills, over which played the shadows of rapidly gathering thunder-clouds; the green sweep of the valley below, dotted with tents, and marked here and there with dark masses of Turkish infantry; the arid banks of sand grey cliffs, displaying every variety of light and shadow; and then the crest of the hill, along which for a mile shone the bayonets of the British infantry, topped by the canvas walls behind them, formed a spectacle worth coming far to see." Passing rapidly onward to Varna, where he arrived on the 4th, the Turkish general there saw another splendid military sight—27,000 French soldiers drawn up in parade order on the heights overlooking the Black Sea. On the 6th he rode off again, and on his way he inspected the Guards and Highlanders, three batteries, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, in the pleasant camp at Aladyn; so that during his short stay he was able to feast his eyes on the *élite* of both armies. His visit had been one of courtesy and business; but the business done was not momentous. He learned that the allies could not move—perhaps, that they did not intend to move—unless Russia, by resuming offensive operations, compelled them to march as they best might to the aid of the Turks. But at this moment it was found expedient to throw upon Austria the blame of inaction. Austria had concluded her treaty with the Porte three weeks before, but had not sent a man across the frontier; and practically, at the beginning of July, the situation of affairs was this: the allies were absolute masters of the Black Sea; they had collected, perhaps, 70,000 men at Varna, but were unable and unwilling to move them. The Austrians were on the frontier waiting to step in when the Russians retired. The Russians and the Turks were alone face to face; so that the Russians in the Principalities had to contend against a brave but indifferent army of Turks, and to bear up against the influence exercised by two distant but threatening armies—an influence purely moral. The Russians, although worsted in many combats, had no dread of the Turks, the force nearest to them. But they had a salutary dread of the Austrians in their right rear, and of the Anglo-French army on their left front. In the beginning of July these moral influences began to tell upon the mind of the Czar, and on the minds of his generals. There was hesitation in the camp and the cabinet; and during this period of doubt the Austrians became more pressing, and the Turks more venturesome; and thus the Czar, wrathful as he was, forbidden also by the German Powers, under penalty of war, from striking at the Balkan, even if fortune gave him the opportunity, found it expedient to relinquish his hold of the material guarantee, which, in an evil hour for him, and without consulting a single councillor, he had directed his troops to seize. But before he came to that resolve, a few Turkish battalions and half a dozen English officers once more caused him to endure the humiliation of seeing his soldiers defeated on the Danube.

Omer Pasha had barely reached Shumla when he heard of a conflict on the Danube. The Turkish garrison at Rustchuk had in their front, on the opposite shore, a Russian force under General Soimonoff. The young British officers, at that time roving in Bulgaria, had come into Rustchuk after the fall of Silistria. They were Lieutenant Meynell, of the 75th, and Lieutenants Hinde, Arnold, and Ballard, of the Indian army. Besides these, Captain Bent, and Lieutenant Burke, of the Engineers, and two sappers, were there on duty; and Colonel Ogilvy served as volunteer aide to General Cannon. On the 7th of July, Hassan Pasha, seeing, as he believed, symptoms of a retreat in the Russian camp, sent over a force to seize Giurgevo, or, at least, to effect a lodgment. It was arranged that General Cannon, Bent, and Ballard should cross the river to an island in front of Rustchuk, while other troops, led by Burke, Meynell, Hinde, and Arnold, landed higher up, and joined them by marching down the left bank. Cannon's party crossed, landed, and took up a position covered in front by a strip of water, but open at both flanks. As they had no entrenching tools at hand, the Turks were forced to fight, for the Russians had not retreated, as was supposed. On the contrary, they issued forth from a redoubt on the left, and fell upon the Turks. At first they were repelled by the steady fire of the rifles; but they came on afresh, and gained ground so much that the Turks, though animated by the English, would have been swept into the river, had not a Turkish officer brought over a reinforcement at a critical moment, and brought also the means of covering the position with entrenchments. The troops which had crossed above were now hurrying into the position. They had been compelled to make a flank march under a severe fire from artillery, followed by a close infantry attack. Lieutenant Burke and two sappers, Anderson and Swann, were engaged hand to hand with the enemy—a contest in which Burke, after slaying six foes, fell under a succession of wounds. Anderson fought fiercely for the body of Burke, and won it, but could not carry it far; and when, after the action, he sought and found it, to his horror he saw that the head had been shorn from the trunk, and the fingers from the hands, to secure the rings on them; while he counted thirty wounds in what remained of this brave soldier's stalwart frame.

With Burke fell Arnold and Meynell, and Hinde and Ogilvy alone survived to rally the remaining Turks within the fast rising entrenchments; for, in spite of the fierce onsets of column after column on both flanks, the Turks, reinforced from Rustchuk, until they numbered 5,000 men, held fast to the fringe of the bank. The fight lasted for ten hours. Four times the Turks charged into the advancing foes, and drove them back with great slaughter. When the sun set, they stood masters of the left bank, and victors in one of the most hotly-contested and equal actions in which they had yet measured their prowess with that of the Russians. Stung by this defeat, Prince Gortschakoff hurried up a large force from Kalarasch; but when he arrived, he found the Turks had extended the area of their camp, and now stood upon a range of high ground, called the Slobozie heights, well covered by entrenchments. He did not attack. Day after day his chances of success decreased; for, seven days after the fight, a new reinforcement reached the Turks. Captain Page of the Artillery, Lieutenant Pratt of the Engineers, Lieutenant Glyn and Prince Leiningen of the British navy, thirty-four sappers and miners, thirty-five sailors, and fifteen French pontooneers, entered Rustchuk, having ridden from Aladyn on horseback, 120 miles, in five days. Lieutenant Glyn at once took the command of the Turkish flotilla, and carried it into the inner channels between the Turkish and Russian camps; while the sailors, and sappers, and pontooneers built bridges over the inner channel and the main stream. Before the last was finished, Prince Gortschakoff had begun that retrograde movement which did not terminate until the Russians had re-crossed the Pruth. Fighting ceased. On the 28th the Prince announced that he was about to quit "the insalubrious regions of the Danube for a short space, and withdraw to the healthier mountain lands." He fulfilled his promise; and on the 6th of August the Turkish columns coming from the Danube and the Aluta met at Bucharest, where, protected by Moslem bayonets, the natives of the orthodox faith sang *Te Deum* for their deliverance from the hard rule of the Pontiff-Czar.

The causes of this retrograde step are to be found in the political events of the last days of July, as well as in the military pressure upon the Danube. For Austria had at length determined to adopt a more decisive line of action. She had not only concentrated an army in the Banat and Transylvania, but she had increased her reserves by calling out 95,000 men. Unwilling to draw the war into her own territory, while she was eager to see the Russians fairly out of the basin of the Danube, she wished to accomplish that object without war. Prussia, being devoted to purely German interests, neglectful of the welfare of Europe, and being much swayed by Russia, her reserved position made it necessary for Austria to act with caution. Nevertheless, as we have seen, by her treaty with the Porte, she had, in the middle of June, undertaken to use all means necessary for expelling the Russians; and when she saw that the allies were in Bulgaria, and that the Turks could not only hold the Danube, but operate on the left bank, she took another step, and one which separated her from Prussia. At the request of the English Government, she signed a document, importing that she would not agree to a peace which did not include the abolition of the exclusive protectorate exercised by Russia over the Danubian Principalities, and the substitution of a European protectorate, the cessation of Russian control over the mouths of the Danube, the bringing of Turkey completely and effectively within the limits of the European system, and the absolute and unqualified renunciation by Russia of any claim to a right of protecting the subjects of the Sultan who professed the Greek religion. Moreover, the Austrian Government were warned, and they did not dissent from the proposition laid down, that the peace to be concluded with Russia must be a solid and honourable peace, and not a mere truce, to be broken at the convenience of Russia. The Austrian Government must have seen from this that, unless Russia gave way at once, the war must go on. As there was not the slightest probability that the Czar would yield, it was clear the war would go on. Austria, therefore, resolved to act at once upon the treaty of the 14th of June; her armies crossed the frontier, and entered the Principalities. As the Russians retired, during July and August, the Turks had followed them; and as the Austrian troops entered Wallachia, the Turks withdrew until the occupation was complete. It has been said that this measure set free the forces of the Czar; and it is quite true. No doubt the task the allies were about to undertake would have been easier had Austria declared war; but she could not be expected to do that, as she would have had to act alone against Russia. On the other hand, the invasion of the Crimea could not have taken place, had not Austria occupied the Principalities; for in that case the Czar, by continuing to threaten on the Danube, would have detained the allies at Varna; and if they had embarked for the Crimea or Circassia, his best means of defending either would have been a second passage of the Danube, and a vigorous attack on the line of the Balkan. But when Austria resolved to occupy the Principalities, the Czar was compelled either to yield them or declare war on Austria. He preferred, prudently, the former alternative.

The allied Powers, active agents in the war, had resolved on a mode of reaching Russia. They had determined to carry the war into the Crimea, and capture Sebastopol. This was no sudden resolve. It grew naturally, and, one may say, inevitably out of the war itself. The object of the war was, first, the defence of the Sultan's territory; next, the placing of the territory in security. One means of accomplishing that was the diplomatic devices to which Austria had assented—the abolition of the political monopolies enjoyed by Russia, monopolies which, as long ago as 1829, Lord Aberdeen had shown were fatal to Turkish independence. But there were other means essential to complete success. For a quarter of a century all military observers had seen the military importance of the Crimea. This peninsula, united to the mainland only by the Isthmus of

Perekop, and the sandy ledge of Arabat, was the seat of enormous power. At its southern extremity, within a few hours' sail of Constantinople, stood Sebastopol, upon an inlet of the sea forming an excellent harbour. The Russian Government had spent millions in constructing here a series of fortresses impregnable to a maritime attack, and within the harbour and on the shores of a creek running southward they had built vast docks, overlooked by extensive barracks for sailors and soldiers. Here they had accumulated thousands of guns, tons of ammunition, and huge piles of marine stores. Here they kept a powerful fleet ready at any moment to sail forth and give the law to the Sultan and to domineer in the Euxine. Long before the phrase was used in Parliament or by statesmen, soldiers had come to regard Sebastopol as a "standing menace" to the Turkish Empire; and at the very outbreak of war, the Duke of Newcastle, British War Minister, had directed the attention of Lord Raglan to this point. The Emperor Napoleon often cast glances on the map of the Black Sea, and Marshal St. Arnaud dwelt with trembling excitement on the prospect of an invasion of the Crimea. But the military men, knowing how precarious are operations based on the sea, were doubtful of success. They wanted large means; they contemplated long campaigns; they looked to the observance of all the principles of the art of war. Not so the civilians and the bolder spirits. They conceived the idea of descending on the shores of the Crimea, and carrying Sebastopol by a *coup de main*. Very little trustworthy information respecting the obstacles in the way, and the numercial strength of the Russian army in the Crimea, could be obtained. Lord Raglan could get none. The French had none. Omer Pasha averred that there were only 70,000 men in the Crimea, and Lord Clarendon, from some source of his own, received the positive assertion that there were not more than 45,000 men in the peninsula, including the seamen; while Admiral Dundas reported the number of the Russian force to be 120,000 men. The British Cabinet, looking to all the circumstances, believing the smaller estimate to be correct (and it was nearly correct), seeing that the allied fleets had entire control of the Black Sea, and that any reinforcements sent to the Crimea must march thither by Perekop, sure that Austrian battalions would cover the road to Constantinople, pressed upon their ally the project of an invasion of the Crimea. The nation went entirely with them in this. Being responsible, they naturally hesitated longer than those who were not responsible; but it is not true to say, as Mr. Kinglake says, either that the *Times* brought about the decision, or that the Government merely obeyed the popular voice. Those who are responsible for the expedition are the Cabinet, the Parliament, the people—in short, the British nation. And the nation was right. For unless Sebastopol and the naval power of Russia in the Euxine were destroyed, a treaty of peace would have been a mere truce devoid of any sound security either to Turkey or to Europe. It is really puerile to contend that Russia could determine the war by relinquishing the Principalities. The wrongful act which led her there was only a symbol, a manifestation of the existence of a state of things injurious to Europe. When she retired, that state of things was not changed; Russia was still the domineering power, and still held in her hands the means of disquieting, threatening, nay, of attacking Turkey. No doubt the object of the war enlarged with its progress; but that, within certain limits, is common to all wars. Having gone to the vast expense of sending armies and fleets to Turkey, the allies would have been culpable, had they neglected to use the power collected for the broad purpose of obtaining the amplest possible security for the independence and integrity of Turkey.

Towards the end of June the British Cabinet were engaged in considering the important project submitted by the Duke of Newcastle. After some deliberation, all parties assented, and the terms of the despatch to Lord Raglan were finally agreed to on the 28th. In this despatch Lord Raglan was instructed "to concert measures for the siege of Sebastopol, unless," so the terms ran, "with the information in your possession, but at present unknown in this country, you should be decidedly of opinion that it could not be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of success. . . . If, upon mature reflection, you should consider that the united strength of the two armies is insufficient for this undertaking, you are not to be precluded from the exercise of the discretion originally vested in you, though Her Majesty's Government will learn with regret that an attack from which such important consequences are anticipated must be any longer delayed." He was further informed that, as no safe and honourable peace could be obtained until the fortress was reduced, and the fleet taken or destroyed, nothing but "insuperable impediments" were to prevent an early decision. These are what have been called the "stringent instructions" directing the invasion of the Crimea. They were supported by the voice of the nation and its Parliament. Before the Cabinet had taken its decision, before it was known that the siege of Silistria had been raised, Lord Lyndhurst in his place, on the 19th of June, declared that "in no event, except that of extreme necessity, ought we to make peace without previously destroying the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and laying prostrate the fortifications by which it is defended." And in answer, Lord Clarendon, with more reticence of language, spoke to the same effect. After describing the vast power and encroaching policy of Russia, he said—"We know that the object and interest of Europe must be to curtail that power and check that policy. We know that the means of doing it are now so great and effectual, and that the opportunity is so wonderfully favourable, that if we were now to neglect it, we should in vain hope for its return. . . . Safety can alone be found in curtailing a power which menaces the peace of Europe, and the cause of progress and civilisation." Lord Derby, speaking for his party in the state, rejoicing to hear this language, demanded a material guarantee for the peace of Europe. "For the future," he exclaimed, "it is impossible to permit that the Black Sea should be a

Russian lake, or that the Danube should be a Russian ditch choked with mud and filth." So that when Lord Raglan received the instructions of the War Minister, he received also copies of the journals reporting debates in Parliament, which showed him that these instructions did but express the intense convictions and settled resolve of the British nation.

The attitude of France was not so precise. Concurring with the British Cabinet in its views respecting the necessarily enlarged objects of the war, the slow and cautious character of the Emperor led him to acquiesce in the proposed invasion of the Crimea rather than urge that he accepted the task imposed upon him; but accepted it, as he did not fail to express, "more in deference to the views of the British Government, and to the known acquiescence of the Emperor Louis Napoleon in those views," than in deference to his own opinion; for he frankly stated that neither he nor the admiral had been able to obtain any information upon which an opinion could be founded. Indeed, there were not in the council any ready supporters of the project except Admirals Lyons and Bruat. Dundas and Hamelin were both opposed to it; but, as we have seen, St. Arnaud and his admirals were directed to acquiesce.

MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

it forward. His general in Turkey was instructed to support the decision Lord Raglan might come to, and not by any means to plead for the invasion; but if the Council of War decided in favour of the British project, then, of course, Marshal St. Arnaud was to give his amplest co-operation. Practically, therefore, the decision rested with Lord Raglan; for although Admiral Dundas was not under his orders, yet it was not to be supposed that he could or would stand out against the wishes of his Government. Lord Raglan did not delay his decision. The despatch of the War Minister reached him on the 16th of July; on the 18th he called a council of war; on the 19th he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle

Dundas was not likely to do more than express an opinion; and hence the Council took its tone from Lord Raglan, and proceeded to consider how and when the enterprise should be carried out. The first step was a deliberate inspection of the coast of the Crimea; and on the 19th the Fury steamed off from Varna, bearing General Canrobert and Colonel Trochu, Sir George Brown and Colonel Lake, and four other officers, and steered by Sir Edmund Lyons, who took the ship close into the western shore above Sebastopol, and enabled the military men to select a landing-place. They chose the mouth of the Katcha, and returned on the 21st to Varna.

Throughout the month of July cholera had been busy in the French camps. Day by day the number of sick increased, and week by week the burial-grounds were more frequently visited. There seemed to be something in the air of Bulgaria which was fatal to life. The French soldiers grew desponding under inaction. Their nervous temperaments made them ill fitted to endure suspense, and they became sad and depressed. One may estimate the effect of a wearisome existence under a fervid sun upon the French, when one finds the same longing for something to do, the same terrible *ennui*, the same depression, in the camps of the more stolid and taciturn Britons. The deaths of the Duke of Elchingen, a son of Marshal Ney, and of General Carbuccia, a soldier renowned in African warfare, struck a kind of terror into the French camps. Able to face a foe in the field with gaiety of heart, the men cowered under the pestilence which walked by night, and smote its victims without warning. Marshal St. Arnaud was quite unfit to contend against an enemy like the cholera. His sole remedy was action. If he could not fly to the Crimea, he could at least make a rush into the Dobrudscha. An officer of the staff had reported that there were still 10,000 Russians in the Dobrudscha. It is true they were in the hilly region of the Babadagh; but then there were Cossacks about Kustendji and Rassova, and could not the eager marshal reach these with his Spahis d'Orient, a horde of Bashi-Bazouks, commanded by General Yusuf? He would try. On the 19th he directed Yusuf to march into the Dobrudscha, and supported him by sending three divisions towards the same quarter. Yusuf marched, and the French divisions followed. The greater part, taking the roads nearest the sea, made for Mangalia and Kustendji, while detachments extended on their left flank towards Rassova. The leading division, commanded by General Espinasse in the absence of Canrobert, passed Kustendji, and encamped at Kagarlik, twenty miles deeper into the Dobrudscha. The troops had passed through a desert; the Cossacks had ravaged the whole country side; the heat was most severe; the camps were pitched on the borders of briny lakes and pestiferous marshes. One morning General Espinasse awoke to find his tents literally full of dead. Cholera, in one night, had struck down 200 men! Yusuf had skirmished with the Cossacks; but he also was compelled to draw rein, and face about, for his rough soldiers were stricken down. The Spahis d'Orient and the three divisions returned towards Varna, bearing with them a melancholy procession of sick and dying men; and when, on the 20th of August, they were once more in camp, their strength was diminished by 7,000 men. The expedition was a piece of folly. Marshal St. Arnaud had been forbidden to send men to the Danube or the Dobrudscha. To satisfy a momentary impulse and make a vain display, as well as to give the troops something to do, he had sent them into a desert notorious for its deadly atmosphere. By so acting he not only lost thousands of men at a time when every soldier was priceless, but he weakened the *physique* and *morale* of the whole army.

During the same period cholera had inflicted great losses in the English ranks. It assailed alike officers and men, frequently killing its victims in ten or twelve hours; and besides cholera slaying its scores, there were fever and dysentery weakening hundreds and killing them, too, though less rapidly. The fact is, the men ate raw fruit and cucumbers in immense quantities, and drank raki and bad wine, until they were surfeited and intoxicated. Then the exhalations from the rank shores of the lakes crept into the tents by night, and the sleepers breathed poison, knowing it not. The hospitals were full of sick, and the death cart seemed ever on its way. So debilitated were the troops, that when the Guards marched down from Aladyn to Varna, ten miles, they could not carry their packs, although they only marched five miles a day. Early in August some Greeks set Varna on fire. A large quantity of British stores was consumed, and a powder magazine was for a moment in danger of being ignited. But French and English soldiers and their officers, working with a will, tore down a house, whereby a chasm was interposed between the fire and the powder, and thus saved Varna from destruction.

CHAPTER XVI.

Publicity of the Invasion—How the Czar regarded it—Spirit of England—Difficulties and Delays—Depressed Condition of the Troops—Attitude of the Generals—Immense Naval Arrangements—The Embarkation—The French Marshal sails alone—Start of the British—The Flotilla at Sea—Doubts of the French—Firmness of Lord Raglan—Naval Reconnaissance to the Crimea—Point of Debarkation selected—Convoy at the Rendezvous—Wonderful Spectacle it presented—Sails for the Landing Place—Capture of Eupatoria—Arrival at Old Fort and Kamishli—The Mystery of the "Buoy"—The French first Ashore—The Landing—Adventure of Sir George Brown—Taking up Position—Change of Weather—Cholera—Difficulties of getting Land Transport—Preparations for the March—Composition of the Armies—The March—Order of March—Arrival on the Bulganák—The First Skirmish—The Bivouac on the 19th.

NOT the least remarkable characteristic of the expedition to the Crimea was the publicity which attended it from the beginning to the end. Probably no parallel case can be found in the whole annals of war. The nearest approach to it is the invasion of England projected by Napoleon I. Only the faintest attempts were made to conceal the real object. There were vague rumours about a landing at Odessa. There was St. Arnaud's abortive effort to reach a retreating foe already beyond the marshes of the Dobrudscha. What were these compared to discussions in Parliament, and articles and announcements without end in the journals of Western Europe? Yet it must be owned, the Russians acted as if they believed all this public clamour was a feint; and when the allies descended on the shores of the Crimea, the operation partook of the nature of a surprise. For nearly two months the series of immense preparations at Varna continued—preparations clearly pointing to a siege; yet what was there within reach to be besieged except Sebastopol? Russia had her spies in England, in Paris, in the allied camps. It was the Greeks who fired the town of Varna. These spies could read in the journals the true character of the preparations. Nay, they could

see them in the camps; for the soldiers were busily engaged in making gabions and fascines—that is, huge baskets of wicker-work to be filled with earth, and immense fagots wherewith to form parapets and batteries. Moreover, there was the assembling of transports of every tonnage, from the magnificent steamers of England to the miserable little brigs used by the French. They came by hundreds into Varna Bay, and their smoke blackened the sky. Nor could it have been unknown to the Russians that the French had brought boats peculiarly adapted for the purposes of debarkation; and the English were at Constantinople, moving heaven and earth, and Turk and Greek, to provide themselves with a similar equipment. All these things were as patent as the concentration of the two armies at Varna, the entry of the Austrians into the Principalities, the frequent naval reconnaissances on the coast of the Crimea, and the paragraphs in the *Times*. When the siege of Silistria was raised, there could no longer be any doubt of the object of the allied preparations at Varna. Nevertheless, the Czar was either unable or unwilling to reinforce the army he had in the Crimea. He may have been unable, because the distance to be traversed by land was so vast. He may have been unwilling, because, although sure of Prussian apathy, he could not be sure of Austria, now a neutral and something more—an armed neutral in possession of the material guarantee. He may also have been incredulous, thinking, in his arrogant way, that England and France would not dare to tempt fortune by throwing their armies headlong into the Crimea.

But this they had resolved to do. The British nation in particular had set its heart upon the capture of Sebastopol, and shutting its eyes to the obstacles in the way, insisted on being obeyed at all costs. It was a generation almost wholly ignorant of war, or it might have hesitated, seeing that the army it was about to commit upon this venture was the sole disposable army it possessed, and that if there were delays, disasters, or even only sanguinary victories, and the ordinary penalties exacted by disease—in short, that if there were not a brief and decisive campaign—the available resources of England in fighting material would soon be exhausted. The nation thought of nothing but the end, and held its executive responsible for finding the means, even although the military policy of the country for five-and-thirty years had been based on principles which rendered it impossible that those means should be forthcoming. A nation fighting at its own door, in defence of its own hearth, may improvise defensive forces, although even this is not done oftener than once in a century; but a nation which is called upon to wage war 3,000 miles from home, and accepts the challenge, cannot evoke the necessary means by passing resolutions for the vigorous prosecution of the war, nor by voting any sums demanded by its Government, nor by writing and reading "eloquent" articles and fierce speeches, and bitterly indignant letters from the seat of war. In 1854 there were few who thought of these things, and those few looked with no placid or hopeful gaze upon the expedition to the Crimea. Yet they knew the tenacity of the British character, and were certain of ultimate success; but they had a clear foresight of the cost, and saw how great the sacrifices must be, how heavy the coming demand on the national firmness and the national patience. On the other hand, the many looked to a sunny sail over the Black Sea, a landing, a battle, a march, and at the close a triumphant rush, which would plant the flags of the allies over the mighty forts of Sebastopol, and the powerful navies of the Czar.

And this popular view embodied the real plan of the expedition. The allied generals were to embark 60,000 or 70,000 men, sail to the coast of the Crimea, land, defeat the army of occupation, dash at once into the works defending Sebastopol, destroy the place and the fleet, and return to pass the winter on the shores of the Bosphorus. No preparations had been made for any other issue. No precautions had been taken to guard against the consequences of failure. No provision had been made to meet the consequences of frustration. We shall see how nearly the popular view was realised, how and why it failed; we shall see the British nation raging under the pains of disappointment, and we shall see how it wrought to make good deficiencies, how it rebounded under reverses; but we shall not see that it ever flinched or fell off from the execution of its resolute will.

The difficulty in all combined operations is to secure concert. Here were two armies, two fleets, two commanders-in-chief. Was it likely that they would be able to make their arrangements fit in so exactly as to be able to put to sea at the same time? It was barely possible. Yet this had to be done. At the outset the French, although they intended to leave their cavalry behind, found themselves deficient in shipping. Marshal St. Arnaud gave out that he would be ready by the 5th of August; then the 15th; then later. But he had not foreseen the deficiency in his transport; he could not foresee that cholera would so weaken his army. Next, the same scourge appeared in the fleet. Some of the largest line-of-battle ships lost above a hundred men in a few days. When the British were ready to go on board, the ships were not ready to receive them. Lord Raglan kept his word. He was ready to embark on the 14th; but then the French were not ready, and the cholera broke out in the ships. Moreover, doubts respecting the feasibility of the expedition sprung up. There were many in the French camp who regarded it as certain to fail. Nor were these gloomy prophets wanting in the British camp. But while the desponding voices had weight with Marshal St. Arnaud, Lord Raglan was not accessible to similar influences. He had undertaken a great task, and on the execution of that task he staked everything. In Sir Edmund Lyons he found an energetic and unflagging seconder; and what Sir Edmund did for the English commander, Admiral Bruat did for the French marshal. Naturally vain and impulsive, though brilliant, and clever, and daring, it is possible that the agonies of disease—and he suffered greatly—weakened the intellect and obscured the vision of St. Arnaud. He was a prey to fever, and

indigestion, and sleeplessness; and every one who reads his singular correspondence will wonder how a man so afflicted in body and so restless in mind could have done the work he did, but no one will wonder at the ease with which he was shaken in his purposes, nor at his final yielding to a cooler brain and a less infirm will.

The month of August was passing, and still the divisions were on shore. The English had come down from the interior enfeebled in body and chastened in spirit, some of them too weak to bear their packs. Fever was still in the ranks, and cholera still claimed its victims; but officers and men were longing for action—for change. The French had returned from that fatal march which had deprived them of 10,000 bayonets, and they, too, were depressed by that strife with sickness and death which are less endurable than toil and wounds. But the French, not less than the British, were eager to close with an enemy, and dispel, amid the exciting scenes of actual war, the dismal recollections of the terrible diseases and not less terrible *ennui* which had beset their sojourn in Bulgaria. At the beginning of the last week of August all the arrangements were complete. The mighty flotillas were anchored at Varna and Baljik. On the 25th the French marshal issued an order of the day, openly pointing to the Crimea as the destination of the army; while Lord Raglan contented himself with a significant but unostentatious order to Mr. Commissary Filder. On the 24th of August the allies began to ship their cannon and more cumbrous material; then part of the French infantry marched to Baljik, there to embark. They were so straitened for transport, that they had to leave their cavalry behind, to reduce the number of horses per gun from six to four, and to limit to the smallest possible number the horses and *matériel* of the scientific corps. Nor were they able even to furnish sufficient steam power to take all their sailing vessels in tow. Lastly, in order to provide enough transport for more cannon and infantry, they were obliged to make use of their men-of-war. In like manner, a Turkish division attached to the French were put on board their line-of-battle ships, frigates, and steamers.

Lord Raglan could command very ample transport—the finest clipper steamers of our commercial marine; and where these fell short, he had vessels of smaller tonnage, but still leviathans compared with some of the brigs and sloops brought by the French into the Black Sea; so that he could embark the whole of his infantry and artillery, and half his cavalry, without sending a man on board a ship of the line. Thus, while the French and Turkish war-fleet were crowded with soldiers, the British ships of war, with two exceptions, were free to serve as a guard to the whole convoy. For ten days Varna Bay was literally covered with shipping. The great ships lay off the shore, and the men, horses, guns, ammunition, baggage, provisions, and stores were put on board by means of vast numbers of boats. Both generals exercised their men in embarkation and debarkation. The French had devised a kind of boat which would enable them to put on shore a gun complete in all its equipments and ready for action, and we, at the last moment, adopted a similar plan. The truth is, that the operation to be carried out was so novel and so perilous, that every precaution was required to guard against failure. At length all was in readiness, the actual work of embarkation began, and the British were so skilful that not a man was lost. Lord Raglan was able to put on board his fleet of transports 25,400 infantry, 3,100 artillerymen and sappers, with sixty guns, and 1,200 cavalry. To carry these he had twenty-nine merchant steamers of the largest class, and fifty-one transports; to aid the debarkation he had seven powerful tugs. To protect the whole allied fleet on the voyage he could dispose of twenty-five men-of-war, under Admiral Dundas. The whole operation was completed on the 5th of September.

The French, having only infantry and guns to embark, were able to get their men and *matériel* on board more quickly. Between the 1st and 3rd of September they had embarked in 170 vessels, of all sorts and sizes, about 28,000 men and 72 guns. During the same period, 7,000 Turks, under Selim Pasha, were placed in the Turkish war-fleet, consisting of nine ships. Thus the whole force consisted of 64,700 men and 132 guns, conveyed in a fleet of nearly 300 vessels. Marshal St. Arnaud sailed in the Ville de Paris, and Lord Raglan in the Caradoc.

The French fleet had assembled at Baljik, and was ready to depart on the 4th. Marshal St. Arnaud, still suffering from a painful disease, was in one of his confident moods, and eager to be gone. "Those English" were keeping him waiting. There had been fine weather for six days of the new moon. Old Marshal Bugeaud used to say that when six fine days passed in succession, the weather would be fair until the end of the moon. Marshal St. Arnaud had faith in his old master; and he fretted because "les Anglais" could not embark a multitude of horses in the same time as he could embark 28,000 men. All day on the 4th he lay off Baljik wearing out his impatience. The English did not come. He would not wait; so, on the morning of the 5th, acting apparently upon some suggestion from Admiral Dundas, some hint that he would follow shortly, succeeded by a distinct statement that he was not quite ready, Marshal St. Arnaud thought fit to go off alone with his sailing ships, and steer for the Isle of Serpents, the rendezvous. It was a very singular and hazardous proceeding, for the Russians had still a strong fleet in Sebastopol, and the French men-of-war, encumbered with troops, must have fared badly had they been assailed. But the most curious part of the story is this: a French historian of the campaign insinuates that Admiral Dundas would not put to sea, because he was afraid of a wind which a French marshal was ready to face! So that on the 5th, 6th, and 7th there was a singular dislocation of the armada. The fighting ships, the British and part of the French convoy, were lying under the white cliffs of Baljik, while a French marshal and a sailing fleet were between Sebastopol and the mouths of the Danube.

The British fleet were all assembled at Baljik on the 5th, a few hours after Marshal St. Arnaud had sailed away. The men were delighted to quit the fatal shore of Bulgaria, and yet the land was lovely to the eye. So far they had passed along a coast not unlike the southern shores of their own island, but more beautiful. There were steep white cliffs, broad green downs, breadths of rich wood, coming in some places to the verge of the cliffs, and trending inland as far as the eye could see; and above all, the cloudlike summits of the Balkan. But when the spectator on shipboard lost sight of the tall minarets of Varna, and the white hospital tents on the hills above it, he lost sight of all evidence that the lovely looking land was tenanted by human creatures. "Not a homestead, not a path, not a sign of life was visible"—nothing but the silent forest. Then came Baljik and its bay. And here the forest ended, and the white cliffs and open grassy downs began. They looked, writes one observer, like the shores of the Isle of Wight. In a dip of the land lay the dirty little Turkish town. It was off these cliffs, within a spacious bay, that the ships of the Western Powers rode at anchor, covering an extent of eight miles of water. When night fell, the waters of the bay seemed to bear a town, celebrating some great anniversary or some victory, for the lights on the ships illuminated the dark waters.

When the morning broke it was supposed that the signal would be given to weigh anchor. All were ready, but no signal came. The wind blew from the northward, that is, from the point whither the ships were bound; it freshened to a stiff breeze, and as it was feared the violence of the waves might break the tow ropes and disorder the convoy, Admiral Dundas gave no signal. So another day was spent. In the meantime the Marshal was fretting out at sea. "At mid-day," the 6th, so runs an entry in his diary, "I write to Lord Raglan to make him understand how inconvenient it is"—this waiting for your allies whom you have abruptly sailed away from. On the 7th he grew more anxious, and sent a letter to Admiral Dundas, and a steamer to look after his ally. The steamer returned in the afternoon. "It was only this morning," he goes on, "that Admiral Dundas resolved to make sail; and this determination was only come to after a lively talk with Admiral Lyons, who wished to weigh yesterday." It was very distressing, especially as nothing was gained by being the first to move. And in the end, finding himself getting further and further from his ally, he requested his Admiral to put about and return towards the British fleet.

The wind, which had vexed the impatient Marshal on the 6th, fell, and early on the morning of the 7th the welcome signal to weigh was visible from the "Britannia." It was still twilight, for the sun was behind the giant range of the Caucasus, and it is said the moonlight still quivered on the waves. The wind had changed, and was now blowing from the land, and the tideless sea was smooth. Several hours were spent in getting the transports into order. The ships had to be ranged in six columns, and when this was completed the war-fleet formed a seventh in line of battle, steering between the convoy and Sebastopol. The columns of transports were five miles long and nearly a mile apart. In this order they quitted the anchorage, and moved out into the sea which so well deserves its name—the Black Sea. "Now, as in old time," writes Mr. Kinglake, "the voyager leaves a coast smiling bright beneath skies of blue and glowing with sunny splendour; yet, perhaps, in less than an hour, the heavens above and the waters around him are dark with the gloom and threatening aspect belonging to the Northern Ocean." The ships were all out of the bay at ten o'clock. Soon the black smoke from the funnels of the steamers spread over the whole, shutting out the view of the sky, and settling down on the surface of the waters. And so within this dismal atmosphere, the mighty mass of ships and men laboured along on its way to a hostile shore. It was not lovely to the eye this moving cloud of sombre smoke; it looked like a thick dirty fog which had settled down upon the waves. But to the imagination, how imposing, how full of power! It represented the might of two great nations, the will, the intellect, the marvellous discipline, the brawny strength of the Maritime Powers, projected three thousand miles from their native seat in the islands and the Continent of Western Europe, to execute stern judgment on an ambitious despot, who had regarded himself as the destiny of the Eastern world. And while this destructive machine was gliding over waters he had called his own, his fleet was rocking idly within the fort-encompassed harbour of Sebastopol; and his huge armies were far away from the peninsula on which the powers of the West were about to descend.

The fleet moved on, not without meeting some buffets from winds and waves. On the 8th, some twenty miles off the Isle of Serpents, the missing Franco-Turkish fleet rose above the sea line. They were tacking back towards Baljik, in order to meet the British and their own ships left behind. As soon as our fleet hove in sight, the French stood off on the opposite tack and ran to the eastward. The regularity of the line they kept was remarked with admiration by the British sailors. The British squadrons came up while the French and Turks were still sailing eastward, that is, across the line of direction taken by their allies. Suddenly the French lay to on the right hand and the Turks on the left. The British men-of-war in one long line swept through the interval, and then the transports in good order, "like regiments of vessels" in open column, glided swiftly after. Fears of a storm arose. The sky grew dark, the wind rose in hasty gusts, and the waves rose with it. But the tempest did not touch the fleet, except with the mere fringe of its violence; and on the 9th the armada was once more steadily pressing on towards the trysting-place, a point out at sea forty miles west of Cape Tarkan, a promontory on the western coast of the Crimea. On the 10th, the British transports and guardian war-ships anchored near the appointed place. They were awaiting the issue of a final reconnaissance on the coast of the peninsula.

For when Lord Raglan, in the Caradoc, joined Marshal St. Arnaud on the 8th, fresh doubts had sprung up in

the mind of the invalid. He was still balancing between two schemes. He still doubted which would be the better course, to land somewhere in Kalamita Bay, or to double the Chersonese, and seize Kaffa and Arabat as a base of operations. If he chose the latter course, at Kaffa he would entrench himself, raise the people of the country, await reinforcements, then fight the Russians, beat them, and move on Sebastopol by Batchi-Serai. In fact, when Lord Raglan came up with the French fleet on the 8th, Marshal St. Arnaud sent word that he would like to see the British General and Admiral on board the Ville de Paris. The Marshal was himself too ill at this time to leave the ship, and as the sea was rough, Lord Raglan, with one arm only, could not climb the side of a French line-of-battle ship. So he sent his Secretary, Colonel Steele, with Admiral Dundas, to hear what Marshal St. Arnaud had to say. They arrived, and found in his cabin Admirals Hamelin, Bruat, and Bouet-Willaumez, Colonel Trochu, and Colonel Rose. The council was summoned to discuss a proposal to revise the whole plan of operations determined upon at Varna.

The French Emperor had studied the map of the Crimea. Surveying its extended coasts, he had observed at the eastern extremity the peninsula of Kertch and the bay of Kaffa. Other military eyes had looked upon it before, and had seen that here was the vulnerable point, the place where a force coming from the sea might safely debark, might fortify themselves, and then proceed to work through the Crimea, according to the rigorous principles of military theory. In his instructions to St. Arnaud in April, 1854, Napoleon had dwelt upon this scheme, as the one correct scheme to be executed, and when the war was far from being over, he, in the following year, published his views in the *Moniteur*, with an official expression of regret that they had not been adopted. It was this scheme, regularly drawn out on paper, and purporting to originate with the very heads of the French staff, that was brought under the notice of Colonel Steele and Admiral Dundas on board the Ville de Paris. What did it mean? Surely when the expedition was projected by the British Cabinet, the Emperor assented to the plan, and agreed to leave the execution to the two generals. That plan was in the nature of a sudden descent upon the coast of the Crimea, at some point not too far from Sebastopol, and it involved the contingency of a battle with the Russian army, which, if successful, was to be followed by a rapid dash into this great place of arms. The project of landing at Kaffa would have changed the whole character of the expedition; substituting for a battle a march, and an assault a regular campaign. And this proposed change was to be debated, not before the fleets had put to sea, but when they were actually lying at anchor in its midst. Marshal St. Arnaud took no part in the conference, he was too ill, but his letters show that on the 10th he was still pondering on the merits of the Emperor's plan. When Colonel Steele reported to Lord Raglan the purpose for which he had been called on board the French ship, the British General was astonished. The French officers were carried on board the Caradoc, where they found Lord Raglan and Sir Edmund Lyons. Colonel Trochu was commissioned by St. Arnaud to say that he left the decision in the hands of Lord Raglan, and Lord Raglan would not do more than listen to any such a radical change. Neither Admiral Bruat nor Admiral Lyons gave it any countenance, and even Colonel Trochu took care to state that it did not meet with his approval. Mr. Kinglake, writing with Lord Raglan's letters before him, says that the English general inferred from the document, "that it evinced 'an indisposition to the expedition among the officers who are supposed to be looked up to, and to exercise influence in the French army [Canrobert; Martimprey, chief of the staff; Thiry, Artillery Commandant; Bizot, head of the engineers]; and 'in fact,' said he, 'we were told as much at the meeting here on Friday.'" This, if correct, reveals a strange state of things in the French army. Canrobert was to be second in command. What would have happened had the marshal died at sea? Lord Raglan put aside the project with a firm hand, but he proposed a final reconnaissance of the coast of the Crimea, in which he himself took part.

There were five points on the west coast to be inspected. The allies had to consider whether they would attempt to land on the Chersonese, close to Sebastopol, at the mouths of the Belbek, the Katcha, the Alma, or on the sandy beaches near Eupatoria. Four steamers, the Agamemnon, the Sampson, the Primaugnet, and the Caradoc—the latter bearing Lord Raglan, Sir Edmund Lyons, Sir John Burgoyne, Sir George Brown, and the French officers—started on the 9th to begin the inspection at Sebastopol. At dawn on the 10th, the place was visible, and Lord Raglan saw it for the first time. The Caradoc went close in; the Russian soldiers were peering in crowds over the battlements, and although they saw that the little steamers bore persons of importance, they did not fire. From the mouth of the harbour, the Caradoc steered for the jutting point of the Chersonese, to look in at Kamiesch Bay, and thence turning northward, ran slowly up the whole coast as far as Eupatoria. The officers on board found Kamiesch Bay too close to the place, the mouth of the Belbek to be under fire from earthworks, the beach at the Katcha to be too small, and also watched by a Russian force in camp; and the mouth of the Alma impracticable for various reasons. Stretching along the low reddish cliffs, they found a practicable place near the saline lakes and mud baths of Sak and Kamishli. Speaking the opinions of St. Arnaud, General Canrobert had expressed his approval of the mouth of the Katcha; but naval opinion was against him, and he gave way. "It was finally decided," writes an officer who was on board the Caradoc, "that the landing should be made about seven miles north of the little stream dignified by the name of the Bulgânak; the English to land on the strip of land between the sea and Kalamita [Kamishli] salt lake; the French just south of them," at a place the Tartar name of which signified "Old Fort." So the final step was taken. The

LORD RAGLAN AND STAFF.

Caradoc and her consorts steamed off for the fleets, glancing at Eupatoria by the way, and rejoining them on the 11th.

The place where they lay at anchor was forty miles west of Cape Tarkan, itself the most westerly point of the Crimea, and the ships were as near to Odessa as they were to Sebastopol. The French and Turkish ships were still distant thirty miles, and when the British started on the morning of the 12th, their allies were only faintly visible on the western horizon. To reach the appointed landing-place, the fleets had to pass Cape Tarkan, leaving it on the left hand, then to follow the course of the coast, and rounding a point, enter the bay of Eupatoria. On the 12th, eager spectators on shipboard were able to make out the low shores of the Crimea, looking like "the dunes of France," then becoming clearer, and showing clumps of timber and white farm-houses. Later in the day, keen eyes detected to the south-east, far away over the sea, a high, bold, mountainous region, with a flat top, which some knew to be the Tchatir Dagh, the highest ground in the Crimea, a sight destined to become familiar to many eyes, as they turned for a moment from gazing on the white forts and brown earthworks of Sebastopol. The English portion of the convoy, being amply supplied with steam power, could easily have reached the landing-place on the morning of the 13th; but they were compelled to lag in their course because the French, with weaker steam power, could not keep up with them. So that on the evening of the 12th the fleet had not arrived even in the bay of Eupatoria. The war ships, guarding the convoy, steamed out on its right or seaward flank, and kept a vigilant watch, although as the wind blew from the north-west—that is, towards Sebastopol—it was unlikely that the Russians would venture to send out their men-of-war.

The sun went down over the western sea, amid piles of mountain-like clouds, over whose ridges, and peaks, and deep chasms he spread the mantle of his golden rays. "When night came on," says an observer of the scene, "and all the ships' lights were hung out, it seemed as if the stars had settled down on the face of the waters." Then the light of the real stars was blotted out by lowering clouds, and heavy rain fell from them, and brilliant flashes of lightning leaping from their depths effaced for a moment the twinkling rays of the ships' lanterns, and revealed also for a moment the dark forms of the ships rocking upon the disturbed waters. Happily, the storm rolled away towards the south-east, and the stars were visible once more, and calm stole over the surface of the sea.

Before daylight on the 13th, the town of ships was again in motion, and again creeping slowly along, for the French and Turkish fleets were only just beginning to come up with our own. The convoy rounded a point of land, and stood into the bay of Eupatoria, coming abreast of that town about noon. From the decks of the in-shore ships were seen a low, marshy coast, a white-looking town, and beyond that a vast and level plain, on which were many windmills, numerous herds of cattle, and stacks of corn and fodder, and over which men were riding hither and thither on the common errands of every-day life. To the south-east were the famous salt lakes, and beyond them the wide plains which extend up to the foremost spurs of the group of Crimean hills on the southern shore. From the town itself the people came forth to gaze on the utterly novel spectacle of the sea covered with ships as far as the eye could reach. The few Russian soldiers in garrison—invalids they were called—lounged about after the manner of soldiers, playing on the shingle as children play, by throwing stones into the water. Ladies and gentlemen, in rigorous Parisian attire or in sea-side costume, were walking or riding on the beach, or looking out of their windows upon the ship-encumbered sea. The invading host of sea-kings had no terrors for them. Its very magnitude rendered ridiculous the idea of resistance. So the busy folks pursued their callings, and the idle their pleasures, and for one day the ordinary dulness of life was broken by a real sensation, caused by a sight which they would never see again.

In the afternoon the Caradoc, bearing a flag of truce, ran in towards the beach, and Colonel Steele and Colonel Trochu put off in a boat and summoned the garrison to surrender. As no one dreamed of resistance, the allies quietly landed—a body of French, Turks, and British marines—and took possession of Eupatoria. But it is said, the officer in command was so rigidly built up in official forms, that he told the officers of the allies who carried the summons, that when the troops landed, they must consider themselves in quarantine! The acquisition of Eupatoria proved to be of great value, for as the people were justly treated, and as supplies were paid for, and the country rich in corn and cattle, they brought them in to the market throughout the campaign. The bay also afforded a tolerable anchorage, in case of a reverse; but, happily, it was not needed.

In the bay of Eupatoria the armada remained at anchor for the rest of the day, in order to give the stragglers time to come up. At the sight of land, and cheered by the prospect of service, St. Arnaud had suddenly improved in health. Off Eupatoria he saw Lord Raglan, and his cheerful firmness of heart may have helped to give strength to the invalid. Marshal St. Arnaud had been much troubled touching his successor. He felt that his life was ebbing away, and he had written to the Minister of War, saying that though he might, by "a supreme effort," reach Sebastopol, yet that then he must resign. At this moment, learning that, in case of accident, St. Arnaud would direct General Morris to take command, General Canrobert produced a letter from the Emperor, appointing him to succeed the marshal, thus relieving the mind of St. Arnaud of what he in his ardent language called a "cruel torment." Before the sun set on the 13th, General Canrobert and General Martimprey steamed away in the Primauguet, accompanied by the Mouette, to indicate, as De Bazancourt records, the exact position to be occupied on the following morning by the French transports and war-ships. The night was calm and fine, the stars shone brightly, and the breeze was soft and gentle. No English ship went

with them, and what they were disposed to do, they had full opportunity of doing. It is to be supposed they did nothing but reconnoitre, for it was not until the following morning, very early, as we learn from the same author, that three light French steamers repaired to the beach off Old Fort, and there laid down three buoys of different colours, to indicate the spaces within which the three French columns were to anchor.

Before dawn on the 14th the huge squadrons were in motion, the British nearest the shore, the French next, the Turks on their right, and the British men-of-war keeping watch and ward over all. The place selected for a landing is a low shore, barely two feet above the level of the sea. There were two good landing-places; one in front of the Lake Kamishli, a narrow strip of land, through which ran the high road from Eupatoria to Sebastopol. At its southern extremity the coast rose into cliffs of red clay and sandstone, forming a plateau. Beyond this short range of cliff, the shore fell almost to a level with the sea. Another strip of land between the sea and a small lake intervened, and then the coast rose again into cliffs, and extended, broken only where the four rivers entered the sea, as far as Sebastopol. The morning was bright and calm, and the sea smooth. The ships of the allies came racing on, the men-of-war cleared for action, but there was no enemy in sight. Only a few Cossacks kept pace with the fleet from Eupatoria; then part of them galloped off towards Sebastopol; while some, lying flat on the high ground, watched the ships; and an officer was seen, almost at the last moment, sketching the spectacle before him. It was evident that the debarkation would not be opposed.

The French have a passion to be first, and where there are no pains taken to disappoint them, the passion is easily gratified. On this occasion they were first on shore. Perhaps, although no pains had been taken to deprive them of a little triumph they set so much store by, they would not have been first to land on the 14th of September, but for a very singular incident. As we have said, there were two bays or landing-places. From the motions of Admiral Lyons, who had charge of the debarkation, one would conclude that the arrangement made contemplated the landing of the whole of the allied force in the southern bay. For Admiral Lyons, in the Agamemnon, the guide on that day, ran down towards the southern bay. All the transports were following. Suddenly, the consequences of that night visit paid to the scene by Canrobert and Martimprey, and of the visit to the same spot by the three French steamers that same morning, were visible. Coloured buoys marked the limits which the French had assigned to themselves, and those limits took in the whole of the southern bay. Admiral Lyons stopped his ship short, and looked around. While he was meditating, up came Admiral Bruat, with the van of the French, calling out that Lyons was too far southward. Then came a French officer repeating the same thing. "During this short suspense," writes Captain Mends, of the Agamemnon, "I called the attention of Sir Edmund to the approach of the transports, and pointed out that they would fall into confusion, if he did not quickly decide upon his anchorage, as the Spitfire and Triton, the two steamers told off to anchor as the points within which our flotilla had been instructed to bring up, were looking to the Agamemnon for position." It is clear from this, either that there had been a misunderstanding touching the division of the landing-place, or that the French, with their accustomed arrogance, had taken as much of the space as they thought fit. That they did lay down buoys is manifest from the statement of De Bazancourt; and that these buoys, or one of them, trenched upon the intended landing-place of the English, is plain from Captain Mends' letter, and from a letter written by Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle, and published by Mr. Kinglake. Lord Raglan says that it was settled the landing should be in Old Fort Bay, that is, the southern bay; and "that a buoy should be placed in the centre of it to mark the left of the French and the right of the English;" but that Sir Edmund Lyons found a buoy placed at the northern extremity, and that the whole bay was thus engrossed by the French. "This occasioned considerable confusion and delay," writes Lord Raglan; "the English convoy having followed closely on the steps of their leader, and got mixed with the French transports; but Sir Edmund Lyons wisely resolved to make the best of it, and at once ordered the troops to land in the bay next to the northward." Captain Mends declares that no inconvenience or delay resulted from this French proceeding. But any one who reads the letters, written at the time from the Crimea, will see that there was great confusion and considerable delay—delay enough to enable a French boat with a flag to run ashore, and thus gratify the national and individual vanity of the Gauls. We do not believe that any motive other than a resolve to have enough room, led to this placing of the buoy at the north end of the bay. But whatever the motive, the effect was the same. Although the British convoy had been obliged to drag along over the sea at a slow rate, because the French were slow and behind; although the British were the quickest in running down the coast, yet when it came to actual landing, they were thrown to the rear, because the unexpected appearance of the French sea-mark compelled Admiral Lyons to improvise new arrangements. This is the mystery of the "buoy."

The French having made these separate arrangements for themselves, came down to the landing-place in beautiful order. Every one was in his place, because the place had been pointed out. The men-of-war ranged up nearest the beach, for they were full of troops, and the transports anchored outside. Their lines lapped over both ends of the bay they had appropriated, thus edging off the British convoy to the northward, and restricting its share of the space near to its own bay. The consequence was, as Lord Raglan wrote, confusion and delay; for, although the British convoy was first at the point of debarkation, more than three hours were spent in rectifying the disorder caused by the course the French adopted. The transports had steered for one point. While they should have been disembarking the

troops, they had to be moved up to another, and re-arranged as best they could. It was of no use to bring down the boats until the ships were freshly arranged. Nor was it found possible to place them exactly in the order assigned to them by Captain Mends. The order of sailing had been deranged. "The ships were scattered here and there," says an eye-witness, "till the whole affair reminded one of the arrangement of a midshipman's chest, 'everything uppermost, and nothing at hand.' The rules and regulations laid down for anchoring off the enemy's coast were upset and disregarded by all." The cause of this we have seen; but mere spectators were, at the time, ignorant of that cause, and they laid the blame on the wrong shoulders. It is, however, impossible wholly to acquit the naval authorities. In dealing with the French, and perhaps with any other allied nation, but with them certainly, it is not only necessary to make the most precise and definite arrangements on paper, but to see that these arrangements cannot be departed from on any pretence whatever. Nothing should be taken on trust, or left to a liberal interpretation; for your Frenchman is certain to interpret an arrangement so as to give him the lion's share of its advantages. Admiral Lyons placed too much confidence in the chivalrous feelings of his Gallic coadjutors. Had he sent a steamer to reconnoitre in company with the French steamers, the mischief would have been avoided, for it would have been easy to adjust the claims to the sea space; and once adjusted and properly marked out, the fleets and convoys would have been brought up in order within their assigned limits.

As it happened, the French convoy and men-of-war came up, while ours were involved in confusion—a confusion which De Bazancourt, official historian, has the frankness to admit, was caused "by a change in the plans agreed upon." By half-past eight o'clock, on that brilliant morning, they had lowered a boat, in which General Canrobert and half a dozen soldiers entered, landed them, run up a flag, and saluted it with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" In an hour and a half there were 6,000 Frenchmen on the strip of beach between the sea and a little salt lake. Whereas, at ten o'clock we had landed Sir George Brown and General Airey (who had succeeded Lord de Ros as Quartermaster-General), Lieutenant Vesey, of the Britannia, and a company of the 7th, under Colonel Yea, or of the 23rd, under Colonel Lysons, for the honour is claimed for each. After this period the operation of landing went on with speed and regularity. The French skirmishers were already stretching away to the east and south, and the beach was alive with battalions, forming up and marching off to the table land above. During the process of landing a little dramatic incident occurred, which nearly ended in the capture of Sir George Brown. There was on the cliff, between the French and English, a look-out party of Cossacks, eagerly scanning the immense mass of ships and the shoals of boats now rushing towards the shore. The officer who commanded them sat on the edge of the red cliff, overlooking the sea, and he appeared to be sketching or making notes, while his men capered hither and thither on their shaggy ponies, and flourished their spears. Suddenly one of them caught sight of a cocked hat visible above the slope leading from the cliff to the beach. He pointed it out to the officer, who rose, mounted, and, with his men, stealthily approached the invisible owner of the hat—a tempting prize. It was Sir George Brown, who had come up from the beach to reconnoitre. The Cossacks saw him, but he did not see them. Luckily for him, some one had directed a picket of Fusiliers to follow the venturesome general, and when the Cossacks, who could not see the escort down the slope, made a dash at their prisoner, they no sooner saw him run than they saw also the Fusiliers, who opened fire and drove them off. All this, or nearly all of it, was visible from the ships, and added not a little to the excitement of the scene.

The operation of landing went on all day. When once begun, the ample supply of boats in the British fleet enabled the infantry to be put on shore with great rapidity. The sailors worked with such good-will that they won the admiration of all. They helped the men into the boats, they rowed them ashore, they tenderly assisted them from the boats to the beach. Some were half, some wholly, naked; and, standing in the surf, they handed, and sometimes carried, the men to the firm land. Ready for anything, if a gun stuck in the shingle, half a dozen tars seized the wheels and ran it up on to the hard sand. And so all day, with unflagging energy, they plied between the strand and the ships, and deserved the praise they won. As soon as a regiment had disembarked, they were formed; and as soon as an entire brigade had come ashore, it was arranged in what are called contiguous columns of battalions, that is, each battalion formed a column, with the front of a company, and each column stood six paces from its neighbour. The Rifles had gone early to the front, skirting and rounding Lake Kamishli, and occupying two villages on the edge of the plain—Bagaili, on the right front, that is, to the south-east of the lake; and Kamishli to the north-east. These were the guards of the whole, and under their protection the brigades and divisions formed on the beach, and marched upwards to the table land. At a safe distance from the outermost lines of the allies, Cossack outposts were visible, sitting motionless on their ponies, with uplifted spears, mere specks on the vast plain, like the countless tumuli and the windmills. The Cossacks were the sole evidence on shore that an enemy was near. But down the coast a few miles three steamers were shelling a small Russian camp, the sound of the great guns being audible on the beach at Kamishli and the smoke and other signs being visible three or four miles out at sea.

Between one and two the French had put ashore their 1st and 2nd divisions of infantry, and had posted them on the plain; the 1st on the right next to the sea, the 2nd on its left, both to the south of the small salt lake which figures in the French, but not in the English maps. It was not until sunset that the 3rd division had reached the shore, and marched up on the left of

the 2nd; while the 4th division, sent to make a demonstration off the mouth of the Katcha, was slowly ascending the coast towards Old Fort, where it arrived the next day. Yet, early in the afternoon, Marshal St. Arnaud, who had just landed, officially informed Lord Raglan that he had "the whole" of his infantry ashore. That was incorrect, as is evident from the official papers issued by the French War Department, on which we have based our statement. By three o'clock, although they began so late, the British had landed three complete divisions—the 1st, 2nd, and Light, two batteries in a state fit to go into action, and a squadron of Hussars. By sunset we had landed 23,700 men, and nineteen guns ready for action. The strength of the three French divisions landed on the 14th was, on the 1st of August, 25,135 men. Six weeks had elapsed; the cholera had been most destructive, especially during the march into the Dobrudscha. Fixing the loss from death and invaliding at the low figure of 5,000 men, we shall see that the force landed on the 14th could not have exceeded 20,000. The official report states that they landed fifty-nine guns, all horsed; but the reports at the time stated that the horses for those guns had only been partially landed.

In the afternoon the wind began to rise, and the rain to fall. The surf increased, and the operation of landing artillery and horses became first dangerous, and then impracticable. Some horses went overboard in spite of the assiduity of the seamen, and some boats laden with guns were obliged to return to the first ship that would receive them on board. The British army landed without tents; but the space devoted to the French was white with the little *tents d'abri* which the French soldiers carry wherever they go. Towards sunset the rain fell continuously, and soon the earth was soaked with water, and the hollows filled with it. Lord Raglan landed in the afternoon, and immediately rode forth to inspect the whole position and its outposts on all sides, and he did not return from this duty till eight o'clock. When night fell, the troops lay down upon the deluged ground, and passed their first night with rain streaming on them from above, and mud around them below. Officers were not better sheltered than men, and he thought himself lucky who found a bed under a country cart. It was a severe trial for our troops, and its effects were visible on the sick list next morning.

Indeed, the fatal cholera had not been left behind at Varna. The white sheet and slung shot were seen on the sides of many a transport during the voyage; and the soldier who had come so far to fight and endure, perhaps to die in battle, met another doom, and swathed in

> "His heavy-shotted hammock shroud,
> Dropped in his vast and wandering grave."

Some hundreds, as the ships drew up opposite Lake Kamishli, were too ill to be moved from their berths; and ere sunset, those who had landed were bearing back to the boats new victims to cholera, or interring corpses on the Crimean sands. We have already seen how defective was the land transport. That deprived the men of their tents. But there was another branch of military service equally uncared for. The medical men were few, the medical stores were scanty, and there was not a single ship suitably fitted for the reception of the sick. It was a dreadful oversight. The sick were carried to the beach, where, as no arrangements had been made, they lay for hours on the damp sand, and then were packed in *one* transport. The Kangaroo received 1,500 men in all stages of disorder. All day on the 15th she lay off the shore with this painful freight; and as her captain declined to proceed, at the last moment some were transferred to other ships going to Scutari. This was the first trial and the first failure of the medical department, not from any fault of its own, but because the service was stinted, and the sad contingency of sickness had been overlooked. It was the first, but not the last. There were many more in reserve.

The armies lay four days in position off the points of debarkation. Each day there was work enough to be done in completing the operation of landing. On the 15th the wind blew heavily on shore, and sent a rough surf dashing over the shingle and sand. But, later in the day, the wind went down a little, and the British were enabled to put on shore more guns and the greater part of the cavalry; and the French landed more guns and their 4th division. Lord Raglan also went on shore, and established his head-quarters on a rising ground, and rode round the outposts as before. The men and officers slept once more in the open air. They made beds of fern and lavender; but, although the rain did not descend in steady streams, a heavy dew saturated beds, and blankets, and kits. On the 16th the tents were landed, in the hope that transport for them could be found in the country. It was not found, and all the tents were taken on shipboard before the army marched.

And why could not transport be found? When the allies first landed, the country people, simple farmers and shepherds, quiet and inoffensive, came into the camp; and, as they had done at Eupatoria, brought fowls, and eggs, and sheep, and were glad to sell them. They also were willing to let out their carts and bullocks. According to the British system, these men were well treated and well paid. Wellington, even in France, could always secure a well-supplied market, and even transport, by treating the people civilly and paying them well. So it would have been here. But the French act on a different system. If they do not permit, they connive at plundering; not only plundering by marauders for their own individual behoof, but plundering by armed and authorised bodies. It is allowed in all countries that stores belonging to the Government of your enemy are good prize. You may, by the strict rules of war, take private property, if you need it. Yet, as a general rule, it is prudent to respect private property; or, if you take it, to pay for it. The French took both alike. On going his rounds on the evening of the 16th, Lord Raglan learned that a body of Zouaves had entered and plundered the village of Baigaili, within the British lines, and had even abused the villagers, men and women. Of course a speedy end was put to such brutalities. At the same time,

Captain de Moleyns, with a squadron of Spahis, went out of the French camp, and returned driving before him flocks of sheep and cattle, a few camels, a number of arabas, or country carts, and a group of natives, the captives of his spearmen. The effect of these predatory forays was to reduce to a minimum the supplies of all kinds, animate and inanimate, to be derived from the country. It is true that the Cossacks, now in greater force, were hovering around the army, and that by day and night the signs of their handiwork were visible in blazing ricks and homesteads; but they could not have prevented the Tartars from coming in, nor did they prevent our soldiers from seizing the stores of Government grain at Sak. They served, however, to scare the people and cut off our supplies. While these Zouaves and Spahis were ravaging the villages, it was remarked that the Turks, who had landed on the 15th and 16th, "the much-abused Turks, remained quietly in their well-ordered camp, living contentedly on the slender rations supplied from their fleet." Nevertheless, the Commissary-General, by aid of military force and money, managed to get together about 350 country wagons, with bullocks and drivers, for the supply of the British section of the invading army.

The operation of landing occupied four entire days, and the fifth was spent in terminating the preparations for the march. The 4th British division, under Sir George Cathcart, except two battalions, arrived and were put ashore. The French landed 26,500 men, 72 guns, and a few Spahis. The Turks landed 7,000 men, all infantry, and no mention is made of their field artillery. The British landed 26,800 men, including 2,100 artillerymen, 60 guns, and 1,100 horsemen. The total force was, therefore, in round numbers, 61,000 men and 132 guns. The French force consisted of four divisions, under Canrobert, Bosquet, Prince Napoleon, and Forey. The Turks were under Selim Pasha. The English army was composed as follows:—

LIGHT DIVISION, SIR GEORGE BROWN.—1st Brigade, 7th, 33rd, 23rd, Brigadier Codrington; 2nd Brigade, 19th, 88th, 77th, Brigadier Buller; 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade.

1ST DIVISION, THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—1st Brigade, Grenadier, Fusilier, and Coldstream Guards, Brigadier Bentinck; 2nd Brigade, 42nd, 93rd, 79th Highlanders, Brigadier Colin Campbell.

2ND DIVISION, SIR DE LACY EVANS.—1st Brigade, 41st, 47th, 49th, Brigadier Adams; 2nd Brigade, 30th, 55th, 95th, Brigadier J. Pennefather.

3RD DIVISION, SIR R. ENGLAND.—1st Brigade, 4th, 50th, 38th, Brigadier J. Campbell; 2nd Brigade, 1st, 44th, 28th, Brigadier Eyre.

4TH DIVISION, SIR G. CATHCART.—1st Brigade, 20th, 57th, Rifle Brigade 1st Battalion, 50th, Brigadier Goldie (who, with 57th, had not arrived); 2nd Brigade, 21st, 63rd, 46th, Brigadier Torrens.

CAVALRY, THE EARL OF LUCAN.—4th Light Dragoons, 8th and 11th Hussars, 13th Light Dragoons, and 17th Lancers, Brigadier the Earl of Cardigan.

ARTILLERY, Colonel Strangways. ENGINEERS, Brigadier Tylden. Adjutant-General, Estcourt; Quartermaster-General, Airey; Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan. [Sir John Burgoyne seems to have been a sort of adviser to the Commander-in-Chief.]

The French preparations were completed by the morning of the 18th. They had far less to land than the British. The weather was no real obstacle to the landing of infantry, or even of stores; but it materially delayed the debarkation of the horses; and independently of the artillery and baggage animals, and chargers for the staff of all the divisions and brigades, the English had to land 1,100 troop horses. In spite of his knowledge of all these facts, Marshal St. Arnaud grew impatient of the delay. He hoped to be able to start on the 17th, but his own preparations were not then complete, and he next fixed on the 18th, regulating his views solely by his ability to move, and taking no account of the hindrances necessarily besetting the English army. No doubt it was important to hasten onwards, but more important to move in such a condition as would preserve both armies from disaster. On the 18th, Marshal St. Arnaud took one of the most extraordinary steps he had yet taken. He uttered a threat. He had sailed from Baljik without consulting or waiting for Lord Raglan. On the 18th he says, in a letter to his wife—"I have just written to Lord Raglan to say that I cannot wait any longer, and that I shall issue my orders for marching at seven o'clock to-morrow morning—nothing shall stop me any more." This was a very arrogant thing to do. Marshal St. Arnaud, if the English had not been ready, could not have fulfilled his threat, as he had no cavalry, and the Russians had numerous squadrons. But it so happened that the English devoted the 18th to preparations for marching the next morning. Lord Raglan had ordered, with reluctance—transport not being forthcoming—the embarkation of the tents, and even of the knapsacks of the infantry. Small portions of the kit of each man were rolled in his great coat and blanket, and strapped on to his back. This was done to lighten his load, as the whole of the troops were sickly and weak. But it may be questioned whether the men did not suffer more from want of their full kits than they would have suffered from the weight of the burden. Had the English not been ready, Marshal St. Arnaud's resolution would have been tested. But they were, and the order was issued.

The troops arose from their damp beds at an early hour on the 19th, and paraded in marching order. Much time was still spent in accommodating the baggage and stores of so many thousands to the limited number of carts at the disposal of the Commissariat. Everything not indispensable in a military point of view was left behind. There was so much scattered on the beach, that Sir George Cathcart had to part with his only brigadier, Torrens—for Goldie had not arrived—and also part of his division; and Lord Lucan had to detach the 4th Light Dragoons from his weak brigade of cavalry to guard the beach, and see all the stores, and tents, and baggage safely on ship-board. Time wore on, the sun was high in the cloudless heavens before the

word was given to move. It was about nine o'clock. Marshal St. Arnaud, according to the French writers, had then been two hours on the march.

The positions taken up by the allies at Old Fort determined their positions on the line of march. The French, by landing to the south, were of necessity next to the sea; that is, on the right—the place of honour in the line. It had probably been arranged beforehand that in the march to Sebastopol they should derive all the protection they could from the sea, because they had no cavalry. Be that as it may, they took up a position with their right resting on the sea, and their left on well as moving on the shortest line, the French were able to be first again in position on the Bulganàk.

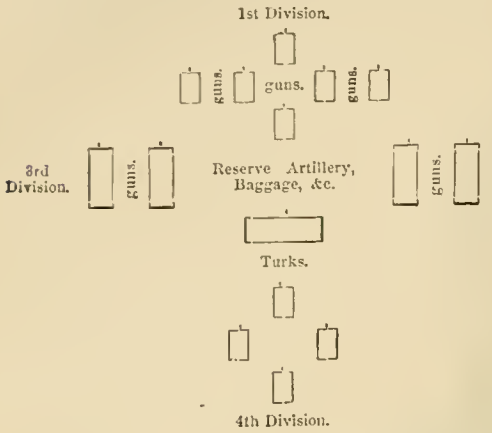
The nature of the operation determined the order of march. In warfare, an army about to act on the offensive selects what is called a base of operations; that is, a fortified or otherwise secure spot, where its magazines of all sorts can be formed, whence it derives its stores, upon which, in case of reverse, it can fall back. The line from this base to the object aimed at is called the line of operation. As the army advances from its base, it is usually obliged to guard its communications with that base, or occupy and subdue so

ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

the right of the English army. Lord Raglan's force took the left, or outermost flank, probably because he could dispose of a brigade of light horse. His outposts, as a matter of course, extended far inland, and the front of his division was bent towards the north-east. The limit of the march was the Bulganàk, seven or eight miles distant. But whereas, in order to reach it, the French moved along the inner or shortest line, the English marched on the outer or longest line, having to start from a point not less than a mile in rear of the French left, and having at least a mile in addition at the other extremity to march before they could range up in line. So that, as will be seen, by starting first, as much of the country on each side as leaves the great roads free from molestation. But on landing in the Crimea, the allies had no base except Constantinople, communication with which lay safe and secure across the Black Sea. The shipping formed an intermediate base, and a movable one; so that the generals did not need to create, at this stage of the invasion, a place of arms and supplies in the Crimea. When they left Kamishli, they left it absolutely never to return, unless driven back. The fleet moving parallel with the armies, supplied and supported them, and provided them with means of re-embarking, and retreating over the sea from any point on the coast accessible to boats. This

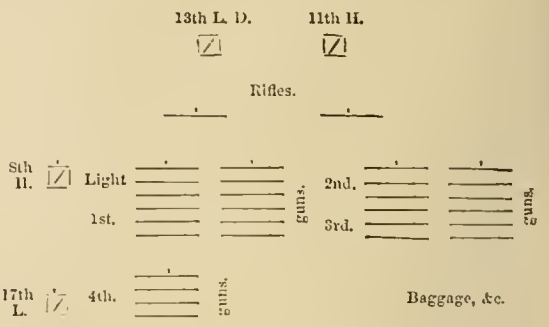
being so, the allies in the march towards their object, Sebastopol, had no fears for their communications, and had only to move in such an order as gave full security for the time being. They therefore marched in a formation which would have enabled them to fight at any moment.

The French adopted a formation derived from Marshal Bugeaud. They name it a lozenge or diamond *échelon*, somewhat like this sketch:—



The 1st division formed the point, the 2nd and 3rd the two sides, and the Turks and 4th the rear. The 1st and 4th were in themselves arranged in lozenge shape; the 2nd and 3rd in two parallel columns of brigades. The artillery of each division marched in the space enclosed by the columns, and the large space in the centre of the formation was devoted to the reserve artillery, the baggage, and other impediments. Thus, the warlike machine was complete and self-sustaining, and able to form a front of battle in any direction. Around all marched the skirmishers. In this order the French army, flanked by the fleet, approached the Bulganâk.

The English array was far simpler. Two regiments of cavalry, the 11th and 13th, under Lord Cardigan, followed by rifle skirmishers and their supports, led the way. Then came the main body in two grand columns, with the guns on the right of the divisions to which they belonged. These columns consisted of the Light and 1st Divisions on the left, and the 2nd and 3rd on the right. They were formed in what is called a double column of companies from the centre of divisions; that is, the left company of the right brigade and the right company of the left brigade formed the head of the column, the other companies taking the same order in succession; so that, as the object was to secure the left or exposed flank of the combined army, by simply wheeling the companies of the left brigade to the left, a line of battle could be instantly formed to that flank. The baggage and reserve ammunition followed the 3rd division, that is in rear of the right column, while the 4th division closed the line of march. One regiment of cavalry rode on the left flank, on a line with the head of the Light Division, and one in rear, on a line with the 4th Division; while the rivulet of skirmishers covering the front trickled along the left flank, and brought up the rear. Thus—



In this order the English army moved on. Spectators (and there were some) were filled with admiration as the deep red columns, tipped with a shimmer of light, reflected from the bayonets, swept over the grassy plains. The day was bright and hot, the breeze fresh and soft, and it is recorded that the trampling of tens of thousands on the Crimean steppe so bruised the herbage that a delicious fragrance filled the air. In spite of the piteous sights that haunted the rear—wearied men, and men in the agonies of death, and corpses lying by the way—the spectacle from the little hills was one most grand and imposing. Some there were, among the chiefs, who had of yore seen such a mass of power; but none of the younger generations had ever before beheld upwards of 20,000 bayonets gleaming in the sun, and not collected for parade, but for the actual and dread business of war. So over the undulating steppe, becoming less and less as it moved altogether, but remaining still mighty, the British army closed up to the Bulganâk, and found themselves in the presence of the enemy.

The French, as we have said, were the first to cross the Bulganâk. When our troops came up, the French had halted in position and were at rest. But it was our lot to fire the first gun. The divisions were crossing the river when the Cossacks showed themselves on the slope which ascends from its bank. The cavalry were ordered to look after them; and as they retired over the ridge, Lord Cardigan followed. As he descended into the next valley, he found himself face to face with a tolerably strong force of horsemen. The skirmishers on each side began firing; but, as the Cossacks did not come on, Lord Lucan ordered our squadrons to retire alternately. Suddenly the enemy opened fire from horse-artillery, and kept it up pretty smartly upon the British, now halted—waiting for the guns. They had not to wait long, for over the ridge came bounding Maude's troop of horse-artillery. Famous for rapidity, our gunners instantly came into action, and replied to the enemy with such spirit and accuracy that the Russians quickly ceased firing, and sheered off over the next ridge. By this time the Rifles and part of the leading divisions had crowned the ridge in rear of our cavalry; and our horsemen, with a loss of five wounded, and the guns together with the infantry, returned to the position on the Bulganâk, where they rested for the night. The Russians

were a reconnoitring party, strong in infantry, which kept out of sight. The cavalry present could not have been less than 2,000. Some of them visited the French, but were driven off by the artillery. So ended the first day's march. The allies bivouacked on the south bank of the Bulganâk; and, in order to guard against a flank attack, the English divisions again faced to the eastward, that is, nearly at right angles to their line of march. Vedettes and sentries were out, and fires lighted, and within the guardian circle slept the wearied troops.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Allies on the Bulganâk—Conference between Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan—Delays on the 20th—The Armies march—Their Order—The Russian Army—Prince Menschikoff's Tactics—The Position of the Alma—Its Strength and Weakness—The Troops to hold it—How Placed—Advance of the Allies—The Fleet opens fire—Bosquet ascends the Cliff—The Allies prepare to Attack—The Advance of Canrobert and Prince Napoleon—The English under Fire—Their Order—Bosquet and Canrobert reinforced by Forey—Russian Counter Movements—They bring up a huge Column, and Confront the French—Lord Raglan strikes into the Fight—Advance of the Light and 2nd Divisions—Severe Russian Fire—Passage of the River—The Fight for the Great Battery—Its Capture—Lord Raglan's Ride—He appears on Russian Ground—Orders Two Guns to be brought up—Aspect of the Battle—The Guards—Backwardness of their Chief—They cross the River—Lord Raglan's Two Guns—Effect of their Fire—Evans's ready Skill—Advance of the Guards—Light Division driven from the Captured Battery—Colin Campbell's Words—The Guards Re-take the Battery—The French Storm the Telegraph Hill—Retreat of the Russian Army—No Pursuit—Why—Loss of the Troops on both Sides—Reflections on the Battle—On the Conduct of Lord Raglan.

THE allies, when in position on the south bank of the Bulganâk, could not see the heights of the Alma, because a ridge, the same over which the Russian cavalry reconnaissance had come, and which concealed its infantry supports, intervened, and closed the prospect in that direction. It was from the frequent watch kept up by the naval officers of both nations, from the tops of their ships, that the two generals acquired their knowledge of the proximity of the Russian army in position. The Russian advance in the afternoon of the 19th only showed the direction in which to look for them: and as these troops appeared on our left front, and as when they retired the Cossacks hovered at a distance in that direction; and, moreover, as a measure of wise precaution, Lord Raglan directed his divisions to change their front to the left, that is, to the eastward. The result of this movement was that, while the French still faced towards the position of the Alma, one-half the English army was posted with its front at right angles to the line of march. As a matter of course, piequets were thrown out along the whole front of the line, and on its left flank, the right being protected by the sea-shore. It is also necessary to remark that there was an interval between the left of the French and the right of the English. This disposition of the forces, rendered expedient by the neighbourhood of an enemy so strong in cavalry, exercised a great influence on the proceedings of the next day.

During the evening, Marshal St. Arnaud visited Lord Raglan, whose head-quarters were in a post-house on the Bulganâk. What passed at this interview is painfully uncertain. It is said that the French marshal brought with him a plan for attacking a position he had not seen; that he proposed to turn both flanks; one division of his own army and the Turks sweeping round the Russian left, and the whole of the English round their right, while the remainder of the French fell upon and demolished the centre. It is said also that Lord Raglan did not assent to or dissent from this plan, yet that the French marshal left with an impression that it was to be executed! About the latter there is no doubt. How he came by the impression, one can never know; but this one can know, that Lord Raglan ought not to have allowed Marshal St. Arnaud to leave him with any doubts on his mind. He ought to have distinctly explained that he could assent to no plan until he knew what was to be attacked. He ought to have said in plain language—and he could use plain language—that the plan of a battle must be determined by the nature of the enemy's position, the number of troops by which it was held, and the mode in which they were distributed. The allied commanders were seven miles from the enemy. Neither had seen him, nor his position, nor how he held his position. There were no grounds for a plan, except such as had been obtained by the officers of the fleet. Under these circumstances the proceeding of Marshal St. Arnaud was absurd; and in plain, but polite language, he should have been told so. What was said to him, no one can know; but he returned to his camp, and issued orders based on the plan he had presented, and the next morning he caused them to be partially executed. But it is plain, from the conduct of the English army, that Lord Raglan had not assented to the monstrous plan of the French marshal; and that, with one exception, he had determined to be guided by what the morrow should disclose.

The dawn of the 20th of September was soft, balmy, and sunny. The troops were afoot early, and soon under arms. Far away on the right the smoke above the cliffs showed that the war-steamers were on the alert, and prepared to work on that flank. Next to the sea, in execution of that part of the marshal's plan not open to objection, General Bosquet, about six o'clock, began to lead forth his division in two columns, followed by four Turkish battalions. He moved on for an hour, and then halted, just as the centre should have moved, to be followed by the English. But the English were not ready. It is said they should have been in line about seven. Whence arose the delay? Some of it must, no doubt, be set down to the constitutional slowness of the British temperament; some to that imperfect concert which is the bane of a divided command. The remainder was caused, undoubtedly, by the fact that the British, in consequence of the arrangements made over-night, had to effect a great change in their array before they could begin to march. The divisions forming the left, or eastward face, had to move obliquely to their right, the 1st in order to form column in rear of the Light Division, the 3rd in order to regain its place in rear of the 2nd Division, while the 4th had to wheel completely

to its right in order to front in the direction of the enemy. Then, that the two armies might be in close proximity, so as to present an unbroken front, the whole had to move obliquely to the right, across the interval between the 2nd British and 3rd French Divisions. These evolutions necessarily took up a great deal of time. Nor was this all that had to be done; for cholera had made some havoc in the night; there were sick to be cared for, and dead to be buried; and the baggage and ammunition carts had to be driven further to the right, so that they might be safe from all danger. The French, having no changes to make, but simply to take up the order of march, were, of course, ready at once. Still, all deduction made, there does not seem to have been sufficient alacrity in the movements of the British; yet, as will be seen, they were quite rapid enough to secure a great victory while the sun was still high.

It was about nine o'clock when the whole armies moved out of the valley of the Bulganàk, and began to cross the next hollow and climb the opposite ridge. The spectacle was again magnificent and impressive. The Rifles led the way, as before; on the left flank moved the Light Cavalry brigade, then came the five divisions, this time in double columns of battalions, at deploying distance. The red uniform gave an appearance of greater bulk to the British columns, as it was gayer than that of the French, whose smaller forms and darker clothing made them look fewer, though their infantry was more numerous than ours. So they glided on through the grassy hollows and up the gentle slopes in majestic order and with measured tread. The front extended many miles, and it may be said to have reached over the sparkling sea, for the fleets moving along in line with the armies formed a not insignificant portion of this fighting array. On the slope of the hill looking into the valley of the Alma the armies halted again. The two commanders, each with a glittering staff, rode along the lines, and the foremost troops saw indistinctly the position and something of the dark masses of the enemy, whose proceedings and arrangements it is now time to describe.

Prince Menschikoff was the commander-in-chief of the naval and military forces of the Czar in the Crimea. It seems that Nicholas did not believe the allies would venture upon the daring exploit of invading that peninsula, or else that their rapidity of movement, slow as it seemed to lookers-on, anticipated the arrival of his reinforcements; or he may have thought that English and French armies and navies would not long act in concert, and that some incident would bring about the abandonment of the expedition. If so, he miscalculated the strength of will of those who held in their hands the public forces of the Western Powers—the Emperor and the British people. At all events, the Czar had comparatively few troops in the Crimea—perhaps not altogether 50,000 men, including the sailors and marines. These troops, in the early days of September, were partly encamped at different places around and to the north of Sebastopol. There were troops at Kertch, and camps on the Chersonese, south of the place; camps on the Belbek, the Katcha, the Alma; and there was the garrison of Sebastopol. The presence of the Caradoc on the 10th off that port, and its subsequent cruise up the west coast, followed by the arrival of couriers reporting an immense fleet near Eupatoria, gave Prince Menschikoff the first certain indication of the coming of the allies, and the impending reality of the invasion. By the 14th the lights of the fleet were visible from the heights of the Alma, and the soldiers (says one in the Russian camp), comparing the masts of the ships to the church spires of the old Russian capital, cried, "Behold, the infidel has built another holy Moscow on the waves!" Prince Menschikoff had two courses before him. He might take up a position on the left flank of the line of march the allies would be compelled to follow, and thus force them to quit the sheltering sea-coast in search of him; or he might take up the strongest position he could find across the road they must follow, and thus try to impede their march until reinforcements could reach him from Odessa. By adopting the former plan he could have evaded an action or accepted one far from the sea, for the allies would not have dared to pass him, and thus he might have played with them until reinforced. But he adopted the second plan, believing that he had found a position which he could hold for several weeks. That position was on the south bank of the Alma, fifteen miles from Sebastopol; and on this point he directed the march of every disposable bayonet, sabre, and gun. It was indeed a strong position.

The river Alma rises among the great chain of hills on the southern shores of the Crimea, which culminate in the Tchatir Dagh, and, collecting the waters of various mountain streams, flows to the westward, and pours into the Black Sea. In winter it is a swift and turbid torrent, and cuts a deep channel for itself as it hurries along. In summer its waters decrease in volume, and it is fordable in many places throughout its course. The last four miles of this river run along the foot of high and bold hills, which, two miles from the sea, close up to the stream, and soon become precipitous and rugged cliffs. From the point where the cliffs end, inland, the hills fall back from the river, forming a wide amphitheatre. The ground slopes upward from the left bank in a succession of mounds and terraces, broken by ravines, and terminates to the east in a bold height, called the Kourgané Hill. South of this the land dips down, and then rises once more to a table land, which extends westward to Cape Lookoul. In the valley there were two villages, Almatamak, near the end of the cliffs, and Bourliouk, about two miles to the east of Almatamak, and about three miles from the sea. On both banks of the river there were gardens and vineyards, but they were more numerous on the north bank, especially above Bourliouk. The willow and the poplar grew on its banks, and around Bourliouk stood corn stacks and hay ricks, the wealth of the simple people whose quiet homes were invaded by the soldiers of the Czar and his enemies. The great road from Eupatoria to Sebastopol crossed the river to the east of Bourliouk, and winding through the ravines beyond, ascended the plateau. Such was the position.

Facing the north, the left seemed secured from attack by the steepness of the cliffs; the centre afforded excellent ground for artillery on its terraces and knolls, and the dips in the hills might be used to conceal the defenders; on the right the Kourgané height overlooked all, and bending backwards, offered protection to that flank. The lower slopes were quite open, and fell down to the river with sufficient rapidity to try the fortitude of an assailant, and yet not so abruptly as to deprive artillery of a full command of the ascent, the river, and the plain beyond. There was one path up the cliff practicable for infantry, and where the precipice ended there were two up which guns could be got with great difficulty. Beyond this troops of all arms could pass the stream and ascend the position. On a point of the highest ground, to the west of the post road, and about two miles from the sea, stood a tower, unfinished, for war had interrupted the workmen, called the Telegraph station, as the peak became known as the Telegraph Hill. The strength of the position lay in the wall of cliff, the steep open downs to the east and west of the road to Sebastopol, and in the river, with its high banks and enclosures. Its weakness lay in its extent, compared with the number of troops at Prince Menschikoff's disposal.

Here the Prince hoped to stop the march of the allies, with the troops he had, until the divisions from the army of the Danube came up and drove them to their ships. To occupy the position he had 42 battalions, 16 squadrons of cavalry, 11 sotnias of Cossacks (1,100 lances), and 96 guns; that is, about 38,000 men of all arms. His infantry was 31,500, and his cavalry 3,400 strong, including the Cossacks. The remainder were artillerymen and sappers. In disposing of his forces, Prince Menschikoff placed the bulk on the right and centre. Thus, on his right of the great road there were sixteen battalions, forming the regiments, reckoning from the right of Uglitz, Kazan, Susdal, and Vladimir, supported by nearly the whole of the cavalry, with 16 horse artillery guns, and 36 guns foot artillery, including twelve 32 and 24-pounders from Sebastopol. Immediately on his left of the road were four battalions of the Borodino regiment, supported by sixteen guns. The reserves in this part of the field, standing far back on the hills and astride of the road, consisted of seven battalions of the Minsk and Volhynia regiments, and the reserve artillery. On the left of the Borodino regiment, occupying the eastern slopes of the Telegraph hill, were the four battalions of the Taroutino regiment, and four battalions drawn from a reserve corps not in the Crimea; and in rear of them four battalions of the Moscow regiment, with eight guns. One battalion of this regiment and four guns were early in the day, posted in Ouloukul Ukles, a village near the coast. In front of all two battalions of rifles and marines were thrown out as skirmishers in the gardens and enclosures on the north bank. To strengthen the position, Prince Menschikoff had devised two field works of the humblest kind. On the extreme right, just below the brow of the great hill there, he had thrown up an entrenchment, in the form of a flattened arrow head; and on the lower slope of the same hill, nearer to the centre, he had constructed another field-work, the embrasures of which were formed by throwing up the earth on either hand. This he armed with the twelve (some say fourteen) heavy guns brought from Sebastopol. These two works were improperly called redoubts. The regiments were formed in column, chequerwise, on each flank of the field-works, and were not all visible to the approaching army. The right of the Russian line was commanded by General Kvetzinsky, the centre by Prince Gortschakoff, the left by General Kiriakoff. It will be seen, and this should be borne in mind, that the bulk of the troops and artillery were in position to the east of Telegraph Hill, that is, on the Russian right of the great road, while only a third of the troops and a fifth of the guns were on or in front of the Telegraph Hill, and towards the sea. Against this force and this position marched, in round numbers, about 63,000 men and 128 guns.

The allied army, which we left halted, now came slowly nearer to the Alma, visible in its whole extent to the Russians. The fleet of war-steamers, eight French and one English, went on ahead towards Cape Lookoul and the mouth of the Alma. The sun shone brightly, the air was soft and pure. The direction taken by the French brought General Bosquet opposite the village of Almatamak, towards which one of his brigades wended its way, covered by skirmishers in thick rows, while the other, with the Turks, under General Bouat, made for the mouth of the Alma. Next on the left came the divisions of Canrobert and Prince Napoleon, the latter almost in contact with the right of our 2nd Division, and a little to the west of Bourliouk. In rear, as a support, was General Forey. These three divisions of the French army halted, while Bosquet continued to move on. Lord Raglan had had a final conference with Marshal St. Arnaud. They had seen the enemy and the enemy's position. The great accumulation of Russian troops on their right and centre was manifest. It was plain that the French force was not adequate to show a front to the whole Russian line, while the English turned the right, and when the question was pointedly put to him, would he turn the right or attack in front, Lord Raglan declined to undertake the flank movement. It was arranged that the French should turn the Russian left, covered by the fire of the ships, and that when this movement had shaken the Russian line, the English should assail the right and centre. The two commanders parted, and the whole line from right to left drew nearer to the Alma. The steamers opened fire between twelve and one. They flung their shells on to the cliffs above the river's mouth, and they did their best to reach the masses on the Telegraph Hill. This fire, however, barely reached any Russians except those in the village of Ouloukul Ukles, who soon retired, and some of the more westerly clusters of skirmishers hanging about the road leading upwards from Almatamak. In the meantime, without firing a shot, Bouat's brigade and the Turks waded through the Alma, and began to creep up the steep ravine. They surmounted it, and formed on the plateau; but beyond the alarm their presence may have occasioned, they

exercised no further influence on the contest. The real pressure was exerted by Bosquet from Almatamak, and Canrobert and Prince Napoleon from points higher up the stream.

While Bosquet's first brigade was ousting the Russian skirmishers from the river and the clefts in the hills leading upwards, the whole army moved still nearer to the foe, and halted in readiness to close. The French divisions remained in columns. They were not to advance until Bosquet's diversion had made itself felt. The British divisions had deployed into line, and had moved on until warned, about half-past one, that they had come within range, when the men were ordered to lie down. The British rifles were engaged with the Russians in the vineyards, and the French skirmishers, Zouaves, and Line were firing fiercely and fast at opponents lining the banks of the stream. The Russian guns had begun to send their round shot bounding over the river, and one or two men were killed where they lay. The picture presented to the eye of the Russians must have been striking. Long lines of men clothed in red lying prostrate on the green sward, having in rear groups of horsemen, and in front a fringe of thick smoke, out of which incessantly darted little tongues of fire. On the left of the line stood the 4th Division and the long column of light cavalry. Further to the right the French were in motion, for Bosquet had got his guns up a most difficult path, and had opened fire at long range; and hearing this, Marshal St. Arnaud, pointing to the heights in front, launched his divisions. It was about half-past one. The 1st French division was crossing the river and swarming up the steeps, when the Cossacks simultaneously fired the corn stacks about Bourliouk. Instantly the waving sheets of flame leaped up, and a stifling smoke rising on a lazy wind spread over the meadows. For a time the centre of the Russian position was hidden from view, and the smoke long continued to curl over the ground. This fiery village and dense cloud of smoke proved a great inconvenience to Evans's division, in whose front it was; for, pressed on one side by Prince Napoleon's division, on the other by the Light, and deprived of a large space in front by the conflagration, Sir De Lacy Evans was compelled to divide his brigades, and encroach on the ground occupied by Sir George Brown, so that when they were deployed the left front of the 2nd overlapped the right of the Light Division. This was a great fault. It has been said that Sir George Brown took especial pains to avoid it; but if he did so he failed. It has also been said that he could not take ground to his left under fire. The answer is, that he should have taken ground before he got his men under fire: the fact is, he did take ground to his left under fire; for in his report the Duke of Cambridge states the fact, and tells us that he made a corresponding movement with the 1st Division. While the regiments lay prone under a severe fire, the French were executing their share of the plan on the right.

According to the plan agreed upon, the English were not to attack until the French columns were firmly established on the heights. And to this phase of the battle we must turn. Bosquet's 1st brigade, under D'Autemarre, had easily swept before them the handful of light troops which alone were placed on the extreme flank of the Russian line. Having gained the plateau with his infantry, he next brought in succession two batteries of artillery, and posted them in front of the brigade which had deployed, resting its left on the verge of the cliff. Bouat and the Turks were so distant that they could lend no aid, and the brigade and its guns were thus practically alone. The sound of Bosquet's guns opening at long range set the French divisions in the valley in motion. It also startled Prince Menschikoff, for he came riding in that direction with a few squadrons of Hussars. Bosquet being firmly planted on the Russian flank, Canrobert, followed by Prince Napoleon, advanced upon the river. The Russian skirmishers gave way before the eager throng of Frenchmen, who pressed exultingly forward, and soon the fringe of fire began to creep up the sides of the hills, and to dart forth from rocks and hillocks and patches of tangled cover. Presently the whole division were up the steep. But they had no guns, and the rugged pathways up which they had come would not admit of the passage of artillery. Wherefore the guns were sent along the valley to Almatamak, there to be forced upward in the track already worn by Bosquet's batteries. In the meantime Prince Napoleon had closed with the enemy on the banks of the stream, and had begun to push forward on the opposite side; and Marshal St. Arnaud, still worn and cruelly wrung by his malady, yet erect on horseback, eager and watchful, had seized on Forey's division, and had hurried D'Aurelle to the assistance of Canrobert, and Lourmel to the aid of Bosquet. This officer was at length in action. Hearing the sound of guns on his left, General Kiriakoff had brought up part of his reserves to meet the onset, and had planted a battery facing the sea; while Prince Menschikoff had, in passing, directed seven battalions of the reserve to march to the left, and had hurriedly ordered two batteries to hasten to that flank. They came up long before the infantry, and were soon engaged in a combat at long range with Bosquet's guns. Meanwhile, Prince Menschikoff, with his escort, sat still looking on, and being observed from the sea, the steamers shelled his party, and struck down four of his staff. The French movement went on. Canrobert had pushed up to the brow of the ridge, but had not pressed forward over it. The Russians had receded from the point assailed up the slope of the Telegraph hill; and while Canrobert's troops were sheltered from the fire of the Russian guns, the French batteries in the valley could see and hit the Russian columns. At the same time the Russian batteries, towards the centre of their position, cannonaded the bulk of Prince Napoleon's division, which still lingered in the valley on the left bank, unable to get on. For the want of guns seemed to paralyse the advance of General Canrobert, and D'Aurelle's brigade of Forey's division had passed round the right of Prince Napoleon, and had jammed itself into a steep and narrow track on the left of Canrobert; so that while Bosquet, although alone on the heights,

THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

made play with his batteries and steadily gained ground, Canrobert and D'Aurelle, and the bulk of Prince Napoleon's troops, were lying inactive, unable to strike for want of artillery. General Kiriakoff, commanding the Russians in this part of the field, seemed to be ignorant of his proximity to the masses of the French clinging to the mountain, and, instead of attacking them, he drew his men further to the rear, and concentrated them on the upper slopes of the Telegraph Hill. All this time the skirmishers were busy on the right and left of Bourliouk. On the right, the French fire had driven off the Russians, and had shaken the *morale* of their supports; on the left, Norcott and Lawrence with the rifles—Norcott "conspicuous on a big black horse"—had swept round the burning village, and with eager foot and biting fire had forced the Russians to re-cross the river. For the rest, the Russian guns on the right and centre continued to pour an incessant storm of shot and shell upon the British soldiers lying exposed in line upon their faces, and our gunners, it is said, did not fire because their shot, they found, fell short. Prince Menschikoff continued to sit like a statue, watching the slow progress of the daring Bosquet, and waiting the arrival of the battalions on the march over the hills from the reserve to show a front to the French, who were growing stronger every moment on his left flank. But when they arrived there, Prince Menschikoff did not seem to know well what to do with them. He neither assailed the distant columns of Bouat, nor the near columns of Bosquet, but he countermarched the heavy columns he had called up, and led them towards the Telegraph Hill, where, massing eight battalions in one huge column, he handed them over to Kiriakoff, and rode off towards his right. Kiriakoff moved the huge and unwieldy mass towards the position occupied by Canrobert, who, still wanting artillery, declined the combat, and fell back quite below the brow. The Russians did not pursue.

The action had continued for about an hour and a half. The French had undertaken a task of great difficulty, and one requiring much time to perform. The flank march over the mouth of the river was necessarily slow, for the strip of sand the troops had to traverse was narrow, and the ravine they had to climb was steep and rugged; so that Bouat and the Turks, when upon the downs, were far from the fight, and exercised only that potent influence which springs from the alarm an enemy feels when he knows he is outflanked. Lourmel's brigade, following the same tracks, never arrived within cannon shot of the Russians; but had Bosquet and Bouat been in real peril, Lourmel would have proved to be a precious support. Canrobert, without guns, although he had D'Aurelle and Prince Napoleon so near, did not feel justified in moving boldly up the Telegraph Hill, in the face of the Russian batteries and heavy columns. So it will be seen that, although an hour and a half had been occupied in getting up the heights, that was not an excessive allowance of time for the operation. The French troops were in detached and disconnected masses—that was the main mischief; but their mere appearance on a flank, supposed to be inaccessible, had shaken the whole Russian order of battle, and, what is more to the purpose, had annihilated the confidence and overset the presence of mind of the Russian commander.

At this time Lord Raglan, himself riding up and down near the English right, and watching the progress of the French, seems to have grown impatient. We have no very clear account of his views and frame of mind; but Mr. Kinglake's version, if it be true, leads to the direct inference that Lord Raglan, who, it seems, had been frequently appealed to by the French, could no longer bear to see his soldiers prostrate and inactive, especially as there was an appearance of tardiness and inability to push forward on the part of his ally. He therefore gave the order to assault the front of the position; and Captain Nolan, a genuine soldier, swiftly bore it to the combatants.

First the 2nd Division and then the Light started to their feet, and in a moment the red line, extending far to the east, was gliding across the meadows, which intervened between them and the stream. As they descended the slope towards its banks, the guns followed, and, drawing up on both sides of the great road, began to reply to the fire of the enemy. The flaming village and thick veil of smoke now proved to be a serious inconvenience. For General Evans was compelled to divide his division, and, instead of moving on, to skirt the eastern part of the fire with four regiments—that is, Pennefather's brigade and the 47th—while he sent two regiments, under Adams, to the right. The rifles, seeing their supporting line coming steadily onwards, plunged readily into the stream, and engaged the Russian light troops on the other bank. Sir George Brown, with the Light Division, under Codrington and Buller, went onwards in line with the 2nd. This movement brought both divisions into the enclosures and to the river's brink. All the time they moved under a heavy fire from the Russian batteries, and the Russians were amazed that the islanders should approach their dark columns and destructive artillery in a two-deep line. The passage of the vineyards and enclosures disordered the troops, and the beautiful symmetry of the first advance was soon broken far more by these inert obstacles than by the bounding shot and bursting shells. In spite of their disorder, they reached the river, and plunging into its shot-torn waters, scrambled through and gained the shelter of the opposite bank. Here they halted and hung in clusters, no longer presenting the fine parade spectacle visible to admiring eyes a short time before. The bank was eight or nine feet high; and while it afforded shelter from the artillery, it did not prevent daring Russian skirmishers from approaching the edge, and firing down into the groups below. Here, under such fiery leaders as were with them, the British troops could not long remain.

The parts of the Russian position they fronted were these. Evans's division extended across the entrance to the ravine up which ran the great road. This road passing the river by a wooden bridge, partially destroyed by the enemy, climbed a low ridge between two higher

ridges, and on these higher ridges were two Russian batteries supported by six battalions. It was not only to their fire, but that of the left shoulder of the field work on the slope of the Kourgané Hill, to which they were exposed; for while the guns on each side of the road swept the front, the heavier metal searched the left flank. The Light Division fronted the steep sides of the Kourgané Hill itself, and had to bear the fire of the big guns and of two batteries—that is, sixteen pieces posted on either side of the entrenchment—to meet the musketry and bayonets of sixteen battalions, and to stand prepared for the dense columns of cavalry which showed themselves on their left. Before Evans was rough and broken ground; before Sir George Brown, a bare hill side.

The regiments of both divisions had got over the stream; but they had lost many officers and men in their march through the vineyards, and they had lost their order. For not only were the men of the same regiment out of their places; but the crowding caused by want of space, and the flames of Bourliouk, had even pushed one regiment from its place. When the 7th Fusiliers, the right of Codrington's brigade, reached the 2nd Division, Colonel Yea found the 95th, Pennefather's left regiment, in his front; and being a vehement man, he pushed through and took the lead. But the 95th, finding itself thrust out of the action, detached itself from Evans's brigade, and moving in rear of Codrington, crossed the river, and took post on the left of the 23rd, just before the 19th, Buller's right regiment, sent by him to strengthen Codrington, joined the brigade. Thus the regiments under the river bank, reckoning from right to left, were the 47th, 55th, 30th, and the 7th, 33rd, 23rd, 95th, and 19th. Buller's two other regiments, the 88th and 77th, crossed the stream without difficulty, formed, and lay down somewhat sheltered from fire. They were used throughout the day to protect that flank, and took no other part in the action. On the other flank Adams, with the 41st and 49th, had turned Bourliouk on the west, but does not appear at this stage to have crossed the stream. They came into play at a later period. The Brigade of Guards, under Brigadier Bentinck, with whom rode the Duke of Cambridge, commanding the whole division, had moved forward, taking ground to the left; while the Highland Brigade went so far to the left that its front projected beyond the active regiments of the Light Division, and drew up in rear of Buller's two regiments, motionless in that flank.

Such was the condition of the English line when it made its first advance. The troops were not allowed to cling long to the protection of the bank. On the right Evans's colonels got their men up to the mouths of the ravine; but there were only three battalions to contend with six; and although they were aided somewhat by the fire of the artillery massed on the east of Bourliouk, it required all the fortitude of officers and men to stand fast. For the battalions had been rent by the heavy artillery fire, and Evans himself had been wounded; yet he kept his place in the midst, and held his men together as became a veteran who had ridden in the thick of great battles thirty years before; and now his weak force was opposed to heavy odds, and had to endure, without flinching, shot, shell, and musketry.

On their left the four regiments of the Light Division, and the 95th, were about to perform a most daring exploit. Nearly at the same moment Sir George Brown, Brigadier Codrington, and Colonel Yea forced their horses up the bank, and found themselves almost in the midst of the Russian skirmishers. Their men, unformed as they were, crowded up, and presented to the view of the Russian gunners an extended line, indeed, but in so much disorder that the Russian generals, in their reports, described them as a cloud of skirmishers. Once at the foot of the slope, they were face to face, not only with the battery, but with two heavy columns, one on the right, the other on the left of the rude field work, whose weighty guns had done so much mischief. Whether Brown and Codrington could or could not have formed up their regiments under the bank, it is clear they did not; but with this far-stretching crowd of soldiery, all the fiery and forward men of the battalions (for some skulked), Sir George and his brigadier and his colonels led the way up the smooth turf. The skirmishers were soon hurled back upon their supports; and, as they cleared away, the heavy round shot and hissing grape rushed through the line. But the British, without blenching, opened a furious fire upon the Russian infantry to the right and left and upon the guns; and although their line was not perfect, yet being many of them armed with rifles, their fire told upon the dense columns opposed to them. And as they fired, so they advanced. Nearer and nearer, in spite of the deadly missiles which tore through them, nearer and nearer, the silent but impassioned and stubborn men approached the work. On their left the Rifles were pouring a searching fire into the flank of the right column of the Kazan Regiment, and on their right the 7th Fusiliers were already engaged at short range with the two battalions of the left Kazan column. Soon the 19th, 95th, and 23rd were smiting the serried ranks of the right Kazan, and even as they fired they pressed on, leaving behind a horrid track of slain and wounded. There was no manœuvring, no order, no neat soldiership. The advance of the Light Division was the steady rush of a fierce crowd into and through the jaws of death; for though hundreds strewed the hill side, the survivors were not to be dismayed, but were resolute to win. Such a sight, except at a deadly breach, in some bloody siege, had rarely been seen in war. Codrington rode on untouched, waving his cap and cheering the men. Once Sir George Brown's horse fell, but he was up again in an instant, shouting out, "I am all right—23rd, be sure I shall remember this day!" As the men neared the battery, not only the guns, but a body of infantry, coming down and kneeling behind the breastwork, poured in volleys of bullets. The line wavered and surged to and fro, but it gained ground. And now it reaped the fruits of its daring. The great battery fired one tremendous volley, and when the smoke grew thin it was seen that the enemy was carrying off the guns!

The infantry on the right flank had gradually fallen back, steadily, and with no sign of disorder; yet they showed a disposition to yield. Then our men and officers with one accord quickened their pace. Brigadier Codrington rode at the breastwork, and leaped his horse in through an embrasure. Ensign Anstruther, a gallant lad, ran to plant the colours of the 23rd on the parapet, but was smitten dead as he rammed the pole into the earth. The soldiers quickly followed their leaders, and the breastwork was won. Nay, so well won that Captain Bell, of the 23rd, by gallantry and presence of mind, captured a big gun, horses and all, and one other gun was secured, it is said, by the 33rd. The four regiments had carried the battery, and forced the enemy to hurry away his guns by sheer hardihood and will; and now came the question—could they keep their prize, or would the Guards and Highlanders come up in time to relieve or sustain them? And here we must leave them a moment, in the crisis of their fortunes, because strange incidents were happening elsewhere in this singularly fought field of battle.

When Lord Raglan had given the order to advance, he rode off with his staff along a pathway leading round the western side of Bourliouk, in the track followed by Brigadier Adams, with the 41st and 49th Regiments and Turner's battery. Probably the English commander wished to gain a nearer view of the French operations, and also to get a glimpse of the Russian line of battle unobscured by the smoke of Bourliouk. While he was cantering across the meadows the Light and 2nd Divisions were working up to the river under that heavy fire we have described. Approaching its banks, he came under a sharp fire from the Russian guns on his left front, the guns which faced Evans's troops, a fire which became heavier as the whole staff plunged into the river at the ford, and two officers were wounded. Lord Raglan had not been unobservant of the country which rose before him. He saw a hill in the heart of the Russian position, but unoccupied by the enemy, a hill whence he would see in profile the whole of our own and of the Russian line opposed to it. The use to which it could be put occurred to him immediately. Turning to one of his staff, he was heard to say, "Ah, if they can enfilade us here, we can certainly enfilade them from the rising ground beyond (pointing to the knoll). Order up Turner's battery." Without waiting a moment, he rode off a little to the right, up a lane leading from the ford into the hills. The French skirmishers, who were lying about the slope, through whom he rode, paused, as he passed, to gaze on the strange spectacle of a General cantering easily along, followed by a score of horsemen, into the enemy's lines. The lane, lying in a ravine, was partially sheltered from fire, but here and there cannon shot came leaping along its rugged surface, yet hitting no one. Moving rapidly up the acclivity, Lord Raglan came out upon a small table land, whence, looking eastward, he saw the line of guns in front of the 2nd Division, and beyond them the entrenched battery on the hill, and the Russian infantry defending the slopes; and towards the rear, and very far distant, but out of range, he saw the infantry reserves drawn up in perfect order. Already he had given the order for the battery, and had directed General Airey to bring up the 41st and 49th Regiments as speedily as possible; and now, seeing the immense advantage of the position, three officers in succession were sent down to hasten the march of the guns and the infantry. But while he waited for them, although without troops or guns, yet his presence, as he said, must have had the best effect; for the Russian officers would naturally infer that with the staff of a General there must be troops near at hand.

It was while he stood here that the Light Division stormed up the Kourgané Hill and carried the breastwork; that the 2nd Division, splendidly handled by Sir De Lacy Evans and his colonels, had got a firm grip of the left bank of the river; that the Guards and Highlanders had come up close to the vineyards, in readiness, as it was hoped, to cross and support the daring crowd then clinging to the outer edge of the Russian breastwork. At this stage of the battle the action was in suspense. Great movements were in progress, but no incident had decided the fortunes of the day. The French on the right had not yet moved forward, always excepting Bosquet, who pushed slowly along the table land, and was now sending a battery to aid Canrobert, whose own guns were still slowly ascending by a steep path. In the centre, the three battalions under Evans were gaining foot by foot on the right of the 7th Fusiliers. This regiment, led by Colonel Yea, had, on passing the Alma, been somewhat hurried up the bank by its vehement commander, and found in its front the skirmishers of a deep column, composed of two battalions of the Kazan Regiment. Forcing his men into such order as the circumstances permitted, Colonel Yea at once began to fight the Kazan battalions. At least a third of the 7th, it is said, still hung back under the river bank, but with the men who sprung forward at his call Yea held his ground, and opened such an effective fire on the grey-coated masses as completely held them in check, and inflicted serious losses. Thus the 7th protected the onset of the Light Division regiments, and was itself protected by the 55th, under Colonel Warren, and the 30th, under Colonel Hoey. Further to the left, but held back on the right bank, were the Guards, and still further to the left the Highlanders, in front of whom, and on the left of all, were the 77th and 88th, over the river, it is true, but motionless, Brigadier Buller being under the impression that it was his duty to protect the whole flank of the attack from any possible onslaught of the Russian cavalry. Out of the fight, to the far left rear, were the 4th Division and the Light Cavalry, and behind the Guards and the 2nd Division were the six battalions, commanded by Sir Richard England; but beyond affording to Sir De Lacy Evans the aid of his artillery, Sir Richard took no part in the battle.

On the Russian side, as we have seen, the fierce charge of the Light Division had compelled the Russians to withdraw the heavy guns from their entrenchment, and had forced part of their infantry to recoil in rear. But on the right of the entrenchment they still had

eight battalions massed in column, sixteen guns, and nearly the whole of their cavalry; in rear of it were four more, and on the left were the two battalions restrained and tormented by the 7th and the 55th; and beyond them, on either side of the great road, were sixteen guns in vigorous action, supported by four battalions, with eight battalions in reserve. The space between the road and the Telegraph Hill was, as we have shown, so bare of troops that Lord Raglan and his staff were there perched on a knoll as securely as if they had been in Hyde Park. Beyond them the Russian left had now concentrated twelve good battalions and twenty-eight guns around the Telegraph tower, and had besides the remains of the troops which had yielded to the shock of the French skirmishers, and the fire of their guns. Up to this time there had been no infantry attack, except the charge of the Light Division, and of those regiments of the 2nd Division so firmly held together by Sir De Lacy Evans in the mouth of the ravine. General Bosquet had turned the Russian left; Canrobert and Prince Napoleon were threatening to fall upon the front of that wing; but pending the completion of the French array, the action on that side had been almost limited to a cannonade.

Now the scene was about to change. The force possessed by the allies was about to be applied with irresistible vigour in all parts of the field. But before this force fell with all its weight upon the enemy, he was destined to snatch a momentary success. For the four regiments of the Light Division which had so hardily stormed the breastwork had remained unsupported! Lord Raglan, from his hillock, had seen and had admired the advance, so solid and majestic, of the Guards and Highlanders up to the enclosures on the right bank of the Alma. But he saw also, with what feelings is not recorded, that when they almost reached the river they did not cross. Then, whatever may have been the effect which the apparition of a "plumed staff" in their midst may have produced upon the Russians, the English army felt the need of a directing mind. Either because he was too diffident of his own ability, or because he did not really see that it was time to strike, and strike hard, the Duke of Cambridge hesitated. General Evans, seeing that the Light Division was outstripping the supports, sent Colonel Steele to urge an immediate advance. General Airey himself rode up and explained how needful it was that the 1st should be within striking distance of the Light Division. At one moment some officer, whose name is not mentioned, said, "The brigade of Guards will be destroyed; ought it not to fall back?" When Sir Colin Campbell, says Mr. Kinglake, "heard this saying, his blood rose so high that the answer he gave—impassioned and far-resounding—was of a quality to govern events! 'It is better, sir, that every man of Her Majesty's Guards should be dead upon the field, than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy!'" Doubts and questionings ceased. The division went forward, but not soon enough to prevent a disaster. The four regiments holding the Russian breastwork were now in the presence of a powerful force of infantry. For the four battalions of the Vladimir Regiment, marshalled by Prince Gortschakoff, were descending upon the work, and had already begun to open fire. The British soldiers lying under the parapet, and looking over, were able to throw a storm of shot into the mighty mass, which, solid and close, came down the hill. Soon its front ranks began to fire, and officers and men began to fall. Closer and closer it drew, yet the English held fast to the earthwork. The Guards were now over the river, and yet not above the bank, and it is said that when General Codrington looked for his supports he could only see the colours of the regiments above the level of the bank. This was a most trying moment for General Evans, waging an unequal fight, and for Colonel Yea, with his shattered battalion waging a more unequal fight. General Codrington sent down an aide-de-camp to urge the advance of the Scots Fusiliers, the central battalion; and soon the whole brigade rushed up on to the slope. The Grenadiers on the right, under Colonel Hood, formed up in regular order before they moved. The Coldstreams did the same. But, urged by Codrington's message, the Scots Fusiliers sprang forward and began to ascend the hill with eager steps. It was too late. The Vladimirs had persisted in moving on, regardless of the fire from our straggling line; and suddenly, none knows exactly why, the English soldiers rose, and quitting the shelter of the entrenchment, began to descend the hill. The fire of the Russians redoubled; the disordered masses of red-coated men, who hate retreating, halted in clusters, more or less dense, and flung back a dropping shower of bullets. This could not go on long. Presently the pace became brisker, and the men getting massed in heavier groups, and hurrying down the hill, came full upon the Scots Fusiliers, broke the order of the regiment, and compelled what should have been a support to withdraw with them. But the Grenadiers and Coldstreams, separated for a time by a wide interval, went on; and further on their left came the Highlanders, with what fortune we shall presently see. For now of the battery ordered up to the knoll by Lord Raglan, two guns had arrived. The men had not reached the spot, and Colonel Dickson and other officers loaded, laid, and fired the guns. The effect, it is said, was instantaneous. The guns were trained to bear upon the batteries which checked the advance of Evans's men; and it so happened that at the same time the British artillery of the 2nd, Light, and 3rd Divisions came powerfully into action against the batteries on the road; so that assailed at once in front and flank, and uncertain what new strength the flank fire might gain, the Russian commander limbered up all his guns, and withdrew them to a higher and distant ridge. Then Sir De Lacy Evans pushed forward his three battalions, and these, bringing up their right shoulders, came up to the relief of the 7th just as the Grenadier Guards were approaching on the other flank. The 7th, which had so nobly stood its ground, and suffered very great loss, now, by order of Sir George Brown, allowed the Grenadiers to pass them. The spectacle along the whole line was at this moment magnificent. For the masses of the French on the

Telegraph Hill were now rapidly coming into action. Bosquet's artillery had shaken the huge column with which Kiriakoff had threatened the troops of Canrobert. Bouat and Lourmel showed themselves on the hills towards the sea, ever gaining on the Russian left rear. Canrobert had got his guns up, and his lines and columns were moving on to assault the Russians gathered round the Telegraph. Lord Raglan's presence and Turner's artillery must have deeply alarmed Prince Gortschakoff and General Kvetzinski for the safety of their line of retreat. Evans's forward movement, the fire of thirty guns, many of them over the river, combined with the proud march of the Grenadiers and Coldstreams and the Highland Brigade—all these co-operating causes contributed to the catastrophe. It was the crisis of the battle.

On emerging from the river and breasting the bank, and getting well up the slope, the regiments of Guards met with different fortune. The too eager Fusiliers were overborne by the Light Division regiments. But the other two did not suffer their formation to be broken. Yet as they went up the hill, there was a dangerous interval between them. Colonel Hood, with the Grenadiers, attracted special admiration. He was opposed to a huge Russian column, the whole or part of the Vladimir's regiment; but with his thin red line, rigorously two deep, having its left flank somewhat bent back, he kept up a vigorous and effective fire upon the Russian masses, "tormenting" them, to use their own term, and showing no fear of their great weight, and ever coming closer and closer. The Russians showed themselves behind the parapet of the breastwork, as well as on its flank; but at this period nearly all their batteries were in full retreat. In fact, it appears to this writer that the columns opposed to the Guards and Highlanders were fighting to cover a retreat, and not with any hope of winning. For not only were the French now closing with the defenders of the Telegraph Hill, in overwhelming numbers; but Sir Colin Campbell was swiftly leading his three Highland regiments obliquely on the flank of the defenders of the breastwork. In vain the battalions of Susdal endeavoured to succour their comrades of Kazan and Vladimir, standing stiffly behind and about the breastwork. The Highlanders, coming up in succession from the right, smote each column in flank as it passed its front, while every moment the rigid line of red coats and black bearskins, and busy rifles, crept closer and closer, and fired with deadlier effect. The discomfited Light Division also partially reformed, and the Scots Fusiliers were rapidly filling up the interval between the Grenadiers and Coldstreams. Active artillery officers had brought their guns into action nearly on the site occupied by the Russian batteries which so long vexed the 2nd Division. At length the Russian battalions, unable to bear any longer the pressure brought upon them, yielded, when, with a loud shout, the Guards brought down their bayonets, and came steadily on. In a brief space the breastwork was again carried; the Highlanders, most skilfully led, disposed of the Russian reserves; and as Lord Raglan, who had quitted his knoll, came riding up, he found the field his own and the enemy in retreat.

By this time, also, the Russian left was getting away from the French. When the Guards were half way up the hill, and the 2nd Division was crowning the ridges in its front, Canrobert advanced, and bringing his guns into play, swept up the bare hill; and after some severe fighting with the Russian troops, disposed so as to cover the retreat, captured the Telegraph Station. Prince Napoleon and Marshal St. Arnaud now appeared on the plateau, and the horse-artillery, hurrying to the front, cannonaded the retreating enemy. The 41st and 49th British Regiments had also moved up into that part of the field which lies between the great road and the Telegraph Hill, and thus formed the extreme right of the English line. So that the whole allied front, from the peak of the Telegraph Station to the eastern slopes of the Kourgané Hill, crowned the Russian position. The Russians fell back in pretty good order, although they were pounded in retreat by the artillery of the allies, which had hurried up to the front. Lord Cardigan brought his cavalry over the Alma, and rode in upon the stragglers who formed the rear, but could effect little, as the Russians halted on the next ridge, and for a short time showed a bold front. Then they went about, and, unpursued, disappeared from view.

The British troops had now all ranged up on the hills which they had so bravely won; and as Lord Raglan rode along the line he was greeted with cheers, which, beginning on the right, sprang from regiment to regiment, and resounded far over the field—a rough, hearty outburst of exultation, such as a British army, when it loves its chief, delights to pour forth from free throats and manly breasts. Lord Raglan did not then hear this heart-stirring sound for the first time; and to his mind, it must have brought back memories of the hardly contested fields of the Peninsula and the crowning victory of Waterloo, when those now our allies were our enemies. But in the whole French army there were few, if any, who had ever heard the cheers of a charging or triumphant British army. There were near Lord Raglan many who never heard it; but to Colin Campbell, and De Lacy Evans, and George Brown, and Burgoyne, it was a familiar shout, and seemed to come to them across the gulf of a peace of nearly forty years. The sound was so potent and so grand that it awoke the wounded from their dream of agony, and far down the hill side rose feeble but responsive cheers.

Lord Raglan had desired an immediate pursuit, such a pursuit as would have brought the French upon the flank of the yielding columns, while the English, with horse, foot, and artillery, burst in upon their rear. He had two divisions which had not fired a shot; he had more than a thousand lances and sabres; he was ready to go on. But although the French had suffered comparatively little loss, whether it were that his illness clouded his mind, or that he feared to compromise his army, or that he did not relish a request to pursue coming from the English commander, Marshal St. Arnaud declined to move any men from the field. So the victorious soldiers

took up their quarters on the line of hills, and began to gather up the wounded. And the loss had been heavy. No fewer than 25 officers, 19 sergeants, and 318 rank and file had been killed; while 81 officers and 102 sergeants, and 1,438 rank and file had been wounded. There were 19 missing; but as the Russians took no prisoners, these are supposed to have been buried under the walls of some of the village houses. The total was 2,002. The regiments which suffered most heavily were the 55th, 95th, 7th, 33rd, 23rd, and 19th, in the 2nd and Light Divisions, and the Grenadiers and Scots Fusiliers in the Brigade of Guards. They had borne the brunt of the fire, and had done the largest share of actual fighting. The French loss, according to their official statements, was three officers and 253 men killed, and 54 officers and 1,033 men wounded, giving a total of 1,343. It is said that the loss was much less, but it is impossible to prove or disprove statements of this kind. The Russians admitted a loss of 5,709. Among these were one general killed and four wounded. The killed were not less than 2,000. The Russians also lost two guns, a vast quantity of small arms, and some baggage. The action lasted about three hours from the opening to the close, but the bulk of the carnage occurred during the last hour. Marshal St. Arnaud wrote, "I have lost fewer than the English, because I have been quicker. My soldiers run, theirs march." But running or marching, he should have added, that not one of his divisions encountered, during the day, either the fire of such numbers of guns or a musketry so fierce; or overcame, in the teeth of this storm, such a position as that carried by the three divisions of the English army. He lost fewer men, because his troops met with a less obstinate resistance, and were less exposed to grape and musketry and 32-pounder guns.

GENERAL CANROBERT.

The battle of the Alma ended in a victory which should have been decisive of the campaign. The action was well-planned. It was wise to turn the Russian left, especially as Prince Menschikoff had not only neglected the most common precautions to make it impregnable, but had posted the bulk of his army on the right and centre. As the Russian army was placed, it would have been madness to attempt to turn both flanks; for the two armies would have been separated, and might perhaps have been beaten one after the other. But either the French did not press their flank attack with sufficient vigour, or the English assailed the front too soon; for the very nature of the movement undertaken by the

French and Turks, themselves nearly equal in numbers to the whole Russian army, ought to have compelled the Russians to abandon the strong ground on their right and centre, and have placed them at the mercy of the combined onset of the two armies. But the repeated appeals for aid seem to have induced Lord Raglan to think that the French attack had partially failed; and for this, among other reasons, he ordered our troops to march. The French, considering the difficulties of the ground, and the want of concert and decision, did their part well; but when we divide the honours of the day impartially, the bulkier share must go to those troops who, in the face of such a deadly fire, and in the teeth of such heavy masses of infantry and cavalry, won the heights by a ready sacrifice of their lives and their blood. Yet are we constrained to admit that the victors did not reap the fruits of victory, because they did not pursue at once. Here, again, the cause did not spring from the unwillingness of the English, but the unwillingness of the French commander. To have followed hard on the heels of victory, as the former proposed, would have been wise. For it is by striking at a flying foe as he flies that generals produce great results. When that chance was missed, mere pursuit became of less importance; and when the French deferred advance the whole of another day, they, having fewer wounded and being nearer the sea, were scarcely justified when, having completed their own preparations, they wished to move on the 22nd, and breathed forth querulous complaints of the English for not being ready until the 23rd. The moment to move was at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th; Marshal St. Arnaud declined to move, and the golden chance did not recur. But these incidents will happen in every campaign conducted by two armies under independent commanders. It may be sometimes a necessary, but it is always a costly and unsatisfactory mode of making war. Had the allied army at the Alma been under one able chief, there can be no doubt Prince Menschikoff's troops would have been captured or destroyed; for then the movements would have been well connected and well timed, and the most would have been made of the great faults of the Russian general, and the great superiority in numbers on the side of the allies. As it was, the victory was glorious for both the victors; but it was not decisive, and it did not bring about the attainment of the great end of the invasion, the immediate capture of Sebastopol.

Lord Raglan's conduct during the action has been severely censured. It has been said that he rode jauntily away into the heart of the enemy's position, and rode down again to find the battle won. Some writers have even sneered at the statement that the appearance of the staff on the hill, and the fire of the guns, produced serious alarm in the Russian centre, and helped so powerfully to drive away the Russian batteries from the great road. This is unjust. Lord Raglan would not have ascended the hills had he not foreseen the use he could make of them if he could get guns there. He did not ride up without a purpose. He was not borne away by his horse, whose bounding spirit he is said to have shared. He went up to exert an unexpected pressure on the enemy, and he did exert that pressure. And when he quitted his divisions, after giving the signal to fall on, might he not have fairly presumed that his divisional generals were equal to the task assigned to them? Surely an officer is not entrusted with a division in order that the Commander-in-Chief may work it for him. The duty of the Duke of Cambridge was so plain, and the duty of Sir George Brown was so plain, that it did not require the aid of Lord Raglan to execute it for each of them. Sir George should have formed his men for the attack in some order, and the Duke should have kept his division so ready for the fight that when it was needed at the breastwork, it might be there. Lord Raglan may be blamed for putting trust in the Duke, but it is not the business of the commander of an army to command divisions and brigades. As it was, Lord Raglan's messenger from the knoll did reach the Duke, and Evans's messenger reached him also, and Colin Campbell's fiery words proved decisive. So that, after all, Lord Raglan, even on the Russian knoll, did remedy, so far as he could remedy, a failure of insight and decision. The Duke of Cambridge is as brave as any man in facing physical danger; but he does not seem to have been then so tempered as to be equal to the moral exigencies of a great command. Lord Raglan, on this occasion, did his work well, and does not deserve the censure heaped upon him by his detractors.

CHAPTER XVIII.

After the Battle—Two Days on the Alma—Views of Lord Raglan—The Russians sink their Ships—March of the Allies to the Katcha—To the Belbek—Russian Plans—Allied Councils of War—Change of their Plans—The Flank March—Reasons for it—Its Character—"This is Strategy"—The Country round Sebastopol—The March—Surprise of the Russian Rear-Guard—Bivouac on the Tchernaya—Capture of Balaclava—Illness and Death of St. Arnaud—Canrobert succeeds to the Command—March of the French—The Field of Operations—Occupation of the Plateau—Its Character—Energy of the Enemy—Proper Point of Attack Neglected—Why—Russian Forwardness—Assault Impossible—Landing of the Siege Train—The Allies entrench their Rear—Ground broken before the Place—Sortie—English Batteries—French Batteries—Russian Counter Preparations—Todleben—Kornilloff—The Enemy Reinforced—His Boldness—The Sea Defences of Sebastopol—Preparations for the Bombardment completed on the 16th.

THE allied armies spent two days on the battle-field of the Alma. On the evening of the 20th Brigadier Torrens reached the field from Eupatoria, with the 21st and 46th and 4th Light Dragoons. He had marched all day in the hope of arriving in time to share in the battle. But his progress was slow, for he had to bring along the stragglers found on the way, and he marched on to the field three hours after the retreat of the enemy, without having heard the sound of a single gun. The whole army, save the 57th, and the heavy cavalry were now together, and bivouacked on the hills above the stream.

The two days' sojourn on those hills was spent painfully. There were the wounded to tend and carry on board ship—the wounded of each army, for the Russians left hundreds on the ground—and the dead to bury. All through the evening, nay, throughout the night, our soldiers were

groping about in search of comrades, and carrying water to assuage their thirst, and at dawn officers and men streamed over the hills and into the ravines on this errand of mercy. Surgeons were landed from the fleet to aid the scanty medical staff, and sailors to bear away those whose wounds had been dressed. But, looking to the resources of the fleet, one is surprised that these labours should have occupied eight-and-forty hours. The meagre equipment of the British army, the want of an ambulance corps and land transport train, could not be compensated by the rude makeshifts invented by our sailors on the spur of the moment. Time was precious; it was always believed that the allies must fight at least one battle before they reached Sebastopol, yet the means of moving swiftly, after it had been won, had not been prepared. It should have been foreseen that the army was performing an irregular operation, that it had a movable base—the fleet—and that it could not act like an army in a regular campaign, advancing from a secure and fixed base upon a well-protected line of operations. Every means practicable should have been prepared beforehand to facilitate rapidity of movement, so that on the 21st, at sunrise, the armies might have marched. But the descent was made without adequate preparation, and the delays and changes of plan which ensued were the inevitable consequence. So while the allies were engaged in tending their wounded, burying their dead, replenishing their ammunition stores, re-organising the regiments which had suffered the most, and even taking care of the Russian wounded, the Russian army, retiring hurriedly and in alarm, had relinquished successively the strong positions on the Katcha and the Belbek, had abandoned all the open country north of Sebastopol, and, passing the bridge of Inkermann, had entered the place itself.

During the halt of the armies, there had arisen a grave doubt in the mind of Lord Raglan. Even on the beach of Kamishli, pondering on the task before him, and the means at his disposal, he had come to doubt the practicability of assailing Sebastopol from the north, and feared that "a flank movement to the south side would be necessary." Here, on the heights of the Alma, he seems to have felt the pressure of doubt more strongly; for on the 21st, probably at his suggestion, Sir John Burgoyne—who shared, if he did not originate his doubts—drew up a formal memorandum, setting forth all the advantages of a march round the head of the harbour to Balaclava on the south coast. But it does not appear that the French marshal was made acquainted with these cogitations; at least, there is no trace of it in his letters.

So that when the allied armies, leaving one surgeon, Dr. Thompson, a volunteer, to minister to the wants of 750 Russian wounded, lying on the open hill side, advanced to the Katcha, a short movement of six miles, the French marshal thought he was hastening on to storm the north forts; but the English general was, even then, intent on plans to evade them and try his fortune on the south side. And when the short march ended, a singular incident, reported at head-quarters, gave the British officers fresh arguments. On the 22nd, steamers of both fleets had looked into Sebastopol harbour, and had reported that all the vessels of war were still there. They were, however, so posted as to attract the attention of naval men, who took particular note of a line of ships moored across the entrance to the harbour, from north to south. The next day, when the fleet came up from Cape Loukoul to the Katcha, the whole line of Russian ships was observed to settle down in the water until only their tops were visible. The enemy, at the suggestion of Admiral Korniloff, had thus disposed of part of a fleet with which he could not keep the sea, and a wise measure it proved to be. The news was sent at once to the head-quarter camps on the Katcha, and it probably gave Lord Raglan an additional argument in favour of a march to the south side. At all events, Marshal St. Arnaud had no sooner heard of the sinking of the ships than he wrote, in his high-flying style, "This is a commencement of Moscow. It troubles me much, because it will force me, perhaps, to change my plans of attack, and carry me to the south on the side of Balaclava." It was a "new incident," and raised the question of the flank march in a direct shape; but that question was not decided until two days afterwards.

The armies had traversed the space between the Alma and Katcha without even catching a glimpse of a single Russian soldier. The trail of their hasty retreat lay broadly over the arid plains, but not even a Cossack appeared in front or on the exposed flank. The march was in the same order as before; the English still kept the outward flank, the French marched next to the sea-shore, and the fleet slowly coasted along in line with the armies. So certain was it that no enemy was in front, that Lord Raglan and his staff, without an escort of any kind, rode a mile in advance of the vanguard. He did not do so from mere carelessness or foolhardiness. His patrols and those of the French had already felt the way. On reaching the lovely valley of the Katcha, there were no lines of infantry and guns on its steep banks; and the troops filed in security across the unbroken bridge, and by the fords, and climbed the steep banks, and found delightful sites for the bivouac among the gardens and orchards, glowing with ripe fruits, and rich with the fresh verdure of clustering vines. But the villagers had fled in haste, leaving their trim white villas and choice fruits to the invaders. The Russians, in their passage, had begun the work of destruction, which, in mere recklessness, Briton and Gaul, Zouave and Guardsman, completed; not always without an example set by those who should have known better. A habit of plunder soon demoralises the best troops, and the last persons to begin or to countenance it should be those who are appointed to restrain and command as well as to lead them. At the Katcha the men revelled in pears and peaches, melons and grapes; and the dread scourge of indiscretion, cholera, carried off many victims.

The allies halted on the Katcha until late on the 24th. The French landed 6,000 or 7,000 men from their ships,

and the English received a welcome reinforcement in the shape of the 57th Regiment, belonging to the 4th Division, and the 2nd Dragoons, better known as the Scots Greys. A short march, on the 24th, brought the armies to the Belbek. Here again a deep river traversed a narrow valley, and formed the front of one of the strongest positions in the Crimea. There was no one to defend it. The two armies were here close together, their artillery was drawn along the same road, and the officers rode side by side. After crossing the stream, the troops reached a high plateau, broken by ravines and clothed with stunted oaks. But they were charmed with the scenery, and the shade, and the fruits. Twice Marshal St. Arnaud, in his letters, reports the welcome fact, that one found cabbages in this paradise of a valley —"cabbages and fruits for an army." Colonel Hamley, in his book on the campaign, based on letters written at the time, is equally enthusiastic in praise of the valley, its delicious fruits and "fine cabbages." And let not the unreflecting reader smile. To these soldiers, who for days had been living on ration pork and ration biscuit, and drinking indifferent water, these fruits and cabbages were matters of very great moment—more welcome than gold.

Leaving the troops, for a moment, reposing among the oaks and fruit-trees of this Tartar elysium, let us see what the Russians had done since they vanished over the hill side as the sun was gliding downwards over the western waters on the evening of the 20th of September.

The Russian army had quitted its position, as we have seen, at an early hour. There was considerable disorder in some parts of the field, where battalions falling back came under the fire of the allied guns; but there were others untouched and unsubdued, and these with the Hussars and artillery had made that show of covering the retreat which we noticed at the close of the narrative of the action. As part of the Taroutino regiment was making off, under fire, Prince Menschikoff rode by, and, speaking as if to himself, said, "It's a disgrace for a Russian soldier to retreat." It chanced that a half-drunken captain overheard this ejaculation, and, encouraged by vodka, had the courage to rejoin, "If you had ordered us to stand, we should have stood our ground." Prince Menschikoff, who was communing with himself, and musing over his misfortunes, rode off without noticing the daring speech of the officer. Then came General Kiriakoff, and next Prince Gortschakoff, showing that these were not the first to ride out of the fire. But the generals and the troops were cast down in spirit. They were few, and the fiery strangers were many, and aid was far away on the other side of the Isthmus of Perekop. So the whole army straggled away in gloom towards the Katcha. Arrived at this river, the point of passage at Aranchi, high up the stream, became a scene of disorder. "All were crowding together over a ford at the river," writes an eye-witness. "There were commissariat wagons, artillery wagons, with artillery wounded, infantry, &c., in one mass of confusion. All these had to retire through a narrow pass surrounded on all sides by high mountains;" and the writer stops to reflect on the consequences had the allies pursued. At that moment it was not dark, the allies were quiet on the field of battle, and within six miles from their outposts the beaten army were struggling over Katcha. A pursuit would have been hazardous; but the Russian army and Prince Menschikoff both expected a sharp pursuit, and were too happy to retire unmolested.

The Russians did not halt. Night overtook them among the hills; still they plodded along. They left behind them the steep banks of the Katcha, the steeper banks and rougher ridges of the Belbek, and moving to the head of the harbour of Sebastopol, crossed the bridge of Inkermann in the morning of the 21st, and encamped to the south-west of the town. Some battalions were left on the north side, destined to be the garrison of the largest work on the plateau, called the Star Fort. There, we are told, all was confusion and dismay; but this may be doubted. Two or three very firm men were at that time in Sebastopol—the Admirals Korniloff and Nachimoff, and the German engineer Todleben. This remarkable soldier had been sent to the Crimea in the month of August, at a time when the Czar was just beginning to believe in the probability of a descent. He arrived there at the end of the month, a few days after the Malakoff, or White Tower, on the south side had been completed. Prince Menschikoff requested the engineer to report upon the defences, and it is recorded that the substance of his report was that with two divisions of infantry, say 24,000 men, and field artillery, he would undertake to be master of the town in three hours. This was not a pleasant report, nor does it appear that much was done to supply the deficiency of defence until the allies were almost before the place. On the 21st Prince Menschikoff held a council. It was then that the sturdy admirals and the great engineer showed their metal. They resolved to extemporise earthen defences on the south side, and sink a part of the fleet across the mouth of the harbour—a task which they executed with promptitude and skill. But Prince Menschikoff seems to have been uncertain what part his army should play; and had the allies appeared on the Belbek on the evening of the 21st, they would have found the extra defences not begun, the army still under the influence of the staggering blow delivered at the Alma, and its chief perplexed and vacillating. Even at the moment when they crowned the heights of the Belbek, and could see from the loftier elevations the white forts on the margin of the water, the works on the northern side had only just received their garisons, and were in a most weak condition. This the allies know not, nor did they know that when they were discussing the propriety of the flank march to the south, Prince Menschikoff had just begun a flank march from the south to the inland town of Batchiserai. Had the allies been quicker, they would have caught the Russians in their moment of weakness and doubt, and Sebastopol would have been theirs.

We left the allies in their pleasant quarters on the Belbek, and thither our narrative must now return.

Our task is a painful one; for we have to consider how the two generals came to miss a great prize.

It was the morning of the 25th. The allied camp spread out over the plateau, within three miles and a half of the nearest defences of Sebastopol. The question to be resolved was—should they at once attack the northern works, or should they file through the rough woods and appear suddenly on the southern plateau? We have seen that Lord Raglan, as early as the 15th or 16th, doubted the ability of the allies to carry the northern forts by a *coup de main*, and contemplated the other alternative; and that, the day after the battle of the Alma, he had set Sir John Burgoyne to draw up a memorandum, showing the advantages of the latter course. Sir John pointed out that, if the allies attacked the north side, they would give the enemy the advantage of a position naturally strong and of limited extent, and supported by Fort Constantine; and that, if they carried this position, another operation would be necessary to reduce the south; whereas, by marching round the head of the harbour, they would unexpectedly come upon the weaker side of the place, and compel the enemy to defend "a very extensive line, divided by valleys, very imperfectly, if at all, entrenched, and which would probably be rapidly forced." Moreover, on the south side the allies would find in the bays of Balaclava and Kamiesch secure communication with the fleet, and a strong position "between the sea at Balaclava and along the valley of the Tchernaya that would most effectually cover the allied armies" during the siege. It is probable that these arguments were first placed before Marshal St. Arnaud at the bivouac on the Katcha; but the ultimate decision was not taken until the morning of the 25th, at the bivouac of the Belbek. Arrived at this point, and looking on the actual position which the allies would have to occupy in order to attack the works on the north, the arguments of Sir John seemed to acquire new force. For it was found that a sturdy little fort on the cliff, which came to be known as the "Wasp" battery, commanded the mouth of the Belbek, and it was at the mouth of this stream that the allies would have to land their siege guns and stores. Moreover, had the Belbek been open, the generals seemed to think that the heights of the Belbek did not offer a position secure from harassing attacks. Early on the 25th, Lord Raglan went to the quarters of Marshal St. Arnaud, now attacked by cholera, and too much broken to be able to take an active part; and in his presence, and that of General Canrobert, and others, debated the project of Sir John Burgoyne. Certainly, all were not agreed. But Canrobert was not made of that stuff which leads a general to take upon himself the burden of a heavy responsibility, and he yielded to the arguments of the English. It was therefore ordered that the flank march should be undertaken forthwith.

It appears from the letters of St. Arnaud and the French official accounts that, in their camp, it was understood that the decision had been come to on the evening of the 24th. In one of his last letters, St. Arnaud, writing at six in the evening of the 24th, says —"To-morrow morning, early, I start and march upon Balaclava. I shall sleep on the Tchernaya;" and in another letter of the same date, he calls it a "fine manœuvre." From this it might be inferred that the decision had been come to finally at that time. But before the morning an incident had occurred which may have rendered another council necessary. St. Arnaud's illness had taken a fatal turn. The attack of cholera made Canrobert the real chief of the army. Besides, although in general terms the flank march may have been resolved on, yet the mode of effecting it had not for one project was to cross the Inkermann bridge, the other was to strike the Tchernaya higher up; and when the French reproach the British with their sluggishness, which they never fail to do, they forget the fact, that until late on the morning of the 25th the route to Balaclava had not been chosen. It was chosen between seven and nine; and before noon the whole army, in one long column, was in motion.

Was this a wise decision? This is a question not easily answered. We have seen what reasons for adopting it prevailed with the allied generals. On the other hand, it is most confidently alleged by the Russians themselves, that the works on the north side were, on the 25th, not only imperfect, but imperfectly garrisoned; that the allied fleet could have silenced the forts on the cliff, and that the troops could have stormed the Star Fort and its flanking entrenchments. At this very time the Russians had only just begun to ply the pick and spade. There were, exclusive of the equipages of the fleet, only nine weak battalions in Sebastopol. These were under the influence of the Alma, and it is said, that had the place been briskly attacked, it would have been surrendered after a few shots had been fired, to save the honour of the commandant. Statements of this kind must, it is true, be weighed with caution. The Russians, by making them raise their own reputation as the subsequent defence of Sebastopol becomes more admirable when we consider on how slight a base it rested. But the strongest testimony against the flank march is, that it was distinctly condemned by Sir Edmund Lyons, who, when he met Lord Raglan, told him that the flank march was a departure from the spirit in which the expedition was undertaken, and said, "This is strategy, but we are in no condition for strategical operations. We came here for a *coup de main*, but this is strategy." Dr. Russell tells us that he had this from Sir Edmund himself. It certainly embodies the whole pith of the objections to the flank march; and it was sound—the allies *were* not in a condition to undertake strategical operations. But although Sir John Burgoyne's anticipations were all upset except two—the acquisition of the bays and the strong ground to cover a siege—the remark of Sir Edmund does not prove that the north side could have been carried by a *coup de main*. If it could not, then the expedition had totally failed; and from the moment when they quitted their bivouac on the Belbek to seek a new base at Balaclava, the allies terminated the original expedition and began a new one. They began a strategical attack on Sebastopol without

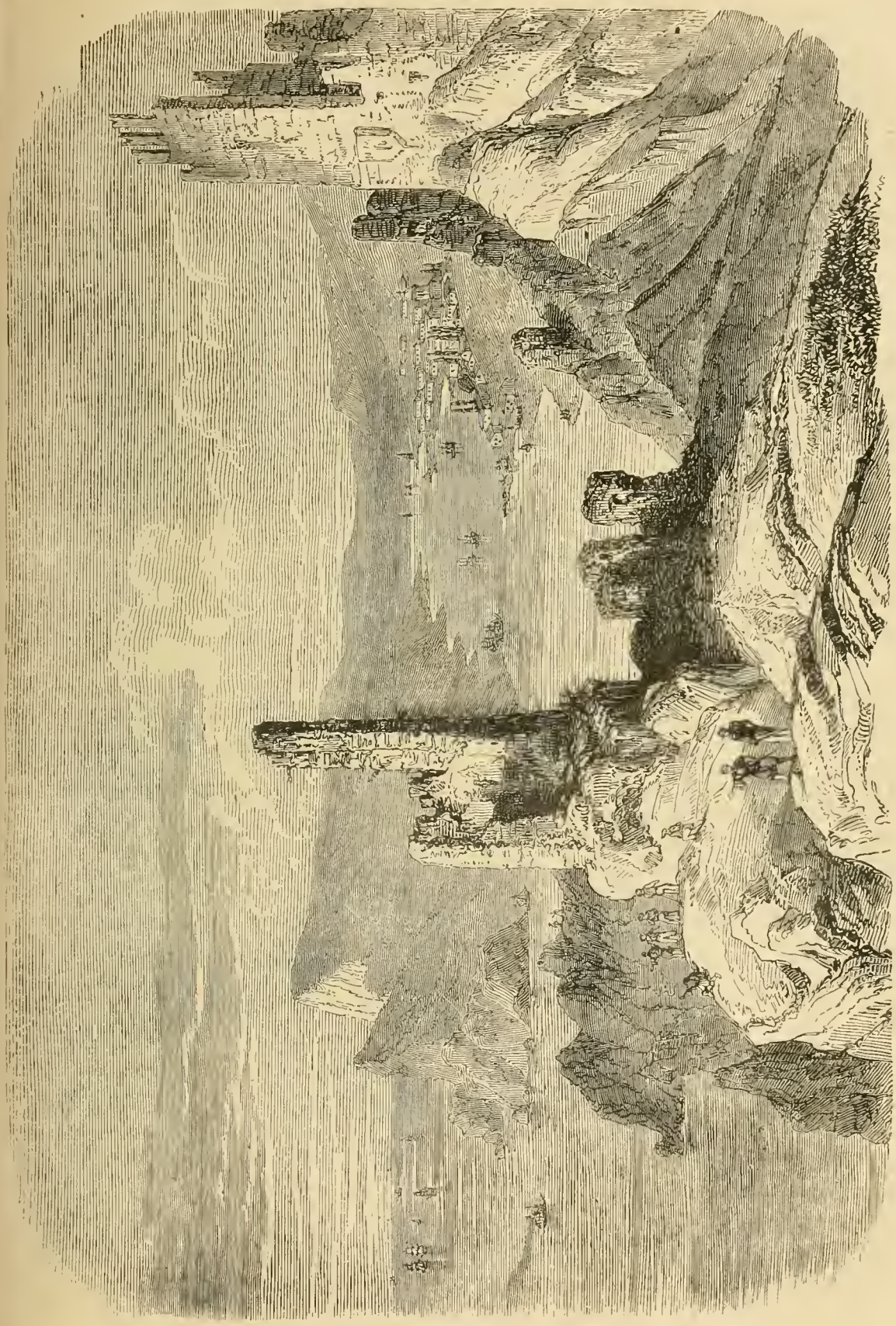
fulfilling the conditions of strategy. They entered upon a regular siege without investing the place or effectually defeating the covering army. The disadvantages were vast. Not only those we have mentioned interfered with the development of the original plan, but there were the sunken ships, which hindering, as they did, the forcing of the harbour by the fleet, enabled the Russians to use the ships still afloat as batteries, to cover the land defences on the south side. We fear the balance of argument is against the flank march, except as a means of extricating the armies from a position in which, as their generals conceived, it would be fatal to advance, and impossible to retreat. Viewed in that light, regarding the original expedition as at an end, the moment the impropriety of trying a *coup de main* is acknowledged, the flank march becomes a "fine manœuvre;" and, in fact, the only manœuvre by which the armies could be placed in comparative safety, and the further prosecution of the design attempted.

Sebastopol stands upon the southern shores of a deep inlet, which receives the waters of the Tchernaya—a stream rising to the eastward in the mass of mountains, which runs along the whole of the southern coast of the Crimea. The shores of this inlet are loftier on the northern than on the southern side, and on these heights the Russians had constructed the Star Fort and the "Wasp," as a protection for the rear of Fort Constantine, which stood low down on the coast overlooking the sea, and crossed its fires with that of other forts opposite. The northern plateau, extending to the eastward, was broken by ravines leading to the head of the inlet where the sluggish stream of the Tchernaya flowed into it under the rocky heights of Inkermann. At this point a long bridge spanned the river and its marshes, and over it ran the road to Sebastopol along the southern shore of the bay. The course of the Tchernaya lay through a deep valley, and here again the northern hills were the higher elevations, and were marked in maps as the Mackenzie Heights, taking their name from a farm standing at the head of the road, leading over their summit from Batchiserai to Sebastopol. This road went down the slopes and over the river to Balaclava; but midway between the river and this little port it struck a fine military road, which emerged from the Crimean undercliff, and, climbing up a ridge running north and south from Inkermann to the sea, went thence down to Sebastopol. It was to turn the head of the harbour, to seize Balaclava, and then obtain military possession of the high lands overlooking the southern and eastern faces of Sebastopol, and of the bays to the westward of the great harbour, which were beyond the range of the guns in its forts, that the allies undertook this flank march.

But between them and the regular roads lay the ridge of rugged highland which we have described. There was only one narrow country road practicable for guns and horses. All the hill tops were covered with thick, tangled copses, through which, by main force, a body of infantry would have to thrust its way. In order to strike the road at Mackenzie's Farm the allies had to move across this wooded space, and to move in a single column in such fashion as they could. In fact, they had, and were ordered, to "steer by compass," taking a south-easterly direction. It was at first proposed that they should force a passage at the Inkermann bridge; but although the defences here were weak, yet it was shown that the whole column would be under a flank fire from the Russian shipping. Steamers could have lain almost within musket shot, and have pounded the troops with all kinds of missiles. Hence there was no choice but to take the longer route and struggle through the underwood.

About noon the march began. The artillery, so little was apprehended from the enemy, took the lead; then the English cavalry and infantry, then the baggage, and, next, the French. The 4th British Division was left on the heights "to maintain the communication with the Katcha," until the new base had been secured. The march was most painful and harassing. But leaving the infantry to tear their way through the low forest by compass, let us follow Lord Raglan. According to his wont, he rode on towards the front, taking the narrow bridle-path. The guns had halted when he came up, because they were entirely without support. Half a battalion of skirmishers might have destroyed all the horses, and killed the gunners. When Lord Raglan rode up, he sharply ordered them to resume their march, and passed on to the front. Suddenly he came softly back. As he emerged from the trees he saw a strange sight—a body of Russians with a baggage-train were moving northward along the road. It was the rear-guard of Prince Menschikoff, on its way to join the army at Batchiserai. Lord Raglan eagerly inquired for the cavalry, and the cavalry were not to be found. Some time elapsed; the Russians, ignorant of the near neighbourhood of their foes, continued to march quietly along. Lord Raglan grew impatient, and sent officers in search of his light horse, while he placed his own escort and a troop of horse artillery in readiness to act. After some time, parts of two Hussar regiments were brought up, and the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade. But the Russians had now detected the presence of an enemy on their left flank, and had begun to run. Then the guns opened, and the horsemen and light infantry went at the enemy, who, abandoning his wagons, fled hastily away. The troops were allowed to plunder the carts, and they got garments, and jewels, and gold, and, it is said, plenty of champagne—the last being most welcome in that unwatered tract. Had the cavalry been in their places, the whole convoy might have been captured; but what could be expected from my Lords Lucan and Cardigan, whose whole career in the Crimea was a prolonged squabble with each other and with the head-quarters?

After this episode the march was resumed. The horsemen returned from their short chase; the infantry debouched from the wood; the guns got clear of the bridle path, and the whole sweeping round to their right, went over the ridge, down the steep sides of the Mac-



BALACLAVA.

kenzie Heights into the valley of the Tchernaya. The divisions crossed the stream and the aqueduct—which, running parallel to it, supplied Sebastopol with water—and bivouacked in the open air. No baggage of any sort had come up. There was little food to be had except what the troops carried with them. Lord Raglan had a chance supper from a wild boar's ham captured in the Russian baggage. He found shelter in a small house by the bridge, but all his staff and the troops slept without cover. The French, grumbling greatly, and for once not first, as they always longed to be, had been obliged to start late, and to follow the tedious march of our troops. Night found them in the open country about Mackenzie's Farm, and here they halted. As usual with them, they bivouacked in position, fronting all sides, with their baggage in the centre. The next day they descended the defile into the valley, and halted on the south side of the Tchernaya.

While he was eating wild boar's ham with his fingers, at his bivouac fire on the banks of this river, Lord Raglan received a messenger from the fleet. Lieutenant Maxse, carrying despatches, had landed at the Katcha, and, taking horse, had pushed his way through the intervening country and the intervening armies, and had thus reached the English head-quarters. As Lord Raglan desired to have the aid of the Agamemnon, in order to ensure the prompt reduction of Balaclava, Lieutenant Maxse eagerly volunteered to ride then and there back to the Katcha. It was a daring exploit, for the route lay over the abandoned hills and through a country open to the Cossacks. Maxse, reckless of Cossacks, mounted a fresh horse, and actually did ride back and carry with him Lord Raglan's message. So that early the next day, when the troops were put in motion to seize Balaclava, just as a shell from the old fort on the cliff greeted the English commander, the muffled roar of the Agamemnon's guns was heard rolling over the cliffs, and her shells were seen plumping into the ancient tower. The Light Division had thrown out skirmishers, and these were crowning the heights, when a white flag appeared on the fort. In a short time the Spitfire steamed into this land-locked bay, and the fleet and army were once more united. The Tartar inhabitants met Lord Raglan with offerings of bread and salt as he rode into the town. That day the British army took up a position in front of Balaclava; but the French, as we said, remained on the Tchernaya. Marshal St. Arnaud, who had been carried from the Belbek in a carriage captured at the Alma, now became, in the opinion of those around him, incapable of commanding the army any longer. He was, indeed, at the point of death, and on the morning of the 26th he formally handed his command over to General Canrobert. In a day or two he embarked in the Berthelet, but died at sea, midway between Balaclava and the Bosphorus. Marshal St. Arnaud was not a soldier of the stamp to which our forefathers were accustomed in the great wars against Napoleon. He was gifted with a showy, yet still genuine courage; he was impetuous and daring. His long and painful sickness, and the peculiarity of his position, no doubt, ought to be taken into account when we judge of his soldiership; but, having made allowance for these obstructions to the display of military ability, we are bound to say that we do not find any faculties in this marshal of a high order. His ambition, his vanity, his assumption, are as conspicuous as his frankness, warmth of heart, and readiness to yield under pressure, whether it came from Paris or the English head-quarters. But, on the whole, he was a flashy and insubstantial man. His successor, General Canrobert, came of the same Algerian stock, and he had at least as much ability as Marshal St. Arnaud, and one quality the marshal had not—modesty.

The French army crossed the plain on the 28th, and encamped in front of Balaclava. The day before Lord Raglan had sent the Light and 2nd Divisions up to the slopes which overlook Sebastopol; on the 29th, the French army followed; and by the 1st of October, all the infantry of the allies, except the 93rd, the Turks and some Marines landed from the fleet, were on those hills. Here, then, for many months, was to be the scene of their mighty labours and cruel sufferings; these rugged heights, and ravine-riven plains, and sheltered valleys, were to be the mute witnesses of the most extraordinary siege of modern times, and one of the most remarkable recorded in military annals.

The field of operations at this time was the little peninsula formed by the Bay of Sebastopol and the Bay of Balaclava. The neck of the peninsula, measuring from the head of the Balaclava Bay to the ruins of Inkermann, was some ten miles. This bay was about three-quarters of a mile long, and not quite half a mile broad. Looking from the sea, it was not visible, being shut in by a cliff, protruding from the eastern heights; but the venturesome mariner, who rounded the cliff, found within a sheet of water so deep, that a line-of-battle ship could lie close under the steep shores. On either side the mountains rose abruptly, extending to the eastward as far as the peninsula of Kertch at the other extremity of the Crimea, and westward to Cape Chersonesus, the most south-westerly point of the Crimea. The town or village of Balaclava lay on the eastern shores, near the head of the inlet; and the road from it to the valley beyond lay through a rent in the hills. This valley, covered with gardens and vineyards, and dotted with stacks of forage when the allies arrived, ran east and west, shut in on the south by the cliffs of the coast and their inland slopes, and on the north by ridges called the Fedoukine heights, which overlooked the left bank of the Tchernaya. Between these heights and Balaclava a range of low hillocks arose in the plain, so that the basin was divided into two parts. On the west of Balaclava stood Karani; on the north-west, Kadikoi; on the east, Kamara; and about four miles north-east of Kamara, the village of Tchorgoun, on the right bank of the Tchernaya. The road to the heights above Sebastopol, on quitting the gorge of Balaclava, turned to the west, and ascending a steep slope, passed by what came to be known as the Col di Balaclava, over the remarkable ridge called Mount Sapoune. This ridge

ran from the Col to the head of the harbour without a break, except in one place, midway, where the famous Woronzoff road from the undercliff, rising from the valley, crossed the ridge and went down to Sebastopol. A deep valley separated the Sapoune hills from the lower Fedoukine chain, and opened into the Tchernaya valley, opposite the ruins of Inkermann—the mementoes of a civilisation which existed before the Christian era. The lower course of the Tchernaya lay through marshes, and its waters sluggishly flowed amid a thick growth of reeds and water plants, the haunt of wild fowl. The head of the harbour of Sebastopol, therefore, was bounded on the east by the swamps of the Tchernaya, spanned by a causeway, the foundations of which were nearly two thousand years old, beyond which rose the cliffs and quarries of the antique Inkermann, and on the south by the abrupt slopes of the Sapoune ridge, which here fell down to the valley of the Tchernaya and the head of the harbour. It was the space enclosed by the Sapoune ridge, the harbour, and the Black Sea, that soon became peopled by the allies. The plateau to the east and south of Sebastopol has been defined as a series of plains divided by ravines. These ravines, cutting deeply into the soil, ran mostly in a north-westerly direction, terminating in the basin in which lies Sebastopol. It was on the sloping table-lands between these gullies that the allies carried their "attacks." Sebastopol stood on the southern shore of the great, and the western shore of a smaller harbour which ran due south of the greater. The Karabelnaia, or suburb, the Malakoff and Redan were on the east of this small harbour, called the Dockyard Creek or South Harbour. Westward of the great harbour and its huge white forts, the shore was deeply indented by the bays of the Quarantine, Streletzka, Peschana, Kamiesch, and Kazatch. Beyond these the coast became flat and ended in a low cape, on which was a lighthouse, and then rounding the cape turned to the eastward. A little beyond Cape Cherson, the coast rose into bold and craggy cliffs, and ran in an unbroken and sinuous line to Balaclava. On the verge of the cliff, overlooking the sea, about five miles west of Balaclava, stood the Greek monastery of St. George, formerly the site of the Temple of Diana, the fabled scene of the meeting between Iphigenia and Orestes and Pylades. The military characteristics of this nook of the Crimea will be made apparent by the narrative of events.

By the 1st of October the allies had established themselves on the heights, and had surveyed the position with anxious eyes. The French army, which had been considerably strengthened, spread out to the south-west of the place, and made the Bay of Kamiesch their landing-place and depôt. They occupied the ground from this bay as far as a great ravine, which, having its source on the plateau near the Col di Balaclava, gradually deepened into a rugged chasm, and ran into the head of the South Harbour. This ravine formed their right flank. Their force was divided into two corps—one called the army of observation, practically a covering force, was posted on the Sapoune heights on both sides of the Col; the other, the besieging army, faced the south-western works of defence, and guarded Kamiesch Bay. The British Divisions rested their left on the great ravine, and their right on the northern slopes of the Sapoune ridge, which came to be known as the hill of Inkermann. The 3rd Division stood on the left, then the 4th, next the Light; while the 1st was placed in a central position as a support, and the 2nd covered the extreme right towards the head of the harbour. Between the English camps and the fortress, the ground ascended, and then fell gradually towards the Russian batteries, so that the camps were not visible to the enemy. The 2nd Division was not posted on the ridge overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya, but on the next ridge inward. Guns were placed on the hills on both sides of Balaclava, and on the small knolls which rose out of the valley to the north; so that the lines of the covering force ran from the base of the hills near Kamara, in a westerly direction across the valley and up the Sapoune ridge, north of the Woronzoff road, whence they extended to Inkermann. The advantages of this position were that it could only be assailed by the valley from the Tchernaya, either from the direction of Tchorgoun, or from the causeway across the river at the head of the harbour. Its disadvantages were, that it did not enable the allies to invest the place, but left open to the enemy the whole north side; and that it was far too extensive to be adequately occupied by the weak force which sat down before the place. But the allied armies were full of confidence. The weather was fine. Under that bright October sky, even these rocky, uncultured plains, covered with short grass, and bounded by the deep blue sea and purple mountains, and peopled by the sturdy soldiers of the Western nations, looked pleasant and picturesque, a fitting frame for the great arsenal with its immense piles of shining buildings, whence the Czar had hoped to send forth an armament which would expel the "infidel" from Europe, and conquer for himself a new realm on the shores of the Bosphorus.

The Russians had profited by the change in the plans of the allies. Prince Menschikoff had moved his army upon Batchiserai on the 24th and 25th, in order to regain his communications with Perekop and the eastern part of the Crimea, whence as he knew large reserves were approaching to succour the cherished city of the Czar. He hoped to place himself in rear of the allied armies, which, he supposed, would attack the northern works of Sebastopol, and preserve his position there until he was strong enough to fight a battle for the relief of the place. When the attack of the allies on his rear-guard, and intelligence from Sebastopol of the capture of Balaclava, revealed to him the change of plan, he moved at once from Batchiserai, and took up a position on the Katcha, whence, on the 1st of October, he marched his army through the village of Belbek, and took up a position for the night on the left bank of the stream. The next morning, the army was moved up to the northern works, and thence transported across the harbour to aid in throwing up the defences; so that two days after the allies had planted their camps on the southern

plateau, Prince Menschikoff's beaten army had re-entered Sebastopol.

During the fortnight that had elapsed since the battle of the Alma, a striking change had been made in the landward defences of Sebastopol. When the allies landed the defensive works were few and disconnected. On the eastern face—that is, from the Careening Bay to the great ravine—there were but three works, the centre of which was the Malakoff tower on its commanding hillock. On the western face there was a long loop-holed wall, running from the sea in front of Artillery Bay to a stone tower, called the Central Bastion, opposite a cemetery, and a second work made of earth, called the Flagstaff Bastion, crowning a hill at the southern apex of the town, and on the western side of the great ravine. Not more than fifty guns were mounted on these works at that time. In the interval, the genius of Todleben had converted the place into a strongly entrenched camp. The sailors and soldiers, the civilians, and even women, were employed, without stint, in throwing up earthworks and in mounting guns. Inspired by the energy of Korniloff, a tough Russian, directed by the skill of Todleben, supplied by the vast resources of an arsenal crammed with means and appliances of all kinds, the workers, in a few days, surrounded the city with powerful defences. Batteries, connected by entrenchments, arose on all sides, as if a magician had waved an enchanted wand over the barren hills. So that when the allies sat down before the place, and looked out over the waste towards the goal of their efforts, instead of finding an open town, they found an entrenched camp which grew stronger under the gazer's eye. They had shrunk from the northern works, because they were too strong; they marched up to the southern works, and discovered that these were stronger. They had come thither to take a town by a *coup de main*. They soon found that they were in front of an entrenched position which no troops could assail and live. Therefore the siege guns were landed with all practicable speed, and it was resolved to raise batteries, not to breach the works, but to silence the fire of the guns, and then to storm in on all sides.

But the more minutely the allies looked into the ground they would have to take up, and the works they would have to execute, the less likely did it appear that they would readily reduce the place. The plateau occupied by the English sloped down to the Russian works. It was broken into ridges by five deep ravines, whose sides became more precipitous as they fell towards the South Bay or Dockyard Creek. The left ravine, as we have said, was the largest and the most profound. Towards its termination in the South Bay, the two next ravines towards the right ran into it, leaving flat slopes between. The second, on the right, was the larger and more important, and along its bottom ran the Woronzoff road, whence it became known as the Woronzoff ravine. Next, on the right, was a smaller ravine, called Karabelnaia, because it led to that suburb; and the next, having its source near Inkermann, ended in the Careening Bay. The Malakoff tower, with its surrounding entrenchments, stood between the Careening and Karabelnaia ravines. Then on the south-west of the Malakoff, but on the opposite bank of the Karabelnaia, stood the now famous Redan, and the works known as the Barrack batteries. In order to attack these, the engineers were forced to trace their parallels on the flats between the ravines. But such was the nature of the ground that the batteries raised to fire on the Redan were obliged to be erected, not on the plateau which descended to it, but on the opposite side of the Woronzoff ravine; while those intended to batter the Malakoff were placed, not on the plateau which ran down to the Malakoff, but on that which ran down to the Redan. Thus the two systems of attack were separated by these deep gullies. They were called the right and left attacks, and were the scenes of the principal labours and loss of the British.

It was the opinion of Sir John Burgoyne and the engineers that the proper point of attack was the Malakoff. On the ridge leading down to this work was a remarkable mound, first called Gordon's Hill, but afterwards known as the Mamelon. It afforded a good site for batteries directed against the Malakoff, and as the hill on which this work was placed commanded the city and the anchorage, Sir John wished to make this the principal point of attack, and direct the main efforts of the besiegers to its mastery; while the French held the enemy in check on their side, and a battery west of the Woronzoff ravine—that is, our left attack—kept down the fire of the Redan. But the French engineer, General Bizot, did not agree with Sir John Burgoyne. In his opinion, the Flagstaff Battery, a bold salient work on the west of the South Bay, was the key of the position. Sir John desired to employ our 3rd Division against the Malakoff, but the French objected, and it could not be done. Wherefore, the imperfect plan of attack which we have indicated was resolved upon.

The labours of the French were confined to the western side of the south ravine, and embraced the western face of the defences from the Flagstaff Battery to the ravine of the Quarantine Bay. The ground here was nearly level, but practically the French attacks were confined to the space between the Flagstaff and the Central Bastion, because a deep ravine covered the whole front of defence from the Central Bastion to the sea. They, therefore, determined to carry their parallels from the south ravine westward to the Quarantine ravine, but to make their principal effort against the Flagstaff Battery. This was unsound in principle, because the Flagstaff, if silenced and stormed, would not lead to the fall of the place, as it was itself commanded by several works, and did not command any decisive point. Here we see another of those evils of a divided command, which so often marred the efforts of the allies. Later in the siege the French General Niel was sent to the Crimea, and he at once gave the same opinion as Sir John Burgoyne.

The Russians were not insensible to the value of the Mamelon. They soon threw out a party of riflemen, who made a lodgment there, and supported a wide array of skirmishers, who spread themselves out on

that side, annoying the right flank of the English attack. But at this very time, when the good people of England, dazzled by the success at the Alma, were expecting each day to hear of the fall of Sebastopol, the force sent out to accomplish it was too weak of itself to adopt the means which gave fair promise of success, while the divided command did not permit of the diversion of strength to that side sufficient to make good the deficiency. The consequence was, that the available force, instead of being concentrated on the decisive point, was divided into groups, and directed against points not decisive. The result, as will be seen, was failure.

The landing of the siege train occupied eight days. It was an arduous work to carry from Balaclava to the front the heavy guns and mortars, and shot, and shell, and ammunition wherewith to feed them; and, moreover, to collect the planks and beams required to make the platforms and bombproofs, and to accumulate the gabions and sandbags so indispensable on such a soil. There were landed at Balaclava 100 guns of various calibres, 24, 32, and 68-pounders, and 10 mortars. Included in these were six Lancaster guns, then a newly-invented weapon. The whole of this powerful armament was not, of course, placed in battery. Their exists no report of the number landed by the French; but their artillery at this time was lighter than ours. Rarely, however, perhaps at no previous siege of such magnitude, had guns of such power and range been employed. For the two armies, this first period was a bright and hopeful time. Few were aware of the vast difficulties of the enterprise, and upon these the immensity of the task, and the inadequacy of the means only dawned gradually, and, as it were, day by day. At first, schemes of an instant assault were propounded; but a glance at the works—the sight of the ships, anchored so that their broadsides might sweep the approaches, the very weight of the shot fired at the least show of humanity even when scarcely within range, the altogether unexpected difficulties of the ground, the impossibility of getting a good view of the defences—soon convinced the most ardent advocates of a sudden assault that it would not succeed. Moreover, the leaders could not but be aware that a large Russian army, exclusive of the garrison, was assembling for field operations; and this fact made the allies anxious for the security of their right flank and rear. There were, in this very first week of October, as many Russians as there were French, English, and Turks in the Crimea; and hence they showed themselves on the Tchernaya, and threw out counter approaches along the ridges between the ravines, and repaired the Inkermann causeway, and made Sebastopol more formidable every day.

And so, to cover the troops actually engaged in the siege, the allies rapidly threw up defensive works. They scarped the road from Kamara to Kadikoi. They posted 1,000 marines on the east of Balaclava, and hauled up several heavy ship guns, and placed them in position to sweep the Kamara Road. They caused 800 sailors to occupy the hills above Kadikoi, and placed guns in battery. From the Col di Balaclava the French, under General Bosquet, carried a line of entrenchments to a point beyond the Woronzoff Road, and armed them. Then in the valley north of Balaclava the Turks were set to construct five redoubts on the round hills which cut the valley in two, and each redoubt was garrisoned by 250 Osmanli, and some guns. In the valley between these redoubts and Kadikoi, the cavalry had their camp. Thus the marines, sailors, 93rd, ca[illegible]y, and Turks, defended the British base of operations—the all-important bay of Balaclava, the port of entry for every ration, for every gun, for every round shot and shell, for everything required by the British army; while the French and another force of Turks held the steep heights of Mount Sapoune, and barred the road to the plateau by the Col di Balaclava. This part of the position was practically unassailable. It was only here and from the north at Inkermann that an attack could be attempted. No enemy could cross the Tchernaya from the east and ascend the Inkermann ridge, for the marshes prevented the passage of the stream, and the ascent was so rugged that infantry, if opposed, could never overcome it. The weak point was the extreme right of the British line, which was open to an attack from the north, and every day made more visible the precarious hold we had on that side. But although the proper line of defence was seen, and its occupation recommended, the British army was so weak that it could not supply the troops necessary to secure that flank from an attack which, if successful, would be ruinous. Even early in October the Russian light infantry boldly came out along the whole front, and skirmished with the allied outposts. The great guns of the place flung huge shot—some were 84-pounders—into our very camps, and once or twice camps had to be removed to the rear. So hot was the fire at times, our engineers complained that they could not make a proper reconnaissance of the enemy's works, or of the ground whence to attack them.

Such was the state of things when, on the 5th of October, Lord Raglan moved his head-quarters to a farmhouse near the source of the south ravine, not far from the Col, and on the reverse slope of a hill whence the white town and the forts, and shipping, and the allied fleet in the Black Sea were visible. The days were wearing away, and it was time to push on the preparations with energy.

Before the siege train was wholly landed, it was determined to place the Lancaster guns in battery. From these pieces much was expected. They were said to have a range of 4,000 yards, and their accuracy was supposed to be great. On the night of the 7th of October, a half-sunken battery for two of these guns was begun on the left of the Woronzoff ravine. The Russians had towed one of their men-of-war up the south bay, and had placed it broadside on to the south ravine, so that its fire might sweep the great mouth of the ravine, and enfilade the approaches to the Redan. On the night of the 8th a second half-sunken battery was commenced

on the extreme right. It was originally intended for two Lancaster guns, but was immediately enlarged so as to take in five guns, one Lancaster and four 68-pounders. This became known as the 5-gun battery, and it was so well served, that the Russians called it the "five-eyed battery." Its object was to batter the Malakoff tower, and to fire on the ships in the Careening creek, whose guns commanded the approaches to the Malakoff. These batteries were almost or quite beyond the reach of the guns of the place. They were placed on very rocky ground, and the earth for the parapets had to be collected at a considerable distance, and carried in baskets and sandbags. Nevertheless, so industrious were the workers, that the first was finished on the night of the 9th, and the second on the night of the 10th. During these preliminary operations, the engineer officers had been busily engaged in reconnoitring the ground; but so close were the Russian picquets, often strong in numbers, and sometimes supported by field guns, that the work had to be done at night under the greatest difficulties, for the country side was wild, rocky, unknown. More than once the sappers and miners, who accompanied the officers, lost their way; and one couple of sappers actually found themselves within the Russian lines, from which they escaped, but one was mortally wounded. On another occasion a small reconnoitring party strayed within the line of picquets, and was compelled to run the gauntlet of their fire for several hundred yards; yet not one was hit.

It was on the night of the 11th, just as the British began to break ground, that this occurred. The Russians were just about to execute a sortie when the sappers blundered upon their outposts. The noise of the firing roused the camp, and the 2nd and Light Division stood to their arms. Dark masses of Russian battalions were faintly discerned making for the ridge, on which the working party were engaged in forming the first parallel of the right attack. Suddenly the guns of the Malakoff and Redan opened a furious fire, and under cover of this the battalions of the enemy, supported by field pieces, advanced. They were elated, for all the covering parties except one fell back. Behind them tongues of flame leapt out of the dark batteries with an angry glare, and over their heads streamed the unseen shot and the shell whose burning fuse revealed its passage. Soon the rattle of musketry formed an undertone amid the booming chorus of big guns. Over all could be heard the imperious roll of the drums and call of the trumpets, as they roused up the French and British Divisions. The British field artillery came into action, and presently the 88th hastening up, gave a loud hurrah, and began to charge down hill. Finding his surprise anticipated and thus met, the enemy went about and disappeared in the darkness. On the 10th the officers had successfully traced the parallel across the ridge having its right on the Woronzoff ravine, and called the "Greenhill" ridge. This parallel was at 1,350 yards from the Russian works, and its length from ravine to ravine was about 1,000 yards. The soil was rocky, the working parties from the line regiments inexpert, and not much progress was made. On the next ridge the working parties had got bewildered in the darkness on the 10th, and the parallel could not be traced until the 11th. It was about 900 yards from the Redan. On these rude uncultivated ridges from this time the work went on night and day. Sometimes so hard was the soil, the workers had to break up the rock with blasting powder, and to use the same means in order to make level floors for the gun platforms and mortar beds. Night and day also they were, at times, subjected to the fire of the fortress; and now and then venturesome skirmishers crept up, and sent a stinging shower of rifle balls into the trenches. "In many parts, the rocky nature of the ground," says the engineer's journal of the siege, "did not admit of sinking a trench, and the parapets had to be built up to a height of six feet with earth collected from ravines in the rear." But the work went forward without intermission and with very little loss; and on the 16th of October, 41 pieces of ordnance, including five 10-inch mortars, had been mounted in batteries on the left attack, and 32 pieces of ordnance, including five 10-inch mortars, had been mounted in the right attack. The guns and mortars in these batteries were to direct a cross fire on the Malakoff, the Redan, and the Barrack batteries, or to search the flank of the Flagstaff on one side, and the men-of-war in the Careening creek on the other. Thus in less than a week the British had put these 73 guns into position; but in the meantime Todleben had shown such amazing industry and skill, that he had brought no less than 107 guns to bear upon the English attack alone, 82 of which were heavy siege guns.

The ground over which the French attack had to be carried, extending from the South Ravine to the Quarantine Bay, was far more easily worked. The earth was plentiful, and in many parts, when they had removed the superficial soil of rough stones, they came upon beds of clay, which were very useful. As on the English side, the period employed in landing guns, gabions, sandbags, and ammunition afforded the generals an opportunity of investigating the lines of approach. There were several houses and some patches of kitchen and flower-gardens in their front, and the officers and men readily availed themselves of these, as well as of the inequalities of the ground, to take a view of the Russian works, and select the most favourable sites for batteries. The enemy did not permit this work to go on without opposition. Between their right and the French left a deep ravine intervened. Moreover, this flank was under the guns of the Quarantine Fort, and the Russians made frequent sallies from their right, some of which led to brisk actions, in which much ammunition was expended on both sides, and little loss inflicted on either. But the French lament the loss of an able and promising Captain of Engineers. In none of these little sorties did the enemy gain any advantage, nor, materially, did the officers who were engaged in looking for their weak points. But, in fact, the depth of the ravine running along the west face, prevented the French from

pushing their approaches much below the crest at any time, and it also hindered the Russians from driving home any sortie on that flank. To carry on their operations the French had about 14,000 men, including 1,000 marines under Captain Rigaud de Genouilly, who landed them to work the naval guns brought ashore.

The French began to "break ground" on the night of the 9th, two days after our engineers had commenced the Lancaster batteries. They drew their parallels within 870 yards of the Russian works, and they employed working parties, numbering altogether 1,600 men, and protected by a trench guard of 4,800. The wind, it is noted, was north-east—that is, from the fortress—and although there was a moon, the sky was cloudy. The enemy either did not perceive the French parties, or was too much engaged in his own operations; for he did not fire a shot, and by daybreak the active French soldiers had thrown up cover along a line of 1,000 yards. From this time, for the next six days the Russians did not fail to vex the workmen by repeated cannonades. Nor did they omit to sally forth; but this the French would not permit with impunity. They sent out riflemen who ensconced themselves in small pits, and thence kept up a fire on the embrasures, and on any Russians who showed themselves in advance. Besides constructing their first parallel, finding the soil yielding and plentiful, the French began to trench in zigzag lines outwards from the first, in order to be ready to push on to a second parallel. They also sank zigzag passages, called "*boyaux*," from the rear down to the trenches, in order that the troops going thither might be sheltered from fire. The French siege train amounted to 86 guns of all sorts. They were far lighter than those in the English siege-park; and less able to contend with the heavy guns of the place. Of these 86, the French mounted 49 in the batteries behind the first parallel, and 4 in a work on the extreme left, thrown up on the site of an ancient fort, and intended to batter the Quarantine Fort. Thus on the 16th they had 53 guns and mortars in battery. The principal effort, as we have said, was to be made against the Flagstaff bastion, the southern apex of the Russian system of defence.

SIR DE LACY EVANS.

To these batteries the Russians were able to oppose not less than 130 guns; so that on the whole works of the place there were nearly 250 guns. The exact number at any moment could not be known, as the enemy increased his batteries day by day. The streets of the town were crowded with guns and material passing to and fro. The resources of the arsenal for defence were such as few if any arsenals in the world

could furnish. Admiral Korniloff went round the works every day cheering on the labourers. In like manner Todleben was indefatigable and omnipresent. He was, says an eye-witness then in the town, almost constantly at the bastions, observing the progress and direction of the works of the besiegers, and where it seemed expedient, changing his own plans two or three times to meet and counteract those of the allies. Thus, while overlooking the development of General Bizot's trenches, he observed a salient angle opposite one of his own works, whereupon he immediately threw up one battery, and changed the direction of another in such a manner as to place the whole angle under his fire. "Whenever he remarked the works of the enemy advancing, he immediately made some change to meet them. Sometimes this object was gained by simply changing the position of a gun, or by altering an embrasure, to bear upon the point required. If the object could not be obtained by either of these means, the whole battery was re-made. This it was that rendered so difficult the prosecution of a siege against an unfortified place, as it enabled the engineer to erect his defences according to the attacks of the enemy." But it should be observed that this facility was due to the fact that Sebastopol was an entrenched camp, including an immense and exhaustless arsenal, and open to the rear, so that all the resources of Russia could be poured in to defend it.

And so it was in these first weeks of October. The garrison was augmented daily; first by Menschikoff's army, then by troops from Taman and Kertch, then by battalions from Odessa; so that in a few days there were in Sebastopol no fewer than 23,000 soldiers and 12,000 sailors, armed and drilled as soldiers; and about the heights of Mackenzie's Farm and Inkermann, a corps of observation, numbering 25,000 men, giving a total of 60,000 men, a force equal to that of the allies. Certainly, under these circumstances, the place could not have been taken by assault. The Russian writer, Anitchkoff, however, insists that, had the allies, on the 28th of September, made a bold reconnaissance, they must have come to the determination to assault at once, and had they done so, he is of opinion that the place would have been in great peril. Instead of this, he says, they attempted a series of irresolute *coups de main*. Sir John Burgoyne does not agree with this. He distinctly said —and he did make a reconnaissance—that "the generals in command would have acted most rashly had they made such an attempt, that the prospect of success was small, and that a failure would have been fatal." To have made such an attempt in the face of the force of sailors, soldiers, ships' broadsides, field artillery, and heavy guns in battery, he adds, "would have been an act of most unjustifiable rashness." We suspect the astute Todleben, and the energetic, unflinching Korniloff, were of the same opinion. The Russian, Anitchkoff, wrote as he did to enhance the valour and tenacity of his nation; the Pole, Chodasievich, in order to show how much the Russians had been depressed by the Alma. The balance of testimony shows that Sebastopol could not, in the first days of October, have been carried by a *coup de main*. The only chance of effecting that would have been by a very rapid pursuit, on the 21st of September, pushed at once against the place. But even then, the sinking of the ships and the liberation of the marines and sailors would have made success very doubtful. The actual course of events we have seen, and now, on the 16th of October, all was prepared on both sides—the allies were ready to begin a mighty cannonade, and the Russians were ready to reply with equal force and fury.

But the bombardment, destined to begin on the 17th, was not to be confined to the land batteries. The allied fleets were to take part in the display, and, running in, batter the great stone forts which formed the sea defences of Sebastopol.

Until a short time before the war broke out, the Czar had not thought fit to plan any land defences for Sebastopol. The object of fortifying the roadstead was twofold. It had been foreseen, as early as 1828, by the astute Pozzo de Borgo, that, if the Western Powers should ever give the Sultan material aid to defend himself against Russia, they would probably enter the Black Sea. If they did so, and found the arsenal of Sebastopol undefended, they might easily destroy it and the fleet. The purpose and aim of constructing a powerful military port on the fine bay lying in the south-western peninsula of the Crimea, was to accumulate there the means of assailing Constantinople. But as this could have been done at little expense, so long as the only enemy dreaded by the Czar was the Sultan, it follows that the great forts erected at such a vast expense must have been intended to parry the possible blows of the Western Powers. While it entered into the plans of the Czar to ward off a naval attack, he never even dreamed of an invasion. The Turks, he knew, could not, and that the Western Powers should, did not seem to come within the region of possibilities. So he only fortified the sea front. But this front he fortified to some purpose. No place in the world could be more impregnable to an attack from the sea. The capabilities of the shores of the roadstead did not even escape the eyes of an English lady, who visited the Crimea, in 1786. Viewing from the heights of Inkermann, she wrote:—"From the singularity of the coast, the harbour is unlike any other I ever saw. It is a long creek, formed by the Black Sea between two ridges of land, so high that the Glory of Catherine, one of the largest ships of the Russian navy, now at anchor here, cannot be seen, as the shore is above the pendant. The water is so deep, that this ship touches the land. All the fleets of Europe would be safe from storms or enemies in these creeks or harbours, for there are many. Batteries at the entrance of them, on one side, would be sufficient effectually to destroy any ships that would venture in, and placed towards the sea must even prevent the entrance of a fleet." The Russian engineers were not likely to overlook what was obvious to the uninstructed survey of Lady Craven. They did not. They designed batteries at the entrance placed towards

the sea, and they built them up tier upon tier. At the mouth of the roadstead there were three mighty forts. On a low point of land, under the cliff on the northern side, rose the immense work named Fort Constantine, showing 110 guns, in three casemated tiers, with another tier on the roof. On the south shore, also low down, and having a good command of the sea, first the Quarantine Fort, with its sixty guns, and beyond that, Fort Alexander, with its ninety guns, defied all assailants, so that in first line, an invading fleet would have to encounter the fire of 260 guns, securely placed in solid works. Looking from the sea, these three forts impressed the beholder with the strength of the place. But these were not all. Beyond Alexander rose Fort Nicholas, armed with 110 guns; and beyond this, Fort Paul, with its eighty-six guns, standing at the mouth of the south bay. Altogether, there were no fewer than 700 guns looking towards the sea from their secure casemates. Nor should the small work, called the Wasp Battery, above Fort Constantine, improvised on the spur of the moment, be overlooked. It deserved its name. Such were the formidable defences which the allied fleets were to attack in wooden ships, and which some sanguine persons expected them to reduce to helplessness. No greater delusion could exist. Nevertheless, the allied fleets were ready to perform their part of the great attack. All being ready, ashore and afloat, the generals and admirals determined to open fire on the morning of the 17th of October.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Hour of Trial—Opening of the Bombardment, 17th October—Its Character—Incidents—Failure of the French—Their Fire silenced—Effect of English Fire—Explosion in the Redan—The Attack by the Fleets—Its Perils—Mr. Ball—The Fleets fail—Losses—Results of Fire—Progress of the Bombardment on the 18th—French still Silent—Changing Character of the Expedition—Fire on the 19th—French reopen—Push Parallels—Character of Operations—Russian Reinforcements—Menschikoff's Designs on Balaclava—That Position—Alerts—Liprandi on the Tchernaya—Battle of the 25th—Advance of the Russians—Capture of the Redoubts—Lord Raglan—Charge of the Heavy Brigade—Russian Horse repelled by the 93rd—Arrival of 1st and 4th Divisions of the French—Lord Raglan and Lord Lucan—The Light Brigade—Lord Raglan's Instructions—Nolan—Charge of the Light Brigade—Lord Cardigan—Battle ends—Losses.

THE real hour of trial had now come. The batteries of the allies were ready to open fire, and on the night of the 16th orders went forth from the head-quarters of both generals that the embrasures should be unmasked in the obscurity of the dawn; that the troops in camp should be held in readiness to fall in at a moment's notice ready to storm; that the fire of the land batteries should open soon after six; and that the fleet, moving up, should assail the great forts overlooking the sea. Both admirals, it is understood, were opposed to this proceeding. They held the sound opinion that the fleet could not effect anything against the forts. The safety of the army, they said, depended on the safety of the fleet, and it would be imprudent to risk the fleet in an encounter with forts so well placed and so heavily armed. The mouth of the harbour was closed by the sunken ships. A shoal, running out in front of Fort Constantine, prevented the great men-of-war from placing themselves near enough to batter the walls with effect. The sailing ships must be towed or propelled by steamers, and would fight at a disadvantage. These arguments did not prevail. Admiral Hamelin was under the absolute command of General Canrobert, and not at liberty to disobey. Admiral Dundas was not under the absolute command of Lord Raglan; but he could not well refrain from executing his wishes, or look on while the French attacked. The allied generals were pressing in their orders, as they held that an attack from the sea would operate as a diversion, and favour the attack from the land. Therefore it was decided that the ships should go in, take the risk, and do their utmost to damage the enemy.

The morning of the 17th of October was fine, but a fog overhung the low grounds. Suddenly it was rent and broken here and there. Before the signal agreed on—three shells from a French battery—was given, the Russians opened fire. It is not probable that they did this to anticipate the allies, because they had all along fired at intervals, with the double view of interrupting the workmen in the trenches, and of provoking retorts which would reveal the sites of the allied batteries. They failed in both objects. The works went on; the batteries remained obstinately silent; not a gun was fired until the 17th. Lord Raglan went out at dawn and placed himself in a small quarry, situated in front of the 3rd Division, on a knoll a little to the right of the South ravine. Here he sat with his staff, and, aided by a field-glass, he obtained a good view of the operations. In his immediate front was the left attack; on his right front, the right attack; obliquely between the two he saw the Malakoff. On his left front were the French trenches, seen in reverse; and between the French right and British left was seen the Flagstaff Bastion. Beyond the trenches and batteries and the white city, spread out the sea, with the fleet lying like a dark cloud upon its waters.

At length the signal was given. In quick succession three shells flew forth—about half-past six—from a French battery. Then arose a hideous uproar. Nearly at the same moment 126 guns were fired, and nearly twice the number answered the angry peal. The concussion literally shook the solid ground. The noise was such as none present had ever heard before. It was not a simple but a compound din. There was more than the deep roar of the huge guns. The round shot and shell in their passage through the air made a discord of their own. The mighty shells, thrown by the enemy from huge ordnance, screamed and whistled ere they exploded with a fierce crash; while the Lancaster guns sent forth a missile, which seemed to throb as it went with a regular beat like a railway train in motion; and our men, prone to grim humour under fire, named the Russian shell "Whistling Dick," and the Lancaster the "Express Train." The flight of these truculent balls was incessant. They were ever vexing the air, or striking, with dull blows, the parapets, or bounding

along the ground, or bursting with a crash, each separate fragment beating the air like a demon's wing. The opposing missiles crossed each other in their opposite flights, and when a shell exploded midway, it left behind a dome of smoke hanging in the air. The fire from the English guns was most rapid. They were loaded and fired as fast as the thing could be done. There was no flinching. The men were excited with the novelty of a real engagement, but cool and precise in their movements, although the enemy aimed well, and sent round-shot, shell, and canister into the embrasures and over the parapets. Sometimes a shell, bursting in the earthwork, flung up a cloud of dust, and drove the bank in masses upon the men. Some were lying asleep, even in this uproar, and their mouths being open they were nearly suffocated before they could be pulled out. Soon a cloud of smoke covered up the whole scene, and nothing was visible. Then a breeze arose, and its breath lifted up the grey curtain, and men could see the damage done.

The first spectacle that arrested the eye was the broken Malakoff. The 68-pounders, in Peel's battery, more than 2,000 yards from the work, had dismounted the guns and ruined the tower. Then it was seen that the French were inferior to their foes. Their light brass guns, and hastily constructed works, were no match for the heavier metal of the Russians. The batteries were beginning to look deformed, their fire wanted the force and continuity of ours. The Russians pounded them in front, and sent their heavy shot and shell into their left flank; and, seeing the effect, redoubled their energy. Our magazines were small, and the rapid firing soon exhausted the supply; but the artillerymen drove down to the trenches, under a fierce cannonade; and their daring was rewarded, for they met with few casualties. Then, freshly supplied, the gunners went to work with renewed vigour. About twenty minutes to nine there was an explosion, so loud that it struck every one with amazement, and caused a perceptible slackening of the fire. A Russian shell had broken through the great magazine of the principal French battery. In a moment all the guns were dismounted, 100 men were killed and wounded, and the battery rendered absolutely useless. A shout of triumph arose in the town, and its roar reached even the lines of the besiegers. The French guns were now nearly silenced, so heavy had been the storm directed upon them when it was found that they were giving way; and between eleven and twelve, with one battery destroyed and two silenced, General Canrobert gave orders to cease firing. Thus before noon the French had retired from the contest altogether.

The British hardly relaxed a moment. Their batteries were mauled, but their gunners never ceased to hurl forth their shot and shell. We had, by this time, so reduced the fire from the Barrack batteries, on the Russian right of the Redan, and from the earthwork round the Malakoff, that these batteries were regarded as silenced. But, when the French ceased, the left flank guns of the Flagstaff and Garden batteries, a little in its rear, but facing our trenches, and the Redan, went on as furiously as ever. Then, between one and two, for a moment, the fleets were seen going in; the next was heard the thunder of their broadsides, and of the forts; and then a huge canopy of battle-smoke hid ships and forts in its folds: and within this fiery atmosphere the sailors and soldiers worked. The Russians fought their guns with a skill and persistence deserving the greatest praise. They were now testing the worth of all their defences. The costly casemated forts were replying to the allied ships; two steamers and a line-of-battle ship in the harbour were exchanging shots with our Lancaster guns and 68-pounders; while Todleben's extemporised batteries were in full play.

But the British fire was so good, that, about three o'clock, a shell found its way into the magazine of the Redan; and, setting it on fire, caused an explosion which silenced that work for half an hour. Then they got one or two guns to work, and with these they kept up a fire all the rest of the day. But this earthwork suffered so severely, that its garrison was replaced three times between sunrise and sunset. Along the whole line opposed to our batteries we had, by the evening, established a complete superiority over the fire of the enemy; and had the French been equally successful, it is probable an assault would have been hazarded. During the day we had demolished the Malakoff tower, exploded its magazine, the magazine in the Redan, and a magazine in the town; we had killed Admiral Korniloff, and killed or wounded 500 men, and dismounted thirty-five guns; and we had driven the line-of-battle ships out of the creek, and damaged a steamer in the harbour. In return our whole loss was 130 men killed and wounded, one Lancaster gun burst, and seven guns disabled in consequence of injuries to wheels and carriages. Some damage was done to the parapets. One explosion took place in rear, but it did no injury to any one. It was caused by a shell falling on some powder boxes left on the hill-side. The French had three explosions in their works, and they were so maltreated and overpowered that they were silenced thirty-six hours. They lost about 200 men killed and wounded. During the afternoon the Russians had attempted a sortie, but it was met by the French with such fury, that the Russians were forced to make a hurried retreat.

The operation of the fleets had been a glorious display of courage, and that was all. The fleets were divided into three squadrons. The British took the left, the Turks the centre, and the French the right. In order to carry the great sailing ships into action, steamers were lashed to the side next the offing, and one hour was occupied in turning the Britannia, in order to place her in the proper position. The French, drawn up in two lines, eight ships of the line with one Turkish ship, in the first line, and eight, with a Turk, in the second. These were the first, about 1,800, the second about 2,000 yards from the Quarantine Fort and Forts Nicholas and Alexander on the south shore of the harbour. The British fleet consisted of twenty-six ships of war, but some of the steamers were used to carry the large sailing ships into position. They had to contend with Fort Constantine

and the batteries on the cliff, notably the Wasp. A shoal running out from the spit on which the fort is built, prevented a nearer approach than 800 yards; but the Agamemnon and Sanspareil, the first with only two feet of water under her keel, did not hesitate to run within that distance of the 130 guns of Fort Constantine. There was no wind, and the sea was smooth. About a quarter past one the conflict began, and it did not cease until dark.

Before the action began, one tug-boat enjoyed the honour of drawing the fire of every gun on the northern side that could be trained upon her. Sir Edmund Lyons wished to know the depth of the water, and he requested Mr. Ball, a very young officer, to take his tug-boat, the Circassia, and "sound the depth up to the very walls of Fort Constantine, if he and his ship survived to get so far." Mr. Ball obeyed with alacrity. "As the Circassia," says the writer who reports the incident, "came near the north forts, sounding as she went along, and signalling the numbers to the fleet outside, the enemy instantly perceived the important nature of her errand, and nearly every gun on the north side was turned upon the little vessel. The shot and shell poured about the tug, cutting the waters about her into a perfect sheet of foam. All the bulwarks of the vessel were shot away; four out of her crew of six men were wounded, the paddle-boxes flew in splinters; yet still Mr. Ball continued to sound and signal the results, with as much coolness, and certainly with as much precision, as if no enemy were in sight. At last the sounding-line was cut in two by a round shot, and the signal-staff shattered by a shell; and then only did Mr. Ball discontinue, for he was within 300 yards of the walls of Fort Constantine, and his mission had been accomplished." He escaped; and this little incident showed the Russians the kind of enemy they had to contend with.

The contest was most unequal. The Agamemnon, subsequently reinforced by the Sanspareil, Bellerophon, and Rodney, did all they could to bring down the massive masonry of the great fort. The Albion, Arethusa, sailers; the Sampson and Terrible, steamers, assailed the Wasp and other batteries to the north. The other British ships supported the close attack from a distance. That their fire was as effective as the range would permit, is true; but it did not come up to the expectations of the sanguine. The Russians stood to their guns most manfully. The French report that they caused the fire of the Quarantine Fort to slacken; but neither they nor the British drew the teeth of their mighty foes. The Telegraph and the Wasp, perched on the edge of a cliff a hundred feet high, poured a plunging fire of red-hot shot and shell into the Albion and Arethusa. The first received several shells close to her water-line, three entered her cockpit, and she was twice on fire. Once the fire was so near the magazine that it had to be closed, and, in imminent danger of being blown up, the ship was hauled off, stern foremost, by the Firebrand. The Arethusa was on fire several times. Shells rained on her decks and rolled below. One burst on her main-deck, and one set fire to some material hard by about two hundred live shells! "Another shell blew out portions of several planks in the bends, and had there been any sea the ship must have sunk." The daring little Spitfire, the Lynx, and Sphinx, —all small gun-boats—stood by the saucy Arethusa, who had fought so well, and bore her out of the fire. The Agamemnon fired no less than 3,500 shot and shell at Fort Constantine. The Rodney, engaging the same enemy, got aground, but was fortunately towed off. The Queen was compelled to get away, because she was on fire. The Sanspareil touched the shoal, but stood stoutly by Sir Edmund Lyons, who did not sheer off until he was almost alone, and night had fallen. The loss of the whole fleet was 44 killed, and 266 wounded; and of these the fighting ships, the Agamemnon had 4 killed, and 25 wounded; the Sanspareil, not so near the fort, had 11 killed, and 59 wounded; the Albion, 10 killed, and 71 wounded; the Arethusa, 4 killed, and 14 wounded; the London, 4 killed, and 18 wounded. In all, these five ships gave 33 out of 44 killed, and 187 out of the 266 wounded. The French suffered less, being as far from the forts as the greater part of the British; but a shell fell on the poop-deck of the Ville de Paris, and killed and wounded a great number of men. At night, the whole line hauled off, battered in hulls, masts, and rigging; and it was fortunate that the sea was so calm. As it was, the Albion and Arethusa were sent to Constantinople to repair damages.

And what was the upshot? The forts looked "speckled." "The effect produced on the masonry works is said to have been very small; the archings of two casemated embrasures were shaken, and these were at once repaired." It is stated that the gunners were driven from their guns more than once, and that some pieces were dismounted; but the Russians again steadily resumed their fire, and fired on to the end. The superiority of stone forts, and even earthworks, over ships, remained as firmly established as ever. Indeed, it was strengthened, by the use of most destructive shells with what are called time-fuzes. The fleets did not venture again to attack the great forts at Sebastopol.

The night of the 17th was quite still. Not a shot was fired on either side. The hours of darkness were spent in repairing damages and re-mounting guns. The allies could not keep up a fire in the night, not only because their ammunition was already running short, but because the French needed absolute quiet to renew their batteries. Therefore, all night long the French and Russians were re-fashioning their trenches and mounting fresh guns, and the British were repairing the comparatively slight injuries sustained by their works, enlarging the magazines, and restoring the shattered gun-platforms and gun-carriages.

At dawn, on the 18th, the cannonade was resumed. This time it was a duel between the British and the Russians, for the French had not recovered from the destructive blows they received on the 17th. The Russian fire was far heavier than on the preceding day. The batteries round the Malakoff, the Redan, the

Barrack, the Garden, and left face of the Flagstaff batteries, were more vigorous than ever. But our fire did not equal in intensity and weight the fire of the first day. Then, our gunners were lavish of ammunition; now, they hoarded the slender store. Each gun fired once in ten minutes. But the enemy, having behind them the best stocked arsenal in the world, pitched in every kind of missile without stint. Although they could not touch our magazines, again we blew up one of theirs—this time in the Malakoff. The first day we fired as fast as we could, in the hope of subduing their fire and storming in; but on the second day all idea of instant storming had been given up. We fired to continue the bombardment and enable the French to recover. One ominous sign marked the 18th—the Russians made a reconnaissance from the Tchernaya in the forenoon, upon the lines of Balaclava. Their heavy masses appeared above Tchorgoun, and on the Fedoukine heights, but did not approach nearer. It was the first instalment of the great bodies on the road from Bessarabia.

On the night of the 18th, the French fired a few guns; but the Russians quelled them at once. On the 19th all the batteries of the allies went to work together. We began to fire rockets and red-hot shot, and raised some conflagrations in the place; but they did not spread. The French again suffered severely. Sharpshooters now began to be planted in pits in front of the parallels; they spent their time in firing into the Russian embrasures, and in small engagements with Russian sharpshooters. There were more alarms on the side of Balaclava; but otherwise the steady, monotonous firing went on, and even the noise had ceased to interest or attract notice. Captain William Peel distinguished himself by daring valour. On one occasion he picked up a shell and flung it over the parapet before it could burst. On another, when the Union Jack was shot down, he seized the stump, and, jumping on the parapet, under a storm of shot, waved the flag to and fro until a new staff was brought. Well might the sailors adore such a leader. Two new batteries were constructed: one on the right, to strike at the shipping in the great harbour; one on the left, to fire down the South bay.

But the result of the day's fire was a painful disappointment. The superiority of the Russians was now established. They had more men, more guns, more means of all kinds. On the 19th they fired more shots; they fired steadily, and they had increased their number of guns. The artillery of the besieged was double that of the besiegers. It was all artillery of great weight and great range. The Russian general had men enough to serve all his guns, and to keep very strong parties on guard. Each night he more than repaired the damage done in the day. Todleben seemed to be sleepless. In short, the whole character of the operation, so far as the allies were concerned, had become changed, not by their will, but by time and the will of the Russians. On the morning of the 20th, the English store of ammunition had been so reduced, that very few rounds per gun remained. They had fired 20,000 the first day. Moreover, the enemy was evidently gathering in force in the valley of the Tchernaya. Therefore the generals took council together, and determined to await the arrival of reinforcements, both of men and means, and then to recommence a fresh bombardment, with a greatly increased force of artillery.

But this decision was practically an abandonment of the original design, an abandonment begun when the flank march was undertaken. It entailed new labours on the engineers and the soldiers. The English batteries and trenches—substantial though they were—had been built, not to withstand and carry out regular siege operations, but solely to obtain temporary cover for guns with which to silence the fire of the place as a preliminary to an assault. Now that the allies had been forced to undertake a regular siege, the batteries and trenches had to be rebuilt, and converted into strong, permanent works. And all this had to be done at night. By the death of Lieut.-Colonel Alexander, we lost a valuable engineer; his place was taken by Captain Gordon. So, day by day, the works were altered, extended, and pushed forward; and new batteries, suggested by the exigencies of the occasion, and the changed character of the operations, were begun. At the same time Todleben very much increased his defensive works, by connecting the various grand batteries and constructing new ones, and even throwing up works in their front. The Russian outposts swarmed over the ground between the allies and the place, and their riflemen built stone screens, behind which they rallied if attacked, or from which they fired at long range. They were constantly supported by field pieces; and it was evident, from their audacity and forwardness, that the garrison had greatly increased in strength. In one sortie on the night of the 20th, they entered the French batteries, and spiked five mortars. Between the 19th and 24th they exploded three French magazines. Not one British magazine had been penetrated up to this time, but many guns had been disabled; and neither in the fortress nor in the trenches of the allies was there rest night or day. The French had received large reinforcements, including the whole of their 5th Division, under General Levaillant, and two regiments of cavalry, chiefly Chasseurs d'Afrique; and, according to their official statements, they mustered on the 20th upwards of 40,000 men under arms. On the 23rd they opened their second parallel of attack, and built three new batteries, raising the number of their batteries to nine.

The expedition to the Crimea was undertaken on the idea that Sebastopol could be taken by a landing, a battle, a march, and a *coup de main*. The allies landed on the 14th. The news of the battle of the Alma reached Paris and London on the 30th of September. On the 1st and 2nd of October came a report that the place had been taken on the 25th. This report was believed by most people, including the British Government, and it was believed by them because they were cognisant of the real nature of the plan. Those who felt and ex-

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pressed doubts respecting the truth of a story, which rested on the authority of a "Tatar" riding from Constantinople to Silistria—of the "captain" of a steamer who met the captain of another steamer in the Black Sea, and "the Greek houses"—were indignantly silenced. The French Emperor shared in the general delusion, and it was not until the 4th of October that it was dispelled by the arrival of Lord Raglan's despatch of the 28th, stating that he had only just reached Balaclava. In the midst of their labours in the trenches, and when the grave fact, that Sebastopol could not be taken without a regular siege, was becoming more apparent every hour, this wild story reached the allied camp with the English journals, and excited feelings of the warmest indignation. This incident is narrated to show how great were the expectations of the people and the Governments, and how little either knew of the real nature of the enterprise which they had promoted and sanctioned. In England there was a passion to take Sebastopol, and it cannot be doubted that the failure of the original plan, while it intensified that passion, also made the people angry with the heads of the army and the heads of the state.

The Czar Nicholas was also angry at the invasion of his dominions and the defeat of his troops; and anger and prudence alike dictated the reinforcement of Prince Menschikoff and the resumption of offensive operations. Accordingly, he gave orders for the march of the 3rd and 4th Corps d'Armée to the Crimea. These troops had to move by Odessa and Nicolaieff to Perekop, and thence by Simpheropol and Batchi-serai to Sebastopol. The route was long and the roads were bad. The allied war-steamers off Odessa and the mouth of the Dnieper barred the shorter passage by sea. But although the route was long and the roads heavy, it was the will of the Czar that his divisions should make for Sebastopol by forced marches; that the men should tramp along where they could get no transport, and should be carried in country carts, when country carts could be had. The 4th Corps, under General Dannenberg, was between Odessa and Nicolaieff on its return from the Danube. It was, therefore, the first to be pushed into the Crimea. But it was upwards of two hundred miles from Sebastopol. Nevertheless, the case was urgent, and the 10th, 11th, and 12th infantry Divisions, the two brigades of horse, and the three brigades of guns of which it was composed, were hurried over the steppes, across the Bug and the Dnieper, through Perekop into the Crimea. The allies were thundering against the defences improvised by Todleben, and so severe was the fire from the British batteries, that Prince Menschikoff was eager for intelligence that the long looked-for succours were in the Crimea. The 12th Division and the cavalry arrived on the 23rd of October, and was immediately directed to enter the valley of the Tchernaya, and reinforce the Vladimir regiment and the Don Cossacks already watching the allies from Tchorgoun.

Prince Menschikoff was meditating a counterstroke, and devising plans to force the allies to raise the siege. Surveying their position, he deemed it assailable on two points from the Tchernaya, in front of Balaclava, and from the head of the harbour on the British right flank opposite Inkermann. Perhaps the feasibility of the latter operation was then only germinating in his mind. The only evidence of its contemplation by him is the fact, that about the 20th of October he got up heavy guns on the heights above the ruins which are in the face of the cliff on the right bank of the Tchernaya, and near its mouth and opposite the camp of the 2nd Division. On our side, we had, from the first, felt jealous of an attack from the head of the harbour. The engineers had pointed out the dangerous state of that flank, and had suggested the occupation by the allies of commanding ground and projecting spurs, whence the roads and paths from the north could be swept by artillery. Little was done, except to form a sandbag battery for two 18-pounders opposite Inkermann, in order to silence the Russian guns on the other side of the ravine. The battery was built, the enemy's guns were silenced, and our artillery was withdrawn, because we were so weak, and the post was held to be too far in advance and liable to a surprise. Prince Menschikoff at that time showed no other indication of any scheme for assaulting our right flank. He was seduced into another operation. The apparent weakness of the British position about Balaclava made him impatient to attack it. From the lofty ridge of Mackenzie, on the north, and from the heights to the east, which on one side look towards the Baidar valley, and the road to the Crimean undercliff, and on the other into Kamara and the Balaclava plain, he saw the weak-looking defences of the allies in front and flank. The little knolls crowned by the Turkish redoubts lay exposed in the plains, nearly two miles from any support. They ran in a curved line north-west from Kamara—No. 1, on a mound called Canrobert's Hill, being nearest to Kamara; and No. 5 being almost under the ridge of Mount Sapouno. Between them and Balaclava and Kadikoi, and on to the Col and the fortified ridge, there was nothing except the Marines on the eastern Balaclava heights, the 93rd in front of the gorge leading to the harbour, the sailors' gun-battery above Kadikoi, and the camps of the British Cavalry Brigades, north-west of that village. Could he not by a rapid and vigorous movement sweep through these defences, expel the Turks, destroy the 93rd, siege Balaclava, and cut off the British from their road out to the sea? Having won Balaclava, and the heights on both sides, could he not next carry the Col, and so break into the rear of the allied camps, and place them between his guns and bayonets and those of Sebastopol? General Liprandi had arrived with the 12th Division and four regiments of horse and 44 field-guns, and reinforcing these from his over-abundant garrison, Menschikoff determined to attempt the enterprise.

The Russian commander had kept the British on the alert ever since the opening of the bombardment. He showed Cossacks and even infantry in front of Tchorgoun, and on the Fedoukine heights. His parties had mounted the rough hills above Kamara, where a rugged road passing along a narrow neck of rock, connects the main chain of the southern Crimean hills with the eastern

Balaclava heights; but they had found the road scarped, and the neck commanded by heavy guns in battery. Sir Colin Campbell, who commanded at Balaclava, feared an attack from Kamara and on this side, and he had done all that was possible, with the scanty means at his disposal, to provide against it. As he watched daily, his keen eye detected the increasing symptoms of the coming storm. But so weak was our force that we could do little, except place guns in the Turkish redoubts, a measure which did not meet with general approval; and in case of attack to rely for safety upon the arrival of troops from the main body in time to give battle to the assailants. The battle was near at hand.

General Liprandi, as early as the 23rd, had collected on the Tchernaya his own 12th Infantry Division, and he was then reinforced by seven battalions and fourteen guns from Sebastopol. This gave him a force of about 21,000 men, including 3,200 cavalry and 52 guns. The 24th was spent in reconnoitring the position, and Sir Colin Campbell heard the same evening, from a spy, that an attack in force would be made at dawn; information which Lord Lucan sent by his own aide-de-camp to head-quarters. But it does not appear that any measures were taken in consequence. Perhaps no trust was placed in the spy. Perhaps Lord Lucan did not enjoy that confidence at head-quarters which a really good cavalry commander would not have failed to inspire. In any case, it does not appear that special measures were taken to meet the attack. Lord Raglan knew that Sir Colin Campbell was certain not to be surprised, and that he ever kept the keenest watch upon his front and flank. Both were aware that a large Russian force of all arms was on the Tchernaya, and General Bosquet was too good a soldier to be ignorant of the fact. Therefore, although no special movements were made by them, there was on the part of the allies a general readiness to encounter the enemy, should he come; although it seems clear that Lord Raglan did not anticipate an onset in such great force.

Long before dawn the Russians stood to their arms. The valley of the Tchernaya, the plain beyond, and the hill sides were shrouded in a thick clammy mist. This was favourable to the assailants. The plan of General Liprandi was to move in three separate columns upon the redoubts occupied by the Turks. The right column crossed the Tchernaya by the bridge of Traktir, and moving through the principal pass or gorge in the Fedoukine heights, turned to its right, and drew up ready to take post in the south-western slopes, over against Mount Sapoune. The centre columns, or main body, passed the Tchernaya at Tchorgoun, and deploying the right battalions moved obliquely towards the redoubts, while the left battalions took ground to the left, and faced the eastern end of the line of works. At the same time the cavalry drew up between the right and the centre across the valley. The enemy's left column made a considerable detour through a defile which leads to the Baidar Valley, and coming out upon Kamara, he occupied it; while he sent part of his troops up the hills to threaten the right of the Marines on Mount Spilia —that is, the mass of rugged elevations eastward of Balaclava. So that the Russian line, just as day began breaking, stretched from Kamara across the valley to the north-east of the Fedoukine ridge. It was a powerful force: 16,000 bayonets, 3,200 sabres and lances, and 52 guns were emerging from the mists, in the hope of thrusting themselves in between the British army and Balaclava. To meet them were, first, about 1,000 Turks —not well-tried soldiers, but recruits—who were placed in weak redoubts, armed with seven iron 12-pounders, nearly two miles from any kind of support; next, 1,100 British Marines, the 93rd Regiment, a few more Turks, and two weak brigades of cavalry.

The Russians, who knew well with what they had to contend, and how weak was the first line of the allies, moved up very briskly to the attack. General Semiakino and General Letufsky brought nine battalions and twenty guns, well supported, against the two redoubts nearest Kamara; the poor Turks in which suddenly saw before them a whole army. The riflemen ran forward, the guns opened, the heavy columns came on. The Turks were alarmed. They opened a fire of cannon and musketry; but, as the enemy's troops rolled on towards them, they lost heart. Arrived within a hundred yards, the Russian infantry made a rush over the intervening space, and the redoubt was won. The Turks fled, some over the valley, some into the next redoubt; but some stood and fought, for the Russian general reports that 170 were slain in the work. The English artilleryman in charge of the 12-pounders had spiked them. Moving swiftly forward, bringing up his right and pushing his horsemen along on the flank, Liprandi forced the Turks to flee from the next two redoubts; and the Cossacks were soon over the slopes, dashing among the fugitives, and spearing them as they ran. But here again some turned at bay, and footmen and horsemen, lances and bayonets, were seen engaged in single combats. The Turks still fled. Panic ran along the whole line. The last redoubt was abandoned, and the Russians, elated with this rout of 1,000 men by an army, occupied the whole line of outposts, and bringing up their artillery opened a heavy fire. But General Liprandi, fearful of thrusting his men under the fire of the heavy guns about Balaclava and Kadikoi, halted in full career, and refrained from pressing an attack which, at one moment, seemed likely to sweep like a tide through the whole valley. He even abandoned the fourth redoubt soon after he took it, because he says, "it was too far from his position." So far then, instead of a determined onset, he had only made a reconnaissance in force, had driven in the outposts, and had occupied three-fourths of the line of knolls in great strength.

Nevertheless, he resolved to continue his offensive movement, but with his horsemen alone. When the Russians were first seen advancing through the mist, Lord Lucan, who expected them, was in one of the redoubts. He immediately rode off to join his division, and to send the unwelcome news to Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Raglan. The cavalry were soon in the saddle and in fighting order, the Heavy Brigade on the right, the

Light on the left. Sir Colin Campbell drew out the 93rd, under Colonel Ainslie, and posted them on a rising ground in front of the gorge leading to the port. He had no other force, except Captain Barker's nine-pounder foot battery, with which he covered his right. Presently Lord Lucan sent down the Scots Greys and Captain Maude's horse artillery. The Russians were now chasing the Turks from No. 1 and 2 redoubts. They had placed thirty or forty guns in battery, and when the two British batteries entered into a contest with them, Maude was dangerously wounded, and the greater number and the heavier metal of the enemy obliged our guns to withdraw; but Barker, falling back, still kept his place on the right of the 93rd, and his guns trained upon the road from Kamara, whence the left Russian column threatened to debouch. Some of the fugitive Turks were rallied by Sir Colin, and placed on his right flank, but no dependence could be put in them. The only stanch infantry on the plain were the 93rd, drawn up in line along a little ridge—a mere streak of red compared with the dark compact masses of the impending foe.

When the British cavalry fell back, Lord Lucan placed them near the two most westerly redoubts. His object in doing this was twofold. He desired, first, to give a clear and unobstructed range to Sir Colin Campbell's guns; and, secondly, to post the cavalry at a point whence, if the Russians moved directly on Balaclava, he could take them in flank. For this reason he made them front to the east. By this time Lord Raglan had ridden up, and had taken post on the slopes of the ridge of Mount Sapoune, then occupied by the French, so that he had a clear view of the valleys beneath him. Before leaving head-quarters, he had ordered the 1st and 4th Divisions, under the Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Cathcart, to march at once towards Balaclava. But they were distant six miles, and two hours would be required before they could come upon the scene of action. The French were near at hand, but they had no orders to move; and, as Balaclava was an English post, the French may have felt some delicacy in acting without previous concert between General Canrobert and Lord Raglan. The former had not come up—another instance of the perils of a divided command. When General Canrobert arrived, he gave orders for the advance of General Vinoy's brigade towards Kadikoi, and for the immediate march of two squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique.

Now Lord Raglan, looking from his post of vantage, did not approve of the disposition of the cavalry, and, being Commander-in-Chief, he had the audacity to direct a change of position. Lord Lucan was "discomfited." He seems to have thought that Lord Raglan did wrong to interfere with him. But he obeyed, and changed the front from east to north. Then Lord Raglan appears to have thought that the infantry near Balaclava should not be wholly without the support of the horse, and he directed Lord Lucan to send eight squadrons of the Heavy Brigade towards Balaclava. He obeyed. There was a long orchard running north and south, round which, on the western side, the cavalry had to move. It so chanced that, coincidently with this order from the English general, Liprandi had also given an order. He had massed his cavalry behind the redoubts, and he now directed them, with a force of Cossacks on the left flank, to push over the ridge and pour the larger body into the cavalry camps which lay to the south-east of the orchard, and the flanking Cossacks to attack the 93rd. As Lord Lucan was riding along, he saw, through a break in the fruit-trees, the head of the huge column of Russian cavalry, some glittering in blue and silver uniforms, crown the ridge and descend the slope. He rode at speed, and joined the Greys and Enniskillens, as they were rounding the south end of the orchard. He wheeled them into line, almost in the cavalry camp, and placing them under General Scarlett, he directed them to anticipate the Russian charge. All this was visible to the men and officers who swarmed on Mount Sapoune. They sat or stood, French and English, looking down with breathless interest on the scene below. They saw the Russian horse, nearly 3,000 strong, sweep majestically over the rising ground, the front of their broad and deep column protected by outstretched wings on either flank; and they saw—at first in something like disorder, apparent not real—the little squadrons of the Heavy Brigade, who altogether did not equal a fifth of the force swooping down upon them. No British soldier could have desired a fairer occasion for a display of valour and skill. The pick and pride of the officers and soldiers of France were looking on. On one side were twenty-two squadrons of regular cavalry and nine sotnias of Cossacks. On the other eight squadrons, of the Heavy Brigade, six of which were only actually engaged, and ten squadrons of the Light Brigade, not one of which took part in the fight. But as the keen eyes of Captain Morris detected the first indications of the Russian advance he of his own accord moved his regiment, the 17th Lancers, across some broken ground into a position which would have enabled him to sweep into the Russian rear. Lord Cardigan, whom fortune had placed in the command of these brave men, saw the movement, and indignantly rebuked the forward officer. That officer pointed out the piece of good luck which, as it were, had been thrown in the path of the Light Brigade; but Lord Cardigan was angry, and averse from doing anything without an express order from Lord Lucan. So the Light Brigade went for nothing in a brilliant feat of arms which their intervention would have rendered decisive.

For as the Russians rolled over the ridge, they instinctively fronted towards the tiny squadrons whom they saw entangled in their standing camp; and while they fronted General Scarlett, they showed a broad flank to Lord Cardigan. Well might Captain Morris make fast his heavy sabre to his wrist, and yearn to fall in even with his lances alone, when the unwieldy mass had committed itself beyond all hope. And it did commit itself, as if in contempt of the Light Brigade, or in ignorance of its existence; for the Russians went straight towards the four squadrons of the Greys and Enniskillens. At this time the 5th Dragoons were on

the right rear of the Enniskillens, the 4th Dragoon Guards were only coming round the south end of the Orchard, and the 1st Royals were in reserve. "The Russians," writes Dr. Russell, who witnessed the scene, "advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was nearly double the length of ours, and it was at least three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space enough for the play of their sword arms. The Russian line brought forward each wing as our cavalry advanced, and threatened to annihilate them as they passed on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rushed on with a cheer that thrilled every heart. The wild shout of the Enniskilleners rose through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel, and a light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Greys and dragoons disappeared in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we saw them emerging with diminished numbers and in broken order, charging against the second line. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been utterly smashed by our charge, and had fled off at our flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and by sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already red coats and grey horses had appeared at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 4th Dragoon Guards riding straight at the right flank of the Russians, and the 5th Dragoon Guards following close after the Enniskilleners, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were pasteboard, and put them to the utter rout." In less than five minutes, by the vigorous attack in front, and the well-timed assault in flank, and the dash upon the wings as they were closing in upon our first line, less than 700 British swordsmen had beaten 3,000 Russian horse in compact and close array into a disorderly crowd, and had driven them off so completely, that they did not draw rein until two miles from the scene of the combat and well behind their own guns, and between their own infantry. Fortunately, General Scarlett, who had the conduct of this brilliant charge, kept his men in hand, and brought them up before they came under the range of the enemy's guns. Thus were exemplified before the eyes of our allies the highest and the rarest qualities of cavalry—the swift, unhesitating charge, and the faculty for stopping ere it is too late. The spectators on the hills cheered and shouted, and even clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan was delighted, and sent Lieutenant Curzon to congratulate General Scarlett, and tell him it was "well done!" And in his despatch home, he said, "The charge was one of the most successful I ever witnessed, and was never for a moment doubtful." But the British general must have seen with regret, as the French officers saw with astonishment, the inactivity of the Light Brigade. One word from their leader, a few strides round the north of the orchard, and the brigade might have buried itself deep in the Russian right rear, and have taken hundreds of prisoners, if it had not half destroyed Liprandi's cavalry. But fear of responsibility kept Lord Cardigan's lips closed. He had been "placed there," and until he was ordered to move, there he must remain. Few men have ever thrown away a more fortunate moment, and in war such moments fly never to return.

We have followed these cavalry operations out, because they were the main stream of battle. Just before the vast column crossed the ridge, the Cossacks, who had been hunting the Turks, gathered up to make a dash at the 93rd. They came down with a gallop and a yell. The few Turks on the right of the Highlanders fired a volley at once and ran, crying "Ship, Johnny, ship!" The Cossacks were elated, and they swung round their left flank as if they would roll up "the thin red streak, tipped with a line of steel." But Sir Colin threw back his right flank company, and when the screaming horsemen were within 600 yards, he threw in a volley. The guns on the heights sent in heavy shots, yet the Cossacks were not to be deterred. In a short space, instead of fleeing, the 93rd poured in another volley from their rifles, a volley heard afar, as it rang out clear and compact, and echoed among the hills. The Cossacks found that the men in red were not to be scared away like Turks, although they stood alone far out in the plain, and only two deep. So, when the great column was closing with our heavy horse, the mere fire and steadfastness of the Highlanders drove the lesser column back to the redoubts, while the guns of Barker's battery smote them as they fled.

So far the conflict. The Russians had surprised a line of outposts, and had taken seven guns, and now held the greater part of the line they had surprised; but their cavalry had suffered a deep disgrace, and had been driven in, and their general was compelled to form a strong line of battle, not for offence, but defence. He placed seven battalions and eight guns on the south and south-west slopes of the Fedoukine heights. In the valley leading to the Tchernaya were the rallied horse, with their flanks thrown forward and guns in their front; and on the redoubt ridge, and on both sides of it, and in three of the redoubts, was the remainder of the infantry in column, as far as Kamara, supported by strong lines of guns. He seemed to wait an opportunity, and was tempted again, by the weak appearance of the defence of

Balaclava, to try and debouch from Kamara; but the steady fire of Barker and the Marines daunted him effectually. Thus stood the aspect of the field between nine and ten o'clock, when the action cooled down to a cannonade, and the Russians, who were proud of their victory over the Turks, seemed to entertain no desire for a further acquaintance with their other foes at close quarters.

About ten o'clock the 1st Division—that is, three battalions of Guards and two of the Highland Brigade—began to descend from the plateau. General Canrobert had ridden up to Lord Raglan, and had informed him that General Vinoy's brigade would immediately enter the valley, and form a little to the west of Kadikoi, while the brigade of General Espinasse was about to take post a little below Mount Sapoune, near the most westerly redoubt. Two squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique were advancing towards the scene of action. The 1st division, as soon as it reached the plain, formed line in échelon of brigades; the Guards on the right resting on the 93rd, and stretching towards the redoubt ridge; and the Highland brigade, on the left, being somewhat farther back. The 4th division, under Sir George Cathcart, soon followed, and was posted in column in rear of the Highland brigade. The heavy cavalry were advanced some distance in front of the 1st division, and the light cavalry were wheeled to the right, and placed near the head of the valley north of the redoubt ridge, and facing to the east. In rear the troops of General Bosquet's own division were under arms, guarding the entrenchments on Mount Sapoune, and manning the batteries; while the Turks, attached to the French, were posted, partly in the Col and partly below it, facing north. There was a pause in the fight. The guns alone fired as opportunity offered. When our infantry first formed across the plain, the Russians opened on them from the third redoubt; but, skirmishers being thrown forward, their rifles quickly told upon the gunners; and, as General Liprandi was intent on showing a shorter front and more compact line, he drew back the force from the redoubt and placed it on the east.

Lord Raglan, from his post of vantage, had watched the enemy's disposition, and he thought he saw indications of an intention to retire. He believed he saw the Russians preparing to remove the captured guns. He, therefore, no doubt again to the discomfiture of Lord Lucan, directed him to move his cavalry, and take advantage of any opportunity that might present itself to prevent the removal of the guns. The infantry divisions had not yet entered the valley. The order sent to Lord Lucan was not well constructed, but the sense was plain. It ran thus:—"Cavalry to advance, and take any opportunity to recover the heights. They will be supported by the infantry, which have been ordered. Advance on two fronts." What does this mean? Lord Lucan, who resented interference with him, put upon it this construction. He held that it was simply an order for the cavalry to advance; that it merely informed him that infantry had been ordered, which is nonsense; and that "advance on two fronts" did not apply to the infantry, but to the cavalry. Yet he describes himself as looking anxiously for the infantry, who, if they had been simply ordered, might have been ordered to attack Sebastopol for aught he knew. If he did not understand the order, he should have asked for an explanation. But Lord Raglan had interfered with him, and he chose to interpret the order as he pleased. The real meaning was, that the cavalry were to place themselves in a position to act, if occasion offered, and that the advancing infantry would support them. Lord Lucan affirms that he did advance the cavalry, and look out for an opportunity. Lord Raglan did not think so. For some reason he was not satisfied that the best thing had been done. Lord Raglan may have been wrong, and Lord Lucan right; but at that moment Lord Raglan was Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Lucan's troopers were part of his army, and he had an absolute right to say how they should be employed. Lord Lucan is a very able man and a good officer; but he appears to have held a wrong view of his relations to his commander. And it led to a glorious but tragic scene.

Feeling that Lord Lucan had not advanced far enough according to his view, Lord Raglan directed Quartermaster-General Airey to send the following instructions to Lord Lucan: "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate." These instructions—they were not called orders, but wishes—were placed in the hands of Captain Nolan, a far-famed cavalry officer, who believed British horsemen, well led, could ride over anything. Nolan galloped swiftly down the slope and over the plain, and drawing rein, presented the paper to Lord Lucan. "After carefully reading this order," writes Lord Lucan to Lord Raglan afterwards, "I hesitated, and urged the uselessness of such an *attack*, and the dangers attending it. The aide-de-camp [Nolan], in a most authoritative tone, stated that they were Lord Raglan's orders, that the cavalry should attack immediately. I asked [in a very complaining tone] 'Where, and what to do?' [a sensible question], neither enemy nor guns being in sight. He [Nolan] replied, in a most disrespectful but significant manner, pointing to the further end of the valley, 'There, my lord, is your enemy; there are the guns!'" Here is a dramatic interlude on a bare plain in the Crimea. An aide-de-camp brings written instructions to a lieutenant-general. These instructions are that a rapid *advance*—not attack—should be made, with the specific object of trying to prevent an enemy, who, as the instructions implied, was supposed to be retiring, from carrying off the British guns. The lieutenant-general jumps at the conclusion that he is to *attack* the Russian army with eight squadrons of light horse, and he naturally thinks this most dangerous and most useless. The aide-de-camp helps to confirm him in his erroneous views, that a rapid advance is synonymous with a desperate charge. Having construed the instructions to mean an order to attack, he appeals to the aide-de-camp,

and that officer insolently points out what he is to attack. All this time both these officers have a written paper before them, which prescribes a quick advance to test the temper and intentions of the enemy, and not a fierce charge to destroy him; and with the paper in his pocket, and an erroneous construction of it converted into a fixed idea in his head, Lord Lucan, against his convictions, as he says, determined to hurl the Light Brigade against an army in position, regarding that glorious folly as the very thing Lord Raglan intended him to do. Yet Lord Raglan was a few hundred yards distant, and when there was such a difference between none the less in great part the sacrifice of many to the misconception and the pride of one.

After the fierce dialogue we have recorded, Lord Lucan rode over to the Light Brigade. He found them dismounted, and orders were given to mount. "Lord Lucan," says Lord Cardigan, in a sworn affidavit, "then came to our front, and ordered me to attack the Russians in the valley. I replied, 'Certainly, sir; but allow me to point out to you that the Russians have a battery in our front, and batteries and riflemen on each flank.' Lord Lucan said, 'I cannot help that; it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the Light Brigade

LORD LYONS

written instructions to advance, and a verbal order from an aide-de-camp to attack, surely duty dictated an application to Lord Raglan to decide what was really meant. But Lord Lucan did not like to be interfered with. He felt, moreover, as he told his peers, that had he disobeyed what he calls the order to attack, he would have been held responsible for ever for the loss of the guns. "Such would have been the censure thrown upon him, that he could not have shown himself to his division; that his existence would have been intolerable; and that he must have destroyed himself." Although the charge of the Light Brigade stands in the very first rank of glorious deeds of arms, yet it was attacks immediately.'" Lord Raglan's "order," as it is called, we again repeat:—"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front [Lord Lucan's order was to move beyond the front—nay, into the midst of the enemy's line of battle], follow the enemy [Lord Lucan's order was to attack a stationary force not then in retreat], and try to prevent the enemy from carrying away the guns" [Lord Lucan's order was to charge the Russian army]. Instructions for an advance came from Lord Raglan; verbal orders to attack from Captain Nolan and Lord Lucan. Well might a thrill of horror run through the spectators on the heights, when they saw the Light Cavalry speed off to their glorious doom.

For at this moment the Russians presented a strong line of battle. The Fedoukine hills were black with heavy masses of infantry, no fewer than sixteen guns looked into the valley, and a body of foot Cossack riflemen were extended as skirmishers on the lower slopes; all this force of artillery and musketry being on the left flank of the valley down which Lord Lucan was about to hurl the Light Brigade. Across the mouth of the valley leading to the bridge over the Tchernaya and to Tchorgoun, with both flanks thrown well forward, stood the cavalry defeated by the heavy brigade, having in front, and parallel to the line of attack, a battery of guns belonging to a Cossack regiment. On the right of the line of advance two redoubts were occupied, and more than half the Russian infantry and a body of lancers were in position. Riflemen were extended along both sides of the valley. But, on our right flank, the artillery, except that in the second redoubt, fronted towards Balaclava. It was through a valley thus defended on the flanks, and thus barred at the end, that our Light Brigade were ordered to ride. The feat they accomplished is, perhaps, unparalleled in war.

Lord Cardigan had formed his ten squadrons in two lines, numbering from the right, the 13th Light Dragoons, the 17th Lancers, and the 11th Hussars; in the second, the 8th Hussars and the 4th Light Dragoons. Lord Lucan did not approve of this arrangement, and, drawing the 11th Hussars from the first line, he placed them in the left rear of the 17th Lancers. Thus the brigade formed three lines. The whole did not amount to many more than 600 men. Lord Cardigan took post in front of the centre of the first line. He was conspicuous, for he wore the uniform of the 11th Hussars, with its bright cherry-coloured trowsers and gorgeous jacket, and he rode a strong and beautiful chestnut horse, with white heels. The signal was given, and—

"Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred."

The brigade went over the shoulder of the hill at a trot. At once they came under the fire of the guns on the Fedoukine heights. The brave Nolan was in the van. He had not gone far when a piece of shell struck him, ripping open his chest. His horse swerved round, and throwing his arms aloft, and shrieking so piercingly that his screams were heard above the uproar, he rode back into the brigade and fell dead. On went the brigade. In the race of death they had to run, the course was more than a mile long. The guns on their left, the battery in front, served by Cossacks—who only sponged out after every sixth round, so that their fire might be rapid—the guns from the redoubt, on their right, sent shot, and shell, and grape into the brilliant and swiftly gliding lines, the thunder of whose trampling hoofs was heard afar. The ranks were broken. Horses stumbled and rolled over, and rose again screaming with agony; and men fell, some shot dead, with the grim smile of battle on their faces, some in mortal anguish, some unhurt. The valley was strewed with heroes. The tempest of deadly hail ceased not to rush through the air. But on went the brigade, "with a halo of flashing steel above their heads," and a dauntless purpose in their hearts. The mere sight of this steadfast band swooping down upon them, made upon the Russians an impression so terrible, that they instinctively drew back. "Their fierce attack," writes General Liprandi, "forced General Rijoff to retire by the road that leads to Tchorgoun." The infantry on the left went back nearer to Kamara, and ran into squares. "The enemy's attack," continues Liprandi, "was most pertinacious. He charged our cavalry in spite of the grape fired with great precision from six guns of the light battery, No. 7, in spite of the fire of the skirmishers of the regiment 'Odessa' [on the Russian left], and of a company of riflemen on the right wing, and even unheeding the guns of General Yabrokritski," on the slopes of the Fedoukine heights. Even unheeding all this mass of destructive machinery, did the Light Brigade sweep on. The steadfast artillerymen fired their last round as the first line, rent and torn, closed upon the muzzles, and, with a fierce cheer, dashed in. The gunners were caught before they could retire, and only those escaped who crept under the guns and wagons. Some Cossacks charged to save their guns. Lord Cardigan had encounters with several, but escaped with a lance thrust through his sleeve, and then he "rode away apparently unhurt." After the first line came Colonel Douglas, with the 11th, and then the 4th and 8th. In a short space the first line, which had charged home so impetuously, was now broken into groups, and began to straggle back; but, some of them meeting the 11th, faced about once more and went on. All the regiments had passed the battery. Some of the men were even galloping right into the Russian cavalry, who had fallen back towards Tchorgoun.

The British horse were thus for a moment far within the enemy's position. The Russians were almost stunned by the hardihood of the charge. But General Liprandi, who was watching the fight, gathered up a body of Lancers on his own left, and poured them into the space in front of the battery, between our troopers and their line of retreat. Fortunately, Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, had kept his regiment well in hand throughout. He had come on at a steady, deliberate pace, on the right of the 3rd line, but not so fast as the 4th. He had charged through the battery, and had shown front to the Russians beyond; but, like a good officer, he still kept his men in hand. His skill was rewarded. Across the rear came the Russian Lancer regiment, and some of our men and some officers thought for a moment it was the 17th, and proposed to form upon it. They were soon undeceived. Colonel Shewell did not hesitate. He wheeled about his squadrons just as Major Mayou, who had brought back a knot of the 17th from their charge towards Tchorgoun, joined him; and, leading the way, Shewell carried his men clear through the Russians, and thus removed the worst danger from the path of the little groups and single men, some wounded, some with wounded horses, some without horses, who were strug-

gling back over the corpse-strewn valley, still under that terrible cross-fire.

Lord Lucan had brought up the Heavy Brigade to the crest of the ridge to protect the retreat, and they came under fire and lost men, and his lordship himself was slightly wounded. The Chasseurs d'Afrique had made a most daring and skilful charge on a battery on the Fedoukine heights, and had silenced its fire, with great loss to themselves. This was an admirable feat, deserving all the praise it received. While the Heavy Brigade was under fire, Lord Cardigan rode up and began to complain. At this time the remnants of his brigade were still in the Russian position, or just passing from it; for he had passed Lord Lucan, who was in advance of *his* brigade, before the returning heroes of the Light Cavalry were within Lord Lucan's sight. So deponeth Lord Lucan.

Lord Cardigan, as we have seen, went headlong at and through the battery. He was the first man within the line, and the Russian general guessing, perhaps, who he was, and hoping to make him prisoner, launched a section of Cossacks against him; but these he encountered and beat off. After this exploit he seems to have retired. "Upon disengaging myself from the Cossacks and returning past the guns," he says, "I saw the broken remnants of the *first* line, in small detached parties, retreating up the hill towards our original position." General Scarlett states that Lord Cardigan came up "with the retreating troops," "among the last, if not the last, of the first line." Major Mayou, who took command of the 17th because he could not see anything of Lord Cardigan, states that he rallied the men in rear of the guns, and joined Colonel Shewell, and with the 8th broke the Russian Lancers. "Whilst going up the valley I looked," he deposes, "in every direction for Lord Cardigan (who would have been conspicuous from wearing the Hussar dress of the 11th); and not being able to see him anywhere, I said to myself, 'Lord Cardigan must be either killed, or taken prisoner.' However, when I got in the rear of the Heavy Brigade, I found his lordship there, and he spoke to me." Major Phillips deposes that while the 8th was still advancing, he saw Lord Cardigan "coming back." Trumpeter Donoghue, who rode with Colonel Shewell, affirms that before the 8th reached the guns "he saw the Earl of Cardigan galloping past towards the rear," and that he thought the Major-General was going to bring up the Heavy Brigade. Private Keating, of the 8th, saw "a general officer with scarlet trowsers, on a chestnut horse, with white heels, returning to the rear," as the 8th was advancing. Private Edden, of the 4th Light Dragoons, says he saw a similar sight. Lord Cardigan "was on a chestnut horse, and quite alone, and was cantering back.... to the left of our regiment." Other men of the 4th and 8th make like reports. Private John Ford, of the 4th, is most positive. "My horse was shot as we were advancing to the Russian guns, and fell with me, my leg being under him. This was about 300 yards from the battery. While lying on the ground, looking for some one to assist in lifting the horse off me, I saw Lord Cardigan to the left of where I was lying, cantering to the rear. He was quite alone. Just after Lord Cardigan passed me, a private named Farrell came up, and assisted in getting the horse off me." General Liprandi was extremely anxious to get from the prisoners an answer to his question: "Who was that English officer who rode back on the chestnut horse with the white heels?" And when told it was the Brigadier, Liprandi said, "He never would have got back if he had not had a good horse." Lord George Paget, Major Mayou, and others, had called out while behind the guns, "Where is Cardigan?" And some one said, "Gone back." These are sworn statements. From which, taken in connection with Lord Cardigan's sworn statements, we learn that Lord Cardigan rode well into the battery, and fought with the Cossacks, but that he never had the brigade well in hand, and though alive, was not in the midst of his men at the moment when they required a guide and leader to extricate them from the heart of the Russian position.

Far from the guns of the enemy, the remnant of that valorous band re-formed. Lord Cardigan rode up to the front, and said, "Men, this is a great blunder; but it is no fault of mine." And the men cheered and replied, "Never mind, my lord, we are ready to go back again." And this was the charge of the Light Brigade, such a grievous waste of life, yet so sublime, and of such sterling quality, that its fame has rung through all lands, and its influence still permeates all armies. Out of the 670 who rode into the valley, there were left only 195 mounted men. The brigade had lost 12 officers killed and 11 wounded; 147 men killed and 110 wounded or missing; and 325 horses killed in the charge. All this devotion and daring had been shown, all this havoc wrought, within the short period of twenty minutes! Well might Lord Raglan say to Lord Lucan, "Why, you have lost the Light Brigade!" Let us be just. The responsibility, whatever it may be, for ordering that dreadful charge, must be divided between three men. The whole blame should not fall on Lord Lucan. General Airey and Captain Nolan must share it with him.

The charge of the Light Brigade virtually terminated the battle. The Guards, indeed, the 4th Division, and a French division did advance farther eastward, and this, with the fire of the British guns, forced the Russians successively out of all the redoubts, and compelled Liprandi to take up a contracted position on the high ground between Kamara and Tchorgoun. Lord Raglan and General Canrobert debated the propriety of a further attack; but decided that it would be undesirable to waste life in the attempt, as, if regained, the heights could not be re-occupied. So the battle ended about one o'clock with a cannonade. At dusk the French troops and the British infantry divisions, save the Highland Brigade, which remained to reinforce the garrison of Balaclava, returned to the plateau. The Russians admit a loss of 550 men in their cavalry alone, but admit also that this was a hasty report. There is no other. The whole British loss in cavalry was 37 officers and 353 men killed, wounded, and missing.

CHAPTER XX.

Effects of the Combat at Balaclava—Its Lessons—The Position contracted—Plans of the Allies—Frustrated by the Enemy—The Position of Inkermann—Neglected Perforce—Weak Defences—Action of the 26th of October—Defeat of the Enemy—Mr. Hewett's 68-pounder—Menschikoff Reinforced: his Strength—The Strength of the Allies—Russian Plans—Battle of Inkermann—English surprised: they run to Arms—Heavy Russian Attacks repelled—Power of the Russian Batteries—False Attacks from Balaclava Valley and the Town—Two British Divisions check the Enemy—The Sandbag Battery—Advance of the Guards—Lord Raglan arrives—The Enemy brings up Fresh Columns—Dannenberg—The Grand Dukes—The 18-pounders—New Infantry Fights—The Coldstreams in the Sandbag Battery—Bloody Combat—Enemy successful—The Guards retake the Battery: but are again expelled—Death of Cathcart—The State of Affairs—Arrival of the French—New and sharp Engagements—The Russians frustrated: they retreat fighting—Canrobert declines to pursue—Losses on both sides—Council of War—Lord Raglan's firmness: its value to England

THE lower range of heights in front of Balaclava, and the seven British guns taken from the Turks were the only material advantages gained by the enemy on the 25th of October. Moral advantages, beyond those implied in the capture of guns, he gained none. In order to strike a severe blow, Liprandi should have carried Balaclava as well as the Turkish redoubts; and had the British cavalry or the 93rd Regiment shown the least hesitation, the slightest symptom of wavering, it is most probable that the Russians would have instantly overrun the valley, and have swept like a torrent through the gorge into the little port. The charges of the cavalry and the steadfastness of the 93rd balked the Russian general. The Russian horse and Russian infantry fell again under that moral ascendancy established at the Alma, and never lost. Therefore the moral advantages of the combat of Balaclava were on the side of the allies.

Moreover, the strong demonstration of Liprandi afforded physical proof of the weakness of the position. It opened the eyes of the generals to the precarious tenure under which they held this priceless port. It caused the expediency of retaining Balaclava to be raised as a serious question. Coming so swiftly on the failure of the week's bombardment, it served to deepen the dawning impression that the expedition itself had failed, and that the allies must make up their minds to a protracted winter campaign, to be carried on by a weak force, or to an ignoble abandonment of the enterprise—to a retreat from the Crimea. These were grave and perplexing questions. Lord Raglan, in concert with General Canrobert, had to answer them, and to do so without a moment's delay.

The two generals met at Balaclava on the 26th of October, surveyed the position, and reckoned their resources. Lord Raglan called to his aid Colonel Gordon, of the Engineers, and ordered him to report on the practicability of retaining Balaclava as a base of operations. The report was favourable. With a slight increase of force, Colonel Gordon said, works could be thrown up that would make it impregnable to any force the enemy could bring against it; the generals at once resolved to hold fast to the port; and that same afternoon fatigue parties began to ply the pick and spade, and commenced those lines which so soon became immensely strong. The force of marines was increased to 1,200 men. More sailors were landed. The three Highland regiments were posted about Balaclava, and a French brigade, under Brigadier Vinoy, took up a position at Kadikoi, and immediately entrenched themselves. Soon a connected series of entrenchments ran from the lofty heights to the east of Balaclava, overlooking the sea, down the slope, in front of the gorge leading to the port, and then westward to the Col, where they entered the French lines protecting the pass, and extending far along Mount Sapoune. Thus the position was contracted in order to meet the exigencies of the moment; and the contraction of the lines forced the British to abandon the Woronzoff road, a good, sound military way, and left them with only one road to the front, that which passed by Kadikoi and over the Col. So that the connection between the British army and the sea, whence they drew all their supplies, was this tortuous thread of a road, which the weather was, even then, rapidly decomposing into primitive mud. From this moment the allies were at once the besiegers and the besieged. They were assailing Sebastopol, and the Russians were in great force on the exterior of the lines of contravallation. All Russia was open to the defenders of Sebastopol. The small ports of Kamiesch and Balaclava alone were the outlets from the allied camps to France and England. The supplies of the Russians were immense, especially supplies of guns, timber, ammunition, shot, shell, and men; the supplies of their assailants were limited, and they could only be renewed from countries far away over the sea. This was the crisis of the expedition. If Lord Raglan's heart failed him all would be lost. It did not fail. Come what might, he resolved to hold fast to the nook of Russian land the allies had won, and show a stout front to adversity. But one step was taken which had most calamitous consequences. All the transports that were not absolutely needed were ordered to leave the harbour and anchor outside. And there they were left, although the coast was rocky, and the Black Sea famous for its tempests, and the masters of the ships filled with apprehensions. It looks as if Lord Raglan had not then determined on wintering in the Crimea, and still cherished hopes that, with the few troops they had, the allies could take Sebastopol, destroy it, and sail away. Vain delusion! The storms were gathering around. The Czar, grown angry and impatient, had determined to strike a powerful blow, retrieve his shattered fortunes, and punish the presumption of the allies.

The difficulties of the British were far greater than those of the French. The latter had received large reinforcements, they were nearer to their port, and the roads on their side were better. Nor were the difficulties of the British confined to mere physical obstructions. The small army which landed in the Crimea on the 14th of September had dwindled away. Its numbers were too few for the work to be done. The engineers could not be supplied with fatigue parties of strength sufficient to execute the actual requirements of each day.

A third parallel, as a protection to the batteries, was begun, but could not be completed. In order to supply, in some degree, the deficiency, a regiment of Turks was marched up to the plateau, and small parties were employed in the trenches. All this time the weakened force of infantry had to furnish guards to the trenches, fatigue parties for many purposes, and guards for the exposed right flank; and over-work and rough weather combined to reduce the army day by day.

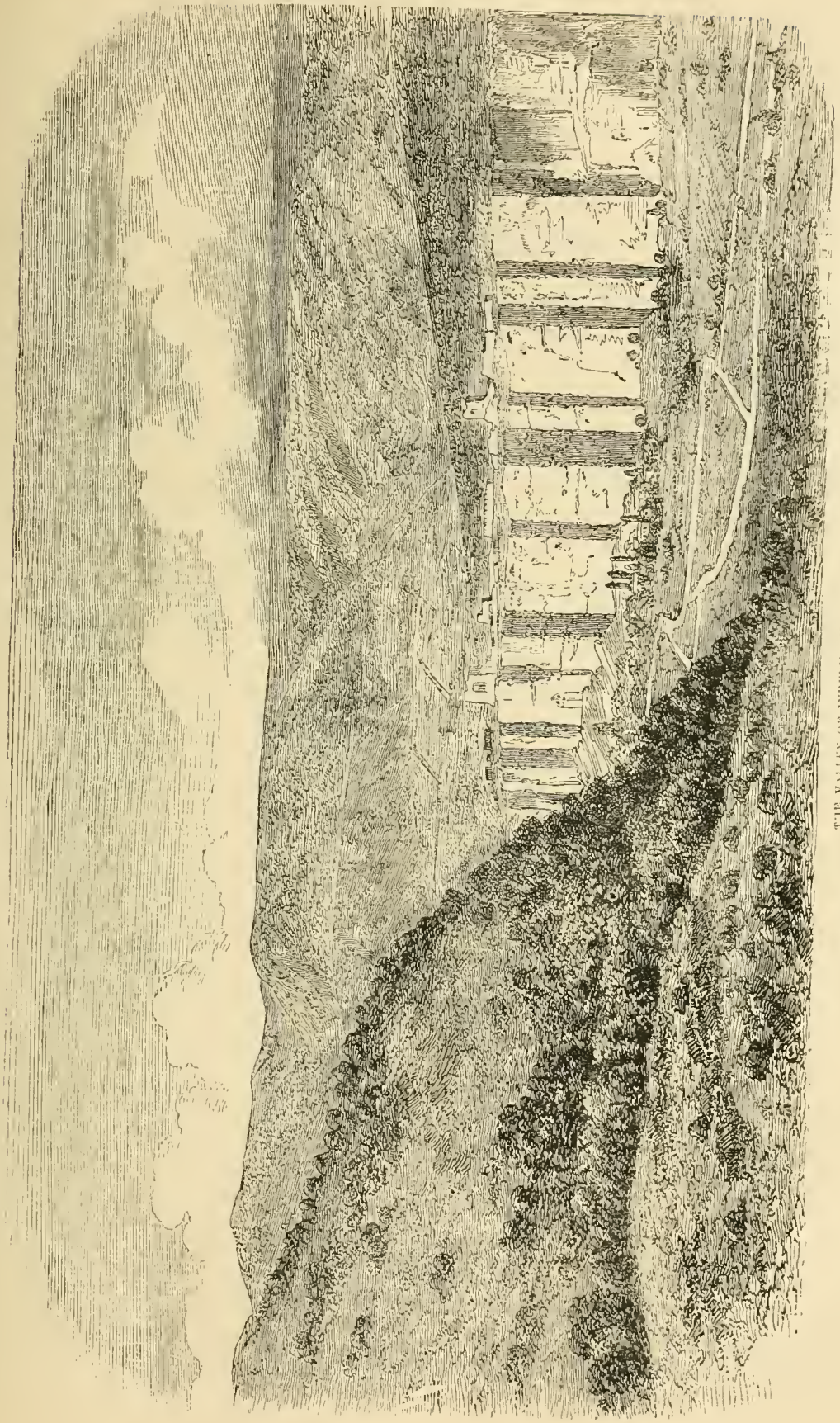
The plan of the allied generals towards the end of October was to open a fierce fire on the place early in November, as a prelude to an assault. The French continued to believe that the key of the Russian line of defence was the Flagstaff Battery, or bastion. They pushed their approaches towards this point with incredible vigour, and they proposed that from these trenches their columns should assault the work, while ours should co-operate with them by crossing the south ravine and assailing the flank of the point attacked. It was with the object of preparing for this that the allies laboured in their trenches, and brought the largest amount of fire to bear upon the battery and its supports; and, until the upshot of this assault was known, the question, whether or not the allies should winter in the Crimea, remained undecided. But this projected bombardment and assault did not take place, for the Russians, having resumed the initiative, adopted a line of action which overthrew the plans and calculations of the allies, and rendered them nought. The siege works went on, wearied men dug and delved in the earth, or pushed forward the flying sap under fire; the batteries on both sides were now busy and now silent; the riflemen in front began to play a subordinate, yet vexatious, part on both sides; but, from the end of October, trench, and battery, and sap were almost forgotten, and the exterior lines of the allies became, for a brief space, the scene whereon the fate of the expedition was to be determined. Prince Menschikoff, reinforced by the whole of the 4th corps, and apprehensive, apparently, of the issue of an assault, resolved to turn upon the allies, and try to thrust himself through the weakest point in their line. Where that point was he had to determine, and he was not long in making the selection. He had failed in his main object at Balaclava. His next blow, he resolved, should be struck at Inkermann.

Throughout the early days of the siege, the right flank of the allied position was a constant source of anxiety to Sir de Lacy Evans, who was posted there with the 2nd Division. The reader may remember that we described Mount Sapoune as a ridge running northward from the Col di Balaclava, and terminating at the head of the harbour opposite the ruins of Inkermann. About midway it was crossed by the Woronzoff road, which, traversing the plain of Balaclava, climbed the ridge, and then ran down one of the ravines nearly due west to Sebastopol. From the Col to a point a few hundred yards north of the Woronzoff road, the eastern slope of the ridge presented an ascent which a daring enemy might overcome; and it was entrenched throughout, armed with guns, and terminated at the northern end by a redoubt—that is, a closed work, named after General Canrobert. These were the lines of the French Corps of Observation, under General Bosquet. Beyond the Canrobert Redoubt, the sides of the ridge fell so abruptly to the Tchernaya, that an attack from that side, that is, from the east, was absolutely impossible. It was here that the 2nd Division, fronting northwards, had encamped; but because they would have been too far from support, they were not placed in a position looking into the Tchernaya valley, but on the next ridge. The line of precipitous heights, from the point nearly opposite the camp of the 2nd Division, turned sharply to the west, and consequently faced the north; and this northern face, broken by four deep ravines, subsided gradually to the shores of the Careening bay in the great harbour. The ground between the ravines consisted of high and commanding bluffs, one of which, called by our men Shell Hill, overlooked the whole, and ran into the camp of the 2nd Division. The most easterly spur ended in a cliff overhanging the Tchernaya, through the base of which the Russians had bored a tunnel for the famous aqueduct. On its western flank was a large stone quarry, and on the western bank of this quarry, an old post road climbed up from the valley, and ran through the camp of the 2nd Division on to the plateau. Shell Hill was the next elevation to the westward. Its base abutted on the head of the harbour opposite the old bridge over the Tchernaya, and around this base the Russian sappers had made a road from the bridge westward to Sebastopol. So that two roads ascended the hills from the bridge, one going straight south up into our camps; the other giving access to the hill-tops north-east of the Careening ravine. This ravine had its origin near the camp of the 2nd Division, and ran down, deepening as it went, to the Careening bay. It was on the plateau to the south of the Careening ravine that the Malakoff stood. Supposing a stream had flowed through this rocky cleft, the Malakoff would be said to stand on the left bank. The scene of the bloody battle now impending lay to the north of this ravine, and to the east of the point where it had its birth. The hills and glens were covered with dense coppices of stunted trees, and the whole scene was waste and picturesque—a fitting place whereon to contend for empire.

The military features of the position had not escaped the practised eyes of our engineers. They had scanned it in every part. They had noticed that it was assailable only from the north—that is, from the head of the harbour; and they had pointed out how it was assailable from this side only by the valleys lying between the projecting spurs of the plateau. If, they said, these spurs were occupied, even by a weak force, the position could not be forced until reserves arrived. They named the sites for the field works and for the batteries of position, and Sir de Lacy Evans made repeated representations at headquarters, in which he set forth the perils incurred, and the means of providing against them. But the force at Lord Raglan's disposal was numerically too small for the business in hand. Even an advanced post of eighty riflemen, placed on ground

overhanging the Tchernaya bridge, was withdrawn, because it was so distant from support that at any moment the enemy could have carried it off. There was a proposal that the 3rd Division should reinforce Sir de Lacy Evans; but it was not acted on. General Canrobert was requested to send a division to the right flank. It is stated that he promised to do so. If he did, the promise was not fulfilled. On the other hand, half-measures were taken. The post road was broken up, and a wall, formed of stones without mortar, was piled across the road in rear of the cut. A field-work was thrown up on the right of the road in front of the camp, and, as we have before stated, a sandbag battery for two guns was built on the easternmost spur opposite the Inkermann ruins. This was intended specifically to silence a Russian battery near the ruins, and not as a defensive work. Regarded as a defensive work, it was not well placed. It had no banquette, or ledge inside from which infantry could fire, and it looked north-east instead of north-west. This sandbag battery, however, answered the purpose for which it was made, and when its fire had silenced the opposing battery its two guns were withdrawn. Such were the sole artificial defences on the right flank of the allies. The natural strength of the position was great, and its defenders were true soldiers. They were the 2nd Division, having the Light far to its left, and the 1st—reduced after the combat on the 25th of October to the Brigade of Guards—in its rear as a reserve.

Prince Menschikoff, who still commanded the Russian army, seems to have had no clear, decisive views of the course he ought to adopt; for, having alarmed the allies at Balaclava, he now determined to rouse their suspicions on the side of Inkermann. On the 26th, accordingly, the very day after the capture of the Turkish redoubts, he directed a force of 5,000 or 6,000 men, and abundance of guns, to attack the 2nd Division. These troops quitted the fortress by the Russian left of the Malakoff, and ascended the right bank of the Careening ravine. The infantry were the regiments of Bontirsk and Borodino—our old enemies at the Alma—and their dark masses, emerging from the Russian lines, were detected by the pickets, and by the sailors in the 68-pounder battery on the ridge leading down to the Malakoff—that is, on the extreme right of the right attack. Their skirmishers were soon heard exchanging shots with the pickets of the 49th and 30th. These, falling back to a good defensible post, kept the Russians at bay for some time; so that the whole of the 2nd Division had time to form. But numbers prevailed, and the pickets were driven in; and the Russians soon showed a mass of columns on and about Shell Hill, and presently eighteen or twenty guns were brought to the front on that height. By this time the regiments of the 2nd Division were lying down in line on the crest in front of their camp; and their twelve guns were in action, while the skirmishers were busy on the slope between the two hills. The Guards were moving down to support the rest of the division, and Captain Wodehouse had brought his battery from their camp, and had ranged up in line with Yates's and Turner's guns. General Bosquet had promptly ordered five battalions to move out of the French lines, so as to be prepared to support the British general. General Catheart had set in motion a battalion of rifles, and Sir George Brown had pushed up two guns on the left about the head of the Careening ravine. But the only force actually in contact with the enemy was the 2nd Division and the eighteen guns. At first the Russians threw some spirit into their advance. Under cover of their artillery on the hill, they sent a heavy column down the slope which, by its steadiness and weight looked as if it intended to sweep all before it. But a great calamity befell these brave men. The fire of our artillery, concentrated on the Russian guns, was so quick, precise, and severe, that the whole of the Russian batteries disappeared over the brow. Then the British artillerymen, with ready energy, turned their eighteen pieces full on the column of infantry which had so manfully come forward towards our line. The effect of the fire was immediate. The Russian infantry, thus deserted by their artillery, and exposed to the shot from our guns and to the bullets of our skirmishers, turned to the left, and hurriedly sought the shelter of one of the many deep hollows. While they were thus concealed the second column was seen to rise above the brow, and on them the guns poured their shot and shell. The officer commanding, observing what had befallen the first column, immediately withdrew his second over the ridge. All this time the Russian skirmishers in the scrub which roughened the hill-side kept up the conflict. Presently the column which had fled into the ravine on the left emerged in broken order, and was seen climbing the slopes to rejoin the main body in rear of Shell Hill, and our artillery once more visited them with shot and shell and quickened their pace; while our right skirmishers, under Colonel Herbert, plied them with musketry. The 2nd Division, led by Major Maulevrer and Major Champion, Major Eman and Major Hume, were now let loose upon the skirmishers in the space between the ridges; and they fell on with so much vigour and effect, and with such eagerness, that General Pennefather had great difficulty in arresting their fiery march. In an hour the action was over, and the enemy in full retreat. He had lost eighty prisoners, and within the lines occupied by our pickets lay 130 dead bodies of the enemy. His misfortunes were not over. As the columns were on the march back to Sebastopol, they came within the view of Mr. Hewett, mate of the Beagle, then commanding the right 68-pounder battery. Although none of his guns bore upon their line of march, his ready sailor-like shiftiness told him what to do, and he did not hesitate a moment to do it. "Some mistake," says Captain Lushington, reporting to Admiral Dundas, "occurred in the orders of the officer commanding the picket, and the word was passed to spike the gun and retreat. But Hewett replied that such an order did not come from Captain Lushington, and he would not do so till it did. He then pulled down the parapet [on the right of his battery], and, with the assistance of some soldiers, got his gun round, and



THE VALLEY OF INKERMANN.

poured a most destructive fire of grape into a large column of Russians, and on their retreating from the British troops, followed them down the hill with 68-pound solid shots, fired with fatal precision." Hewett's action was highly applauded, and the Admiralty at once made him a lieutenant. The loss of the Russians in this combat is estimated by General Evans at 600, and by Col. Hamley, who was present with the artillery, at 1,000. The loss of the British was twelve killed and sixty-eight wounded. Among the latter were five officers, and of these Lieutenant Conolly, dangerously hurt, was the most conspicuous for the gallantry with which he fought his pickets. Sergeant Sullivan, on this occasion, also "displayed great bravery." The enemy had been defeated by the 2nd Division alone, without the aid either of the Guards or the French. It is to be regretted that the value of the service thus rendered by Evans did not meet with that ample appreciation at head-quarters which it deserved. Lord Raglan was at Balaclava. The incidents of the day before were vividly impressed on his mind. He seems to have thought too much of the port and the siege works, and too little of the right flank of the allied lines. Yet there were circumstances in the attack on the 26th which, as well as the attack itself, should have operated as warnings not to be neglected. Thus, "parties of the attacking force," says a military eye-witness, "were observed to carry entrenching tools in this enterprise." For what purpose? "The design of the enemy probably was, after driving back the troops in front, to throw up cover on the opposite [high commanding] ridge, from behind which they might afterwards attack the same point of our line with sufficient force to follow up any advantage, and meet the allies on the plains. Had they succeeded in entrenching themselves, we must either have dislodged them at once in a pitched battle, or have allowed them to collect troops and artillery there till it should suit their convenience to attack us with every advantage on their side. . . It is scarcely too much to say that the presence of a strong entrenched force on that part of the ground would have been a more serious disaster than the loss of Balaclava." Here was the warning voice, which, unhappily was not, or could not be heeded. Sir de Lacy Evans, in a letter written at a later period, says, "The various exigencies to be provided for on other points at that time [the period of the action we have described], scarcely left it possible, I believe, to afford any material reinforcements or means for the construction of defences." How it came to pass that the means and the reinforcements were afforded a few days afterwards we shall state in its proper place.

Signs of the presence of the enemy in great strength were now visible almost daily. His masses might be seen marching on the north of Sebastopol and in the valley of the Tchernaya. Opposite Balaclava, our sentries and videttes could see the Russians establishing themselves in position from Kamara on their left to the Fedoukine heights, and even the higher ridges over the Tchernaya on their right. The Cossack outposts lounged on their lances within a quarter of a mile of our dragoon videttes, who kept watch from the redoubt under the slope of Mount Sapoune. The marines on our extreme right above Balaclava, saw that they were looked after night and day by a Russian outpost on the rugged hills towards the valley of Baidar. By the end of October the port, however, had been made secure, not so much by its garrison, which was not numerous, as by the watchfulness of Sir Colin Campbell, and the well-placed batteries armed with very heavy guns.

The two remaining infantry divisions of Dannenberg's corps arrived at Batchi-serai on the 28th of October. The 10th Division, under General Soimonoff, entered Sebastopol on the 3rd of November, and on the same day, the 11th, under General Pauloff, took up its quarters among the hills about the ruins of Inkermann. The arrival of these troops had been seen by the allies, and the generals became convinced that, it might be in a few hours, the enemy would make an attack upon some point or points. Yet not a single change was made in the arrangements, except that the British cavalry—the wreck of two splendid brigades—were marched up to the plateau, and posted in the rear of the French lines upon Mount Sapoune. The allies had, for all purposes, little more than 60,000 men. Prince Menschikoff had under his orders, exclusive of the sailors, 70,000 infantry, 9,000 horse, 3,000 artillery, and 282 guns.

What use should he make of a force which exceeded that of the allies by one-fourth?

According to the Russian accounts, Prince Menschikoff had been informed that the allies intended to open fire once more upon the place from all their batteries, and, after a short and sharp bombardment, storm. His information was correct. In order to anticipate the allies, he determined to assume the offensive himself, and, if possible, force them to raise the siege. Two Grand Dukes, sons of the Czar, were on their way to the army, hoping to arrive in time to witness the total defeat of the arrogant Western Powers. Prince Menschikoff had the choice of three points of attack. 1st, he might push heavy columns up the south ravine between the English and French armies, and try to cut them in two; but this he rejected, fearing that his troops would be massacred, as they would have been by the fire of cannon and musketry in that horrible defile. 2nd, he might renew with greater force the attack on Balaclava. This scheme did not meet with approval, because it might fail, seeing that the defences of the place had been so greatly augmented; and next because, if successful, the allies would have been stricken deeply, but not mortally in the estimation of the Russian generals, and because, to make an attack on that side effective, Mount Sapoune must be stormed, which the Russian generals held, and justly, to be impracticable. 3rd, he might attack the right flank at Inkermann, and mastering the plateau on that side, take the defences of Sapoune and the trenches in reverse, and so sweep the whole allied army into the sea. This was adopted, because it promised such immense results, because the English were known to be weak, and because, "with great remissness," to use the language of a narrative imputed to General Dannenberg, "the foe had neglected to fortify the approach to his

position." Having settled the principle, it only remained to devise the plan of the attack; and this was done on the 3rd and 4th of November.

It was decided that there should be one real and two false attacks—the real attack from Inkermann, the false attacks from the Tcheruaya valley upon Mount Sapoune, and from the Quarantine Bay upon the left of the French siege works. Thus, to begin with, Prince Menschikoff divided his disposable force into three parts, separated from each other by such wide intervals that neither could aid the other. In order, however, to give as much unity as possible to these offensive movements, a telegraph was erected on the heights above the ruins of Inkermann, whence its signals could be seen on all sides. The attack upon the British at Inkermann was to be made by two columns. General Soimonoff, with 17,500 men—[one account says 16,800]—and 38 guns, whereof 22 were of large calibre, was to march out of Sebastopol, near the Malakoff, at five in the morning, and move up the plateau, supporting his left on the left of the Careening ravine. General Pauloff, with 13,500 men and 96 guns, was, at five o'clock, to throw a bridge over the Tchernaya, near its mouth, and ascending the heights by the post road and the Pioneer or Menschikoff road, establish his guns on Shell Hill and its slopes, and effect a junction with Soimonoff. All these operations were to be carried on in the dawn. General Dannenberg commanded the whole of these troops, which amounted to 31,000 men, all infantry, and the enormous mass of 134 guns. At the same time—that is, six in the morning—Prince Gortschakoff, with 11,000 infantry, nearly 6,000 horse, and 100 guns, was to make a demonstration against Mount Sapoune; and he was especially directed to keep his cavalry ready to launch upon the plateau at the first signal; while from the Quarantine Bay, General Timojieff was to make a fierce sortie with 5,000 men upon the French trenches. The guns of the Malakoff and Redan were to cover the right of Soimonoff's column, and General Möller, who commanded in Sebastopol, was directed to assault the allied trenches, if he discerned the least hesitation or confusion among the trench guard. Thus, it will be seen, Prince Menschikoff devised a *very* wide plan for the destruction of the allies. He hoped that the attacks from the town and from the Tchernaya would entirely occupy the French; and that General Dannenberg would be able to catch the English alone and unaware, and deliver the fortress by passing over their bodies. Had Prince Gortschakoff attacked the French with energy this might have happened, for there were, counting everything, only 22,343 British troops effective, and of these 16,303 were infantry, rank and file—that is, in technical language, bayonets. The consequence was that the immense lines they had to guard were thinly manned, and so scarce were labourers that there were none to repair the trenches in the right attack. The proof of this is in the divisional reports. On the 25th of October, Sir George Brown (Light Division) wrote—"At daylight, instead of having any one in camp for the defence of the position, we shall be short of troops to relieve pickets." A little later, Sir De Lacy Evans (2nd Division) said, "I have but 600 men on this frail position [the right flank at Inkermann]. The troops are completely worn out with fatigue. This is most serious." So at Balaclava. So along the whole nine miles of ground held by the British. The whole force was suffering from prolonged exposure and constant labour, and, as will be seen, Lord Raglan could not muster more than 8,000 men to defend the vital point of his line. The French were better off; they had nearly 40,000 men, and no Inkermann position.

In the month of November the sun rises earlier in the Crimea than it does in England. The rays of the dawn shoot up behind the snows of the Caucasus about five o'clock; hence this hour was selected for the movement of the Russian troops. But although the upper air was growing brighter, a thick white fog overspread the hills around Sebastopol, and settled down in heavier masses in the valleys. Hidden within its clammy folds the Russian columns stole unobserved out of Sebastopol, and Panloff began, in silence, to throw a bridge over the Tchernaya, close to its mouth. As soon as it was completed, the infantry poured over and the guns followed. The fog deadened the sound of the hundreds of wheels emerging from the east and west, and the grey-coated infantry, in silence and obscurity, tramped along. The pickets of the 2nd Division were in the hollow between their camp and Shell Hill and on the old post road, and those of the Light Division were in the Careening ravine and on both its banks. There was not more than usual watchfulness, for the Russian secrets had been kept, and no attack was expected that morning more than any other. General Codrington had ridden out at dawn to visit the outposts, and was riding back to camp, when the report of a rifle struck on his ear, and he halted and listened. A sputter of musketry followed, and seemed to come from the Careening ravine; and soon after the same ominous sound, its natural, sharp, angry note being muffled by the fog, was heard on the right. The skirmishers of the two Russian columns had touched the line of British pickets. Codrington galloped off to turn out the Light Division. The battle of Inkermann had begun.

The British army had been surprised. The tired soldiers, not on duty, were asleep. Others were striving to light fires in the drizzling rain. The relieved trench guards were marching into camp. Officers were roused from their brief slumbers, and steeds were saddled, and guns put in fighting order, and troops formed, in haste. Soon the sound of cannon came up from the Balaclava basin, and in a few minutes the whole of the camps were alive with men, to whom the prospect of battle imparted more energy than a sound slumber. But they were few and scattered, the enemy were many and in masses; how many, and in what masses, our soldiers had yet to learn. One picket, and the officer commanding it, were surprised in the fog and captured, and only one. The others ran together, and fell back fighting before their innumerable foes, who broke suddenly through the mist to smite and slay, and who, strong in their purpose, pressed on and allowed no respite.

Soimonoff, moving out of the Russian lines, had quitted the plateau on which stood the Malakoff, and instead of resting his left on the Careening ravine, by some mistake, crossed; and thus carried his twenty nine battalions along the proper right bank of the ravine towards the heights, where Pauloff's troops had begun to assemble. It was his advanced parties who came in contact with the outposts of the Light Division, whom they drove into and over the Careening ravine, and whom they followed. Pauloff had not got all his force up the heights, but as soon as the British pickets were thrust back, he had hastened to put his heavy guns in battery on the highest ground, and his lighter guns on the slopes beneath them, within twelve hundred yards of the camp of the 2nd Division. He at once opened fire to cover an assault of infantry, and thus it happened that Evans's British regiments had no sooner formed than they were exposed to an iron shower of shot, shell, and grape. Evans, who had been disabled by an accident, was on board a ship at Balaclava, and Sir John Pennefather commanded the division. The shot fell in among the tents, and one of its first victims was the gallant Captain Allix, a promising officer on the staff of the sick general. Protected by the fire of fifty guns, Soimonoff directed a strong column to cross the Careening ravine; while Pauloff threw forward by the old post road the two rifle regiments of Borodino and Tarontino; so that both flanks of the English position were about to be assailed at once.

The British troops at this moment in the front line were those of the 2nd and Light Divisions. General Pennefather sent Adams's Brigade to the right of the post road with three guns, and kept his own on the left of the road. Sir George Brown brought up the Light Division. Codrington's gallant soldiers were arrayed on the left bank of the Careening ravine, not far from the 68-pounder battery, and Buller moved up into the space between the left of Pennefather and the right of Codrington. The front was contracted; but narrow as it was, the troops were so few that there were gaps between the four brigades. At the first onset of the enemy, the other brigades were not present. Soon after six an orderly rode into head-quarters with the news that the right flank was assailed in force; and, indeed, the sound of cannon, not only at Inkermann, but from the fortress and from the Balaclava front, told the allies with emphasis that the enemy was upon them. Lord Raglan soon convinced himself that the real attack was at Inkermann, and he determined to ride thither after issuing such orders as seemed expedient. First, General Canrobert was informed of what had occurred, but at that moment Canrobert was himself assailed on the side of the town. Next Sir George Cathcart was ordered to lead his division to Inkermann; Colonel Steele was sent to request General Bosquet to send up all the troops he could spare to Inkermann; and Captain Calthorpe was directed to instruct Sir Richard England to cover the trenches, and place his troops so as to support the Light Division. It was while these orders were in course of execution that the attack began. The Guards had not even reached the front when the Russian columns began to surge up against our thin, straggling line.

The British guns had come into action on the crest as fast as they arrived, and were at once exposed to an unequal combat with the heavier guns of the enemy. And now the dense fog was made more dense by the volumes of smoke which, breaking out from the guns in clouds, unfolded itself, and lay almost motionless close to the surface of the miry ground. Through this thick atmosphere the opposing troops made their dubious way, and thus it happened that our men, hastening up to the front, came suddenly upon enemies, who seemed to spring out of the hill side. Soimonoff, on reaching the scene of action, found himself trenching upon the ground apportioned to the columns of Pauloff. The huge masses had converged upon a comparatively narrow front, and the Russians complain that they had not room to range their men for a powerful and simultaneous onset. Soimonoff had taken the wrong road, and instead of effecting a junction with Pauloff at the head of the Careening ravine on the site of the 2nd Division camp, he had joined Pauloff on the east of the ravine, and found that hollow way between him and the troops he had been directed to overwhelm—the Light Division. An ambiguous order, combined with a wholesome fear of Hewett's 68-pounders, had caused this mistake. To retrieve his error, while Tarontino and Borodino were climbing the hills to attack the sandbag battery, Soimonoff plunged into the ravine, and led his men to the charge. Thus he came full on the front of Codrington's Brigade, deployed on the left bank. The heroes of the 7th, 19th, and 23rd were not dismayed by the masses which loomed large and portentous in the fog, but opened upon them such a heavy fire that the Russians heaped together in the deep hollows, and descending the steep sides, never reached the opposite bank, but fell into disorder, recoiled, and receded from view. Soimonoff and Villebois were killed at the outset. The colonels of regiments and of battalions dropped under the fire. Dead and wounded lay together in the brushwood. The attack on this side was repelled. At the same time the left column of this force had entered the ravine where it was shallower—that is, nearer its source—and had crossed it without resistance, except that offered by skirmishers. There were four guns here pushed somewhat perilously to the front, and Soimonoff's left column, composed of the Ekaterinbourg battalions, darting through the mist, enveloped and captured the guns. Their triumph was short; for Buller was just moving his brigade into this part of the position; and, as the enemy shouted round the captured guns, Buller's left and centre regiments, the 88th and 77th, also dashed out of the mist, and, lowering their bayonets, went full on to the Russian mass. The conflict was brief. The impetus of the British charge dealt such a shock to the Russians that they were borne down and pressed back, and hurled over the ravine. They had surprised the guns, and in turn shared the fate of the artillery. These early combats rudely disarranged the Russian plans.

In the centre the regiments of the 2nd Division had

come upon enemies as soon as they had formed. These were the leading companies of the Borodino battalions, and they were at once set upon by Pennefather's brigade, and pushed back. On the extreme right, half-way down the spur, whose crags drop on one side into the Tchernaya valley, and on the other into the Quarry ravine, Pennefather had posted the 41st and 49th, with three guns, under Captain Hamley. They had no sooner arrived than heavy Russian columns were seen indistinctly moving down the opposite slope. The guns opened on them, but the Russians turned their artillery to that side, and our guns, though steadfastly served, were too weak to contend with the heavy metal opposed to them. The columns went down into the hollow, and soon re-appeared, flocking up the British side of the hill. The Taroutino regiment turned upon the sandbag battery, and part of the Borodino went with them up the road to break against Pennefather's brigade. The Russians came on without faltering. Our troops were outnumbered and outflanked; our guns were in danger of being taken. The 41st and 49th, quitting the sandbag battery, fell back, and the hill seemed in danger of being lost; but at this moment the bearskins of the Guards were becoming visible. The Duke of Cambridge, when he had turned out his brigade, moved it to the right of Pennefather, and went to succour the hardly-pressed 41st and 49th. The Guards came steadily down the slope of the spur, and, passing to the right and left of the guns, cheered and charged, checked the advance of the enemy, and recovered the battery. Hitherto they had only used the bayonet; they now brought their rifles into play, and smote the retreating Russians with deadly precision. The regiment Taroutino was so broken that it retired even into the Inkermann valley to reform. The brigade was not complete when the Guards charged into the battery; but the Coldstreams came up at once, and the three regiments took ground, the Grenadiers on the right, the Coldstreams in the centre, and the Fusiliers on the left of the recovered work.

It was at this time—about seven o'clock—that Lord Raglan arrived. The fog had cleared somewhat, but the smoke of battle had taken its place. He rode down the spur towards the sandbag battery just as the Guards had recovered it; and he sought to penetrate the thick mist, and discern the numbers and intentions of the foe. He could see but little through the rifts in the smoke. He saw enough to make him feel the peril of his position, and that of the whole army. Upon his tenacity hung the fate of every soul on the plateau. If he blenched all was gone in a moment, and the Czar would gain a victory which would efface the stigma inflicted on his arms at the Alma and on the Danube. Lord Raglan was a calm and steadfast man. If danger rose high his resolution rose higher; and knowing that his soldiers were like himself, children of a proud and obstinate race, he felt that he could do his duty, and hold fast to that narrow strip of rugged ground, which formed, as it were, the gate into the lines drawn about the southern defences of Sebastopol. He therefore resolved to stand on the defensive, and dispute for the gate with the enemy until he won or his troops were destroyed. The British soldiers actually before the enemy at the end of this first heavy onset of Soimonoff and Pauloff did not number more than 6,000 men. The 4th Division on the march would bring the number up to 8,000, and beyond this he could not array a bayonet, for the 3rd Division had to guard the trenches, and the Highland Brigade was at Balaclava. Lord Raglan knew he could rely on aid from General Bosquet. That officer at the first had offered several battalions to the Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Brown, but these two, though ignorant of the serious character of the attack, took upon themselves to refuse. Had it not been for this proud unwillingness to accept French aid, or this fear of responsibility, Bosquet would have been earlier in the field; for Gortschakoff had so feebly acted on the side of Balaclava that the quick Frenchman soon saw through his weak devices. As soon as he received a request for troops from Lord Raglan he at once put three battalions in motion. But he had two miles to march; the earth was soaked with a night's rain, and part of the way lay through thick scrub. Some time, therefore, was required to force the troops along. Two battalions were directed upon the right rear of the 2nd Division, and the third was ordered to take post near the Canrobert Redoubt at the extremity of the entrenchments on the Sapoune ridge.

The effect of the first onset of the two British divisions and the brigade of Guards had been severely felt by the Russians. Their own narratives admit that they were repulsed with heavy loss, that Soimonoff's command was nearly rendered unfit for further exertion, and that for a space the Russians could do nothing but pour a continuous hail of projectiles into the English lines. The fact was that the leading battalions, stung by the biting fire of the British skirmishers and the supports, or else believing that the position could be carried by a rush, had made their first attacks before the supporting column had overcome the physical difficulties of the ground. Only twenty battalions had come into actual collision with our troops, and there were still more than double that number behind their own ridges. It was during the pause in the infantry battle that Sir George Cathcart brought up his division. One brigade, under Goldie, was placed in the gap between the right of the 2nd Division and the left of the Guards; and the other, under Torrens, with which Cathcart marched, took post as a reserve in rear of the Guards. All the troops at the disposal of Lord Raglan were now under his command. Upon their valour hung the fate of the allies. At the utmost this force did not exceed 8,000 men. Counting only those battalions of the enemy which had not been engaged, General Dannenberg had 19,000 infantry with which to overpower them. Dannenberg himself had come somewhat late on to the field. He was now on the great hill in the midst of the Russian batteries. The fire of the English guns, lighter though they were than the Russian pieces, struck down the staff officers and the orderlies at the General's

side. "For a long while," says a Russian narrative, "he remained erect upon his fine brown charger. Suddenly it sank beneath him, struck on the shoulder by a piece of shell which burst near. He called for another horse, and one was brought him. As the General prepared to mount the horse was knocked down by a ball, and a third had to be provided. Death was raging everywhere, and spared not the highest nor the meanest." And now Dannenberg prepared to make another, a more sustained and deadlier, attempt to take the British heights, and open a way into the heart of the allied position. The soldiers were told that the two sons of their father the Czar, the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicolas, were there to see how a Russian army could do its duty; and, in fact, the two Grand Dukes were present, either on one of the lofty heights about the ruins of Inkermann, or else actually in the battle.

So far the enemy had gained no great advantage, but he had made a very rude attack along the whole line, and had been repelled with the greatest difficulty. Nevertheless, it was a precious thing to have met and disconcerted the first attacking columns. Their English opponents would be the last to say that the Russian infantry were not worthy foes; and the Russian writers freely admit that in this encounter, although surprised, "the English had well supported their ancient renown, and had maintained a heroic defence." During the pause of the fight, while the artillery maintained the combat and the infantry were merely keeping up a brisk skirmish in the bush, Lord Raglan became sensible that his 9-pounders were overmatched by the Russian guns, which, besides being many of them of heavier metal, were nearly twice as numerous. Moreover, as fast as guns were disabled the Russians supplied their places with fresh pieces from their immense train of artillery. Lord Raglan soon remembered that there were in the artillery park two 18-pounders, the same guns which had been used in the sandbag battery to crush the Russian guns, mounted among the Inkermann ruins. These he ordered to be brought up. It is said that the officer to whom the order came said it was "impossible." Lord Raglan, writes Colonel Calthorpe, was much annoyed at this, and turning to one of his staff, an artillery officer and assistant adjutant-general, he said, "Adye, I don't like the word impossible; don't you think the guns can be brought up?" Major Adye said he was certain it could be done, and Lord Raglan then sent Captain Gordon to see that it was done.

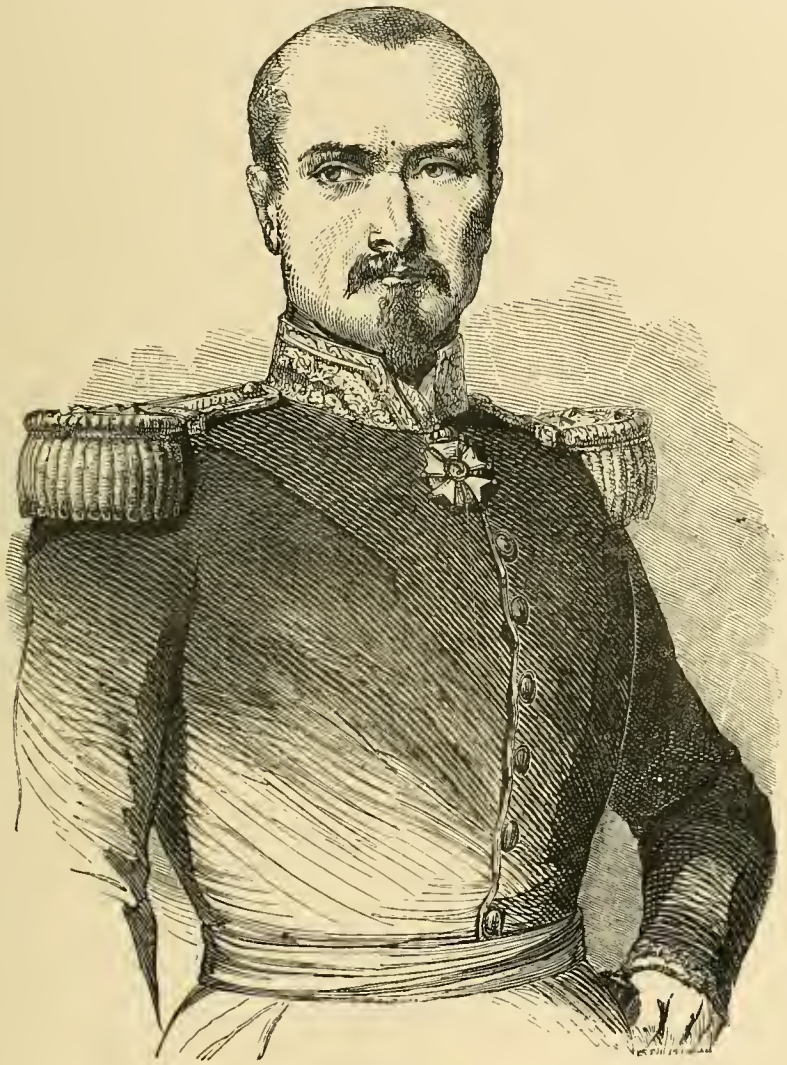
Before they came into action the infantry battle had been renewed. As Codrington's brigade of the Light Division, fighting on the left bank of the Careening ravine, often within it, and sometimes over it, protected effectually the left of Buller, and as the occupation of the spur, on which was the sandbag battery, covered the right flank of Pennefather, General Dannenberg saw that he could not force the centre and break through on to the plateau until he had cleared the sandbag battery spur. Between eight and nine he had rallied two of Soimonoff's regiments, Tomsk and Kolyvan, and he counted on these, supported by the Butirsk regiment in reserve, to maintain the fight with the left of Buller and the whole of Codrington. Then he sent forward the infantry of the 11th Division—three regiments, each of four battalions, Yakutsk, Okhotsk, and Selenginsk—with two rifle companies, to act as skirmishers. They were ordered to carry the sandbag battery, clear the whole of the slope, and sweep up the post road into the camp. Gallant soldiers, and opposed to the British for the first time, they made their way up to the battery with great spirit and unusual speed. It may be remembered that the Guards occupied the battery, and the ground to the right and left of it, and that Cathcart, with Torrens's brigade, was in support on the right rear.

Now began a contest about the battery which has been truly called sublime. The Russians were nearly 6,000 strong, quite fresh, full of fight, and very resolute. They came on in successive columns of regiments, making loud and rude noises which our men called yells. The first to rush at the battery were the Okhotsk men. As they came up the rifles of the Guards told severely upon them, but did not arrest their course. A fierce combat ensued, first heavy firing, then hand to hand fights, then a fearful pressure of men on both flanks of the battery which it was hard to resist. The heavy guns on Shell Hill took the British defenders almost in reverse, yet they still clung to the ground. The regiment in the battery was the Coldstreams. Let a Russian pen sing their praises. "Long they held their post untaken. Repeated attacks of the Okhotsk men, who had partly made good their entrance through the embrasures, were repulsed. Then the Russians crowded close under the wall, where the fire of the enemy could not reach them, to rest and renew their strength. And now the fury and daring of both sides gave rise to a truly Homeric combat. Some of the Okhotsk men seized the muskets of their fallen comrades, and hurled them, with their bayonets affixed, like spears into the battery. Others picked up huge stones and flung them in. Spears and stones were hurled back by the Coldstreams. For ten minutes this fight endured." And now the enemy had swept round the flanks. For a moment the Coldstreams fronted their foes on all sides, and kept them at bay on the open rear of the battery. Then, with a cheer and a rush, they dashed through, scattering their enemies right and left, and, bleeding, broken, but unconquered, made their way up the slope to rejoin the British line. But they had fourteen officers killed or wounded in that bloody sandbag battery, and one or two, simply wounded, were murdered by the enraged enemy. They had, however, slain many of the barbarous Okhotsk, and wounded their colonel; and better than this, they had maintained their good name.

The fight at this time seemed going dead against the handful of British. The other two regiments were coming on, Yakutsk up the post road, and Selenginsk in reserve. On their right the rallied battalions of Soimonoff were fighting with the British centre; while the fifty or sixty Russian cannon on the heights never ceased hurling their iron shower into the British lines. Unless the new attack were repelled at once, the Russians

would emerge from the ravines, and, gaining the more open ground, deploy their masses and sweep over the plateau. To prevent this, the Guards were led once more to regain the sandbag battery. The three regiments formed a line of no great length, but they went into the fight with their usual decision. With a steady rush they came down upon their foes. The Russians met them bayonet to bayonet. There was a brief conflict at close quarters. Steel glistened in the air and muskets

luto to win. The fierce charge of the Guards had made them angry, and they desired revenge. While these two bodies were moving upon the little redan, the Okhotsk rallied, so that the Russians renewed the contest for the battery with a larger force than ever. It so chanced that Sir George Cathcart, thinking he could take the enemy in flank, of his own accord carried Torrens' brigade down the slope to the right. Thus the hostile forces were converging on the same point. Selenginsk



GENERAL BOSQUET.

were brandished as clubs, and men loaded and fired on the flanks, but still the Guards bored their way into and through the mass, and passing over the slain, cheered as they stood once more in the battery—now a charnel house—and resumed their deadly fire.

During this charge part of the Yakutsk regiment had halted on the post road, and had turned to its left to aid its comrades. The Selenginsk men had moved also to their left, and had passed down the slope to out-flank the battery on the Inkermann side. The Russians were resolute on the same object as Cathcart. But Selenginsk mustered 3,000 men and Cathcart 400, for part of Torrens' brigade was on the flank of Pennefather. And now, while the Guards once more withstood the shock of the Russian infantry in front, the Selenginsk men suddenly discovered the little band that Cathcart had led below them. They at once opened a crushing fire on our men. Instead of flanking the Russians, Sir George found himself in danger of being cut off and destroyed. His men, too, were short of ammunition. To extricate himself

from this position, Cathcart ordered the men to charge, but the ground did not admit of that, and the men fell back. Torrens then rallied the 68th, and prepared to try once more a charge up hill. Sir George called out to him, "Nobly done, Torrens; nobly done!" But it availed nothing. Torrens was shot down, and the men halted. Indeed, the movement was hopeless. The fire of the Russians was so close that Sir George Cathcart was shot dead, and Colonel Seymour, who rushed up to him—they were bosom friends—was shot also. The men were led back through the greatest perils. They carried Brigadier Torrens with them, but the corpse of Cathcart was left among the brush, and with it the faithful Seymour, who would not leave the dead body of his friend, and whom the Russians barbarously slew.

Simultaneously with the defeat of Cathcart, the Russians had rolled in heavy masses on the Guards. It was only the fringe of the left of the Selenginsk battalions which had slain and driven the men of the 4th Division. The right of that regiment, the Okhotsk, and the left of the Yakutsk, were pressing upon the Guards in numbers that were irresistible. Our men fell sullenly back. At this crisis the Duke of Cambridge rode along in front of the line of the Guards, and between them and the foe, and urged his soldiers to stand firm and fire. "We have no ammunition" was the unanswerable reply; and without ammunition, but with a firm countenance, and slowly, the Guards gave ground until they reached the line of the 2nd Division. Had the enemy then come resolutely on, he might have won the day, for the spur at length was his. He had now room to deploy. He might ascend the post road, and the slope he had conquered, and burst out upon the plain. We were in great straits, but the soldiers were as stubborn as ever, and the officers as cheerful and daring. But the loss had been terrible. Besides Cathcart, General Strangways and Brigadier Goldie had been mortally wounded; Sir George Brown, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Torrens, Colonel Gambier, and Brigadier Bentinck had been seriously hurt. Half the officers of the Guards were down, and the Line were cruelly smitten, officers and men. The only cheering feature in the battle at this time, apart from the pluck of the men, was the execution done by the two 18-pounders which had been brought into action, and which were hammering effectually the Russian guns on Shell Hill. Bosquet, too, was approaching, and General Canrobert was at Lord Raglan's side. Fresh ammunition had been served out to the men; and although they were in disorder, men of different regiments being mixed together, and some, as an Irishman said, "fighting indipindent," yet fight they did, and in the crisis of the engagement held fast.

But the moment was most serious. The Russian columns who had carried the sandbag battery, and swept up the post road, were now established across the open space on the allied side of the battery. General Dannenberg had brought his reserves, Vladimir, Souzdal, and Boutirsk, forward over the crest of his position to support the veterans of the Yakutsk, Okhotsk, and Selenginsk, and the rallied battalions of Soimonoff's force, who were in perpetual conflict with Codrington, Buller, and Pennefather. Some daring bodies of the enemy had worked their way through the brushwood and up the slope, and had even charged over the low wall of loose stones which crossed the post road in front of the camp. In spite of case shot fired into them when a few yards from the guns, these brave soldiers pressed on. In the front of the line there were a series of indescribable single combats and *mêlées* going on. The bayonet was used, perhaps, more than in any other battle; and since Agincourt no small band of British soldiers had been so hard bested as these. Nearly four hours they had struggled, one to four, keeping the crown of the hills; and now they were in appearance more like a straggling mob than a line of disciplined soldiers. It was under these circumstances, when no order could be kept, no formation retained, when every man fought for himself, and rallied him to any little band engaged fiercely fighting for life and honour, that the qualities of the race came out, and the best effects of training were seen. They had done, they were doing, their best. They deserved succour, and succour came.

The two French battalions, the 6th and 7th Light Infantry, which had been sent forward by Bosquet at the request of Lord Raglan, were now brought over the crest to support the right. It is said that when they came first into the storm of shot and shell which fell upon the ridge they blenched, as if amazed, halted, wavered, gave ground. At this sight Lord Raglan "changed countenance," so an observer affirms; and those who knew how the battle stood felt a choking sensation. But the hesitation of the Frenchmen did not last long. General Bourbaki, General Pennefather, and Captain Glazbrook led them and cheered them on, and, recovering their presence of mind, they went over the ridge and into the battle, and, side by side with our men, and sometimes mixed with them, stood as stoutly and charged as bravely as the best. Behind them came other French battalions. Dannenberg was preparing for a thundering attack along the whole line; but before he could assume the offensive with decision he found himself assailed. The French were about to win back the sandbag battery spur, which innumerable foes had torn from the grasp of our exhausted men. The clarion of the Zouaves and the drums of the Light Infantry were heard; 3,000 Frenchmen were about to prolong the line to the right, and contend with the enemy for possession of the ground, now strewn thickly with British and Russian dead.

The Russian writers admit that from the moment the French entered the field their chance of victory was gone. What does this mean? It means that 8,000 British troops had, for four hours, held their ground against the utmost exertions of nearly 24,000 men, supported by sixteen battalions in reserve, and upwards of a hundred guns; that they had so stricken the force of Soimonoff as to throw upon Paulow the whole burden of the fight; and that they had inflicted such losses upon his three fighting regiments that they were compelled to

halt in full career, and take breath, before they renewed the combat. It was against these three regiments, the whole of whose battalions had been engaged in a bloody conflict with our right and centre, that Bourbaki now led his brigade.

Three French batteries had come up, and had taken their places in line with ours; but still the worst enemies of the Russian gunners were our two 18-pounders, fired with steadiness and deadly precision. The arrival of the French caused a rough, hearty cheer to burst forth from our wearied men, some of whom joined the French as they went down the hill. The Russians were forming for an assault in force, when Bourbaki took them in flank by an impetuous charge. The gallant Russians were surprised, and thrust right and left. The British centre, still in front of their camp, had quite enough to do to keep back the foes who were pressing up the road; and, as the Russians had been smitten but not subdued, driven over the brow but not defeated, they turned, extended, and enveloped the flanks of the French in turn, so that those had to give ground. At this time D'Autemarre came up with his brigade, a regiment of Zouaves, one of Algeriens, and one of the Line. These fresh troops brought the enemy to a stand, and as Bosquet pushed them into the thick of the combat, they fought their way down the spur beyond the sandbag battery. The charge of the Zouaves was a magnificent spectacle. A handful of British infantry, men of several regiments, had been led by three or four brave young officers, down the slope. They pursued far, and looking up, saw the heights above covered with white-capped Russians. Regarding themselves as lost, the English, nevertheless, hurried back, firing into the flank of the enemy. Suddenly they heard the shrill sounds of the Zouave horn, and in a moment after, on came a crescent-like line of these picturesque soldiers of France, leaping like panthers through and over the stunted acacia bushes, with levelled bayonets, into the midst of the enemy. It was in that spirit-stirring and unfaltering charge that they swept the Russians from the hill. But on their left the enemy held his ground. The French light infantry regiments of Bourbaki, and the little groups of British soldiers, could scarcely keep their place, under the fire of artillery and musketry from Shell Hill and the post road. For a moment the Russians wrested a gun from the 6th French Regiment, and its colours; but Colonel Camas roused his men, and by a desperate charge, in which he fell, Camas recovered both colours and gun. Bosquet was nearly captured; and the resistance of the Russians was so fierce, that the French had to fall back a pace, and re-form. The Chasseurs d'Afrique had been brought up, and our light cavalry approached within fire, but both were sent back and held in reserve.

But practically the battle was won. The Russian infantry only resisted in order to cover the retreat of the heavy guns, which could no longer bear up against the 18-pounders. According to the French accounts, the Russian regiments made one more charge, in which they were repelled, but it was only the effort of men determined to prevent a close pursuit. General Dannenberg had still several untouched battalions, and these he formed up to protect the retreat of the brave men who had so nobly borne the brunt of this bloody battle. Two war-steamers at the head of the harbour also began to throw huge shells into the allied position. As the French followed the retreating enemy, he turned repeatedly, and fired with both cannon and musketry. The slowness and order of the Russian retreat had, at its commencement, an air of majesty in its movement which drew expressions of admiration from those who witnessed it. But as the fire of their artillery slackened, the Russian masses nearest the allies fell into confusion and hurried away; followed at a distance by a crowd of skirmishers in similar confusion, Guards and Zouaves, French Linesmen and English Linesman, all mingled together. The battle was at an end.

The Russians fell back as fast as they could. Part of their infantry and artillery took the road to Sebastopol; the remainder crossed the Tchernaya bridge. Lord Raglan, it is said, was anxious that the enemy should be pursued as soon as the artillery left Shell Hill. He had not a man to spare for this purpose himself, for our troops were worn out with their tough, enduring struggle, and all the more so as officers and men alike had gone into action fasting. But General Canrobert had Monet's brigade of Prince Napoleon's division, which had been sent up from the Siege Corps, and kept up to this time in reserve. Not a man had seen or felt the enemy. But Canrobert hesitated to use them. He is said to have asked that the Guards should go with them, if they went, for his troops had great confidence in *les Black Caps*. But to this Lord Raglan, of course, could not consent, for the Guards were a mere handful. At length Canrobert agreed to push forward two battalions of Zouaves and a battery of 12-pounders, and these, with the two Commanders-in-chief, ascended the heights abandoned by the Russians, and arrived in time to see that the enemy had escaped beyond range. The guns opened fire and did some mischief to the stragglers; but the main force had made good its retreat. The Russian Grand Dukes and Prince Menschikoff had the mortification to witness the ruin of those splendid dreams in which they had indulged with such confidence when their great army moved out at dawn.

The feints of the Russians did not deceive the allies. Prince Gortschakoff made an utterly futile demonstration in the Balaclava valley, and withdrew in the forenoon to his camp. General Timojief, however, issued from Sebastopol in the fog, dashed into the French trenches, and spiked some of their guns. But the French rapidly recovered from the surprise, drove him out, and pursuing him with too much ardour, lost Brigadier Lourmel and a great many men. The sortie was brilliantly repelled, and General Forey said he had nothing with which to reproach his troops, except a too headlong valour.

The battle of Inkermann won for Lord Raglan the baton of a British Field Marshal. And he deserved it for maintaining the reputation of England. To honour and reward him was to honour and reward his soldiers;

for he and they, on that dreadful field, rivalled Henry and his soldiers at Agincourt. All who speak of his bearing, show that his coolness and hardihood equalled those of his great master, over whose bones the grave had only closed two short years. It was around Lord Raglan that so many fell, and it is remarkable that no shot, where shots, as he told General Canrobert, fell thicker than they did at Waterloo, hit the British leader. Here is one glimpse. Lord Raglan "was sitting on horseback in the midst of a battery of artillery, watching our men working the guns. A very heavy fire was being directed against this part of the field, both from the enemy's cannon and also from small arms. One of his staff suggested the propriety of his not putting himself in quite so dangerous and conspicuous a place, especially, as it appeared from the number of bullets that came singing by us, that he was a mark for the enemy's riflemen. [Staff officers are always found to be extremely prudent; but Lord Raglan probably thought that this was an occasion for a practical illustration of that firmness which made his master say at Waterloo, 'He and I and every man must, if necessary, die where we stand rather than yield.'] In answer to the remark of the anxious staff-officer, Lord Raglan merely said, 'Yes, they seem firing at us a little, but I think I get a better view here than in most places.' [A practical answer worthy of the Duke.] So there he continued for some time, and then, turning his horse, rode along the whole length of the ridge at a foot's pace, and consequently exposed himself more than ever" on that shot-torn field. General Canrobert was wounded slightly while talking to Lord Raglan. General Strangways was mortally wounded while receiving orders from his chief. Another incident illustrates the quality of the soldiers as well as the quality of the general. "Towards the close of the battle, Lord Raglan was returning from taking leave of poor General Strangways, and was going up towards the ridge. A sergeant approached us carrying canteens of water to take up for the wounded, and as Lord Raglan passed he drew himself up to make the usual salute, when a round shot came bounding over the hill and knocked his forage cap off his head. The man calmly picked up his cap, dusted it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head, and then made the military salute, and all without moving a muscle of his countenance. Lord Raglan was delighted with the man's coolness, and said to him, 'A near thing that, my man.' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied the sergeant, with another salute; 'but a miss is as good as a mile.'" The French writers remark on the equanimity which never, under the worst circumstances, forsook the English general; and they, as well as we, observe that it was the prevailing characteristic of the whole British army.

The losses of the allies were very great. The English lost 2,816 men of all ranks. Of these three generals and 43 officers were killed, and six generals and 100 officers were wounded; 586 men were killed, and 2,078 were wounded. The French lost 1,800 men killed and wounded at Inkermann and in front of their trenches. Their exact loss at Inkermann is not stated, but is roughly put at 900 men. Among the wounded was Canrobert. No one can tell the Russian loss. The allies state that they buried 4,500 men on the field, and took 900 wounded. The French think the Russians lost 10,000 men; but, if the wounded bore the usual proportion to the killed, the whole loss must have been nearer 20,000. Prince Menschikoff was slightly hurt. The field of battle presented a more than usually horrible spectacle, for the dead and wounded lay within a space about a mile and a half long and half a mile deep, while about the sandbag battery the corpses were piled in heaps. It is a stain on the memory of the Russians that they killed many of our wounded officers and men, and deserted even their own wounded; so that the two Commanders-in-Chief were compelled to adopt the unusual course of remonstrating against this barbaric mode of carrying on war.

No one alive on that bloody field, except Lord Raglan, had ever seen so sad a spectacle. The Duke of Cambridge was so deeply affected by the loss of the Guards alone that he fell sick, and shortly afterwards went home. Sir De Lacy Evans, ill though he was, had come up from Balaclava in time to see the crisis and the close of the fight; and he is said to have taken the gloomiest views of the prospects of the allies, and even to have advised the abandonment of the whole enterprise. And, indeed, the allies were in a dreadful plight. They had won a victory, but at a cost which forbade all further progress with the siege for some time.

Their first object was to guard against any recurrence of hostilities on the right flank. On the 6th a council of war was held, attended by all the principal officers of both armies. The questions were—Should advantage be taken of the defeat inflicted on the enemy to re-open fire and assault the place, or should the project of assault be given up, and the attention of the allies be directed to maintaining the security of the position? The French were decidedly opposed to any immediate active prosecution of the siege with a view to an assault, and it is said Lord Raglan reluctantly consented. That being so, it became necessary to consider whether the allies should give up the siege altogether, and some generals favoured that proposal; but the generals-in-chief would not hear of it. Lord Raglan determined to hold fast to the place, wherefore provision had to be made for wintering in the Crimea, and for defending Inkermann. The upshot of the deliberations of the council were, that "the assault should be postponed until the arrival of fresh reinforcements; that works for the defence of the Inkermann position should be at once commenced; and that a French division should be moved to the right to assist in the construction of these works and in protecting the right flank." These resolutions were at once put in execution. The French division encamped on the right. The engineers traced the works, and the French and Turks began to construct them; but the labourers were few, the ground rocky, and the distance great; and these works were not really finished for two months.

It has been said that the position should have been entrenched from the beginning; but those who make this charge seem to lose sight of the facts. The principal and conclusive fact was the weakness of the allied army compared with the work to be done. Had the Inkermann position been entrenched, armed, and occupied in strength sufficient for the protection of the guns alone, active siege operations must have been suspended, and the ground occupied by the allies have been converted simply into an entrenched camp. It is an open question whether the French general could not have spared a division from the siege corps to reinforce the 2nd Division; but it does not admit of doubt that, unless work in the trenches ceased altogether, the English could not have furnished any men to entrench the Inkermann position. After the battle it was less difficult to do so. Then the strength of the enemy had been broken in the field. He had received a lesson he was not likely to forget. He could not renew the combat. But, more important than this, the allies found themselves compelled to suspend the siege, and, of course, they could the better spare men for the occupation of the right. Before the 5th of November the main object was the projected assault; after the 5th the main object was the defence of the position, so as to render it secure all the winter through.

Considering the smallness of his force, the distance from England, the great extent of his lines, the climate, the length and character of the road from Balaclava to the front, the unprovided state in which this army was, the certainty of over-work and trying exposure, Lord Raglan's determination to maintain his position was one of his most creditable acts. It is true that it entailed unexampled suffering on the British troops, that it gave rise to scenes all would willingly forget, that it convulsed a Parliament and ousted a Ministry, and insured for Lord Raglan himself endless abuse and reckless calumny; but it saved the military honour of England. By the devotion of those men who fought the battle of Inkermann, by their endurance, the British nation was able to see its cherished policy executed, and Sebastopol destroyed. There are few more noble things in the military history of England than the resolve of Lord Raglan to hold on, when he knew so well that his means were utterly inadequate; that weeks—months must elapse before effectual succour could reach him; and that he and all his men would have to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their country. When the shortcomings and faults of Lord Raglan are summed up, this act should not be forgotten. And when the sufferings of the soldiers are remembered, it must be remembered also that the principal cause was the honourable resolve not to yield an inch of what it had cost so much to win, and what must be held tenaciously, at all risks, if the "standing menace" to the Sultan's capital and the peace of Europe was to be destroyed.

But now we must quit the Black Sea and its shores for a space, and narrate the proceedings of the fleet in the Baltic; and then proceed to blend together the winter incidents in the Crimea and the astonishing proceedings of the British Parliament and the British nation.

CHAPTER XXI.

Naval Operations (1854)—Their Character in the Baltic—Unreasonable Expectations—Real Objects and Possibilities—Squadron enters the Baltic—War Declared—Admiral Napier's Order—Sails for the Gulf of Finland—Blockade Established—Plumridge in the Gulf of Bothnia—Hall and Yelverton—Key—Admiral Napier looks at Sweaborg—Arrival of the French Fleet—Cronstadt Reconnoitred—The Russians refuse the Offer of Battle—Bomarsund—It is resolved to take it—Arrival of French Troops—Land Operations—Capture and Destruction of the Bomarsund Forts—End of the Campaign—Naval Operations in the White Sea and off Kamschatka.

The British nation is naturally and justly proud of its navy; but, considering that we are a maritime people, we are—or were in 1854—singularly ignorant of the true functions of a fleet. When Queen Victoria led the squadron under Sir Charles Napier out of Spithead, on the 11th of March, the popular impression was that the Admiral, with eight screw line-of-battle ships, four screw frigates, and three paddle-wheel steamers, would be able, not only to keep the Russian fleet in harbour, but demolish Cronstadt and Sweaborg. Had the ships been of the light draught suited to those shallow seas, well manned, and duly supplied with trained gunners, the Admiral could not have accomplished what was expected of him by the nation; for it is not in the power of ships, without the co-operation of a land force, to capture or destroy really strong and well-armed coast defences. A British fleet, well commanded, can drive an enemy's fleet from the sea, can blockade his ports, occupy the attention of large military forces, destroy his commerce, and give encouragement to weaker powers in near neighbourhood to stronger powers, which might attempt to exert undue pressure over their weaker neighbours. This was the work which the Government called upon Sir Charles Napier to do; and he was especially cautioned not to make any rash experiments upon stone walls. The caution must have been given for mere form's sake, as Sir Charles was too good a sailor to expose his wooden walls to the incendiary shells of the Russian batteries. But the people of England did not know what ships could and could not effect, and when the handsome little squadron steamed through the Downs into the North Sea, and steered for the coasts of Sweden and Denmark, they waited impatiently for news of the breaking up of the ice in the Gulf of Finland, after which they expected, day by day, intelligence of the destruction of the Russian strongholds. All this was eminently unreasonable; and when these unreasonable expectations were disappointed, the Admiral and the Government were made the victims of popular indignation.

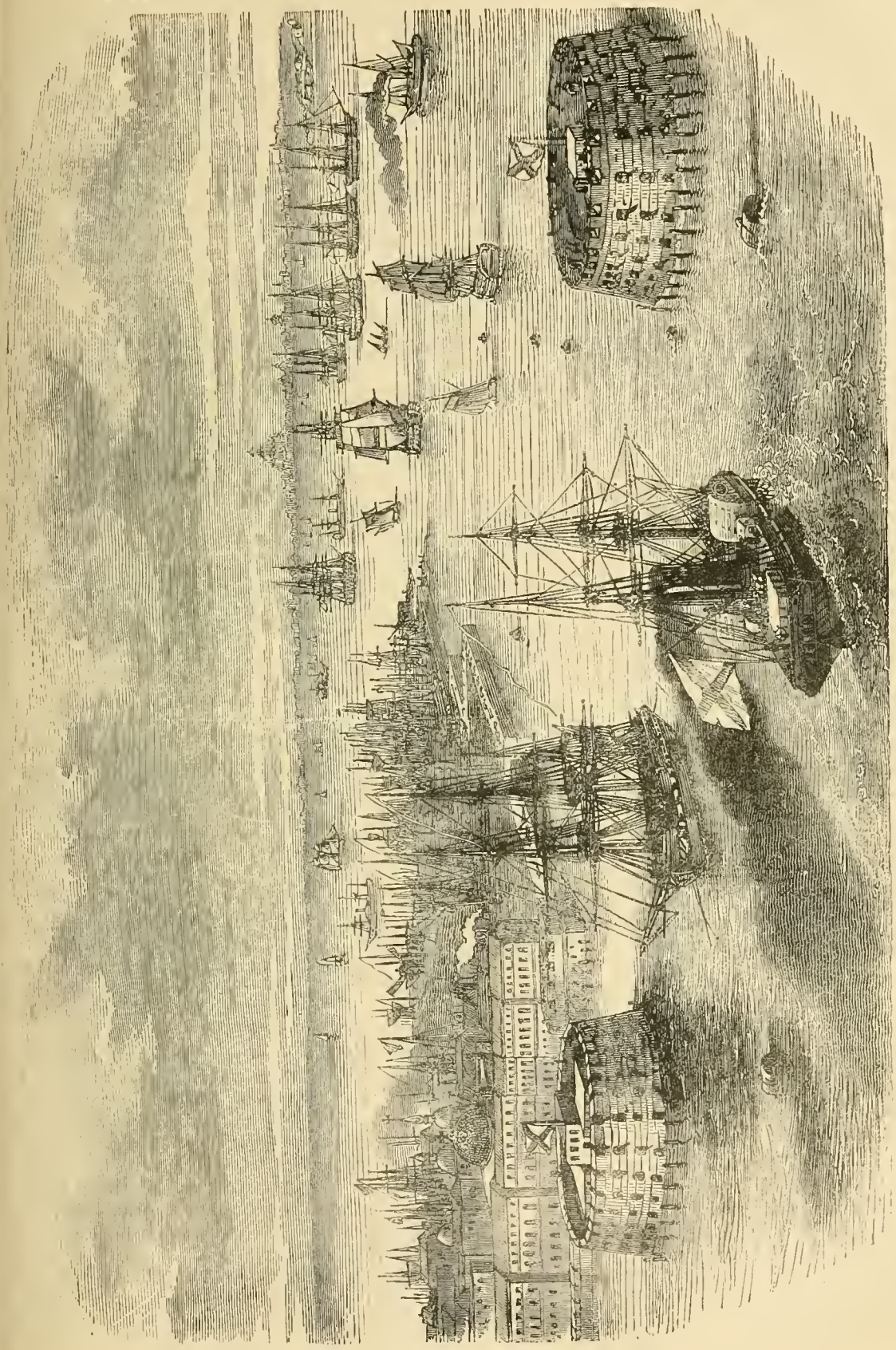
The fact is, that the Government prescribed to themselves very limited and reasonable but highly useful objects. The Russian fleet in the Gulf of Finland consisted of no less than twenty-seven sail of the line, seventeen lesser men-of-war, frigates, and corvettes, and an unknown number of gunboats—perhaps one

hundred and fifty. These ships and boats were well manned, and mounted upwards of 3,000 guns; but their situation was peculiar. They were all in the Gulf of Finland, except a few gunboats; and the Gulf of Finland was frozen. Supposing they could get out of the Gulf of Finland, they would have been able to cruise in the Baltic, menace both Copenhagen and Stockholm (if that were deemed expedient policy), and send their lighter ships, and some of the heavier, through the Great Belt or the Sound into the North Sea, to prey on the commerce of the allies. It was therefore of the last importance that this Russian fleet should be prevented from leaving the Gulf of Finland. That was the primary object of the occupation of the Baltic to be effected by Sir Charles Napier. If he did this, and could do no more, much would be done. Determined to blockade the Russian fleet, the Government, even in the winter months of 1853, hastened naval preparations. But the navy had been so much neglected, and the system had fallen into such lassitude and unfitness, that the Government were compelled to use, not the best ships for naval operations in shallow seas, but such ships as they had; and not the best seamen, but such men as they could scrape together. Manning the navy by the press-gang was no longer possible, and no wise means had then been taken to secure a constant supply of able seamen: inconceivable folly in a maritime nation, and only to be accounted for by the fact that successive Governments had fallen under the influence of the popular belief that war would no more disgrace the civilised nations of Europe. Therefore, the ships sent to the Baltic were manned by "scratch" crews, whose discipline and training had to be effected during the voyage and in presence of the enemy. Yet the Government of Lord Aberdeen had no choice of means, not having believed in war, and therefore not having provided any choice. Necessity was the master of the situation.

As Russia and England were not actually at war, Sir Charles Napier was ordered to make for Wingo Sound, near Gottenbourg, and anchor there. He was to prevent the Russian ships from entering the North Sea, and help the Danes or Swedes if attacked. He reached Wingo Sound on the 18th, and feeling that his sealed instructions, which he had opened at sea, justified the movement, he determined to carry the fleet through the Great Belt, and effectually bar the mouths both of that passage and the Sound by anchoring at Kioge, near Copenhagen. He had no pilots, and could obtain none. The season was tempestuous; the seas were narrow, rocky, and shrouded in fogs. The passage of the Great Belt was, therefore, a perilous task; but in spite of the gales, and the mists, and the tortuous channels, that passage was effected. The fleet anchored in Kiel Bay on the 27th, and on the 1st of April steamed into Kioge Bay. On the 2nd of April news of the declaration of war reached the Admiral, and he issued this address by signal to the fleet:—"Lads, war is declared! We are to meet a bold and numerous enemy. Should they offer us battle, you know how to dispose of them. Should they remain in port, we must try and get at them. Success depends on the precision and quickness of your fire. Lads, sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own!" The Russians did not afford the Admiral the opportunity he sought, and never came to close quarters. While in Kioge Bay the fleet was increased to twelve sail of the line, and received some more smaller vessels. Admiral Plumridge, with a flying squadron, was sent to cruise off the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland; and, the ice breaking up, the Admiral steamed off on the 12th for the Gulf of Finland himself.

It would be tedious and profitless to follow the British men-of-war in their wanderings to and fro in these northern seas. As the Russians would not come out and fight, all that could be done, even after the French arrived, was to maintain a blockade of the ports, and inflict such damage on the coasts of the enemy as the means at the disposal of the admirals would permit. Before the French arrived Admiral Plumridge had reconnoitred the Aland Islands, and had swept the Finnish coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, taking within a month forty-six merchant ships, and destroying immense quantities of pitch and tar and naval stores. He had visited the important ports, and, by the aid of his boats, had done this damage between Abo and Brahestad. The stores destroyed were public property, for private property he respected. In accomplishing his task he only met with one disaster. Two ships were sent to Gamla Karleby, the Odin and the Vulture. Finding they could not approach this little port, because the water was shallow, the captains sent their boats in to burn the property of the Czar. The Russian soldiers defended the port. After an action of an hour, the paddle-box boat of the Vulture was so rudely handled that she became unmanageable, and, drifting ashore, was captured with her crew. Our loss in this action was fifty-four men, and the boat with its gun. A little before this the Hecla and the Arrogant, commanded by Captains Hall and Yelverton, found their way for seven miles up a creek to Eckness, destroyed a Russian battery, drove off a troop of horse artillery, cut out a merchant ship with a rich cargo, and returned in safety, with the loss of two killed and one wounded. The Grand Duke Constantine said of this brilliant exploit, "Of all bold and seamanlike operations, this is the most daring I could have imagined." Captain Key, in the Amphion, also kept the Russians on the alert on the coast of Courland, and took prizes out of the ports of Vindau and Libau. Indeed, there was great activity among the lighter vessels, and no slackness in any part.

In the meantime Sir Charles Napier went up the Gulf of Finland to look at Sweaborg. On the 13th of June, Admiral Parseval-Deschenes joined him at Barosund, bringing twenty-eight ships, of which six were sailing line-of-battle ships and only one a screw line-of-battle-ship. The allied fleet, exclusive of the ships doing duty as blockaders, now amounted to forty-seven sail. The Russian fleet lay in two divisions, one at Cronstadt, the other at Sweaborg; and although Sir Charles gave them plenty of opportunities, neither of them would come out and fight him together or singly. As there was so great



CRONSTADT.

a clamour in England for an attack upon the fortresses, it is supposed that the Russians hoped the admirals would attack one or the other, so that while they were suffering from the fire of the forts, the Russian fleets might sail out, fall upon and destroy them. The two admirals, however, were not to be so caught. They went together, in the middle of June, to reconnoitre Cronstadt, and, as was anticipated, found it out of their reach. The water was so shallow and so commanded by forts, that a direct attack would have been a criminal folly, while the enemy had blocked up with sunken obstructions the passage on the northern side by which, it was just possible, the lighter ships might have got into the rear of the place. The fact is, that without gunboats and light ships, and, above all, without an army, neither Cronstadt nor Sweaborg can be attacked with success. One of the greatest delusions is to suppose that either would require means smaller than those used to reduce Sebastopol. The English and French admirals judged rightly that these strong places should be let alone.

But there was one place within their power. At the southern end of the Gulf of Bothnia, over against Stockholm, and within a few miles of the Swedish coast, lie the Aland Islands. Russia had snatched them from Sweden, when, with Napoleon's permission, she overran Finland, and these islands serve the purpose of a *tête-de-pont* towards Sweden. On one of these islands the Czar, at great cost, had built the fortress of Bomarsund. It was to Stockholm what Sebastopol was to Constantinople—a "standing menace." Built on an island, it lay within reach of the allies, and they resolved to capture and destroy it. But this could not be done without troops. So the French Government agreed to supply 10,000 men; and they were embarked at Boulogne in British ships, and commanded by General Baraguay d'Hilliers. In order that the work might be well done, the British Government sent Colonel Harry Jones and the French General Niel, both able officers of engineers. The Czar, catching a glimpse of the object of the allies, sent large reinforcements to occupy the island; but our admiral had been beforehand, and the Russian troops found smart British war-steamers between them and Bomarsund. While the troops were on their way, the fortress was reconnoitred. Some of the vessels engaged it at long range, and it was while on this service that a shell falling on the deck of the Hecla, Mr. Lucas, a midshipman, audaciously picked it up and threw it into the sea—a daring act, for which he was made a lieutenant. Towards the end of July, the allied fleets moved down to Ledsund, leaving only a few British ships to watch Cronstadt and Sweaborg. On the 30th of July, 5,000 troops arrived, but the French general would not land a man until his siege stores reached him. Six more days passed by, and then, all the troops and stores, having come in, the admirals proceeded to Lumpar Bay, and began operations.

The stronghold of Bomarsund, on the largest of the Aland Islands, consisted of five forts. The main work stood at the head of a semicircular bay facing the south. It was a gigantic structure, nearly a quarter of a mile long, and as it mounted above a hundred guns in casemates, its fire swept the bay. The island is rocky and wooded, and as it rose on the north of the fort, the Russian engineers had found it necessary to crown the hills with towers. There were three of these on the heights. Fort Tzee, on the west, occupied the highest ground. Due north of the main work was a second; and on the east, Fort Nottich. The western and eastern outworks were alone important in a military sense. On the neighbouring island of Presto, a fourth tower had been built. Not satisfied with these granite defences, General Bodisco, in command of the garrison, had thrown up an earthen battery on the shore west of the main fort, and had armed it with six guns. The ships of the allies occupied the southern end of the bay, except a smart squadron of British frigates under Admiral Plumridge, which was on the north. Sir Charles Napier had shifted his flag to the Bulldog, in order that he might move about with greater facility. The plan of the allies was to land the troops, and, taking the outworks, breach the main fort from the rear. This was practicable, with the force in hand, because our ships commanded the sea, and no army could march to succour the place.

The allies resolved to land on the western shore of the bay, and on the northern shore of the island on the 8th of August. Day breaks early in those high latitudes, and at two o'clock some French and English ships opened fire on the woods to cover the landing, while others attacked the battery and shelled Fort Tzee to occupy their attention. In a short time the battery was abandoned, and the allies were in possession of it. All this time the troops had been pouring ashore, and by eight o'clock 10,000 men were marching through the woods, turning the enemy's works. They encamped about two miles from Fort Tzee, on the north of a glen affording plenty of water, while the fir groves furnished wood. During that day and the next, ammunition and baggage were landed and carried up; the guns were drawn to the front by artillery horses brought for the purpose over roads made by the engineers; the soldiers drove up cattle, forage, and provisions, and soon the ovens were glowing, and the abattoir established. At the same time General Niel selected a site for a breaching battery and broke ground. The British marines landed on the north of the island without molestation. They encamped in a grove of fir and juniper close to the main road from the fort to the north-west, and not far from the forts. The guns to arm the batteries they were to construct were landed and placed on sledges made on board ship. Then they were hauled up by the sailors over five miles of rocky country. The ship's bands preceded the men hauling up the gun, the tars enjoyed the novelty of the work; and when this strange procession passed the French camp, their soldiers, delighted and astonished at the spectacle, ran to the ropes, and gave a helping hand.

The French battery opened fire on Fort Tzee on the 13th; and while the shot from the heavy guns and the shells from the mortars tore down the walls, the rifle-

men lying among the rocks, threw into the embrasures a fire so searching, that the enemy's gunners found it difficult to load their pieces. In the afternoon the Russians hung out a white flag. It is said they asked an hour to bury their dead, and that the boon being granted, they used the time to replenish their store of ammunition. The fire was renewed, and later another flag of truce was displayed. This time General Baragnay d'Hilliers refused to parley, because of the abuse of the previous suspension of the cannonade. The next morning the guns of the fort being silent, the French riflemen dashed in, and captured the work with fifty prisoners. The British battery had been constructed under a heavy fire. It was finished on the 14th, but not being wanted, its guns were turned upon Fort Nottich on the 15th; and at six in the evening, one side of the tower being demolished, the garrison surrendered. On that same day Captain Pelham put ashore a ten-inch gun, placed it in the shore battery taken from the enemy, and did them much mischief. He was in an exposed position, but the ships supported him, and his earthwork was so well built that not a man was injured. On the morning of the 16th the main fort and the Presto tower alone held out. They had been under the fire of the ships for some days, and now the great fort was entirely commanded from the rear by the shore batteries. General Bodisco, having no hope of succour, was without warrant for a bloody defence. So at noon he hung out a white flag and surrendered. Admirals Napier and Parseval-Deschenes landed, and General Baraguay d'Hilliers came down from the hills; and the garrison, 2,235 men, piled arms, and were marched off under escort, embarked, and sent to England. We took 122 guns. The surrender included the tower of Presto, and thus the whole of the stronghold was torn away from Russia. The British loss was two killed and seven wounded. Lieutenant Wrottesley, of the Engineers, was one of the two who were killed. The force applied was very great; but the smallness of the loss, and the rapidity and vastness of the result, show the economy of employing irresistible means.

But when the allies conquered the Aland Islands, they did not know what to do with them. They were held out as a bribe to Sweden, but the Court of Stockholm is wise in its generation. Although these islands threatened her capital, Sweden feared to accept what she thought it beyond her power to keep. Nor were the affairs of the allies in a state so promising at that time as to justify the Swedes in throwing their sword into the scale against Russia. Austria was cautious, Prussia hostile to the Western Powers. Even Sir Charles Napier was of opinion that Sweden could not finish the immense works in progress at Bomarsund, nor maintain a garrison; and if, he said bluntly, "she obtained possession of it, she would lose it again." It was therefore resolved to blow up all the works—a resolution carried out very completely by the beginning of September.

With this exploit the showy work of the naval campaign in the Baltic ended. The blockade was maintained, until the ice interposed an utterly impassable barrier; Sweaborg was reconnoitred, and very antagonistic schemes were propounded for its capture; some misunderstandings arose between Admiral Napier and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir James Graham; but in the end the ice and the fierce tempests came, and arrested the cruising of ships, although they could not stop the squabbling of men. The English fleet was the first to enter and the last to leave the Baltic, and the frigates did not reach home until November.

Other points of the vast dominions of Russia were visited by British ships. Two screw steamers and a sailing frigate blockaded Archangel, and destroyed a good deal of property at points accessible to their guns and marines. They were repulsed in one attack, but they burnt Novitska and Kola. There were two Russian frigates in the Pacific, and an allied squadron went to seek them in the fortified harbour of Petropaulovski, the chief port of Kamschatka. When they arrived off the place Admiral Price, the British commander, shot himself in his cabin. Sir F. Nicholson, who succeeded him, carried on the operations. These consisted in a determined attack by the ships on the defences of the place, and an attempt to take the town by landing 700 seamen and marines. But on the whole, although two batteries were silenced, and some guns were spiked, the operations failed. The ships were forced to draw off, and the land attack was repelled with the loss of nearly 300 men killed and wounded.

CHAPTER XXII.

Changed Position of the Allies—Tempest of the 14th of November—Great Loss of Ships and Stores—The Climax of our Misfortunes—Beginning of Winter Agonies—Lord Raglan's Heroic Firmness—It is misunderstood at Home—Why—Retrospective—The Ministry—Its Sins of Omission—Position of the Duke of Newcastle—Lord Aberdeen—Mr. Gladstone—Great Public Outcry—Popular Feeling inflamed by False Statements—Meeting of Parliament in December—Short Session—Recess—Meeting of Parliament in January (1855)—Mr. Roebuck's Motion for Inquiry—Lord John Russell resigns—His Conduct—Defeat of Ministers—Lord Aberdeen resigns—Lord Palmerston forms a Cabinet—Mr. Roebuck persists—And the Peelites quit the Cabinet—Lord Palmerston forms a Second—War Policy unchanged.

We have already stated that after the battle of Inkermann the British general found himself compelled, with diminished forces, to maintain a purely defensive attitude in the face of a weakened, but still numerous and vigilant enemy. The character of the expedition had wholly changed. It was intended to be a temporary operation, swift and complete. It became a permanent invasion. Not only the enemy, but the winter had to be fronted. The Czar counted on his generals, January and February, as well as his Todlebens and Gortschakoffs. He trusted to rain, mud, and snow, to weaken the forces, and wear out the hardihood of the English, and exhaust the spirit of the French. Like many others he cradled himself in delusions. For, whatever may have been the effect of suspense on the French soldier, the French Emperor could not afford to fail; and it so happened that the British nation, with astonishing unanimity, had set its heart upon the destruction of Sebastopol; and rarely in history can you

find an instance of failure to accomplish a settled purpose really formed by the British nation.

In this present case they were severely tried; but, though they were truculent, and angry, and irrational, because Sebastopol had not been taken in October; though they turned furiously upon the Government at home and the General in the Crimea; yet, not for one moment did they relent or shrink back from their fixed resolve; rather did they insist, with a vehemence without parallel, on the full achievement of the main object, until the phrase—"vigorous prosecution of the war," heard on every lip, became a tedious but still vital commonplace.

The general and the troops who were working out their resolve in the Crimea were tried more severely than they. With November had come, not only a bloody battle, but a painful change in the climate. The soft, calm, sunny days of October faded away. The Black Sea began to show the appropriateness of the name it bore. Thick mists covered the surface of its dark grey waters; heavy clouds overspread the clear blue sky. Rain fell, sometimes in drenching showers, sometimes in thick, small drops; and the earth absorbing the moisture, began to change into mud. Then, with a fierceness gathered from a triumphant rush over the whole breadth of the Black Sea, there came swooping upon the southern shores of the Crimea a tempest memorable for its potency and destructiveness—the famous storm of the 14th of November.

The wind came from the south. On the night of the 13th a storm burst over Constantinople, tore off the roofs of many buildings, and broke down six of the splendid minarets of the Grand Mosque of the Sultan Achmet. Then, accumulating its force, in a long career over the Black Sea, it raged like a thousand demons all around Sebastopol. First came heavy squalls and pelting rain; then the wind became more continuous and stronger, and the rain thicker, beating on the earth with a hoarse sound, and forcing its way through the canvas of the tents. It was early morning, and weary sleepers were awakened by the uproar. Some lay awake and listened to the awful sounds; others woke, and, shielding their faces from the rain, went to sleep again; some did not wake. Soon the hurricane raged with all its force. The canvas flapped, the poles trembled or bent like a salmon-rod, the tent-ropes strained, and the tent-pegs rocked in the earth. Officers were awakened by their servants, who told them they must rise, for the wind was rending up the whole encampment; and in some cases the warning had hardly been given ere the pegs gave way, the pole snapped like a twig, and the dripping canvas fell with a crash. In a few minutes nearly every tent on the plateau was down. The inmates crept out, some half-clothed, others nearly naked; and they were seen flying through the mud, chasing their effects, which the tempest picked up and flung hither and thither and bore away. "All round me," says one sufferer, "were figures like my own, of half-clad men sitting amid the ruins of their beds, and watching with intense interest the dispersion of their property." Another "saw a great quantity of what appeared, at first sight, to be pieces of paper; but during a momentary lull, these came flop to the ground, and proved to be canvas tents." "Great barrels bounded along like cricket-balls." "The air," says Dr. Russell, "was filled with blankets, hats, great coats, little coats, and even tables and chairs! Mackintoshes, quilts, india-rubber tubs, bedclothes, sheets of tent-canvas, went whirling like leaves in the gale towards Sebastopol." Large laden arabas were overturned; horses rolled over and over, even the heavy ambulance wagons were turned upside down. Immense trusses of hay were lifted bodily from the ground. The wide and barren undulations of black tenacious mud were covered with horses which had broken from their pickets, soldiers of all kinds rushing for any shelter, however poor, and heaps of bemired canvas. But most of our men, "more sullen and resolute" than their allies, "stood in front of their levelled tents, while wind and rain tore over them, or collected in groups before their late camps." No fires could be lighted, no food cooked. All around was one common desolation; for the hospital tents had shared the fate of the others, and the sick lay exposed to all the violence of the tempest. The wooden structures erected by the French for their sick went down before the gale, and only a few planks remained. Generals, officers, soldiers, sick and wounded, hale and well, were in a like predicament. "Lord Lucan was seen for hours sitting up to his knees in sludge, amid the wreck of his establishment, meditative as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage." And when the wind fell a little—that is, became a little less violent—the air became colder, and the rain became sleet and snow. All day long, with now and then a delusive lull, this sublime tempest vexed the invaders of the Crimea; and all day long the pickets kept their ground, the Guards lay or crouched in the mud and water of the trenches, the sentries kept a keen look out; for at any time the foe—who, spite of wind and rain, now and again fired a gun—might try to surprise the allied camp. They bore up with a sober resolution and without complaining, those noble soldiers of England; and their fortitude was as conspicuous as was their steadfast bearing on the field of Inkermann. Even late in the afternoon, when the first rough vigour of the tempest had abated, and its horrible screaming voice had sunk to a sullen roar, neither man, nor horse could face its fury on the exposed plains, and two orderlies, sent towards Balaclava, were forced to return. The French had suffered misfortunes similar to ours, and in the night, the Russians, opening fire, pushed a reconnaissance towards the trenches; but the rolling musketry of the watchful defenders soon forced the enemy back to his walls. Even in Sebastopol, the storm did much damage to roofs, and buildings, and earthworks.

But the horrors of that day were most horrible off Balaclava. There hundreds of lives were lost in a few hours. Outside the port, at anchor in deep water, were twenty-two ships. Among them were the four war-steamers, Retribution, Niger, Vulcan, and Vesuvius—four fine steam transports, including the Prince, whose hold was filled with warm clothing for the troops; ten sailing

transports, and four freight ships. The weather for the previous week had been tempestuous, and every master was full of anxiety. The Prince, so precious at that time, had been refused admittance into the harbour. The Resolute, laden with hundreds of tons of ammunition, was also kept outside. When the gale had furrowed the sea with huge rolling waves, rushing with fierce shocks upon the deadly cliffs, it became evident that an unspeakable tempest was impending. Captain Cargill, of the City of London, turned her head to wind, and steamed out to sea, slowly but surely. He wished the Prince to follow his example. His warning was not heeded. The Prince remained, hanging by a single anchor on a lee shore. The gale became a hurricane, and the sea like a rolling prairie in motion. The waves leaped upon the cliffs, and their spray dashed in the faces of the hardy men who, leaving their camps, clung like insects to the rocks above, ready to help if help were possible. Soon the anchors of the sailing ships dragged, then parted, and, borne on the top of the billows, vessel after vessel dashed broadside on to the rocks, and with a loud crash splintered into fragments. One moment human forms were seen struggling in the waters, and in the next they had disappeared. All over the sea drove a blinding mist, and through the mist loomed that dreadful coast, vexed and beaten on by the howling sea. In the midst of this havoc the men on the cliffs, using ropes, snatched a few sailors from the engulfing waters. Four ships had split upon the senseless rocks in a brief space. A lull came. The wind caught up the mists, and hurried them away. It was but a momentary glimpse of safety. Out to seaward, in the cradle of the tempest, blacker mists and fiercer blasts were careering on. "A noise like a shrill shriek," "a harsh, screaming sound, increasing in vehemence as it approached," came rushing over the sea. It was the blast which ashore swept down the stoutest tents, and which at sea destroyed the strongest vessels. One of the freight ships instantly perished on the rocks, with all her crew. The Prince had been riding at single anchor, and trying to relieve the cables from the strain by steaming head to wind. This anchor loosened its clutch of the soft bottom; the ship began to drift, in spite of her steam power, then her crew began to fell the masts. It was an unhappy project. The mizen fell, and, fouling the screw, the doom of the Prince was sealed. The next wave carried her up to the cliffs. The shock was apparently slight, that is, she did not go to pieces. But in a moment a mighty wave caught her on its surging crest, and, with a hoarse roar, hurled her full on the rocks; she broke like glass, and all that was left of this fine ship and her crew were seven men snatched from the raging surf, and a few planks tossed helplessly to and fro. Three more vessels, including the Resolute, next went ashore, and every ship there looked upon wreck as certain. The Retribution war-steamer, having the Duke of Cambridge on board, had three anchors out; she lost two, and when destruction appeared inevitable, she was saved by sacrificing her guns, her coals, her shot and shell. In the midst of the turmoil, the master of the transport Avon, a powerful steamship, slipped the cables, and, braving the waves, ran dexterously into the harbour. No other ships went ashore, but all those which rode out the gale lost their masts, and were seriously damaged.

Nor had the shipping within the harbour escaped. The waters of the land-locked pool were hardly stirred; but the dreadful gale, rushing through the narrow gorges of the rocky hills, hurled the vessels one upon the other, tore them from their moorings, forced them over almost on to their beam ends, and snapped their masts. The Sanspareil was driven two feet up the steep shore. The paddle-boxes of three steamers were rent away. Boats were lifted up and carried inland. On shore the gale levelled the tents of the marines and riflemen. A fine old tree standing in the town was torn up, and in its fall, it crushed through the guardhouse. A row of acacia trees was blown down. The houses were unroofed, and their verandahs rent from them. Off the Katcha and the Balbek there was the same loss of shipping. Two French transports went down, with all on board. Six English transports and a Turkish frigate were wrecked. All the line-of-battle ships were more or less injured, and ran imminent risks of sinking. Off Eupatoria, a French 100-gun ship, the Henri IV., and a French frigate, the Fulton, went ashore, while a Turkish 90-gun liner sank in deep water, with all on board.

This terrible tempest was the climax of our misfortunes. The battle of Inkermann had proved that the army must winter on those desolate hills; the effects of the storm made it manifest that the troops would have to face the winter without adequate supplies. No fewer than 2,500 watch coats, 16,000 blankets, 3,700 rugs, 53,000 woollen frocks, 19,000 lamb's-wool drawers, 35,700 socks, 12,880 pair of boots, 1,800 pairs of shoes, and stores of drugs and other necessaries were lost in the Prince. Fourteen of the wrecked transports were laden with forage and provisions—namely, 359,714 pounds of biscuit, 74,880 pounds of salt meat, 157 head of cattle, 645 sheep, 8,000 gallons of rum, 73,986 pounds of rice, 11,200 pounds of green coffee, 1,116,172 pounds of forage corn, and 800,000 pounds of pressed hay. With the Resolute were engulfed several million rounds of ball cartridge, and the reserve ammunition for the artillery. Even these losses do not measure the extent of the calamity, for many ships were injured so much that the army was for a long time deficient in sea transport, and consequently in the means of repairing the ravages inflicted by the storm on stores of all kinds. Although the harbour of Balaclava was, after the 25th of October, in danger of being seized by the enemy, there seems to have been no good reason why that risk should not have been incurred, and the Prince and the Resolute allowed to anchor inside. The gales of the second week in November showed that the south-west winds in the Black Sea were quite as likely to be as formidable as the Russians. It is only fair to say that Captain Christie and Captain Dacres—the naval officers in charge of the harbour—were willing to permit the entrance of the ships, and that it was their superiors who kept the ill-fated vessels outside. Lord Raglan, immediately after the

battle of Inkermann, had taken steps to obtain clothing and shelter and ample supplies of food. But in the interval the troops suffered greatly. "For the remainder of November," writes Captain Hamley, "it rained almost without cessation, and the plains became one vast quagmire. The soil is remarkably tenacious, and the feet both of men and horses were encumbered at every step with a load of clay. Not only all the interior of the camps was deep in mire, but the floors of the tents themselves grew muddy. It is difficult to imagine a more cheerless scene than that presented wherever you traversed the plains. The landscape, all lead-coloured above, was all mud-coloured below; the tents, wet and stained with mud, had become dreary spots on a dreary background. About them waded a few shivering men in greatcoats, trying to light fires behind small screens of mud or stones, or digging up the roots of the bushes, where the coppice had vanished from the surface. Rows of gaunt, rough horses, up to their fetlocks in the soft, drab-coloured soil, stood with drooping heads at the picket ropes, sheltered from wind and rain each by a dirty, ragged blanket—in which it would have been difficult for the keenest connoisseur in horseflesh to recognise the glossy, spirited, splendid teams that had drawn the artillery along the plains at Scutari." So with the Scots Greys. Their horses on landing, for shape, size, spirit, and condition were not to be surpassed "When the winter began, the survivors of the Greys, long-haired, bony, spiritless, and soiled with mire, preserved no trace of their former beauty." One of the most painful spectacles was the dead and dying horses lying all over the plains. So the road to the camps became a track of liquid mud; the valley of Balaclava desolated and melancholy; the town as muddy as the plains, and the tideless harbour a common sewer. Imagination alone can picture to itself how it fared with human beings forced to winter in such a place in the face of a fierce and desperate enemy. A general of weak mind would have quailed and bent under the awful burden thrust upon him, and would, perhaps, have taken some half-measures, giving up this and that, and, losing his self-command from day to day, would at last have been swept away by his foes and execrated by his country. Lord Raglan did not lose his self-command; he did not forget his duty. Whatever the cost, he knew the best course was to maintain a bold, unbroken front, keep an unrelaxing grip on his enemy, until England and France had time to put forth their might, relieve him and his army from their heroic task, and enable them to act as well as endure. Yet Lord Raglan was subjected to almost as much censure as if he had been a weak man, and had deserted his trenches, his cannon, and his battle-fields, and had stained the flag and the military honour of his country by a dastardly submission. For the next two months it was his duty, and the duty of the British army, to endure; and although his firmness and heroism were not appreciated then, they are appreciated now.

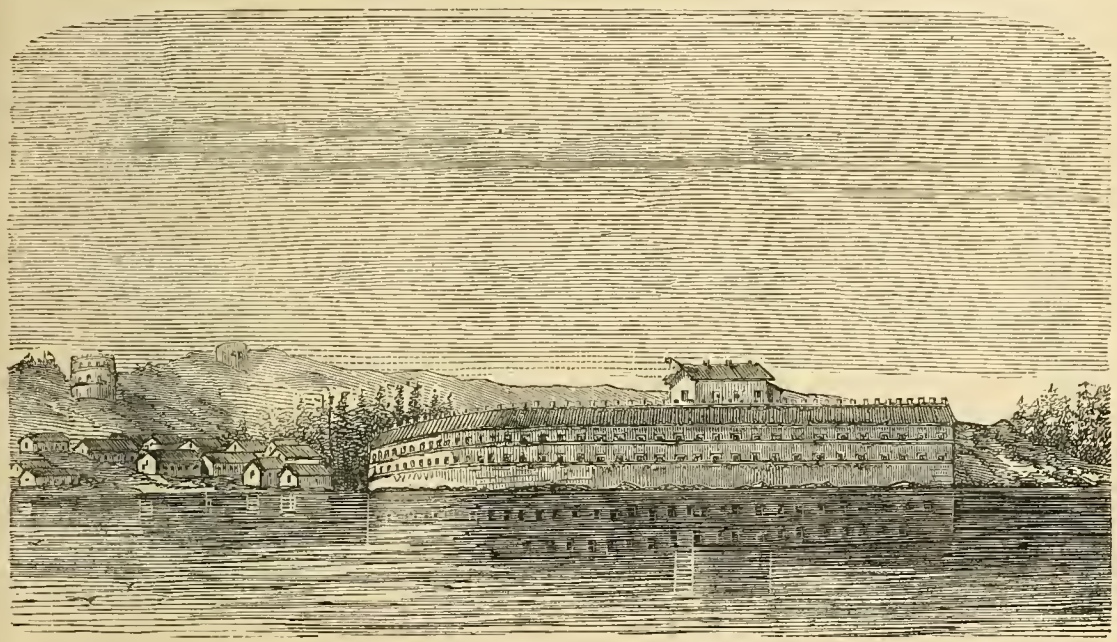
When the people heard of the sufferings of their soldiers in the Crimea and at Scutari, they became indignant and unreasonable; they ascribed the failure of the expedition and the distresses of the troops to the wrong causes, and they demanded the recall of the general and the dismissal of the Government. To understand how this came about, we must consider how the Government conducted the war, and the means at hand wherewith to conduct it.

For nearly forty years the British nation had not taken any part in a war in Europe. The vast expense of the war against the first Napoleon, the suffering it caused, the habits of despotic Government which it induced, the obstinate resistance of a great party to needful reforms, had all served to inspire a dread of a standing army. The consequences were most serious. The nation was in danger of having no army at all. The popular dislike to a soldiery, which was long used as an armed police, was so keenly felt by the Duke of Wellington, that he did his utmost to keep the soldiers out of sight, and hoped thereby to maintain at least the minimum force required by the actual pressing exigencies of the nation. For thirty years there was a steady progress towards the reduction of the establishments, that is the very bases on which a military structure is built. Nearly all the efforts of the reformers were, by a strange paradox, directed towards the diminution of the military machine, as if diminution were synonymous with reform. The consequence was that, in the strict sense of the word, we had no army at all. At no period subsequently to 1815 were we in a condition to go to war. The pith of the army, the infantry, consisted of a number of very fine regiments, kept down at the lowest numerical condition. The cavalry regiments were good, but in numbers they were each barely equal to two good squadrons. There were in England but a very few guns in fighting order. There was a weak commissariat; there was no land transport corps or military train. Such a thing as a camp of exercise was unknown until 1853. There were no opportunities for handling large masses of all arms. The militia even was suffered to fall into abeyance for many years. There were men in England fully alive to the consequences of this neglect of the military machine; but their voices were not heeded, until the revolutions of 1848, and the success of Louis Napoleon in 1851, roused the whole nation from its apathy. An improved tone in public feeling, a better estimate of the real value of a good army, and a real dread of danger from without, led to some improvements. The militia force was revived. Lord Hardinge had the courage to insist on the adoption of the Minié rifle, and Mr. Sidney Herbert prevailed on his colleagues to establish a camp. The artillery was placed in a state of great efficiency. But that man would, in 1852-3 have been regarded as mad who proposed a military train, an ambulance corps, and an effective military staff. These necessary parts of an army were not in existence. And besides these deficiencies, there was another and a vital one: there was no Minister of War with paramount authority, whose duty it would be to make the best of a small army, and keep it effective. The Secretary of State for the Colonies was also Minister of War; and his

authority over the army was practically shared by those who should have been his subordinates. The navy was hardly in a better plight. It was undergoing a process of transformation from a sailing to a steam navy; but although we had some fine screw war-steamers and were building more, the service had fallen into such disrepute that the greatest difficulties were experienced in manning a ship, and some men-of-war lay six months waiting for a complement of hands. The interior economy of the navy required as much improvement as that of the army. The naval and military renown we had won in the great French wars still clung to us; but when the Czar compelled us to fight him, we had little wherewith to sustain that renown, except the valour of our soldiers and our seamen.

The British nation went into the war with unequalled unanimity and determination. They were eager to close with the Emperor of all the Russias. Before the disclosure of his perfidy, they regarded him as the keystone of the despotic system on the Continent, as the standing menace to European liberty; and when the proofs of his perfidy were placed before them in 1854, their instinct in favour of fair-dealing was so outraged that their passions rose to the pitch of hatred, and settled down into a grim purpose to punish and restrain. That, after the month of January, 1854, the ministry of Lord Aberdeen shared these sentiments, is now unquestioned; but they shared them in very unequal degrees. Lord Aberdeen hated war, because of the suffering it inflicts on humanity; Mr. Gladstone hated war for the same reason, and because it is so expensive; Mr. Sidney Herbert leaned to this side. The whole Cabinet was convinced of the necessity and justice of the war, but the majority had indulged in a strong desire for peace, and a strong belief, until a late period that the Czar, would give way; and so they refrained from making adequate preparations, and from showing the Czar that they were in earnest, and thus drifted into the midst of what they wished to avoid. Hence it was that they went to war with the largest military power in the world on the basis of a weak peace establishment.

The army in 1853 consisted of little more than 102,000 men for the service of the British empire, exclusive of India. In 1854 ministers proposed and carried, in February, an augmentation of 10,000, bringing up the total to 112,000. These men they had to obtain by enlistment, for the militia then was young, and little more than a paper force. It was not embodied, nor had the Government power to embody a single regiment; for the militia had been raised to resist invasion only, so jealous were the Commons; and Ministers, before they could call out a man, except for the annual training, were obliged to obtain an Act of Parliament. Moreover, just on the threshold of war, so rotten was the system of promotion and retirement, that they were compelled to appoint a Royal Commission to report on the best mode of enabling the Queen to avail herself of the services of officers in the full vigour of life. Thus Europe was astonished at the spectacle of a great power remodelling its military system, enlarging it, and strengthening it on the brink of a conflict with the vast and well-appointed armies of Russia. For it was soon found that the Ministry of War must be separated from that of the colonies; and when this was done, no minute defining the powers and functions of the new department was framed; so that the Duke of Newcastle, who left the colonies for the new war department, had to grope his way towards the vital work he had undertaken to do. The Duke was a man



THE PRINCIPAL FORTRESS OF BOMARSUND.

of some hardihood, and great energy and industry; but he was new to the business, he had not sufficient weight in the Cabinet; one at least of his colleagues envied him the place he filled; and it may be surmised that, with all his good intentions, Lord Aberdeen's innate repugnance to war exercised, unconsciously, a paralysing influence over the whole Cabinet. A more vigorous and decided mind at the head of the executive would have begun in 1853 to make those preparations which, made then, would have prevented so much suffering in the winter of 1854. A man of greater weight at the War Office would, even in 1854, have been able to impress his colleagues with a sense of the magnitude of the impending conflict, and have obtained their assent to the most vigorous exertions, made with a distinct perception of all that was required to enable England to carry on her share of the war in a manner consistent with the wishes of the people and her character as a great power.

But the fact is, that it was not until the end of 1853 that the pulses of the British nation beat with warlike fervour. The Government doubted—at least the Aberdeen section—whether the House of Commons would sanction the policy which they had pursued. There was one man in the Cabinet who had what the first Napoleon called "popular fibre" in his constitution, but he was in the Home Office. Lord Palmerston understood the crisis better than any of his colleagues, and would, in 1853, have taken means to back up his diplomacy. Lord Aberdeen was afraid of appearing to threaten, or to do anything which might lay him open to the factious charge of provoking hostilities. So timid were the Government that, as we have said, they allowed 1853 to slip by without obtaining power to embody the militia, except in the improbable event of an invasion; and when Parliament met, they only asked for an addition to the army of 10,000 men, because they thought the House of Commons should sanction their policy before they brought the army, even on paper, up to a reasonable strength. Such was the fruit of an unwholesome dread of war, a lingering belief that peace was still probable, and a misapprehension of the character of the Czar.

Yet, although at the opening of the session it was manifest that the Ministry had nothing to fear from the Opposition beyond the usual criticism, and that, as a set-off against this, they had the cordial support of the people, it was not until March that they asked for 15,000 more men, and not until May that they demanded an additional 15,000, and obtained the ready assent to the embodiment of the militia, and power to accept the offer of their services for the Mediterranean and colonial garrisons. But this was too late, for it was found that only boys enlisted; and although, in two months, so far as mere drill goes, you can make a good infantry soldier, in two months a boy does not grow into a man. The Duke of Newcastle drew off from the colonies every man he could lay his hands on, and formed a reserve, which, in June, went to the East under Sir George Catheart. He then formed another reserve, by abstracting more regiments from the colonies, and denuding the Mediterranean fortresses of regular troops. This second reserve went to the Crimea after the battle of Inkermann. Then our supplies of real soldiers were quite exhausted. We had nothing to send but raw youths, unfit to sustain the hardships of a winter campaign. We could only send gristle, instead of bone and sinew. This was the consequence of not augmenting the army in 1853. Correctly speaking, it was a consequence of the neglect to maintain an efficient and numerous army for many years.

To show how completely the nation and also the Government were in error, it is only necessary to state that both believed they had sent a mighty force to the East, and had sufficient means to keep it up. Lord Aberdeen said, at a public meeting, that they had sent to the East an army such as the Duke of Wellington never commanded; and Lord Granville affirmed that his hearers would look upon him as a Munchausen, if he were to enumerate all the equipments, stores, ammunition, and guns sent with the army. While the British nation were prepared to give any amount of money, Mr. Gladstone took it into his head that it would be a fine thing to pay for a big war out of the current taxes of the year. He declared he would not resort, until compelled, to the system of loans. He found, however, that a large war could not be conducted out of the produce of the taxes. Because Pitt had raised loans recklessly, that was no reason why Mr. Gladstone should not be more provident. It was right to augment the taxes, for the warring generation ought to pay its share; but the war was made for posterity more than for the then existing generation, and it was right that they should share the burden also. The secret thought which dictated this attempt to do without loans was a wish to disgust the people with the war. As if a national passion, animating all classes, and resting on a just basis, could be diverted from its aim by a device so weak! The boldness of the Duke of Newcastle, who, as early as April, 1854, contemplated the invasion of the Crimea and the capture of Sebastopol, stands out in strong contrast to the timidity of a Cabinet which had delayed until the eve of battle to put in order its machinery for managing the war, and to raise adequate reserves, and which, when at war, proposed to carry it on out of the revenue of the year. But this lack of foresight and insight, these narrow views, are chargeable alike against the people and the Government.

Throughout the summer the people waited impatiently for news of the doings of their fine little army. They were unprepared for the consequences of actual operations. They forgot that the worst foes of an army in the field are not the bullets and steel of their opponents, but the sickness which results from exposure, fatigue, improvidence, and a poisonous climate. The sick in the hospitals always outnumber the wounded, as the wounded outnumber the killed on the battle field. The men went down by scores on the pestilential shores of Bulgaria, and the people of England were amazed at this, the inevitable consequence of carrying on war in

unhealthy regions. They were eager for an advance on the Danube, but an advance on the Danube would have tripled the number of sick. Independently of those political and military considerations which presented themselves at a higher point of view, the army needed a change from a weary inactivity in a deadly country to action; and when the Russians retired from the Danube, the allies were ordered to the Crimea. The people of England were in an ecstasy, and daily expected to hear of the fall of Sebastopol. The battle of the Alma stimulated their warlike ardour; the flank march was regarded as a triumph; the opening of the trenches was looked on as the threshold of victory. Had Sebastopol fallen at the end of October, the sufferings of the sick and wounded would have been overlooked. But Sebastopol did not fall. The Czar, by a display of unlooked-for energy, poured his legions into the Crimea. The allies were besieged. Inkermann followed Balaclava, and the tempest struck its blows on the heels of Inkermann. The fine army, without adequate reserves, was a diminished and suffering handful. But the work to be done increased as the men decreased. Winter was before them. Their winter clothing clung about the oozy rocks of Balaclava. The rains broke up the only road. There were supplies, but they could not get them without a terrible expenditure of strength. The expedition had failed, and no provision had been made, we will not say for defeat, but for frustration.

The people of England heard of the sufferings of their army, and of the failure of the plan to take Sebastopol, at the moment when they were waiting for news of success. They heard the truth, but they heard a vast deal more than the truth. They fell into a state of fierce rage. Every calumny, every exaggeration, every graphic description, every unfair insinuation was eagerly swallowed and believed. They were told that the army was reduced to 8,000 men; that the general was a compound of imbecility and hard-heartedness; that the staff officers were ignorant, incompetent, reckless; that no one cared for the troops; that the men were starving; and that the horses were even reduced to the consumption of each other's manes and tails. They were told that want of foresight and sheer blundering had prevented the making of a road to the camp; that labour abounded, but that General Airey would not send for it; that shelter could be easily procured for man and horse, but that no one would take the trouble to get it; that provisions were scarce, because Mr. Commissary-General Filder did not know his business; that no one took care of the sick and wounded; and that the Government had neither provided medicines, nor medical comforts, nor ambulances, nor proper hospitals. Every day the dismissal of the Ministry, the recall of Lord Raglan and his staff, and the punishment of Mr. Filder, Admiral Boxer, Captain Christie, and the medical officers was loudly demanded. Perhaps the climax of violence was reached when the *Times* declared that "the noblest army ever sent from our shores had been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement;" and went on in this style:—"Incompetency, lethargy, aristocratic hauteur, official indifference, favour, routine, perverseness and stupidity, reign, revel, and riot in the camp before Sebastopol, in the harbour at Balaclava, in the hospitals of Scutari, and how much nearer home we do not venture to say. . . No one hears or sees anything of the Commander-in-Chief. . . . The young gentlemen of the staff are devoid of experience, without much sympathy for the distresses of such inferior beings as regimental officers and privates, and disposed to treat the gravest affairs with a dangerous *nonchalance*." It is not too much to say that this tirade was made up of the grossest misrepresentation; but we are far from saying the presumptuous writer did not believe his own inventions: and the people of England took him at his word.

The violence of national feeling, however, had not risen quite to this pitch, when Ministers found it necessary to summon Parliament, that they might obtain power to raise a Foreign Legion, and power to accept the offers of militia regiments to do garrison duty abroad. The two Houses met on the 12th of December, and sat until the 23rd. The whole policy of the war was discussed as well as the state of the army in the Crimea; but although the Opposition, led by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, tried to defeat both measures, they were carried by considerable majorities. The speeches delivered during this short session served to herald the storm which was about to burst over the Government in January.

The virulence of the paper war at home increased during the recess. Every croaker on the muddly and half-frozen plains of the Crimea sent home doleful and indignant accounts of his sufferings. Many of these terrible stories were pure inventions; but everything, without discrimination, was printed and believed. The bulk even of educated men were at that time far more ignorant of military affairs than they are now; and ignorance, when joined to indignation and presumption, is fruitful in suggestions to overcome difficulties. Many were the pieces of foolish advice tendered to the Government. But next to a genuine desire to relieve the suffering of the soldiers, was a desire to punish somebody. The attacks in the newspapers became more fierce when it was known or surmised that there were members of the Cabinet who reeled under this storm of public censure; and it was soon manifest that when Parliament again assembled the Ministers would be driven from power.

Parliament met on the 23rd of January, and Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Roebuck, and Lord Lyndhurst at once put hostile notices of motion on the paper. Mr. Roebuck proposed an inquiry, by a committee of the House, into the condition of the army in the Crimea, and the conduct of the departments whose duty it was to minister to the wants of that army. Lord Ellenborough intended to ask for returns showing the number of the force sent out, and the number of killed, wounded, and sick. Lord Lyndhurst's notice of motion embodied a censure on the Government. These were symptoms of the exasperated state of public feeling. More than this, there was a

statesman who flinched from sharing with his colleagues the responsibilities of the moment. On the very day, the 25th, set apart for the discussion of Mr. Roebuck's motion, it became known that Lord John Russell had resigned. From that moment the fate of the Ministry was decided. On the 26th Lord John stated why he had abandoned his colleagues. His reasons were two-fold:—First, he could not resist Mr. Roebuck's motion for inquiry, because it was notorious that the condition of the army in the Crimea was melancholy—nay, horrible and heartrending; but he failed to show how inquiry would better its condition. Next, in a tone of complaint, he insinuated that he had long been dissatisfied with the management of the war department, and that his suggested reforms had not been adopted. It appeared that, although he had concurred in the appointment of the Duke of Newcastle, he had, in November, that is, when the tide seemed flowing against the allies, thought that there should be a strong Minister of War, and that Lord Palmerston should be that Minister. To this Lord Aberdeen demurred. Lord John gave up his point at the suggestion of Lord Palmerston, and dropped the subject. But when Mr. Roebuck made his motion, he saw the danger it involved, and ran away. Lord Palmerston very properly said that the course taken by his noble friend was not in correspondence with the usual practice of public men. He ought to have given his colleagues the option of considering whether they would accept his views or lose his services. Lord John had attended in his place on the 23rd; he had walked from the House with a colleague, giving no hint of his intention. At midnight he sent a note tendering his resignation. "In speaking," said Lord Palmerston, "of the hasty manner in which he tendered his resignation, the precipitate manner in which he announced it, and the grounds on which it took place, I must say I think it was unusual, and that the Government have a right to say that they were not justified in expecting it." The Government, he added, would not run away from Mr. Roebuck's motion. "It would be disgraceful not to meet it standing in the position which we now occupy—minus my noble friend." They did meet it, and it was carried by 305 to 148. Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues immediately resigned, and, as it was justly and shrewdly said, the Duke of Newcastle was made the "Byng" of the day. The sole object of the motion was to turn out the Ministry, and that object was accomplished. The public demanded a victim, and, as usual, one was provided. In the meantime those measures which remedied the evils in the Crimea were already in operation, and the committee about to sit became a committee for the gratification of curiosity, and for the raking together of materials to form a bill of indictment against the Duke of Newcastle and the Aberdeen Government. It was absolutely powerless to do a single act for the bettering of the condition of the soldier, or promoting the success of our arms.

Lord John Russell's conduct on this occasion was a blot upon a very bright escutcheon. He had all along been jealous of the Duke of Newcastle. He had, and it was a right thing to do, forced on a division of the Ministries of War and the Colonies, but he had done so without providing a definite plan for the conduct of the new department. When the Cabinet determined to divide the two secretaryships, he was annoyed that the Duke of Newcastle selected the post of danger—the war department. He had actually thought of occupying it himself! thus justifying the famous remark of Sidney Smith, that Lord John would not hesitate to take the command of a Channel fleet. When the Duke was seated, with the full consent of his colleagues, Lord John pursued him with foolish criticisms, which were immediately disposed of as they deserved. When all seemed to be going well, Lord John wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, "You have done all that could be done, and I am sanguine of success." When calamity began to fall upon the army, Lord John revived the old exploded criticisms, and wished to substitute Lord Palmerston for the Duke. But the whole Cabinet dissented. Lord John retained his opinion, and intended to insist upon it; but before Parliament met in December, he told Lord Aberdeen that, having consulted his friends, he had changed his views, and no longer wished to oust the Duke from his office. From that time to the meeting of Parliament in January, he gave no sign. But public opinion was loud and fierce, and Lord John could not bear its anger; and in the dead of the night, from his domestic hearth, he wrote the hurried and brief announcement of his intention to fly from a sinking ship.

The Aberdeen Ministry did many good things, but it was ill-constructed to carry on a war. Apart from inexperience, which any Ministry that could have been formed in 1853 must have laboured under, it possessed a chief who could not put sufficient heart into the business; and it was compounded of men, able for domestic administration in time of peace, but not rough and ready enough, not hard enough for the rude work of war. The two parties in the Cabinet, the Whigs and Peelites, did not blend well together; and men much inferior, but united, and almost passionately in earnest, would have done better. The machine they had to work with was imperfect, the system they had to work through was devised not to secure efficiency, but economy; and they did not expand and complete the first, or alter and invigorate the second, sufficiently early to mitigate the effects of a military failure. With the means at their disposal in 1854, with the ideas then prevailing on all sides respecting fleets and armies, it is not likely that any ministry would have been more successful. For, it should never be forgotten that, so far as the suffering in the Crimea was concerned, it would have been possible to lessen it only on two conditions: that the possibility of the failure of the original plan should have been taken into account; and that England, like France, could have placed 20,000 fresh troops in the Crimea, and adequate transport, towards the end of October. But to do that the army should have been increased by 50,000 men, not in the spring of 1854, but in the summer of 1853. The suffering that occurred out of the Crimea could have

been and should have been prevented; but to that point we shall recur elsewhere.

There were some difficulties in forming a new Ministry. The Queen sent for Lord Derby; he accepted Her Majesty's commission to frame a Cabinet, and he invited the co-operation of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert—the very Ministers whom his party had just censured! They declined; and as Lord Derby, much to the chagrin of Mr. Disraeli, would not venture without them, he threw up his commission. As the contingent led into the opposition ranks by Lord John formed part of the majority, Her Majesty commanded him to form a Cabinet. But he could get no one to back him under the circumstances, and then Her Majesty called in Lord Palmerston. But few days had elapsed since he and others had fallen under a vote of censure. Yet he now was able to construct a new Ministry out of old materials. Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, and the Duke of Newcastle, of course, could not well form part of the new Cabinet. Lord Palmerston succeeded Lord Aberdeen; Lord Panmure replaced the Duke of Newcastle; Earl Granville succeeded Lord John as President of the Council; and Lord Canning obtained a seat in the Cabinet. These were the only material changes. It was understood that the policy of the new Cabinet should be the policy of the old one. So that nothing was gained except the exclusion of two men by a vote of the House, and the self-exclusion of a third. This Government, however, lasted only a few days. Lord Palmerston declared that he was still opposed to the Committee of Inquiry as unconstitutional and inefficient for its purpose. The Government, he said, had already begun the needed reforms—had re-modelled the War Department, established a transport board at the Admiralty, and were about to send commissioners to the Crimea and re-organise the medical department at home. But Mr. Roebuck insisted on appointing his committee; and as Lord Palmerston was not willing to run counter to the desire of the public, which found expression in Mr. Roebuck's motion, and would no longer resist the appointment of the committee, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, and Sir James Graham resigned. So the committee was appointed, and Lord Palmerston formed a fresh Ministry.

The new members were Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord John Russell, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Vernon Smith, India Board; the Earl of Harrowby, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; while Sir Charles Wood, quitting the India Board, became First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Carlisle went to Ireland in the room of Lord St. Germans. The object of the original movers in this business had now been accomplished: the Peelites had been driven out of the Government altogether. So much of the home history of England it seemed needful to introduce here. We must now return to the Crimea, and endeavour to describe what really happened there, and show how far the popular outcry was justified.

CHAPTER XXIII.

State of the Army (1854-5)—Food—Clothing—Shelter—Fuel—Great Defects—No Road, and why—Insufficient Transport, and why—Failure of Commissariat—Statistics of Sickness—Painful State of the Hospitals—Failure of Medical Department—How the people were enraged—Gross Exaggerations—The Sebastopol Inquiry—Its Character—Sufferings of the French.

The state of the army in the Crimea after the battle of Inkermann was most painful. The troops had to preserve their own existence, and to defend the ground they occupied in the face of a watchful enemy. Their base of operations, their source of supply, was Balaclava; and the road, or, rather track, from that place to the camp was a mere quagmire. As we have already stated, the numbers of the army were inadequate to the work imposed upon them, and the suffering they endured arose in a great part from that cause, but not entirely. The men were not "starved," as stated at the time. Up to the middle of November no army had ever been better fed. The rations were large and varied, and the troops received them just as regularly as if they had been at home. After November, parts of the extra rations were not always delivered; but not a day passed on which the men did not obtain a good supply of the necessaries of life. The ration allowed in the Crimea was nearly double that allowed at home. It consisted of one pound and a half of meat, one pound and a third of biscuit, a gill of rum, an ounce of coffee, and an ounce and one-third of sugar. Did the troops get all this regularly? No. There were days when the rum fell short—days when whole rations of sugar were not to be had—days when half rations of meat only were served out—days when the supply of biscuit was deficient. But, with the exception that on one day the 4th Division and one regiment got no meat, and that on one day the Light Division had a quarter ration, every soldier in the camp got daily, *at least*, a ration of meat equal to that he would have received in England—namely, three quarters of a pound. In general, however, the troops got their full rations, and there is no foundation for the assertion that they were "starved." But then it was said they were not clothed. Now, although the Government did not anticipate that the army would winter in the Crimea, they did, in the summer, make provision for supplying that army which must winter somewhere with winter clothing. The requisitions were made upon proper departments as early as July. The ships freighted therewith sailed from England in October, and of these the Prince only was lost. When the news of that calamity arrived in England, while Lord Raglan had sent to Constantinople for warm clothing, the Duke of Newcastle issued fresh orders at home, and saw that they were executed. There never was a time after the end of November when there was not more warm clothing at Balaclava than the means at the disposal of the army could carry to the front. In the same way there was a deficiency of shelter. The troops, when covered, were covered only by single canvas, except in some rare instances where old campaigners had made themselves imperfect huts out of stones and branches of trees. But from the end of November there was a large quantity of

wood at Balaclava. It was the same with fuel. There was always charcoal to be had at Balaclava by those who could fetch it. Moreover, there were enormous magazines of provisions, and large herds of cattle at Constantinople. Nor were forage and chopped straw ever deficient; and even the supply of hay, which had to be sent all the way from England, was only interrupted for a short time. So that the supplies of these essentials—food, clothing, shelter, fuel, forage—were duly provided for the army. Private benevolence had come in to supplement public exertion; and Balaclava, in the winter, was choked up with luxuries and essentials.

But there were two things which had not been provided, and these were also essentials. No road had been provided; and, in the absence of a road, no transport able to overcome the tremendous difficulties of the transit from Balaclava to the camp had been collected. Here were the sources of the greater part of the suffering and loss endured by the army.

What was called the road was a mere track across the open country. While the fine weather lasted, it was hard and sound. When the rain fell continuously, it broke up; that is, became a strip of deep mud, varied by deep holes full of water, impassable to carts and wagons, passable only by men and horses with great labour and fatigue. But why not repair it? The thing was tried, and failed. Turks were employed to mend this road, but they could not do it. The truth is that the road required to be made; that is, built upon a good foundation, and kept in order by constant attention. Why was this not done? For a plain and sufficient reason. It is usual for an army to find its own labourers. An army makes its own roads, builds its own bridges, erects its own batteries, constructs its own depôts. The army in the Crimea was too weak to make a road from Balaclava to the front. The French made their own roads, because the numbers of the French army were more in proportion to the work to be done. Before the beginning of November a road was not made, because the whole strength of the army was required to carry on the works of the siege and cover those works; that is, guard the base of operations and defend the position on the plateau. After November, when the numbers were diminished by disease and battle, the whole strength of the army was required to do the same work; and the proportion of men to work was so adverse to the men, that one had to do the work of three. Hired labour could not be obtained, even to help the commissariat. The troops could not be spared from the trenches. The officers commanding the divisions were unanimously of opinion "that it would have been impossible to employ a sufficient number of men to make the road, and at the same time carry on the military operations in which the army was engaged." Therefore the option was—abandon the object for which the army had landed in the Crimea to accomplish, or make a road which would have been useless, because the end it was to serve would have been sacrificed. No impartial mind can survey the military position in the winter of 1854-5, without coming to the strongest conclusion that the choice before Lord Raglan was to get on without a made road, or abandon the Crimea altogether; and had he chosen to desert his allies and fly from the Crimea, not only would he have plunged the army into a catastrophe worse than that which befell it, but he would have disgraced his own name and the name of his country. Therefore he was bound by every consideration, at whatever cost, to maintain his position; and the greater part of the sacrifices made must be regarded as sacrifices made to an inevitable military exigency. The situation in which he found himself was unparalleled in the history of war. And he was not found wanting in the resolution required to meet it.

Under these circumstances the horrors of the winter could only be mitigated by an ample supply of mules and horses. By the breaking up of the road, the land transport at the disposal of Commissary-General Filder was reduced to one-sixth; for whereas a horse and cart could transport six hundred pounds weight to the front, a horse alone could only carry two hundred pounds. It follows that the supplies could only be maintained by extra work on the part of the animals, or by an extra number of animals. At a critical moment, when he wanted more horse power, Mr. Filder sent a steamer to fetch animals from his depôt; but, by some cause unexplained, the steamer was detained at Constantinople for three weeks. Then, although there was a large park of ponies and horses on the Bosphorus, they not being forthcoming, the valuable chargers of the cavalry, and even the teams of the artillery and the horses belonging to the officers, were put in requisition. Still all this was not enough. The horses, from hard usage by their drivers and keepers, from overwork and exposure, from neglect to feed them, although forage was at hand, died by scores. The drivers, imported from Turkey, died, deserted, refused to work: they could not stand the exposure and fatigue. The consequence was that, during the most critical period, there was never more transport than was sufficient to feed the troops irregularly and from hand to mouth, and to keep the men and guns supplied with the minimum of ammunition consistent with safety. The burden of responsibility, the amount of work required from the commissariat, was too heavy and too vast for a body so imperfectly organised and so undermanned. The harbour of Balaclava was too small, its shores too confined, for the service demanded at an emergency. Months of labour were required to make it suitable. But making every allowance—and the exceptional position of the commissariat, with large extra labours imposed upon it, requires in justice large allowance—it is plain that, from some cause never fully explained, the commissariat failed to import and keep in the Crimea a supply of transport adequate to the extraordinary demands of the army. When the perilous position of the army dawned upon them, Ministers thought of an Army Works Corps, employed Messrs. Peto & Co., to make a railway, and instructed Colonel M'Murdo to raise a Land Transport Corps. But then it was too late. So we come round again to the original sources—not of *all* the suffering, for war and suffering are inseparable—but of the peculiar kind of suffering

ATTACK ON THE ENGLISH TRENCHES BY THE RUSSIANS.

endured by the army in the Crimea—namely, inadequate and unorganised military establishments; and the responsibility for this unprovided state rests not upon one Government alone, but upon all Governments since 1830, and not upon all Governments only, but also upon the nation. The French were not in this case. While we had cultivated the arts of peace, while we had secured and strengthened the broad bases of our liberties, they had cultivated the arts and perfected the machinery of war, and had lost their liberties. In the depth of the gloom of December, 1854, the French Emperor could tell his servile Assembly, and through them, Europe, that he had an army of 581,000 men and 113,000 horses, and from these masses he could keep his force in the Crimea well supplied with reinforcements by the aid of British shipping. No one would barter liberty for French military perfection; but a wise people would make liberty quite compatible with the maintenance of an army effective in all its departments, however small it might be.

Had there been a good road from Balaclava to the camp—had there been plenty of transport, plenty of clothing, plenty of shelter, plenty of fuel—the sufferings of the army from hard work and exposure would have been very great; for war is not a condition of existence conducive to health and long life, even under the most favourable circumstances; and when war is carried on through the winter, when the form of that war is a siege, when the army carrying on the siege is itself besieged by the enemy, and restricted to one narrow pass leading to the little bay for all its supplies, for everything to keep it alive except water, the ordinary miseries and hardships of war became intense, and terrible, and destructive. So it was in the Crimea. Scantily clothed, irregularly fed, existing, when on duty, in the mud and water of the trenches, sleeping, when they returned to their tents, in wet clothes on a wet floor, improvident of the little means within their reach which would have lessened their sufferings, none but the most iron constitutions could endure this and live. Our brave, obstinate, hardy soldiers are like children in all that lies beyond the range of their regular duties, and many perished because they were ignorant and reckless. But the bulk of the sickness and mortality was caused by overwork and exposure, necessarily consequent upon the discharge of their duty. A few figures will suggest better than pages of writing how much this army suffered. On the 1st of October—that is, just after the arrival of the army before Sebastopol—the number of men and officers in a state fit for duty was 23,000; and the number sick, including the wounded, was 6,713. On the 3rd of November the number fit for duty had fallen to 22,343, the number of sick had increased to 7,116. Then came the battle of Inkermann. On the 14th of November the effective force was 20,780, the number of sick and wounded 8,366. The force of "bayonets"—that is, privates and corporals of infantry, "rank and file," as the technical term is—had fallen to 14,874; and it is on the bayonets that a Quartermaster-General relies for his working and fatigue parties. But now reinforcements began to trickle in. Troops to the number of 3,480 men arrived. Yet so severe was the pressure, even in the middle of November, that this augmentation only raised the effective force from 20,780 to 22,825. The next item explains this. The roll of sick had risen from 8,366 to 9,170, an increase of 804 in one week. A week later, on the 30th of November, in spite of the reinforcements, the effective force had fallen to 21,895; the sick had increased to 10,095, although 640 men had landed in the interval. Let us pass over a month—a month in which nearly 5,000 men landed at Balaclava. What do we find? That on the 1st of January, 1855, the effective force stands at only 21,973, or 78 more than it stood on the 30th of November; while the number of sick had increased to 13,915. A fortnight later, and the effective force was 20,444; the sick 16,176; while the force of bayonets was actually fewer by 36 than it was on the 14th of November, before any of the 10,000 reinforcements had arrived. Nor must it be forgotten that all this time the dead were being buried, and the convalescents were returning to duty, and going again into the hospital. These figures are the measure of the unspeakable sufferings of the army in the Crimea, the main and unavoidable causes of which we have described.

But these figures do not convey a full idea of the agonies of that winter campaign, except to those gifted with a lively imagination. It was the treatment of the sick and wounded, both in and out of the Crimea, that occasioned the worst of these agonies. The medical department utterly broke down under the burden thrown upon it. Although more medical men and more medicines and medical comforts were sent out to the East than ever were supplied to a force of similar strength; yet, in consequence of want of foresight, want of faculty, want of administrative skill, the medicines and medical comforts were so badly arranged and distributed, that, especially in the Crimea, they were not at hand when most required. The state of the hospitals at Scutari was the first thing that roused the public indignation. The Government, having failed to organise a medical staff corps, had recourse to Miss Nightingale and a number of trained nurses collected by her, and sent them to the East; and the brightest picture in the dark story of the winter of 1854-5 is that of Florence Nightingale bringing order out of chaos, and tending the sick and wounded soldiers of England, in those far-off hospitals on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus. That was the work of the Government. The public feeling showed itself in another form. Sir Robert Peel proposed to raise £10,000 for supplying the sick with comforts, to be called the *Times* Fund, and put down £200 towards it; and in a few days the whole amount demanded had reached Printing House Square. Three gentlemen were sent to superintend the expenditure, and it is to Miss Nightingale, principally, and to these private persons, that we are bound to attribute the alleviation of the sad state of the sick and wounded at Scutari in the winter of 1854-5. The truth is, that the Government had been kept in the dark as to the condition of the hospitals. Knowing that amply sufficient supplies had been sent to the East, they

were confounded when they heard that not comforts only, but actual necessaries, were wanting. When we look into the facts, it is manifest that the medical department in the East had not been well organised on a scale sufficiently large, and that it had not been governed by men of energy, foresight, and decision. Hence the horrible condition of the tent-hospitals in the Crimea, and the various hospitals on the Bosphorus. It is impossible to exonerate the Government from censure, but it is equally impossible not to see the evil influence of a system adapted to a state of peace suddenly applied to a state of war. By slow degrees all the hospitals were improved, and finally brought up to a state of high efficiency; but in the meantime thousands had died, and hundreds had become permanent invalids; and it is this loss of life which is the heaviest charge which lies at the door of the Aberdeen administration.

It was right and just that the people of England should demand from their Ministers a stern account of the privations and cruel losses inflicted on their army. But, in the process of making them aware of the truth, their passions were inflamed by constant and shameless reiterations of what was false. Those who fed their passions until they demanded, not only a remedy, but vengeance, made no sort of allowance for the real difficulties of the position, and none whatever for the fact that the military force operating in the Crimea was composed of the soldiers of three nations and under two commands. The obstinate resistance of the Russian was not regarded as one of the causes of the strait and peril in which the allies found themselves, nor were any one of the very unusual circumstances attending the campaign taken into consideration. But the chief stimulants were the direct falsehoods so industriously repeated. Imagine the rage of the people when they were told that Lord Raglan never stirred out of his house; when he was denounced as the invisible general. People pictured to themselves the forlorn, rain-drenched, wind-swept, cheerless camp strewn with dying soldiers; and then they pictured to themselves the commander of those soldiers, snugly ensconced in a comfortable room, beside a blazing fire, writing at a desk, and, providing he wrote enough, indifferent to all else beside. It makes one blush to think this fable was believed. Lord Raglan had a carriage in the Crimea; he never used it, but it was always at the disposal of sick officers. Bitter were the complaints that he had taken possession for himself of the best house in Balaclava. He had taken possession of a house, but not for himself. Mr. Filder had rooms there, and it was always open to officers who were ill. Lord Raglan had one defect which marred his efficiency—he was too lenient, he made too much allowance for the shortcomings of others. But he was not haughty, nor was he indifferent, nor improvident, nor idle, nor selfish. Hardly a day passed that he did not ride through the camp or visit Balaclava; and his sole thought, next to the honour of England, was for the welfare of the army. He sustained that honour. Neither he nor the soldiers murmured. He never defended himself, and probably that only inflamed the passions of his detractors. But the people of England only knew what they were told; and amid much that was true, and as painful as it was true, they were told shameful falsehoods day after day. The authentic details of the privations endured by the troops were horrible and heartrending; but the sting appended to these details lay in the accusations, and they were totally groundless, that the commander and his staff, indifferent to the hard fate of the troops, took no measures to relieve them. A few instances of the stories current and credited will show why it was people of all classes were wrought up to a state of agony and fury.

It was commonly believed that the troops were absolutely without food, because nobody cared to provide them with rations. It was believed they were without clothing and shelter, because the Government at home had neglected to order and forward supplies, and because the commissariat and Lord Raglan took no steps to procure food, and shelter, and forage from Turkey. It was believed at one time that half the English army was clothed in French greatcoats. It was believed that Mr. Filder was dependent upon the French for forage—he was said to have borrowed thirty days' supply, because he did borrow fifty tons of chopped straw, as a measure of precaution, after the hurricane of November 14th. It was gravely asserted, and the assertion was indeed put on record in the Sebastopol Inquiry Report, that only six shirts were washed for the sick in the hospital at Scutari during the month of November; whereas in the week ending November 23rd, as appears by an authentic return, there were washed 595 shirts. The washing was bad, but why exaggerate in this style? It was affirmed and believed by many that medical comforts were absolutely wanting at Scutari, and that Miss Nightingale did "the whole purveying" of medical comforts through the money subscribed to the *Times* Fund. The fact was that the articles were not wanting, but that in some cases Miss Nightingale thought the quality of her stores better than those of the Government, and in others the purveyor, fearing responsibility, refused the lady's requisitions. A letter was published, purporting to come from a nurse at Scutari, in which the writer said, "Out of four wards committed to my care, eleven men have died in the night, simply from exhaustion, which, humanly speaking, might have been stopped could I have laid my hands on such nourishment as I knew they ought to have had." This was believed, and Lord Derby made use of it in Parliament. What is the fact? The letter was a fabrication. The only lady in charge of four wards at Scutari "could not say that there was a single case in which a man lost his life from want of port wine or any other thing. Many were in a dying state when I went to them, and I do not think restoratives would have revived those who did die." And further, this nurse affirmed that the daily mortality in her wards never exceeded six. Miss Nightingale said of the patients that the supply given them was quite sufficient. "I have never had any report made to me by any of the nurses, or by any other person, that any life was ever lost in the hospital from the want of any restoratives or anything else being at hand. I do not

think that any such case could have happened without its coming to my knowledge." Then "no nurses have ever sat up during the night;" and finally five deaths in one day was the extreme number ever reported to Miss Nightingale by any nurse. Enough of this. These are only a few instances where many abound; and worked on by such stories, as we said, the grief of the nation became an angry passion, demanding vengeance and victims. There was something noble in the wrath of the nation; there was something inexpressibly mean and dastardly in the conduct of the self-sufficient few, who, from natural arrogance, or frost-bitten vanity, or a desire to win popular applause, or in furtherance of political intrigues, maddened the people by the diligent diffusion of falsehood in every variety.

Out of this fury, thus produced, grew the demand for the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol. Those who originated it used, throughout the inquiry, the great power it gave them as a means of obtaining grounds, real and colourable, to sustain the pre-conceived conclusions with which they began their inquisition. It was a most imperfect investigation. "The fulness of the investigation," as the committee had the candour to confess, "has been restricted by considerations of state policy, so that in the outset of this report, your committee must admit that they have been compelled to aid an inquiry which they have been unable satisfactorily to complete." Indeed, to have probed the matter to the bottom, the committee should have called at least General Canrobert and the Emperor of the French from the ranks of our allies, and in no case could any investigation be fair which did not include the evidence of Lord Raglan, General Airey, Mr. Filder, Miss Nightingale, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Yet, without having examined any of these, Mr. Roebuck coolly asked the committee to endorse the most sweeping and arrogant charges against the principal persons concerned, including those who were absent, and unable to say a word in their own defence. And although the virulent report drawn up by Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Layard was rejected by all the other members of the committee, by his casting vote Mr. Roebuck was enabled to append a paragraph replete with epigrammatic assertions that were untrue. By the time this committee had ended an inquiry they could not, from the very character of the investigation, complete, the army had recovered its health, strength, and efficiency, and the new Minister of War, Lord Panmure, had, in his place, candidly ascribed the change in the army, in great part, to the measures of the very Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, who had been made the victim of the national fury. The lesson is a striking one, but there is no security that, if we went to war again, and met with peril, calamity, suffering, temporary frustration, similar scenes would not be enacted over again. For circumstances, manners, institutions change, but human nature is always the same.

Throughout the winter it was the fashion to praise the French at our own expense. But in this case, as in so many others, the eulogy was based on ignorance. We are still ignorant to a lamentable degree, but we are ignorant because the truth has been concealed. It was not the practice of the French to dissect their army in public. There were no correspondents in their camp; there was no free press in France. It is even difficult to ascertain with any exactness the strength of their army during that winter. But there is good reason to believe that they were not much, if at all, better fed, clothed, or sheltered than the British. Indeed, their tents were inferior to ours. It is true that the soldiers were more self-helpful, and took better care of themselves, especially in collecting fuel and in cooking their food. They did not scruple to eat horseflesh for a change; and there is no doubt that they stole many of the horses belonging to the commissariat, sharing in this respect with the men of the Naval Brigade. With regard to their losses from sickness and exposure, we have one item of evidence. Captain Calthorpe, in his "Letter from Head-quarters," says, "I took the trouble yesterday [January 22] to make inquiries of two or three officers high in the [French] Etat-Major: one told me they had about 23,000 non-effective men a month ago [that is, in the middle of December], but that he believed it had been since increased. Another said that last week they had 27,000 men sick in the army in the East; and the third stated that they had 7,000 men in the field-hospitals in the Crimea, and about 16,000 men in their different hospitals in Turkey." Taking a mean, this would give an average of about 24,000, or about one-third of the force it is estimated they had in the Crimea—that is, nearly the same proportion to strength that there was in the English force. If these figures can be relied on, there is no ground for the assertion that the French did not suffer very severely during the winter campaign. On the other hand, considering the greater perfection of their military system, and the fewer difficulties they had to overcome in the way of land transport, although until a later period their means of shelter were inferior to ours, there can be little doubt that their sufferings were less; while no one has ever doubted that their hospitals were admirably supplied and conducted, and thus the more touching kind of misery was unknown. After all, the main reason why the French troops were better off was that, whereas the English soldier passed three nights out of six on duty, the French soldier was on duty only one night in six. The larger numbers of the French army told strongly in their favour, and saved them from that fatigue and exposure which wore out the lives of their allies. But the Emperor had no more prepared for a winter campaign than the British Government. He did not look for such a drain on his army and his treasury. And thus his measures for succouring the soldier were taken not one moment before ours. His orders for tents were issued after ours, and the huts he supplied arrived in the Crimea after those shipped from England and Trieste. Moreover, the greater strength of his army did not lessen materially the sufferings and labours of ours. The armies were two independent forces, and, in spite of the need, it was not until the 21st of January that a French Brigade took a share in the defence of the Inkermann lines.

CHAPTER XXIV

Military Operations in the Winter—Inkermann Fortified—Period of Sorties—Tryon captures Rifle Pits—His Death recorded in a French General Order—French Plans—They persist in neglecting the Malakoff—Arrival of Osten-Sacken—Sharp Sorties in December—The Russians retire behind the Tchernaya—Their Position—Reconnaissance of December 29 and of December 30—Sorties in January (1855)—Operations in February—The Duke of Montebello and General Niel—The French at length see that the Malakoff is the Key of the Place—They assume that Attack—Russians defeated at Eupatoria—Sir Colin Campbell on the Tchernaya—Strange Conduct of General Bosquet—Campbell and Vinoy—Night Conflict of February 23—Daring of the Zouaves—Defeat of the French—Russian Energy—They sink more Ships—Death of the Emperor Nicholas.

It is a relief to turn from party conflicts and the exhibition of national wrath, not in the wisest form, to the military operations of that grievous winter campaign.

The Russians had failed to raise the siege by the battle of the 5th of November; but, although they were beaten on the field, and although their strength was reduced by many thousands, they gained one point—the assault of the place was again deferred. This was no slight gain. The works which the allies had to reduce at a subsequent period had not then been made. By staving off the assault the Russians gained time, and time brought them men; and, as the material means abounded in that vast and well-plenished arsenal, time and men enabled them to apply the boundless resources at their disposal. It was the reverse with the allies. Time diminished their supplies of men and the brute means used in war. The French, reinforced from the great army which their Emperor maintained, did indeed increase in numbers; but the little host in the English camp grew daily less, until at the worst moment there were no men to work at the trenches, and but a mere handful to guard these lines. The French did continue their works, pushing up towards the Flagstaff Bastion, and the French and English crowned the commanding heights of Inkermann with strong field works, so as to complete the line of defence on that side, and make it impossible for the enemy to venture again on an attack. But in the English works proper nothing could be done for want of men. From the 6th of November to the 10th of February there was a period of suffering, and sorties, and abortive plans.

The first renewed sign of military activity was seen on the 20th of November. In the vicious plan of siege adopted the British played a wholly secondary part. The French theory was, that by assailing and carrying the Flagstaff Bastion at the southern apex of the town, they would obtain possession of a commanding position, which would necessitate an abandonment of the place by the enemy. To this end they worked. But as the batteries on the eastern face of the enemy's lines took their approaches almost in flank, our engineers had to construct batteries intended to draw off and keep down the fire of these Russian works. Thus the English attacks were subordinate and supplementary to the great French attack. The English theory was that the Malakoff was the key of the whole position on the southern side of the great harbour; but the French engineers could not see the justness of this theory, and General Canrobert was not a man of sufficient moral strength to overrule his engineers, even supposing that he had sufficient military insight to comprehend the views of Sir John Burgoyne. Therefore the French persisted in their original error.

The reader will remember that a deep ravine, with rocky, precipitous sides, having its source not far from the Col di Balaclava, yawned between the left of the British and the right of the French, and terminated at the head of the South Bay, after being joined by the Woronzoff Ravine in a broad valley. Above the left of this valley frowned the Garden Batteries and the Flagstaff Bastion, and above the right the Barrack Batteries. The Russians having closed the head of the South Harbour by a work armed with field-pieces, occupied, as a post for sharpshooters, a cemetery in the bottom; and, crossing the ravine, they crept up its steep sides, and established their riflemen in pits and caves, whence they annoyed the men in our left attack, and, by firing across the ravine, vexed the French in their right attack. The farther the French pushed forward towards the Flagstaff, the more they fell within the range of the Russian rifles. One of the Russian posts above the South Ravine was called "the Ovens," because the enemy's rifle pits on the ridge were also, in great part, caves in the face of the steep sides of the ravine. General Canrobert represented to Lord Raglan that the French were much annoyed by the fire from the Ovens, and begged him to drive off the Russians and hold the post. The engineers claim for Captain Chapman the credit of suggesting that the slope of the hill in front of our left attack should be cleared. Be that as it may, Lord Raglan directed or sanctioned the enterprise, and Lieutenant Tryon executed it on the night of the 20th of November. He received the command of 200 men of the Rifle Brigade, and the help of 100 men to act as a working party. Tryon divided his fighting men into two parties. One he left in the second parallel, with instructions to turn the Russian right as soon as he had turned the other flank. The leading assailants quitted the parallel without noise, being intent on a surprise. "The Russian riflemen, however, were so well-drilled in outpost duties, and kept so good a look-out, that, notwithstanding the extremely dark night, they perceived the assaulting party before the latter had arrived within a hundred yards of the pits, and opened a heavy fire on them." Tryon at once led his men forward to work with the bayonet, and in a brief space drove the enemy out of the pits. At this moment the other half of the Rifles appeared on the Russian right, and forced the enemy down into the ravine; but Tryon and seven men were killed and ten were wounded. The working party came up, and falling to with pick and spade, soon turned the pits into defensive posts against the enemy. All night at intervals the Russians gallantly tried to recover the ground lost, but the Rifles would not yield. The next day the batteries opened with shell upon the new pits and the parallel, and in the night some 400 men, ascending from the valley, came on to retake the post. The Rifles were on the alert, and fired into the enemy so sharply that he ran back, and our men pursuing, found themselves masters of another line of pits, a hundred

yards in front, and held them, with the loss of three killed and twenty-two wounded. These small but brilliant combats were very useful in that dreary time, and General Canrobert was so well pleased that he published a special order of the day, containing a special eulogy on the brave Tryon.

After this there was an interval of quiet, during which the rain fell, flooded the trenches, washed away the earth, and defaced the embrasures, giving abundance of employment to the engineers, and to the scanty working parties, chiefly wretched Turks, sent down as labourers. The French, even with their superior numbers, found it difficult to do more than repair the inroads of the rain, and sink new *boyaux*—that is, roads below the level of the ground—in order to render the passage to their trenches safe. But all day long the sharpshooters on both sides were busily firing at each other, and at the embrasures. Sometimes the enemy opened a heavy fire of big guns; and all night, in rain, or snow, or mud and mist, the soaked and benumbed sentries were obliged to keep watch and ward. The success of the attack on the Ovens led Sir John Burgoyne to suggest a similar enterprise against a nest of rifle pits called "the Quarries," just under the Redan, in front of our right attack; and Colonel Tylden proposed that the forward posts of the enemy on the east of the Careening bay should be driven off. But Lord Raglan thought that when we had taken these forward posts we could not hold them, and they were left in the hands of the Russians, who were well satisfied to keep them. For it is now plain that the energy the enemy displayed in the defence of the town side—that is, the lines opposed to the French—was intended purposely to confirm the latter in their error. By alarming the French, and showing a jealousy of them, the Russian commanders drew the eyes of our allies from Malakoff; and while Todtleben took care to fortify that position, he did not, at this stage, draw attention to it by extraordinary works. He was right in his judgment. In November the allies were wholly occupied in devising impracticable plans to execute the French theory of the siege; and, although Sir John Burgoyne never ceased to point a warning finger to the Malakoff, neither General Canrobert nor the French engineer, General Bizot, could see reason in his warning. We were not strong enough to take up ground before the Malakoff; the French would not; and so the days were wasted upon a plan which, if it had succeeded, would not have given us Sebastopol, and against the success of which the chances were a hundred to one. But the French were superior in number, and not disposed to adopt the plans of their ally. Upon their co-operation the operations altogether depended; and they do not seem to have been willing to co-operate, except on their own terms. This is one of the greatest evils of a divided command, that curse of the expedition to the Crimea.

In the beginning of December General Osten-Sacken arrived in Sebastopol, to replace the unlucky Dannenberg in command of the 4th Corps, and Prince Menschikoff entrusted Osten-Sacken with the defence of Sebastopol. Alarmed by reports of an intended assault brought in by deserters from the French, Menschikoff had reinforced the garrison by a whole brigade of infantry, and thus the new commander found himself with plenty of troops at his disposal. Being strong, he resolved to adopt the plan of carrying the war into the enemy's trenches, by means of sorties, in order that he might not only deprive the soldiers of their rest, and exhaust them by constant alarms, but that he might now and again seriously damage their siege works. Throughout December and January this plan was steadily executed, and often with transient success. It was their practice usually to fall at once both upon the French and English. The earlier sorties were made about the point of junction between the two armies. Thus, on the night of the 2nd of December, a body of Russians, issuing from the Flagstaff Bastion, and led by a hardy officer, drove in the outposts, passed the third and approached the second French parallel before they were met by the bayonet and overcome. While this was going forward on the left of the South Ravine, on the right the enemy suddenly appeared in force before the Ovens, and ousted the garrison, a party of the 50th. But a body of Rifles coming up, they went in at the Russians, who, taken by surprise in turn, speedily retreated, leaving seven corpses behind them. A witty private of the Rifles, reporting this to a comrade, said, "the Russians relieved the 50th, and we relieved the Russians." On the 5th the enemy made two feeble efforts in the same quarters. On the night of the 11th they broke again into the French parallels of approach before the Flagstaff Bastion, driving before them the trench guard, and winning their way far into the lines. The French officers were not wanting on this occasion. Collecting their men, they led them back to the charge, and drove out the enemy, but not before he had seized and carried off three small mortars and an officer. The attack on the English was directed against a new quarter. Creeping up the Woronzoff Ravine between the right and left attacks, the Russians sought to take both in reverse. Probably the move was intended to test our state of vigilance. The sentries saw the enemy, and, firing sharply on him, forced him back. They succeeded better on the 20th; for their columns surprised the trench guards in the right and left attacks, and entered the parallels. But being rallied and well led, the 38th and 50th on the right, and the 34th and 97th on the left, charged and expelled the enemy from our lines. We lost heavily. Major Möller was killed, three officers were captured, and seventeen men were killed or wounded. The French before the Flagstaff were roused by the heavy firing across the ravine, and the officer in charge kept his men so still and so well prepared that the enemy, creeping in silence up to the trenches, suddenly received a stunning blow from a blast of shot, and fled into the darkness. These sorties did little damage, but they kept the troops on the alert, and they alarmed the French, who were near to the Russian works, for the safety of their heavily armed batteries. This was the last sortie of any moment in 1854.

In the meantime some further changes had taken

place. The French had completed their line of works intended to guard the extreme left of their trenches, and to preclude any chance of a serious irruption from the town on that side. On the Inkermann front, the ground lying before the camp of the 2nd Division had been entrenched and armed, so as to take in the heights where the Russians established their batteries on the 5th of November, and overlook the whole valley of the Tchernaya at its mouth, the causeway and broken bridge, and the head of the harbour. The French contributed men to perform the greater part of this work. On their side the Russians threw up batteries on the opposite bluffs, and frequently cannonaded the allied lines. Finding it difficult to feed their men and horses in the forward position taken up by them on the 25th of October, and being anxious to have a larger force to maintain and extend the defence of Sebastopol, the Russians determined to contract their lines on the Tchernaya. Early in December General Liprandi was directed to march his division to the north side of Sebastopol, and the division of Prince Gortschakoff replaced these troops on the Tchernaya. There had been serious disagreements between these two generals. Liprandi had desired to maintain possession of the heights on the left or allied side of the Tchernaya, and to crown them with strong field-works. Gortschakoff thought differently, and he carried his point. His plan was to occupy the hills on the right bank above Tchorgoun, and defend them with field-works; and, accordingly, his troops were engaged during the latter part of November and the beginning of December in these labours. The Russians withdrew their infantry from the old Turkish redoubts, burning their huts as they departed, leaving only Cossack outposts on the little hills. Their only force on the allied side of the Tchernaya consisted of these Cossacks and a brigade of infantry on the river bank between Mount Hasfort and Tchorgoun; the main force being over the river in Tchorgoun and Karlovka. On the 20th of December the French cavalry rode out towards Kamara. They found the Cossacks on the Turkish hills, forced them back, and even sent a small party up the slopes of Mount Hasfort to overlook the Tchernaya, and spy out the positions of the enemy. The Russian infantry, alarmed by the retreat of the Cossacks, turned out, and, to their surprise, saw some dozen Chasseurs d'Afrique coolly surveying their position; but by the time the enemy had thrown out skirmishers, and got his heavy bodies in movement, the daring horsemen had disappeared and had rejoined their comrades. Having discovered the dispositions of the enemy, it was determined that a more extensive movement should be made. In the meantime Gortschakoff had made a feeble effort

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

to entrench the Hasfort hill on the left bank, intending to keep a brigade and battery there; but fearing the swollen waters of the Tchernaya might break his temporary bridges, he changed his intention, left the Cossacks only on the allied bank and in Kamara, posted one brigade in and about Tchorgoun, and withdrew the remainder of his force into the valleys to the north-east, because they could procure provisions much more easily there.

The allies resolved to beat up his quarters. On the 30th of December General Espinasse brought down from the Sapoune ridge ten battalions of infantry, eleven squadrons of cavalry, and sixteen guns. These he moved over the plain, expelling the Cossacks from the Turkish hills, and pushing both horse and foot up to Mount Hasfort, and into the gorge between that hill and the Fedoukine heights. The Cossacks retired in good order, skirmishing as they fell back by alternate sections. There were some hand-to-hand encounters, for the French, well supported, and despising the Cossacks, kept them on the move. In the meantime Sir Colin Campbell, with a Highland regiment and some companies of Rifles, had marched upon Kamara, and had dispossessed the Cossacks of their quarters in that village. The whole of the French infantry now crowned the heights, and even sent their skirmishers down to the river; while the Russians hastened out of Tchorgoun, and took post on the heights. The batteries on both sides came into action, and the shells of the French guns fired the huts in Tchorgoun. The Russians were really alarmed, for they sent off their baggage, and one of their battalions quitted the field. Holding the lofty heights on the left bank, which overtopped those on the right by a hundred feet, the French sent a part of their cavalry down the Woronzoff road into the valley of Vanoutka, hoping to surprise a Cossack post there; but the Cossacks getting wind of the movement, hurried away into the valley of Baidar. About five in the evening the allies retired to their camps. By this reconnaissance they had learned that no force of any magnitude was in the valley of the Tchernaya, that the heights on the left bank had not been fortified, and that no troops were in the valleys between the Tchernaya and the sea. So far then, at the end of December, the allies were relieved of all apprehension for the safety of Balaclava. They had so far intimidated the Russians as to make them burn a good deal of forage, and they had even driven off some sheep and cattle.

With January, 1855, the period of sorties was renewed. The British were only once assailed, but no fewer than five sorties were made upon the French. They had all the same character. Amidst a downfall of snow, driven by a keen north wind into the faces of the French sentries, or from the depth of a dark night, the Russians would issue from the Flagstaff bastion, or creep up the side of the South Ravine, and charge upon the French. Sometimes the latter were on their guard, and then the enemy would feel their fire before he saw them. At other times the sentries, cold and wet, failed to warn the trench guards, and then the Russians, scrambling over the parallel or turning one of its flanks, would surprise the French. Then the latter, running together, would open a close fire of musketry, and animated by their officers, who sought and won distinction in these midnight encounters, the soldiers would lower their bayonets and hunt the enemy out of their lines. Sometimes they followed their assailants up to the Russian works, and paid for their temerity by falling under the fire of the batteries; generally they were content to force out the foe. Often, when the French were relieving guard, a sheet of flame would illuminate the Russian lines for a moment, and a blast of shot and shell, grape and canister, would strike the French parallels. These sorties and volleys of artillery did not hinder the progress of the works of attack so much as the steaming rain and driving snow; for these not only washed away the earth from the parapets, and deformed the embrasures and filled the trenches with mud and water, but crowded the hospitals with sick. Nevertheless, the works of attack and defence went forward vigorously on both sides. The belligerents laboured on the surface and under the surface. Parallel was opposed to bastion and redan, and battery to battery, and mine was met by countermine. The Russians built underground in rear of their batteries long lines of dwelling-places, well-defended, and they increased their visible works on all sides. The appearance of the allies in some force about Inkermann, and the inability or neglect of the latter to seize the salient points along the ridges leading to the Malakoff and the Careening Bay, led the Russians first to show their apprehension for that side, and then to add to the defences of the eastern suburb. The whole line, from the Great Harbour to the head of the South Bay, formed by the end of January a connected chain of earthworks, and the great redoubt on the Malakoff Hill began to assume a most formidable appearance. The Russian outposts swarmed up towards Inkermann, and shot out along the Malakoff Ridge. Day after day Todtleben, with untiring energy, added new works to the old, and becoming familiar by long study with the character of the ground, and being well provided for action by the possession of boundless resources in guns, timber, earth, and men, he adapted, with marvellous skill, his lines to the nature of the ground.

January, during which the troops suffered most from disease, was nevertheless the turning point, from gloom to brighter days. For the English had arrived huts and warm clothing in superabundance, and better transport. The shores of Balaclava bay had been rendered passable by roads on both sides, and wharves had been built. The railway was creeping out of the port and ascending the hills towards the front; and, as the French had, at last, sent a brigade to reinforce the right at Inkermann, our men got less labour and more rest. The French had, as yet, no huts. They were still sheltered only in dog-tents. But they were tolerably fed and clothed, and large reinforcements, including a brigade of the new Imperial Guard, had brought their numbers up to 80,000 men. The resolve of the allies to take Sebastopol, far from suffering any abatement, had become stronger, and

every energy and resource were applied to secure its fulfilment. The Russian Emperor, the cause of this heroic conflict, was not less resolute, and day and night his thoughts were bent upon frustrating at any and every cost the designs of the allies. The government of Lord Aberdeen had obtained from the King of Sardinia the promise that he would join the alliance, and furnish 15,000 men for service in the Crimea, and there was some reason to suppose that Austria would at length take the field; but whether it was that Austria resented the entry of Sardinia into the Western league, or whether timid counsels prevailed at Vienna, Austria did not change her position from that of a passive to that of an active ally.

The month of February was marked by many important incidents. On both sides there were renewed vigour and activity, in spite of the severity of the weather. For the French Emperor, discontented with General Canrobert, who had failed to realise the expectations formed of him, had sent out the Duke of Montebello to examine the state of the siege, and report thereon. The consequence was that General Niel, one of the first engineers in the French service, a man of great military insight and resolution, and who four years later was to win the title of Duke on the bloody field of Solferino, received orders to hasten to the Crimea, and direct the engineering operations. Niel had not been long in the French camp before he justified the early and oft-repeated counsels of Sir John Burgoyne, and declared that the Malakoff Hill was the key of Sebastopol. It was at once determined to break ground on that side. By every fair consideration, the right of doing so should have been made over to the English. It was a British engineer who had first fastened on this vital point. It was a British force which, through the long winter, had held the position on that side. For four months the British, giving way to French views, had consented to play a secondary part, to throw up trenches and construct batteries, solely to aid the main French attack, without the slightest chance that, in the final assault, let it come when it might, they could perform any decisive act. Now that the French plan had been proved to be an utter failure, it might have been deemed only fair that the English should have been enabled to assail the stronghold on ground promising success; that the French should take the British left and right attacks, and that the English should open the new approaches on the vital part. But no. There were two overmastering reasons. The British had fewer numbers by almost one-half, and the French are always greedy of glory. Lord Raglan could not insist—the alliance depended on submission. The French Emperor was bent on reaping the lion's share of the glory. He needed it for himself and his army. Thus, by force of circumstances, the British were left in their old positions, one of which, the left attack, led no whither, the other led to the Redan, which it was impossible to reach; while the French took up their ground on the plateau leading to the Malakoff, and on the heights on the right of the Careening Ravine.

In the beginning of February the French army was divided into two corps and a reserve. General Pélissier, newly arrived from Algeria, took command of the first; General Bosquet of the second; while General Canrobert kept the reserve under his own orders. The whole force was between 80,000 and 90,000 strong, but one-seventh was still in hospital. The English had also a large number of sick, but the health of the troops was improving visibly, and the men began to complain, in spite of the cold, that they were laden with too many clothes. The English also, in the course of the month, received back Sir George Brown and General Pennefather, and Sir Harry Jones landed to take the direction of the siege works, in place of Sir John Burgoyne, ordered home. Lieutenant-General the Earl of Lucan was very properly recalled, because he persisted in a paper war with Lord Raglan anent the Balaclava charge; and when he got home he took advantage of his position as a peer of the realm to bring the whole dispute before Parliament—considered by some persons one of the most indecent public acts ever done by a member of the Upper House.

Having once determined on the right point of attack, the French began to work with their usual industry, and by the middle of the month they had formed their first parallel from the Careening Ravine to the steep cliffs of the Great Harbour, had connected that parallel with the British right, and had constructed a strong redoubt and place of arms, called the Victoria Redoubt, on the upper part of the slope running down to the Malakoff. The Russians, seeing these works in progress, began to pull down the ruined tower on the Malakoff Hill, and to construct around its site that enormous redoubt which so long defied its assailants. On its right and left they were equally busy, and soon they took the daring and wise resolution of constructing counter approaches in this quarter.

In the middle of the month, while these works of preparation were in progress, Omer Pasha won fresh laurels by repelling a vigorous attack on Eupatoria. Throughout the winter the allies had held this port, and had drawn from there large supplies of cattle and forage. The French officer in command had begun a line of entrenchments outside the town, consisting of trenches and detached works open to the rear. The Russian cavalry, in considerable force, had watched the town, and had done their utmost to hinder the Tartars from driving their cattle into the lines. Early in February, Omer Pasha was called to the councils of the allies before Sebastopol, and the result of the deliberations was that the British transports carried a large Turkish army, including an Egyptian brigade, to Eupatoria. Including 276 Frenchmen, marines and sappers, the force at Eupatoria on the 12th of February consisted of 21,876 men. This display of troops on the flank of the great road to Perekop at once attracted the attention of the Russians, and on the night of the 16th of February the line of cavalry vedettes was reinforced by 24,000 infantry men, raising the army to 30,000 men, including 3,600 horse and 80 guns. During the night the Russians

quietly threw up a long parapet, broken at intervals into rough embrasures, and behind this they arrayed the greater part of their artillery. Behind the line of guns their huge columns of infantry were drawn up, and on the flanks were the cavalry. On the morning of the 17th, about six o'clock, the Russians opened a heavy fire upon the place, directing the weight of it upon a detached work, called the North Crown Work, forming the apex of the northern defences. The Turks at once took up their posts, and stood, as usual, firmly behind their half-finished trenches, undaunted by the masses of bayonets gleaming over the plain, or by the threatening lines of cavalry. For on the sea, covering their left flank, were two British gunboats, the Valorous and the Viper, and on the right was a French gunboat, and in their ranks were Simmons and Ogilvie, and the gallant Frenchmen. Moreover, the lines were fairly defensible, for except on one side, just north of Lake Sassik, there was no sort of cover for an assaulting column. While the cannonade was at its hottest, a body of cavalry sought to turn the left of the lines, and penetrate into the town by the shore. This was probably only a diversion, since the guns of the British war-steamers smote these horsemen in flank, and soon stopped their career. In the meantime, on the opposite side, two heavy columns had gathered, under cover of a Jewish cemetery. They carried scaling ladders, and were intent on breaking into the place near the gate opening on to the road to Perekop. The first column came on with considerable resolution, but it was brought to a stand twenty yards from the lines, and forced back by the Turkish musketry. Then a second column ventured, and, with a loud yell, seemed determined to enter, closing up to the ditch. But the Turks would not yield; the Russians wavered, and the Turks, redoubling their fire, took the offensive, and charged out with the bayonet, while Iskender Bey, galloping up between the town and Lake Sassik, fell upon them with two squadrons of horse. This completed their defeat. About half-past ten the Russians withdrew their guns, and then their infantry vanished over the steppe, leaving only the usual lines of vedettes to watch the victorious foe. The allies lost 107 killed and 294 wounded. Among the killed was Selim Bey. The Russian loss is estimated at 500 men. This success served to raise the reputation of the Turks, and dispirit and vex the enemy, who could not feel altogether at ease with 20,000 good soldiers within two or three marches of his great north road.

The day after this combat, and while the news of it was ringing through the allied camp, Lord Raglan and General Canrobert agreed upon a plan for surprising the Russians on the Tchernaya at Tchorgoun; for Prince Gortschakoff had again sent only small bodies over the river, and it was believed that the whole force on both sides of the stream might be captured. It was therefore arranged that on the 20th, while yet dark, General Bosquet should lead 12,000 men from the French camp, to co-operate with 3,000 from the British force at Balaclava, under Sir Colin Campbell, in this enterprise. The French troops turned out at midnight, and about two in the morning Sir Colin drew up his Highlanders and the 14th and 71st, with three hundred horsemen and two batteries, and proceeded on his way. The weather was keen and bitter. A north-east wind was blowing, and a thick rush of snow beat upon the faces of the men. The Rifles who covered the column could not see twenty yards ahead. It was most fatiguing to move along. Yet onward in the darkness and snow Sir Colin forced his column. He reached Kamara, snapping up three Cossacks sentries, and mounted the Hasfort Hill, which overlooks Tchorgoun. It was still dark, but the enemy had been alarmed. Nevertheless, they were so ill-prepared for this sudden visit of enemies, that they must have fallen an easy prey to a vigorous attack. Why was it not made? After midnight, seeing the snow falling, and feeling the wind rising, General Bosquet had ordered his troops back to their quarters. Sir Colin had, in spite of the weather, performed his part. General Bosquet had not sent word that he would not venture out. He had contented himself with sending an aide-de-camp to General Canrobert. He sent none to Sir Colin Campbell. Canrobert sent Major Foley to inform Sir Colin; but Foley lost his way, and found himself near Lord Raglan's quarters at five in the morning. Proceeding thence with another aide, Foley did not arrive at Kadikoi until long after Sir Colin had moved out, and therefore they followed as well as they could. They found the British on the heights above the Tchernaya, standing in the midst of the thickly-falling snow, looking at the Russians now gathered in strength, and mightily amazed at the spectacle of an enemy out in that weather. When the staff officer came up to Sir Colin, and told him that Bosquet had not moved, "the hot blood of the old soldier was aroused, and he used no measured terms to indicate his sense of the conduct by which his command had been exposed to such risk of disaster. 'But sir,' continued the officer, 'when General Vinoy heard you had started, he at once put his brigade in motion, and he is now pressing forward as hard as he can to your assistance. He said he would take on himself all responsibility.'" Sir Colin had a very high opinion of Vinoy, who, he said, reminded him of the soldiers of the old Empire, and "he slapped his thigh, exultingly. 'There!' he said, 'I knew it; General Vinoy is a soldier—General Vinoy is a gentleman! I knew I could trust him, no matter what happened.'" Sir Colin withdrew his half-frozen but sturdy men; and, as he was crossing Canrobert's hill to re-enter his lines, he was joined by the trusty Frenchman. We know from Russian sources that had Bosquet persisted in the original plan, the Russians would have been utterly routed, if they had not been all taken; for they were undoubtedly surprised, and were an hour getting under arms. This little incident sealed the friendship of Campbell and Vinoy, a friendship which may be said not to have ceased with death, for in Lord Clyde's will there is substantial proof of his affection for his French comrade; and, in addition, if we mistake not, there is in Windsor Castle another proof; for there, in the Queen's private apartment, hangs beside a portrait of

Lord Clyde a portrait of General Vinoy, painted and hung there by Her Majesty at the request of the noble old soldier.

The French were now making considerable progress with their works on the ridge running down from the Inkermann battle-field to the Careening Creek, and having on the inner flank the Careening Ravine, and on the outer the Great Harbour. They were obliged to work down this ridge, because the enemy, if allowed to possess it, would take the works of approach down the Malakoff Ridge in flank and rear; therefore, in order that the principal attack on the Malakoff might be carried on, both ridges had to be occupied. The Russian engineers were not blind to what was going on. They saw with apprehension the adoption of this new line of attack upon the vital point in their defences, and for this reason they made counter approaches. In front of the Malakoff there was a round hill, of nearly equal elevation. This hill was originally named after Captain Gordon, because he wished to occupy it from the first, in order thence to assail the Malakoff. It afterwards became known by the French name of the Mamelon. The Russians already had an outpost there, but not yet of any strength. As soon as the French broke ground on the ridge, though afar off, on Thistle Hill, where they constructed the Victoria Redoubt, the Russians, who had pulled down the ruins of the old stone town, applied themselves to the construction of the great Malakoff Redoubt, distinguished from all the other works about Sebastopol, not only by its vast size, but because it was a true redoubt closed at the gorge or rear face. Seeing the importance of holding the Careening Ridge, as a means of retarding the main attack by establishing a flanking fire, they sent a large force there in the middle of February, and began to make lodgments, first just above the Careening Creek, and next farther up the ridge towards the French lines. On the night of the 22nd of February they succeeded in constructing a large work within four hundred yards of the French lines. This was done by placing gabions, large, roughly-woven baskets, in a row, filling them with earth, and placing another row on the top of the first. Morning dawned, and disclosed this new obstacle, with its miniature outposts of rifle screens, made of loose stones. General Canrobert surveyed it from a distance, and seeing at once how it would obstruct the progress of the attacks on both ridges, gave orders that it should be attacked and destroyed during the night.

All day long on the 23rd the Russians were visible to the officers in our trenches completing the new work. At night General Mayran was ordered to proceed with five battalions and destroy this gabionade. The leading columns of attack, as usual, were two battalions of Zouaves, under Colonel Cler, and these were to be supported immediately by a battalion of Marines, and on their left by two regiments of the Line. The task was not an easy one, for the enemy were watchful, the ground was rough, and the distance from the trenches considerable. Nothing daunted by the arduous character of the enterprise, Cler's Zouaves issued from the trenches, descended into the Careening Ravine, and made their way up its steep banks to the plateau. They were followed by the Marines and the Line. Moving swiftly and silently, these strong and agile soldiers had come close up to the Russian work, when its crest was lighted up with flame, and they were struck by a shower of bullets. But this did not stay their steps. Pressing on without a halt, the Zouaves dashed into the ditch and over the parapet, and leaped into the midst of their foes. A fierce combat with bayonet and bullet ensued and raged in the rear of the work, both sides showing manful vigour; but the Zouaves prevailed: the Russians, yielding, were pursued, and at length driven off the ridge. While the Zouaves took post in advance, and the Marines held the left flank, the Linesmen, under the orders of the Engineers, began to overturn the newly-made parapet. But the Russians, in the town batteries, no sooner became aware of the success of the French, than they opened on them a crushing fire of shot and shell, shedding a lurid glare over the scene by burning Bengal lights. The French troops of the Line and the Marines, unable to bear this, retreated in such haste, that the brave Cler and his Zouaves were left exposed without support. And now the Russian reserves, ascending the ravine, fell upon them in front and flank, and gnashing their teeth with rage, the Zouaves were forced to retire; but although they lost men at every step, they gave ground in good order; and beyond the Russian work they were not pursued. The French lost about 300 men, chiefly Zouaves. These choice soldiers were led into action by twenty-nine officers, of whom no fewer than five were killed and fourteen wounded. General de Monet was also severely wounded, in both hands, in the arm and shoulder; nevertheless, he would not quit the field. The next day there was a burial truce, but as few bodies were found, it is supposed that the Russians suggested this temporary cessation of fire in order that the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas might safely inspect the works and trenches of the allies. On the 25th the Russians sank four more large ships in the harbour, showing that they still feared a visit from the allied fleets, or that they were preparing foundations for the raft bridge, which they subsequently threw over the roadstead.

By the end of February signs of a brighter future were visible in the allied camp. The weather was still cold; sometimes snow fell, and sometimes rain; but occasionally the sun shone brightly, and even the birds began to chirp and sing and flutter over the less occupied wastes. The hospitals were full, but the health of the army was better, for the men were getting more rest, and, being well fed again and amply clothed, grew robust and hardy. Huts were springing up on all sides, and the sick had now a wooden roof over their heads. The railway had crept some distance up towards the front, and being immediately made use of, the labour of carrying shot and shell and stores as far as Kadikoi was spared the overwrought transport. The Cossack vedettes, watching from the mounds in the plain, were astonished at the sight of the long strings of trucks rushing up and

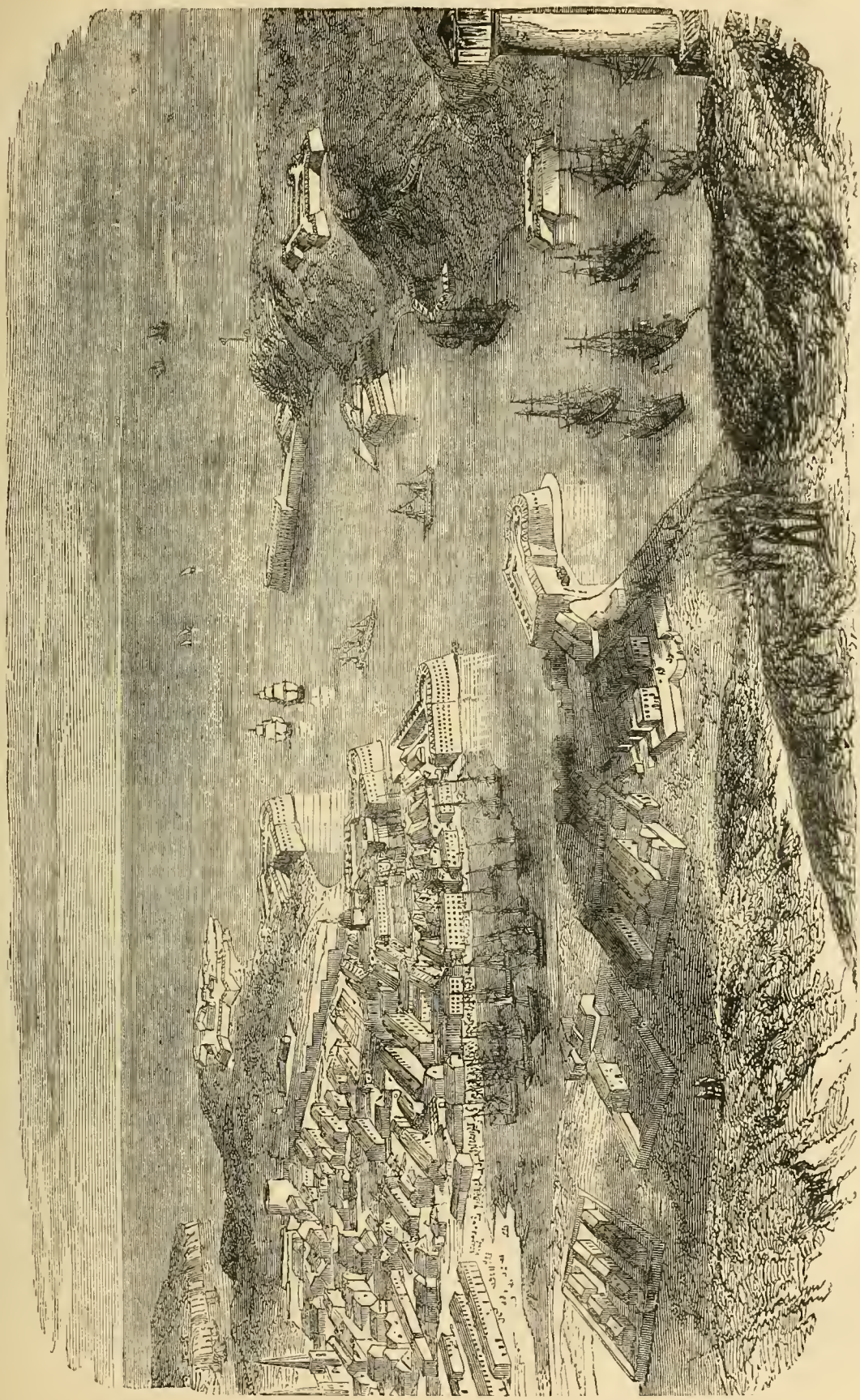
down the line. Balaclava had been cleared of the sutlers, and its shores were lined with wharves. The period of doubt and of the harder trials imposed upon the troops had passed away. The allies were numerous and well appointed. Spring, they knew, would bring fresh succours, for, in addition to the British flag and the eagles of the French, the Italian tricolour, surrounded by a gallant little host from the Subalpine states, would soon flutter in the breezes of a land bearing on its rocks the ruins of the early settlements of the Genoese.

On the 2nd of March an event occurred which sanguine men thought would bring the war to a speedy end; and they thought this the more because negotiations for peace were at that moment pending in Vienna. The event was the rather sudden death of Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias. He died in the middle of the day, and five hours afterwards the news had been flashed along the electric wire to every European capital. Many will remember the thrill of astonishment which shot through the public mind when the news was made known. Then came a sense of relief at the death of this powerful sovereign, and prime cause of a bloody war. His heir, Alexander II., who immediately ascended the throne, was described as mild and pacific by nature; nevertheless, he did not fail to tell his awe-stricken subjects that he would incessantly pursue the aims of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander I., and of his father; aims incompatible with the peace of Europe, and the independence and integrity of Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, as well as Turkey. The news reached the allied camp on the 6th, and perhaps the "sensation" in this quarter was greater than in the capitals of Europe, for here were men engaged in frustrating one of the grandest of the comprehensive aims of Catherine and Nicholas. But really, it was not the Czar only with whom Europe was contending; it was the ambition of the Russian nobles and the traditional policy of the house of Romanoff. There was a kind of poetical justice in this sudden death of the man whose arrogance had brought calamity on his subjects. Liable to a fatal apoplectic attack, it was predicted in the summer of 1853 that he would not survive the summer of 1855, but, like all his brothers, die before he was sixty years of age. "Let but a few reverses overtake the Emperor," said Dr. Granville, the author of this prediction, "and his death, like that of all his brothers, will be sudden." So it proved. Shaken by Silistria, Alma, Inkermann, Eupatoria—a defeat at the hands of the Turks completed the series of shocks; and after a very brief illness he expired. The Emperor Nicholas was not a great man in the highest sense; but, having an iron will, tireless energy, and an ambition as boundless as the resources of his empire, he built up an influence in Europe greater even than that exerted by Alexander, who, as a conqueror, surpassed his brother. Alexander, more fortunate in his wars, died of lassitude; Nicholas expired under the rude blows inflicted on his pride; for he had been frustrated in the execution of a long-prepared design to extend the limits of his sway over the whole of European Turkey.

CHAPTER XXV.

Progress of the Works—Russian Steamers driven off—Russian Counter Approaches—They seize the Careening Ridge and Mamelon—French Lines at Kamiesch—Sortie of the 23rd of March—Repulse of the Enemy—Heavy Losses—Burial Truce—Description of the Aspect of the Works on both Sides—The Emperor going to the Crimea—Effects of his Interference—Second Bombardment—Immense Armaments—Opening of Fire on April 9th—Its Effects—Russian Fire unsubdued—Why the Place was not taken—Incidents during the Bombardment—French Combats—English Progress—Death of Colonel Egerton—The Little Drummer—Omer Pasha's Movement on the Tchernaya—He returns to Eupatoria—French Fights on the 1st of May—Sorties—Continued Interference of the Emperor—General Canrobert in a False Position—Expedition sails for Kertch—Recalled Immediately—Why?—Conduct of the War from Paris—Lord Raglan for an Assault—Arrival of the Sardinians—Imperial Strategics—Grand Paper Plan rejected by Lord Raglan—Resignation of Canrobert—Général Pelissier, the New Commander.

THE month of March was spent by the allies in making preparations for a second bombardment, and by the enemy in prodigious efforts to meet and frustrate it. Far from reviving operations against the new Russian works on the Careening Ridge, called by the allies the White Works, the French allowed the enemy to strengthen and complete them. General Todtleben had devised a system of counter approaches. As the operations against Sebastopol were mainly of the nature of an attack by one army on another posted in a strongly entrenched position, the Russian engineer saw the great assistance he would derive from solid outposts, as by that method he would not only anticipate the allies in the occupation of commanding points, but would seriously injure and annoy them. Therefore he not only kept two steamers at the head of the harbour, and by their aid, in conjunction with the batteries on the north side, endeavoured to enfilade the advance of the French down the Careening Ridge, but fortified himself on that ridge, in order to stay the progress of the French down the next and more important one. General Canrobert complained of the vexations annoyance of the steamers, and these it was resolved to drive away. The French built a battery on a point commanding the head of the Great Harbour, and we armed it and sent artillerymen to work the guns. The battery looked like one of the many works constructed to defend the Inkermann heights; but suddenly, on the 6th of March, just as the dawn rendered objects visible, the guns were unmasked, and a steady fire was opened on the steamers. Three shots missed the nearer steamer, but the fourth struck the paddle-box. Receiving this rough salute, the crew, who were below at the time, hurried on deck, and brought their heavy guns to bear on the battery. Men were seen running into the land batteries on the north side, and their guns were soon in action. Our battery fired fifty-nine shots, more than half of which were red hot. In twenty minutes the two steamers disappeared behind the steep cliffs. One of them had been severely punished, and was seen in the afternoon careened over, for the purpose of repairing damages. They did not re-visit the head of the harbour. The Russians on the north side fired 240 shots at our little battery, but did no injury whatever. The Royal Artillery were blamed



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL.

for not burning or sinking the steamers; but in this, as in many other cases, blame fell without good reason.

Relieved from these waspish enemies, the French went on pushing down the ridge, and throwing up a trench to connect their attacks with the English right. Anticipating this, and knowing the importance of the Mamelon, which was higher than the Malakoff Hill, the Russian general caused the Mamelon to be occupied in greater strength, and began to dig and delve upon its crest. First making rifle-pits and then connecting and enlarging these, he soon raised the nucleus of a very formidable work right in the path of the French advance on the Malakoff. Had the army been under one commander, this hill would have been seized in October. Now the French could not even sap up to it, much less assault it, because the enemy had been allowed to become so strong on our right of the Malakoff Ridge. The British immediately framed a battery with guns bearing on the Mamelon; but although they obstructed the working parties by day, at first, their fire at night was little heeded, and this outpost, set up in the faces of the allies with great hardihood, grew into a stronghold. At the same time they turned to account a quarry or gravel pit in front of the Redan, using the pit as cover, and fringing its front and flank faces with small loopholed works for riflemen. Before the French, on the town front, the same system was developed. There were extensive and well-connected lodgments in advance of the Flagstaff Bastion and the Central Bastion, and in the ravine running down to the Quarantine Bay the enemy had converted a large cemetery into a strong post; so that at this stage the Russians were the assailants as well as the assailed. All over the plateau from the head of the harbour to the head of the Quarantine Bay, the surface of the ground was broken by trench and battery, by rifle-pit and redoubt. The works of the allies were already vast, those of the Russians were colossal. Nor were they confined to the exterior of the main line. Huge batteries, thick and high, peered up in the very streets of the town, while on the north side the lines of forts and trenches seemed to be endless. At this time, too, the French began to construct a line of parapets and redoubts to cover Kamiesch and Katzatch Bays. It extended from Streletzka Bay to the opposite coast, at a point between Cape Chersonesus and the monastery of St. George, and within this the Minister of War directed another and shorter line to be made. The reason for adopting this step was stated to be a prudential one—it was a provision against disaster. That was one reason; but there was another—the French Emperor began to interfere in the conduct of the war. It was whispered that he was going out himself to take command—a far wiser plan than that of attempting to command from Paris. Early in March came a proposal to discontinue siege operations, and, leaving a guard on the plateau, to take the field and storm, not Sebastopol, but the heights of Mackenzie. This was brushed aside; but, no doubt, it was to enable the allies to execute the Emperor's scheme that the Minister of War ordered the construction of the lines of Kamiesch. At this time the British army numbered 45,396 men, of whom 12,000 were sick in hospital, and 2,800 were convalescents doing duty in hospital. Although the number of sick was large, the health of the army was much better. The men, never depressed, even in the depth of the winter, were now becoming frolicsome. There were horse races at Karani and on the plateau, and the men, released from the severe labours of guarding everything on the right, had time for foot-ball, leap-frog, foot-races, and even a sort of skittles; so that an air of briskness and gaiety was diffused over the camps.

Having plenty of men—for they, too, had been reinforced—the Russians supported their system of counter-approaches by energetic sorties. In the month of March these fell principally upon the French. In addition to the redoubt on the Mamelon, the enemy had formed his rifle-pits in advance, like skirmishers in front of a column. The riflemen within them were very troublesome; and two or three nights in succession the French assaulted these pits. Two or three companies of Zouaves would leap out of the trenches, dash into the pits, and drive off the defenders. Then the supports would hurry up on the Russian side, and the Zouaves would have to fly before they could make good their hold. From the French trenches more men would issue. The rattle of musketry would raise the camp; horses would be saddled at head-quarters, and aides would stumble hither and thither in the gloom. Suddenly the firing would die away and cease. The French had been frustrated. Determined to succeed, they began to sap towards the rifle-pits—just as our generals sapped up to a New Zealand stockade—and took the outworks on the 21st. This led to something like a general action on the night of the 23rd of March.

Prince Gortschakoff had arrived on the 20th to assume the command of the army, as successor to Osten-Sacken, who had succeeded Menschikoff. The new commander was the brother of the officer who fought against us on the Alma, and he proved himself a very capable soldier. The danger on the side of the Malakoff was pressing. It had become essential to the defence that the French should be stayed in their progress towards the Mamelon, and Prince Gortschakoff resolved to make a vigorous sortie to recover the lodgments in front of the Mamelon, and carry the war into the trenches. Fresh troops had joined the garrison at this time, and part of these were told off for the service. Up to this time Admiral Istomine, a very gallant officer, had hitherto commanded on this side, but he was shot on the 19th, and General Chruleff succeeded him. He had under his orders for the sortie no fewer than 8,000 men. These were to storm the rifle-pits, and break in at the point where the French and English trenches joined. At the same time another body, some 1,200 strong, including the Greek volunteers led by Prince Murusi, known in our lines as "the Albanian," was to ascend the Woronzoff Ravine, and turn the left of our right attack; while a third and weaker party was to push up towards our left attack. As designed, these sorties were executed, but not with that concert essential to complete success. The French

were in some measure prepared. They had very strong trench guards on duty. On our side there were only the ordinary trench guards, and the usual working parties.

It was about eleven o'clock when the Russians, issuing from both flanks of the Mamelon, dashed into the lodgments held by the French. They came on in such numbers and with so much resolution that the French were forced out of the pits and chased into their parallel. The Russians followed, leaping over the parapet and forming up within the trench, and continuing the fight. At the same time the batteries of the place opened a hot fire upon our lines, by way of diversion, and the right of Chruleff's heavy column of counter-assault burst in on the extreme right of our line. Then the French supports, coming down with suddenness and decision, drove the enemy over the parapet. Surprised, but not discouraged, the Russians charged again, and deadly hand to hand combats followed along the whole front. Three times they sought to penetrate; but General d'Autemarre—an energetic soldier of the right stamp—and the choice troops he commanded, offered a resistance which more than equalled the hardihood of the enemy's onslaught. This fierce combat, lighted up by the incessant flashes of opposing musketry, and rendered bloody by the free use of the bayonet, was maintained for nearly two hours. At one moment, when the Russians had broken into our trenches at the point of junction, and had for a moment driven off our working parties, the French suffered from a fire levelled at their left flank and rear. Yet not for long. Captain Vicars, rallying the men of the 97th then on duty, and calling out, "This way, 97th!" led them to the charge; and these being reinforced by part of the 77th, under Major Gordon, R.E., the two parties combined gave the Russians a rough shock, and expelled them from the trench. But Vicars was shot dead as he fought, and Gordon, pursuing the enemy outside the lines, was wounded severely. The French not only kept the Russians at bay, but perceiving signs of yielding, they assumed the offensive, and charging, forced their foes to retire into the Mamelon. Towards the close of this fight the second and third Russian columns fell suddenly, one on the left of the right, the other on the left of the left attack. In both cases they forced their way into our trenches. Prince Musuri, a daring leader, shot Captain Brown, of the 7th, and fired his pistol into the magazine of a battery, hoping to blow it up. He was instantly killed. After a rough contest, the enemy was driven out of our lines, but not until he had killed two officers, and captured two others—one, Colonel Kelly, of the 34th; the other, Captain Montague, R.E. This was the most severe action which had yet been fought in the trenches. The Russians lost 1,500 men killed and wounded, according to their own returns. The allies lost 727, of whom 85 were English.

The next day the slopes of the hills around the south side of Sebastopol presented a novel spectacle. At the request of the Russian general, there was a truce of three hours to recover and bury the dead. The white flags were no sooner hoisted than the soldiers and officers on both sides poured in a torrent out of the works towards the scene of the midnight conflicts, and began the work of bearing away the bodies; while the officers of the three armies talked together gaily and exchanged cigars, and the men gave each other tobacco. "The soldiers of the enemy," writes Colonel Hamley, "looked dirty and shabby, but healthy and well-fed. Most of them were of larger frame than the French, while the English surpassed both in size and stature. The countenances of the Russians, short and broad, with thick projecting lips, pug-noses, and small eyes, betokened a low order of intellect, cunning and obstinate. Many, both officers and men, wore orders and medals. Between these groups passed and repassed the burial parties, lifting each grim, gory figure from its face or back, placing it on a stretcher, and bearing it, with dead legs swinging and dragging, and the arms vibrating stiffly to the steps of the bearers, to be added to the dreadful assembly. Not one of those looking on could feel secure that, in the next twenty-four hours, he would not be as one of these." When the time expired down went the white flags on both sides; and very soon from both sides the riflemen, lately engaged in amity, were shooting at each other, and the guns in the batteries taking up the game, the rough and horrid aspect of the scene appeared once more.

And here we may conveniently break the narrative, and endeavour to convey to the mind's eye of the reader some picture of the place, its works of defence, and the works of offence rising about under the hands of the allies. There were two or three places on the heights looking towards Sebastopol whence a spectator might survey a large section of the plateau. From the Maison d'Eau, on the French side of the great South Ravine, the eye plunged first into its craggy depths, but did not reach the bottom. Only part of the stony ledges forming its precipitous sides was seen. Then looking almost due north, on the shoulder of the left bank, overhanging the gulfs below, the eye lighted on the British three gun-battery, and following the direction of its guns, the spectator saw into the South Harbour, which was really the mouth of the South Ravine filled with the waters of the Black Sea. On the west side, high upon the bluff, stood the southern part of the town, with its gleaming white buildings; and on the east side frowning from the crest of a precipice, jagged and broken, stood huge, massive earthen walls, their outline being interrupted by the embrasures. These were the Barrack Batteries, so called because they were thrown up in front of a long barrack. Some of the guns of these tremendous works looked towards the point where we are supposed to stand. To the north-east of these Barrack Batteries was another work—the famous Redan. It was in form like an arrow head, from the shoulders of which ran the ramparts, connecting it on one side with the Barrack Batteries, and on the other with the flanking defences of the Malakoff. High on its commanding knoll, to the north-east of the Redan, rose this famous redoubt, of forbidding front and irregular form, and furnished with rows of guns on all the points whence they could be trained upon the lines of the allies. In front of the proper left of the Barrack works were dilapidated houses,

once a swarming suburb, and in front of the Redan and Malakoff were thick lines of abbatis—that is, intertwisted stakes and branches, sharply pointed and bolted together. From the Malakoff the ground fell, and then rose again, forming the Mamelon, which was on the extreme right of the spectator; and through the dip between Malakoff and Mamelon gleamed the bright waters of the Great Harbour, backed by the bluffs of the north side. Between the spectator and this war-roughened ridge, separated from each other by the cavernous ravines, extended the plateaus down which the British were working their way towards the place. You could see into the rear of the parallels and solid batteries, and watch the riflemen in opposing pits firing at each other; you could see parties of soldiers going to and fro, and sappers working here and there. Perhaps, while you gazed, a cloud of smoke would show you where, hidden from view, lay the French batteries on the extreme right. A shell would burst over the Mamelon. "The Mamelon replies; a gun and a mortar in our right attack drop their shells into the work; the Malakoff supports its companion by a couple of shells, which graze the crest of our parapet, and knocking up little clouds of dust as they go, burst far up the hill-side. A mortar near the Malakoff pitches a shell into the parapet of our advanced parallel; it rolls over and explodes; a commotion is visible through the glass, and presently two wounded men are borne past to the camp—one struck in the cheek, the other having his leg shattered." A tremendous explosion, followed by another, is heard—two 13-inch mortars have been fired from a British battery. "With a rush like a whirlwind, the two great shells are hurled up into the sky, growing small as cricket-balls, and audible when no longer seen. As the sound ceases two clouds of dust rise in the Malakoff—the shells have dropped there; another moment, and two columns of smoke rise and are slowly dispersed; both shells have burst in the work." In the foreground of this picture Nature is putting forth her flowers and forcing up blades of grass. In the background, beyond the dark batteries and dazzling town, flow the blue and sparkling waters of the Euxine. From another point, Cathcart's Hill, it was possible to obtain a view of the French lines on the left or western face of the town. In front of the extreme right of the French approaches, and overtopping them was the salient Flagstaff Bastion, and beyond that the Central Bastion. From Quarantine Bay on the north-west to the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries in rear of it, ran a strip of ruined houses, lying behind the heavy earthworks and the crenellated wall. As "the distance from the French lines became greater the marks of injury were less perceptible; the tall white storehouses, with roofs of sheet iron, the domes of churches, the porticoes, and the stately outlines of great public buildings, shone pleasantly in the sunshine. Tier after tier of roofs rose up to the crest of the hill on which this portion of the town was built, and figures stole over the field of the glass as it swept over the space, as though they kept a keen look-out for shells. In front of this portion of the town the dim steppes were scarred all over by the lines of the French approaches, from which at intervals arose the smoke wreaths of cannon or the puffs of the rifle, answered from the darker lines of the Russians in front of the city." From this elevation also you could look into the South Harbour, and watch the Russians passing and repassing over their bridge of boats; and even, by facing the north, see the works on the Inkermann ridge and in front of the Mamelon, where the French were busily labouring with pick, and spade, and rifle; and, with a good glass, it was possible to reconnoitre the enemy and all his works on the north side. The characteristics of the scene were the yawning ravines, like vast furrows, breaking the level of the stony plains, across which rose the rigid lines of trench and battery; then the bold outlines of the Russian earthworks cresting the cliffs and hillocks, and running down into the hollows; beyond these the handsome town, with its oblong forts and square towers; and still farther away, and blending with the sky, the restless sea. Behind the spectator lay the busy camp, and the lines that crowned the ridge overlooking the Tchernaya valley, and the piled up hills of the southern Tauric range, terminating in the lofty peaks of the Tchatir-Dagh, or Tent-mountain. To the south were the highlands, still in many parts covered with brushwood, ending abruptly in that inhospitable wall of rock which forms the coast, and offers for miles no shelter from the force of a southern blast save the little bay at Balaclava.

After the fierce combat on the 23rd of March the allies busied themselves with preparations for a second bombardment of the place. Enormous masses of shot and shell and powder were brought up from Balaclava and Kamiesch, and deposited in the magazines. The forwardness of the railway had greatly diminished the labours of the British, and the French were so numerous that they found no difficulty in finding fatigue parties to carry on the works of approach, and to supply their guns with ample store of munitions. It was about this time that Lord Raglan and General Canrobert began to disagree on essential points. The French commander, naturally afraid of responsibility, was also much embarrassed by the perpetual interference of the Emperor Napoleon in the conduct of the war. That potentate, newly seated on the throne, was ambitious of commanding an army in the field. He had formed the plan of proceeding himself to the Crimea. The news thereof was bruited abroad throughout Europe, and, of course, it was known in the camp of the allies, where, creating a state of expectation, it did not tend to impart vigour to the proceedings at the French head-quarters. General Canrobert leaned to his master's views, and was afraid of doing anything which might be disapproved of at Paris. The Emperor wanted to operate in the field, and the French general, apparently desirous of keeping the army in a high state of numerical efficiency, was indisposed to thorough measures before the place. So from day to day the opening of the bombardment was deferred; sometimes at the instance of the French, sometimes at the instance of the English general. The

first would be desirous of reinforcing the army by bringing up 14,000 Turks from Eupatoria, and the second, having acquiesced in the delay required, would begin fresh batteries, and then require further time to complete them. At length, on the 8th, Omer Pasha and his troops landed at Kamiesch, and Lord Raglan, although two of his newest and most advanced batteries were not complete, willingly gave his consent to the opening of the second bombardment on Easter Monday, the 9th of April, exactly six months from the date of the first bombardment.

There were in the trenches no fewer than 500 guns. The French had 304 on the left and 76 on the extreme right, while between the two were planted 123 pieces of British ordnance. These were very heavy cannon, those in the British batteries including twenty 13-inch mortars. It is supposed, and with good reason, that the Russians had mounted 100 more guns than the allies; for they had multiplied their batteries, not only on the huge ramparts, but within the town itself. It will be seen, from the disposition of their guns, that the French still clung to the notion that their attack on the west front was the chief attack; and not until a later period did they become fully sensible of the fact that the Malakoff was the key of the place.

During the morning of the 9th, while it was yet dark, the batteries and trenches were manned. There were in the magazines 500 rounds per gun, and 300 per mortar. The orders were to fire as soon as the enemy's works became visible. All night the rain fell heavily, and the wind rose almost to a gale. The blast from the south brought up heavy mists from the Black Sea, and the mist and the rain interposed like a curtain between the trenches and the enemy. Over the plateau, and the town and the sea, hung the rain-clouds in dark folds. By slow degrees, as the sun rose, the enemy's works loomed indistinctly through the fog. The trench guards lay close under the dripping parapets, and the artillerymen, wet to the skin, stood ready in the batteries at their loaded pieces. Then the mist rolled upwards, and through the thinner haze it left behind our artillerymen saw obscurely the outlines of the opposing lines. At half-past five the officers in command decided that the moment had come, and five minutes later the report of a solitary gun gave the signal so eagerly desired. In a moment the whole of our guns were in action; and in another the French began to fire; so that by a quarter to six on that dreary morning, the missiles of five hundred guns, showing a line of fire from the head of the Quarantine Bay to Inkermann, were pouring into the defences and the town of Sebastopol. No second elapsed without a shot or shell. The noise of this stupendous cannonade was comparatively slight in our camps, because the wind bore the volume of sound towards the place; but in Sebastopol and over the sea it must have been appalling.

For some time the enemy did not reply. He had evidently been taken by surprise. When he did begin, the fire of his batteries was neither vigorous nor sustained. To the allies, it appeared as if his batteries were undermanned, and a deserter subsequently affirmed that on this morning there were only 8,000 men in the place, the bulk of the army having been sent to the north side to resist an attack which it was rumoured in Sebastopol the allies intended to make from the side of the Tchernaya. But this is a doubtful story. It is far more likely that the batteries were undermanned at first, because the troops were still in their quarters. The heavy mist and the streaming rain prevented the allied artillerymen from seeing what mischief they were doing to the enemy's works, and the latter were in a worse position, for they laboured within a dense cloud of smoke and mist driven into their faces by the furious blast. All that could be determined for many hours was that the allies were working their pieces with unflinching vigour; and it was not until the sun going down behind Sebastopol, and sending a few weak rays of lurid light through the rifts in the clouds, that straining eyes caught a glimpse of the effects wrought upon the foe by this vast cannonade. The French had breached the loopholed wall, had greatly injured the Central Bastion and the Flagstaff Bastion, and had broken the bridge across the South Harbour. The combined fire of the British and French on the right had broken up the regularity of the outlines of the Redan, Malakoff, and Mamelon, and had reduced the fire of their guns so much, that some batteries were silent, and others only replied at intervals to the unceasing hail of shot and shell poured into them. At night the fire ceased on both sides, except that of the mortars in the allied batteries, which threw shells all night. Nevertheless, the Russians, with admirable courage and perseverance, wrought all night, repairing damages and remounting guns. So that on the following morning, at dawn, the enemy was found to be prepared anew to sustain his part, and the scene of the 9th was repeated.

The cannonade reopened in mist and rain, but in a few hours the sun shone, greatly to the relief of the men, who had been labouring in the batteries up to their knees in water. Again the allied batteries rapidly obtained a mastery over those of the enemy. Sometimes a fierce tempest of shot and shell from the enemy's guns would burst upon the allies; but the sustained fire of the latter would soon repress this effort, and the Russian responses would again become irregular. Our artillerymen were very severely tried. Their labours were excessive. In one attack the men were ten hours on duty and six off, in the other ten hours on duty out of twenty-four. Wet through for two days, constantly on their feet, these became so swollen that they were afraid to take off their boots, lest they should not be able to put them on again. Day after day, night after night, for a whole week, the bombardment went on with a dreadful monotony; and although our fire inflicted evidently serious damage upon the enemy, he managed to repair his works and mount fresh guns at night. The Russian writers admit a loss of fourteen guns disabled every day; yet this was comparatively of little moment to him, as he had such a boundless store of artillery. Besides the guns in the arsenal, there were all the guns of the fleet, and these resources were used unsparingly. On our side,

the resources of the allies in guns and ammunition were limited. The object of the bombardment was definite. It was to reduce the fire so far as to permit of an assault. Very early in the week this effect had been produced to the utmost extent possible. Still the assault was delayed. We alone had fired 47,000 projectiles into the enemy's works, and the French must have fired three times that number. Yet the enemy, though shattered and weakened, was unsubdued, and it was plain that this duel of opposing ordnance might go on till doomsday without a decisive result. Lord Raglan, from the first, had always proposed a heavy bombardment to be followed by a prompt and unflinching assault. To this the French general could not be got to agree. Admiral Bruat is said to have explained the matter thus to one of our naval captains, who asked why the place was not taken at once? "I will tell you the reason why," said the Admiral. "The English have advanced their batteries to within 600 yards of the place; and they and their general all want to go in. The French have got within sixty yards of the town, and their general don't like to and won't go in." This was the rough and ready explanation of the fighting admiral in the French fleet, but there was some truth in the sailor's compendious view of the situation. General Canrobert, however, was not his own master. He was mainly, as we shall see, a sort of executive correspondent of the French Emperor.

This terrible bombardment, which endured from the 9th to the 16th, was singularly deficient in incident. When we opened fire two of our batteries had not been armed. One of these was intended for six 32-pounders, and on the night of the 11th these guns were drawn down to the first parallel by horses, and thence by large fatigue parties towards the battery. But the ground was so muddy, and the clay so tenacious, that only one gun could be got into the work. The next night the attempt was resumed, and again only one more gun could be forced into the battery; for the Russians, hearing the noise of our men, opened a heavy fire, and not only drove off the soldiers, but destroyed one of the guns. Two more nights were spent in arming these batteries, and when they opened fire the enemy concentrated upon them so many guns that, after a prolonged and unequal contest, they were forced to succumb. Again they renewed the conflict, but again they were beaten. The right attack was the scene of a more striking incident. On the 15th, when the fury of the bombardment had subsided, a shell from a Russian gun broke into one of our magazines, and, exploding, blew up the magazine. The magazine man was shattered to pieces so completely that only one of his hands was found. There were nine men wounded, and the battery was disabled. Seeing this, the enemy rushed out on their parapets and cheered. It was the first British magazine they had blown up. One gun only in the battery was uninjured. Captain Dixon, who commanded, instantly manned this gun and opened fire, training it upon the enemy cheering from his parapets; and with this solitary gun, as long as his ammunition lasted, Captain Dixon replied to the murderous fire which the enemy hurled upon the ruined but unconquered work. For this act of valour Captain Dixon received the Victoria Cross. During this second bombardment we had twenty-six pieces of ordnance disabled, and we lost 213 officers and men killed and wounded; the killed being four officers and forty-two men. In justice to the Naval Brigade, it should be recorded that they fought their batteries with a vigour and precision so great as to draw down on them a very severe fire. Their losses alone were greater than those of the artillery and the line put together.

The French, on the western face, carried on a double operation. They kept up an incessant cannonade, and they pushed their approaches towards the place. In a great measure they were compelled to adopt this course, but in part the necessity arose from their persistence in the opinion that the town side was the vulnerable side of the defences of Sebastopol. Pursuing their plan of throwing out counter-approaches, the Russians had established themselves in small works along the whole front of the French trenches. Their riflemen, covering the faces of the Flagstaff and Central Bastions, were posted within seventy yards of the French, and, as their biting fire became intolerable, and, moreover, hindered the progress of the works of attack, it was determined to storm, and hold or destroy them. On the night of the 11th the French stormed three of these pits, or ambuscades, as they call them; and on the 12th they strove to master another series in a ravine lying between the Flagstaff and Central Bastion, but in this they failed with some loss. Seeing the persistence of the French, and being supported by a very strong post in a cemetery on his right, near the head of the Quarantine Bay, Prince Gortschakoff resolved to connect the whole of the pits, and thus form a vast outwork, which in due time might become the front line of the defences on that side, and be armed with cannon. The French would not suffer the execution of this design so fatal to their progress. The Russians had scarcely begun to labour at the new trench than out from the French lines issued two columns. One, under General Rivet, fell upon the Russian left, the other, under General Berton, assailed the Russian right. At the first onset Rivet was driven back, but, bringing up supports, he renewed the conflict, and, after a bloody hand to hand fight, succeeded in seizing the coveted ground. On the other flank, Berton had been at once victorious; and although the Russians tried to expel him, he repelled them, and enabled the sappers and working parties to make good possession, and carry their most advanced works on to this disputed soil. But these night attacks were very costly, especially in officers, seventeen of whom fell in this last combat alone. The enemy still held his strong post in the cemetery, on the left flank of the French approaches, and it was plain that he must be driven thence if these approaches were to run into the place. In the meantime the miners had been at work in front of the Flagstaff, and on the night of the 15th several mines, containing upwards of 5,000 pounds of powder, were exploded. The rock was rent and torn, large stones were hurled around, and the ground for several hundred yards trembled violently.

As soon as the commotion ceased, a body of volunteers dashed out of the French trenches to make good a lodgment in the huge pits opened by the powder. They had not reached the irregular shelter, before the Russian batteries opened a terrific fire. They appear to have looked for an assaulting column, as they not only hurled shot and shell from their guns, but kept up an uninterrupted storm of musketry, and tossed grenades from their main lines towards the French. This formed a splendid spectacle, especially as the French gunners replied to the fire. All night the French soldiers laboured to carry a covered way up to the huge ditches made by their mines. But morning came, and found the work unfinished; and the labourers had to enter the trenches, leaving a forlorn hope of a hundred men to make good the new conquest against any counter attack. So rocky was the soil, that five days elapsed before the communication with this advanced parallel was complete, and the newly-conquered ground solidly bound to the main body of the approaches. The French had suffered heavily in the loss of officers. Among them was the chief engineer, General Bizot. On the 11th he was with General Niel, in the English right attack; and in passing thence to the French right attack, a Russian rifleman shot him through the head. The wound proved to be mortal. Bizot was esteemed a skilful officer, and the heads of both armies attended his funeral. He was succeeded by Niel, a more skilful officer, and a great gain to the allied armies.

GENERAL NIEL.

In the meantime the British had pushed on towards the Redan. There were three large rifle-pits on the left of the third parallel of the right attack, whence the

enemy annoyed our working parties and our gunners. Colonel Egerton, with a party of the 77th, was directed to carry these pits, and on the night of the 19th he moved his men out of the parallel, followed by some companies of the 33rd in support. Egerton was a very fine soldier; and although his movement was detected by the enemy, he did not give his own men time to reply to their fire, but led them on with the bayonet. The Russians, surprised, and turned, hurried away; and our working parties at once began to turn the faces of the pits towards the Redan, and to connect them by the sap with the third parallel. This labour was carried on under a smart fire of shot and musketry, but it was quite successful. The Russians once attempted to recover the lost ground by a sortie. Our soldiers, instead of repelling them by firing from their cover, boldly met them on the open. They lost men by their daring, but they so daunted the enemy that he did not close. Colonel Egerton, unhappily, was killed. Very ·ll, his head rose above the parapet of gabions, and a Russian bullet laid him low just as the victory had been won. We retained one pit, and the next night destroyed the other two, carrying a demi-parallel in rear of them through Egerton's pit. One other incident in the attack on these pits deserves to be recorded. "A drummer boy of the 77th Regiment went with his comrades in the first rush against the enemy's pits, when he saw a Russian trumpet boy trying to clamber over the parapet in order to get away. He was immediately collared by our drummer, who, having no arms, began to pummel him in truly British fashion. The Russian boy, not understanding this mode of treatment, tried to grapple with him, but in this he signally failed, as the English boy threw him on the ground, made him prisoner, and took his trumpet from him." He afterwards gave it to Sir George Brown, who rewarded the boy and praised his courage; and the exploit coming to the ears of Lord Raglan, he also gave the lad a present.

In order to ascertain what force the enemy kept on the Tchernaya, Omer Pasha was requested to reconnoitre the valley on the morning of the 19th of April. The Turkish chief was to have the command of 800 Chasseurs d'Afrique, four squadrons of British cavalry, a French rocket battery, and half a troop of British horse artillery. The infantry of the force was composed of twelve battalions of Turks, the flower of the little army, brought by the Pasha to the allied camp. Lord Raglan and General Canrobert accompanied the troops, but as spectators only. The plain before Balaclava and the dells were now bright with rich grass and gay with an abundance of brilliant flowers. The herbage grew strong and rank over the graves of the dead. The wild fruit-trees were covered with blossoms. It was a beautiful spring morning. The Turkish Infantry, in dark masses, tipped with flashing steel, moved along the hill side in front of the British lines, and then, turning to their left, took post on the high ground overlooking Kamara. When they had gained this position, the allied cavalry, preceded by skirmishers, moved over the plain, crossing the low hills whereon the Turkish redoubts once stood, and coming into line with the Turkish infantry, opposite the Hasfort Hill, which overlooks Tchorgoun. The cavalry walking over that glowing plain formed the centre of a brilliant picture. Then the Turkish infantry moved down into Kamara, the Cossacks retiring before them to the Hasfort Hill. The cavalry made a corresponding movement to the left, and the Turkish skirmishers, supported by the rocket battery, were sent against the Hasfort Hill. They went up nimbly, firing as they climbed the ascent. Then a rocket, with its trail of tortuous smoke, hissed above their heads, and falling near the group of Cossacks, sent them flying down the reverse slope. When the skirmishers crowned the ridge, the enemy were over the Tchernaya. The infantry columns and cavalry were halted on the slope, and Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, and Omer Pasha went to the front, and surveyed the scene. From this point they obtained an extensive view of the valley, and they had the satisfaction of finding that it was only occupied by a very few troops posted on the hills above Tchorgoun. Soon after mid-day the whole force returned to the camp, where Lord Raglan inspected our cavalry, now reinforced by the 10th Hussars from India.

So far as outward signs were concerned, April went on towards its close without any other striking occurrence. In the trenches they were preparing for a new bombardment, and fighting brief duels with gun against gun, or, on the French side, repelling fierce sorties or contesting with the enemy for a rifle pit; while under the earth the miner pursued his tedious task. Towards the close of the month the French commander reviewed his army, and afforded a splendid spectacle to his allies, among whom was the keen-eyed British ambassador from Constantinople. Omer Pasha and 9,000 of his Turks left Kamiesch for Eupatoria, moved thereto by a report that the Russians were once more assembling on that side. The French losses during the whole siege up to the end of April are reported by themselves to have been 1,353 killed, and 8,446 wounded; while from the 9th to the 19th of April only, the Russian loss is said to have been no fewer than 1,202 killed and 4,961 wounded.

The month of May opened with a day of great freshness and beauty, which, following on the heels of damp and cold, was all the more welcome to the troops. The French, still vexed and retarded by the Russian counter-approaches, resolved to storm the pits in front of the central bastion. These pits not only occupied ground required for the advancement and prolongation of the French attack, but they were growing rapidly into a strong work, into which the enemy had already carried nine Cohorn mortars. General Pélissier determined to seize them, and from the trenches he sent against them three columns, one on each flank, and one on the centre. The moon shone brightly, and as the French streamed out of their parallels, they were seen by the foe. A sharp fusilade broke the stillness and shook the ranks of the French, but they went in with the bayonet, and although they were met with the bayonet, their rush prevailed, and the enemy, expelled from his posts, retired into the place. The Russians never readily surrendered

a good lodgment, and after the batteries of the main works had thrown shot and shell and grape upon the French, who were engaged in turning the faces of the pits towards the town, the enemy sallied forth, and began again a murderous fight. But his efforts were in vain. General Pélissier, never sparing of men, had supplied large reserves, and feeding the combat and the working parties with these, he triumphed over all obstacles, and retained the ground so dearly won. This night combat was directed by General de Salles, and the columns were commanded by Generals Bazaine and de la Motterouge. The next night the enemy tried once more to win back what he had lost, but the French were too firmly ensconced to be driven out. Both sides lost many hundred officers and men; but the gain of ground on the part of the French was the more important to them, because it put a limit to the daring system of counter-approaches on that side. The Russians shewed great jealousy of the progress of the British attacks, and on the 9th and 11th of May they made two sorties upon our parallels. The first was directed against the right attack, the second against the left. On both occasions they were met stoutly by the British troops on guard, and after a good deal of firing, driven away. In the second sortie, however, they got into one battery, and had to be expelled by the bayonet. These sorties presented splendid pyrotechnic spectacles, as they usually finished with a boisterous cannonade. They cost both sides many men, but did not stay the advance of the assailants.

We have now cleared the way for the narration of a series of very remarkable facts which occurred between the last week in April and the middle of May, and ended in a change in the chief command of the French army.

The French Emperor desired to take the most conspicuous place in the allied camp. He desired to command the allied army, and to try his skill in strategy. Early in the year he sent part of his Guard to the Crimea, and later, giving out that he intended to join the army, he directed the whole of the Guard, except the depôts, to proceed to Maslak, near Constantinople, and hold themselves in readiness for active service. Two divisions of the Line were joined to the Guard, and these together made a separate corps d'armée, 25,000 strong. The dominant idea in the mind of the Emperor at this time was sound enough in principle. He thought that Sebastopol could best be taken after an army operating in the field had driven the Russians beyond the Putrid Sea, and enabled the allies to invest the place on all sides. There can now be no doubt he designed to lead that army in person. General Canrobert was allowed to have some, perhaps not very complete, glimpse of this plan. He was warned not to neglect a favourable moment, but not to risk anything. The knowledge that the Emperor was planning and scheming in Paris, and striving how he could compass the command of the allies, weighed upon the mind of Canrobert, and increased his natural shrinking from responsibility. He had secret instructions, and these he pored over in secret, and felt that they tied his hands. He was told that if an assault would cost too many men, he must stand on the defensive, and hold himself ready at the first signal to provide 60,000 or 70,000 men, including the reserve at Maslak, for operations in the field. So that when he came to consult with Lord Raglan on the chances of an assault, these secret instructions, lying at the back of his mind, governed the final view he took of the operation, but not the intermediate stages. Lord Raglan was decidedly for a general assault. For a moment, on the 24th of April, Canrobert gave way before his arguments, and General Pélissier, nothing loth, received orders to prepare a force sufficient to storm the principal works, and the English plan of attack was decided on in detail. But no sooner had this been settled in council, than Canrobert recurred to his secret instructions; his doubts began as soon as he left the presence of Lord Raglan. Moreover, he got fresh news from Paris that the Emperor would certainly arrive early in May. On the 25th, therefore, he sent two generals to Lord Raglan, to tell him that he no longer agreed with the plan of an assault, and, in consequence, all the orders given were withdrawn, and the siege relapsed into its ordinary posture. So oppressed was General Canrobert with the weight of these instructions and injunctions from Paris, that it was with the utmost difficulty General Pélissier succeeded in prevailing on his commander to permit the attacks which occurred on the 1st of May, and which involved the safety of the French trenches as well as their further progress.

While General Canrobert was in this dubious and painful frame of mind, Lord Raglan proposed a subsidiary project. He asked his colleague to join in an expedition having for its object the capture of the town and straits of Kertch, with the ulterior aim of naval operations in the Sea of Azoff. This project had the hearty support of Admiral Bruat and Admiral Lyons. It was indeed a most important operation; for by the Spit of Arabat and by the port of Kertch the enemy received vast supplies from his abounding depôts on the shores of the Sea of Azoff, and by the straits he still kept up a direct communication with his armies on the Kuban. Now, by a joint naval and military attack, he could be easily deprived of these resources—the more easily, as he had few men at Kertch, and no ships. General Canrobert, unable to resist the force of the arguments addressed to him, yielded his assent, then recalled it, then, on the 1st of May, once more fell in with Lord Raglan's views. It was arranged that General d'Autemarre should take 8,000 French, and that the English should furnish 3,000, including a troop of horse, with one English and two French batteries; the whole under Sir George Brown, who was nominated for the command by Canrobert himself. These troops were collected, marched to Kamiesch, and embarked on the 3rd. They sailed away with great ostentation, going north, to bewilder the enemy; and at night, or when out of sight of land, they went about and steered for Kertch. But, in the evening, just as our head-quarters were congratulating themselves on the fact that the expedition was well on its way, General Canrobert appeared, and said he must recall the French

troops at once. Why? Because he had received a peremptory order from the Emperor's Cabinet, direct by electric telegraph. It ran thus: "On the receipt of this dispatch, collect at once all your means for an operation in the field; concentrate immediately all your troops, even those at Maslak." Lord Raglan said that the Emperor, when he gave that order, was not aware that the expedition had sailed, and for a moment the French General consented reluctantly to take the view it implied. But two hours later—that is, about midnight—he sent Colonel Trochu, the chief of his staff, to say that, on considering the dispatch once more—no doubt by the light of the secret instructions—he must recall and had recalled the French part of the expedition by a special steamer. Lord Raglan was vexed at this vacillation, but he could show no resentment. The expedition, if it returned, would reveal its object. The enemy might prepare to parry a similar blow. Feeling this, in his dispatches to Admiral Lyons and Sir George Brown, he informed them of the falling off of their allies; but he told them they might go on alone, if they deemed it expedient, and he would shoulder the responsibility. The French steamer caught up the fleet just as it sighted Kertch, and General d'Autemarre, with some chagrin, found he must desert his comrades. Then the English steamer came up, and Lyons and Brown, considering Lord Raglan's hardy offer, thought it inexpedient to go on alone. So, to the amazement of both armies, and the astonishment of the Russians, the expedition returned, after revealing its object.

It need scarcely be said that much blame fell on the French Commander-in-Chief. He was rated in the camps for vacillation. Men said he did not know his own mind for two hours together. The censure was unjust. General Canrobert was only the faithful servant of an Emperor, who, three thousand miles away, sitting in his Cabinet, amid a web of electric wires, presumed to direct a great war in which he was engaged with an ally. For a moment, thanks to Imperial interference, effective concert was at an end.

The French Emperor, finding he had unwittingly spoiled a fine design, sent another telegraphic message, ordering Canrobert to resume the expedition, if Lord Raglan assented. Lord Raglan, thinking the enemy, apprised of the intended attack, might have strengthened the place, said it would now be prudent to employ a larger force. To this Canrobert demurred. The fact was, he had lost a good many men in the trenches, and he was employing a whole division in perfecting the lines at Kamiesch, that essential prelude, according to Imperial views, of the Imperial plan of campaign. Omer Pasha was willing to spare 14,000 of his best troops for the Kertch expedition, but Lord Raglan did not deem it expedient to accept this offer. About this time the Sardinian contingent, under General la Marmora, landed in the Crimea. The far-sighted policy of Count Cavour had led him to join the Western League. Austria, who had not fulfilled her qualified pledge, to engage in active war, was now less inclined than ever to do so. The sight of the Sardinian tricolour, of the flag of Italy, was not pleasant to her eyes. It looked like a portent. It appeared to wear too much the appearance of a renewal of the dreams of Italian independence, and a recovery from the defeat of Novara; and she regarded with alarm the bold step taken by the able counsellor of Victor Emmanuel. By sending her contingent to the Crimea, under the flag of Italian unity, Sardinia took rank among the effective powers of Europe, and won that place in the general councils of Europe which Cavour knew so well how to use for the profit of his country. The Sardinians were under the orders of Lord Raglan. His British force now numbered 32,600 men, effective; the Sardinian troops raised it to 47,600 men, not counting the sick.

The troubles of General Canrobert now reached a climax. His Emperor found that he could not go to command the allied army in the Crimea. The "voice" of the French people, the "prayers" of the French people, and we suspect something more potent than either, showed the Emperor that he must abandon this dream of ambition. But he was eminently gratified by the realisation of another. Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Eugenie, his Empress, became the guests of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle—recognition of royalty more precious than the glory of commanding a huge army in the Crimea.

When it was decided that his Imperial Majesty must refrain from his projected adventure in the East, he sent an aide-de-camp with a grand plan of campaign; and poor General Canrobert, already harassed by Imperial interference, had to submit this scheme of operations to Lord Raglan, and press it upon his acceptance. This he did about the 12th of May. The Emperor's proposal was to divide the armies into three. One he proposed should consist of 60,000 men, half French and half Turks. This, under Pélissier, was to hold Kamiesch and the trenches, not with the object of continuing the siege, but of blockading the south side. The French were to guard their own batteries: the Turks were to hold ours. The second army, 55,000 strong, composed of the British, with the Sardinians and certain French and Turks, the whole under Lord Raglan, was to hold the Tchernaya in front of Balaclava. Behind these 40,000 Frenchmen were to gather ready to pour into the valley of Baidar, while 25,000 from Maslak landed at Alouchta, forced the pass of Ayon, and being joined by the 40,000 men from the valley of Baidar, moved in a compact body upon Simpheropol. Then, if the Russians advanced towards Batchi-Serai, Lord Raglan was to storm the heights of Mackenzie, and seize the "position" of Inkermann; but if the Russians awaited an attack on the north side, then Lord Raglan was to file through the Baidar valley, and joining Canrobert at Albat, the combined force was to advance and throw the Russians into Sebastopol or into the sea. If the pass of Ayon could not be forced, the 25,000 men sent to Alouchta were to return to Balaclava, and in that case the whole disposable force of 65,000 men was to enter the Baidar valley, and break through the mountain chain by Albat. Such was the pretty paper plan sent by the Emperor. The alternative plan was an

advance from Eupatoria upon Simpheropol; but this he only discussed to destroy by numberless objections.

When General Canrobert unfolded this scheme before Lord Raglan and Omer Pasha, both the English and the Turkish chief deemed it impracticable. The immense extent of the works before Sebastopol rendered it impossible of execution in their eyes; for they rightly judged that 60,000 men, one-half Turkish, could not hold the trenches, now crowded with artillery. Lord Raglan would not entrust English guns to the guardianship of the Turks. He preferred to go on with the siege; but if he adopted any plan of field operations, he would have chosen an advance from Eupatoria or the mouth of the Alma, and, failing that, an attempt to turn the heights of Mackenzie by Baidar and Albat. As he found Lord Raglan indisposed to fall in with the Imperial scheme, Canrobert exclaimed suddenly, "My Lord, take the supreme command yourself!" The origin of this extraordinary ejaculation, made without adequate authority, is to be found in an expression of regret, which occurred in a private despatch from the Emperor to his general, that the armies were not under one generalissimo—the post he had hoped no doubt to fill. In answer to Canrobert's abrupt proposal, Lord Raglan said, hypothetically, that if he took command he should require either that, if he undertook operations in the field, the French should occupy the British trenches, or that the siege should go on, beginning with the immediate assault and capture of the Mamelon and White Works. To this Canrobert at once said he should not consent—an answer testifying to the prudence of Lord Raglan in putting him to the test. The council of war broke up without coming to any decision. On the 16th, unable to face the difficulties that beset him, General Canrobert resigned; the Emperor accepted his resignation, and General Pélissier was appointed to the command of the army of the East. By carrying out the will of the Emperor, Canrobert felt, as he said, that he had got into a false position, and he withdrew, much to his credit. But, more to his credit, he begged that he might remain with the army, and that he might be reinstated in the command of his old division. This request was granted. From the 19th of May to the end of the siege, Pélissier commanded the French army in the Crimea.

Early in the morning General Pélissier drove over to the English head-quarters, and announced in person that on him had devolved the command of the French army. In doing so he explained that he agreed in the views of the English chief as to the best mode of carrying on the war. For some hours the two commanders discussed their prospects, and Lord Raglan was personally glad that he had now for a colleague a man of firm will and decided purposes. About noon an immense concourse of officers assembled at the French head-quarters, and in their presence General Canrobert formally handed over to Pélissier the command of the army, and took his farewell. The two generals paid each other handsome compliments, both verbally and in glowing orders of the day; and every one admired the simplicity and dignity with which General Canrobert resigned his high honours and great power. But few knew that he was, in the main, a sacrifice to the meddling of the Emperor Napoleon in the direction of the war. The Emperor was not ungrateful; for when the war was over, he did not fail to bestow a marshal's baton on his faithful servant.

In the afternoon, with a small escort, Canrobert betook himself to the head-quarters of the British commander. The Field Marshal, we are told by one of his staff, received him, if possible, with even more than his usual courtesy, for Lord Raglan was the most courteous of men. Moreover, he could not but feel admiration for a man who had been placed by his sovereign in an equivocal position, who had so nobly forgot his self-interest, and who felt that he could not lose dignity or honour in receiving orders from Pélissier, who had been accustomed to take orders from him. Lord Raglan paid to Canrobert that respect which he would have shown him had he still been at the head of 90,000 men. The Frenchman, on his side, was quick to congratulate his old colleague on the change which had been effected, saying that he knew General Pélissier to be a man who had the greatest respect for his lordship's judgment, and that Pélissier agreed, even in detail, with Lord Raglan's plans He thanked his lordship for the kindness he had always shown him, and said he should ever remember the period of their intercourse with great pleasure. In taking leave the French general was a good deal overcome, as a sensitive and high-spirited Frenchman well might be, who had just resigned the command of a mighty army, and now bade adieu to a comrade; and Lord Raglan was touched at parting from a very brave and frank soldier, who had stood by him at Inkermann, and with whom, in spite of some professional antagonism, he had lived on friendly terms. So General Canrobert departed from the British head-quarters to resume his old post as General of Division.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Negotiations for Peace—Position of Austria—Treaty of December 2nd, 1854—Austria's Engagements—Bases of Negotiation accepted by Russia—Lord John Russell starts for Vienna (February 20th, 1855)—Conference opens March 15th—Two Points agreed to—The Third Point—Difficulty of approaching it—Russia declines the Initiative—Proposals of the Allies—Internal Discord—Austria backing out of the Treaty of December 2nd—Russia refuses the Allied Proposals—Tactics of Russia—Lord John goes home—M. Drouyn de Lhuys returns to Paris, and resigns—Last Proposal of Austria—Conference formally closed—Austria backs out—Position of Lord John Russell on his return—Called to account in Parliament, he resigns before a Motion of Censure—Discussions on the War in Parliament—Character of the Opposition—Mr. Disraeli Defeated—Vote on the Turkish Loan—Vote on Mr. Roebuck's Sebastopol Inquiry—Motion of Censure—Views of Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell on the War—Finance of the War.

WHILE the armies in the Crimea had been occupied in holding their ground, and recovering from the effects of the winter campaign, the political action of the allied Governments had been directed into a channel of negotiations opened by Austria, and conducted at Vienna.

Austria had not approved of the expedition to the Crimea. She had, to a certain extent, joined the Western Powers; and although Russia might not deem it expe-

dient to turn upon Austria and make war upon her, still that was possible; for Austria had given a cause of war to Russia by exerting that pressure—severe, though distant and indirect—which impelled the Czar to raise the siege of Silistria, and then abandon the Principalities. Then the troops of Austria, by slow degrees, occupied the country as far as the Pruth, and thus enabled the Western Powers to divert their armies upon Sebastopol. But when they took that direction, and left Austria alone face to face with Russia, supported only by a few Turks, and having in Germany a very doubtful ally in Prussia, Austria was discontented. She had, however, gone too far to recede. She was committed to the course of armed neutrality, verging always upon open war. Becoming aware of her situation, and having, just before the war broke out, reduced her army by 90,000 men, she now spent £16,000,000 sterling in order to place her public force on an effective war footing. For a moment, in the victory of the Alma and the first bombardment of Sebastopol, she saw prospects of a speedy termination of the war. The dark cloud of Inkermann and the failure of the bombardment suddenly hid those prospects from her view. The allies had not been beaten, but they had been frustrated; and Austria saw in the new circumstances an opening for a new effort to bring about a peace. Her special object had been gained when the Russian monopoly of the Lower Danube had been removed, and she did not appear to appreciate the larger objects of the allies, namely, a definite reduction of Russian power in the Black Sea; or she did not feel capable of aiding in their accomplishment by a direct participation in hostilities. She therefore renewed her part of peace-maker.

In order to place herself in a better position as regards the Western Powers, she agreed to sign a treaty known as the Treaty of the 2nd of December, 1854. This document stated that the Three Powers, being desirous of bringing the war to an end as speedily as possible, and of re-establishing peace on a solid basis, and being convinced that nothing would be more conducive to this result than the complete union of their efforts, they had resolved to conclude this treaty. By it they undertook not to make peace without first deliberating in common. Austria engaged to defend the frontier of the Principalities against any return of the Russian forces; in case war ensued between Austria and Russia, the Three Powers mutually promised to each other their offensive and defensive alliance; and in case peace should not be re-established before the 1st of January, 1855, the Three Powers agreed "to deliberate, without delay, upon effectual means for obtaining the object of their alliance." Here, then, it seemed, were fetters binding Austria to the fortunes of the alliance; and the Western Powers believed that, at last, they had a fair prospect of aid from Austrian arms. The object of Austria, however, was not war, but negotiation. By giving what seemed a proof of her willingness to share the fortunes of the allies, she took up a position which enhanced the value of any peace proposals she might devise. Accordingly, she set to work, contriving how, upon the bases of the negotiations carried on in the summer, which took the shape of the Four Points, she could present a scheme which Russia would be willing to consider. If she succeeded, she would relieve herself from the obligation of fighting imposed by the treaty; if she failed, some excuse might be evolved in the process of failure.

Thereupon negotiations were quietly resumed at Vienna between Count Buol and the ministers of the allies. Prussia, having declined to accede to the treaty of December 2nd, had no part in these proceedings. By the 28th of December the ministers had agreed to a paper defining the sense of the Four Points. Those points were first, the cessation of the Russian protectorate in the Principalities, and the substitution therefor of a European protectorate; second, the free navigation of the Danube; third, an arrangement having "for its object to connect the existence of the Ottoman Empire more completely with the European equilibrium, and to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea;" fourth, renunciation by Russia of her pretensions to exercise a protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Sultan. These bases of negotiation were presented to Prince Gortschakoff, Russian Minister at Vienna, and by him transmitted to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The Emperor of Russia was not at all disinclined to treat. He had nothing to lose by negotiations, and, as it was possible something might occur at a conference to disturb the harmony of the allies, he might have something to gain. Then it may well be that he counted on the presence of a Prussian envoy, and consequently of a backer; and therefore in December he gave his Minister at Vienna conditional, and on the 7th of January definite, power to negotiate. But the English Ministry falling under the shock of a popular tempest, it became impossible to send any plenipotentiary to Vienna, until the Government of England was once more in such a position, as regarded Parliament, that it could act with authority. Lord Palmerston formed a Ministry mainly composed of the chief members of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, and this Ministry adopted the resolution of sending Lord John Russell to attend a conference at Vienna. On the morning of the very day, the 20th of February, that the first Palmerston Ministry, striking on the rock of the Crimean inquiry, went to pieces, Lord John Russell took ship at Folkestone. The Ministry was rapidly built up again, and while at Paris Lord John received and accepted an offer of the post of Colonial Secretary. He had been sent off so hurriedly that his written instructions were not prepared until two days after he had sailed. Passing through Paris and Berlin, and conferring in each capital with the highest personages of the State, he did not reach Vienna until the 4th of March, and even then ten more days passed before the Conference held its first sitting.

This took place on the 15th of March, in the Austrian Foreign Office. The Plenipotentiaries were, for Austria, Count Buol-Schauenstein and Baron Prokesch-Osten; for France, Baron de Bourqueney; for England, Lord John Russell and the Earl of Westmoreland; for Turkey, Aarif Effendi; and for Russia, Prince Gortschakoff and

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M. de Titoff. Count Buol, as a matter of course, became the President of the Conference. At the very outset there was a faint foreshadowing of the discussion which subsequently occurred. The Czar Nicholas had just died, but his successor had declared with emphasis that he should pursue the policy of Peter, Catherine, Alexander, and Nicholas. When, therefore, the mild tones of conciliation in which Count Buol opened the Conference had died away, and Baron de Bourquency and Lord John Russell had, on behalf of their Governments, reserved the right of making special conditions over and above the four guarantees, Prince Gortschakoff seemed to regard this as a challenge. At all events, he took it up as such, and answered promptly. He hoped, he said, they all had a common object, the object of arriving at an honourable peace. "If," he added, "from whatever quarter they come, conditions of peace were wished to be imposed on Russia which should not be compatible with her honour, Russia would never consent to them, however serious might be the consequences." He did not contest the right of the belligerent powers to add new demands according to the chances of the war; but, for his part, he considered himself under the obligation to keep within the limits of the Four Points. Having thus broken ground, the Conference went at once into the details of the First Point, and determined to debate them in the order laid down. We need not enter into these details. It is sufficient to state that in five sittings the plenipotentiaries had agreed upon a form of words, fully embodying the spirit of the original basis of the first two Points. It was on the third, the key-stone of the whole, that they split asunder.

It was on the 26th of March that Count Buol broached the question. It may be remembered that the object in view was to connect Turkey with the European system, and, in the words used by Lord Clarendon's instructions to Lord John, to abrogate the supremacy of Russia in the Black Sea. For this, indeed, three fleets and three armies were thundering against the stronghold of the Czar. It was this supremacy and the temptation it held out to Russia which had led her sovereign into arrogant courses, and had brought on the war. In opening the debate on this now famous Third Point, Count Buol, speaking not only for himself but his allies, suggested that it would be the better course for the Ministers of Russia and Turkey to state to the Conference what means they thought adequate to accomplish the ends desired. The French and English Ministers supported this suggestion, Lord John enforcing it with the courteous remark, called forth by Prince Gortschakoff's early declaration touching the honour of his country, that England and her allies deemed "the best and only admissible conditions of peace would be those which, being the most in harmony with the honour of Russia, should, at the same time, be sufficient for the security of Europe." Of course, Prince Gortschakoff could only be gratified, and could not do less than agree to ask his Cabinet whether they would act on the suggestion of Count Buol. The Turks did the same. As it was unavoidable that some time should elapse before answers were received, Count Buol proposed to pass to the Fourth Point; but to this neither the Cabinet of England nor France, and both were consulted, would consent. Thus several days were wasted, during which the French and Turkish Ministers for Foreign Affairs were hurrying towards Vienna to take part in these critical negotiations.

At the ninth sitting, on the 9th of April, these two, M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Aali Pasha, were formally introduced. But no other business was transacted, because Prince Gortschakoff had not received instructions from his Court in regard to Count Buol's suggestion touching the views of Russia on the Third Point. On the 17th the Conference again assembled. Would Russia take the initiative and propound a plan for the abrogation of her preponderance? The question was answered at once, and all the more readily, perhaps, because the second bombardment of Sebastopol had failed. Russia would *not* take the initiative; moreover, "Russia would not consent to the strength of her navy being restricted to any fixed number, either by treaty or in any other manner." The allies were, or affected to be, in consternation. They had no plan, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys suggested that they should meet at once to decide what they should demand. Lord John Russell blurted out the opinion that the refusal of Russia had diminished the chances of peace. Prince Gortschakoff rejoined that Russia would consider any mode except that of limitation. That was not consistent with honour. The high spirit and bold front maintained by the Czar is shown in nothing more than the arrogance with which, at this period, his Ministers endeavoured to prevent the allies from meeting to consult on and arrange the terms to be offered to Russia! Of course, the allies would not suffer such arrogant pretensions. They retired to debate among themselves, and a singular debate it was. The Austrian Cabinet clearly wished to shrink out of the engagement of the 2nd of December. Although in favour of the complete neutralisation of the Black Sea, preferring limitation to counterpoise, and agreeing to support the plan of limitation, Count Buol not only declined, on behalf of Austria, to make a refusal by Russia of the two former a *casus belli*, but suggested the extravagant plan of simply binding Russia not to increase her naval force in the Black Sea beyond the point at which it stood *before* the war! To this, strange to say, Lord John Russell assented, telling his Government that if this system of settlement could be made an ultimatum by Austria, the Western Powers ought to accept it. But when, a few days afterwards, Count Colloredo, in London, submitted the scheme to Lord Clarendon, the Minister did not hesitate a moment in rejecting it. "England and France," he said, "had given abundant proofs of the value they attached to the alliance of Austria; but they were not prepared to sacrifice for it their honour and the future security of Europe; and peace upon the terms proposed by Count Buol would be as dishonourable as it would be hollow and unsafe." That was a true English answer, and it is amazing that it was not made by Lord John Russell on the spot in swift rejoinder to the Austrian Minister. Well might Lord Clarendon say that

Count Buol's dispatch gave him much reason to fear that Austria would propose nothing that Russia would be unwilling to accept—a fear justified by the event.

In the meantime, with this tendency to give way on the side of the allies, the Conference had become a farce. They met on the 19th, after consulting, and propounded a plan. The first proposition declared that the Powers undertook to respect, as an essential condition of the general equilibrium, the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The Russians concurred, but—did not intend thereby to pledge their Court to a territorial guarantee! So the virtue of the article vanished at once. Then came the proposal intended to take away Russian preponderance by limiting the number of her ships in the Black Sea. Prince Gortschakoff demanded time to consider the project, and M. de Titoff took the liberty of regretting that Russia had not the option of settling the whole question by discussion with a State "free in its movements and resolutions"—meaning Turkey, which he knew, as well as the other Ministers, was, like England and France, bound to act on the basis of a common understanding. The taunt is of no moment, except as an illustration of the assurance of Russian envoys. They had not exhausted the ample stock of that commodity they brought to Vienna. Indeed, it seemed to increase under the influence of Austrian vacillation and timidity. The Conference held two more sittings. On the 21st of April Prince Gortschakoff point blank refused to accede even to the mild and inadequate proposal of limitation, and brought forward an impudent plan for throwing open the Black Sea and, of course, the Dardanelles and Bosphorus to the war-ships of all nations—a very startling mode of liberating Turkey from menace, and preserving her independence. The Ministers of England and France at once declined to discuss such a proposal, and declared their instructions to be exhausted; and Lord John Russell started for London. M. Drouyn de Lhuys lingered to attend another conference, and to hear Prince Gortschakoff, as if in mockery of the allies, put forth a proposition to maintain the old plan of keeping the Straits closed, and—admirable benevolence!—giving the Sultan the right, a right he already possessed, of opening the Straits, and calling up the ships of his allies when he was menaced. The Conference closed, leaving the Russians exulting at the skill with which they had done what they were sent to do—that is, to feel the pulse of Austria, to find out whether she would actively join the war, and to make a brave show of resolution before all Europe.

Although the Conference had closed, Count Buol persisted in thinking that he could devise terms of peace. He had pledged himself to discover such terms, and when the British Government pressed upon Austria the fulfilment of the treaty of December, the answer was that Count Buol was engaged in his search after a satisfactory measure of pacification. Now it happened that, although the Western Powers were not adverse to an honourable peace which they did not believe Russia would grant, they were extremely desirous to obtain the active support of Austria in the war. Therefore Count Buol went on with his search, and by the middle of May he had hit upon a scheme so weak and ineffective that the allies warned him beforehand they could not assent to it. This scheme contained the guarantee of independence and integrity for Turkey; maintained the principle that the Straits should be closed, but gave the contracting powers the right of keeping two frigates in the Black Sea; laid it down that Turkey and Russia should agree as to what force they would maintain there, the amount not to exceed, on either side, the force of Russian vessels then (May, 1855) afloat in the Euxine; and stipulated that this agreement should form an integral part of the treaty. Subsequently an article was added whereby Austria bound herself to regard as a *casus belli* such additions to the Russian fleet in the Black Sea as would bring it up to the number existing in 1853! As the Western Powers would not agree to any such proposals, Austria declared that she had fulfilled her part; that Russia was now no longer exclusively to blame for the failure of negotiations; that Austria regarded herself as absolved from her pledge in the treaty of December 2nd, and that she had nothing to do but wish success to the allies. So the great central German Power shuffled out of her engagements; and it cannot be doubted that one of her reasons for so acting was to be found in the fact that the flag of Italy was waving in the breezes of the Crimea. There was a meeting of the Conference on the 4th of June, called solely that Austria might record her propositions, and place herself in a position to say that she had redeemed her promises. The only result of it was this: it enabled Prince Gortschakoff to boast that Austria had proposed bases which she deemed sufficient, but which her allies deemed insufficient, and thus to placard the dissension in the allied camp. Such were the conferences at Vienna in 1855. The allies had agreed to them solely at the instance of Austria, and because she had made her active co-operation in the war depend upon the failure of attempts to conclude peace on the terms agreed upon between the Three Powers. The allies were, therefore, discredited in the eyes of Europe by their complaisance towards Austria; but although she gained her end, which was to evade the obligations she had undertaken of her own free will, the conferences served to show Europe more clearly than ever that Alexander was as obstinately bent as Nicholas upon maintaining Russian preponderance in the Black Sea.

But, in fact, no such conferences should have been held. The only effective mode of negotiating for peace was by prosecuting the war until Sebastopol fell, and the last Russian ship sank beneath the surface of the harbour.

The conferences had nevertheless important results. In the first place, they made manifest the dogged persistence of Russia in the policy of Peter and Catherine. In the next place, they finally convinced the Western Powers that it was useless to pursue the receding phantom of an active Austrian alliance. Thirdly, they liberated the allies from the fetters of the Four Points, and enabled them to declare that they held themselves free to propose those or any other conditions of peace

which might be deemed expedient by them. Lastly, the conferences were fatal to the official existence of a Minister in France and England.

There was something enervating in the atmosphere of Vienna; for, as the Conference proceeded, the spirit and firmness with which M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lord John Russell began their task diminished visibly. Lord John became painfully conscious that Austria would not propose or support any efficacious plan to abrogate Russian preponderance in the Black Sea, if the support she gave led her into war. "The occupation of the Principalities by Russia," he wrote to his Cabinet, "she felt to be dangerous to her existence as a great power, and she risked a war to put an end to it. But that point accomplished, I fear we must not count upon her aid to save Constantinople from the encroaching ambition of Russia." This is the language of despair. England and France could continue the war, "but the waste of life and money would be enormous." This was written on the 16th of April. On the 17th Lord John had become so down-hearted that he consented to support the Austrian proposal fixing the Russian *maximum* at the force possessed by Russia before the war. If this, which would have sacrificed the whole of the exertions of the allies, could have been made an *ultimatum* by Austria, he thought the Western Powers should accept it. The Western Powers had resolved not to sink so low. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who was equally despondent and submissive, went home and resigned, because he had compromised his Government by giving even a qualified assent to terms so disastrous. Lord John Russell went home, pleaded his cause in the Cabinet, and being overruled, did not resign. He remained in office, and, on the first opportunity, made a speech, not in favour of his Vienna views, but in favour of "the vigorous prosecution of the war."

The resignation of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs did not pass without comment. The reason soon became apparent, and it was broadly stated that Lord John Russell himself had participated in the line of action adopted by M. Drouyn de Lhuys at Vienna. Count Buol himself, resenting the publication of the protocols of the Conference, issued a circular in which he stated that the English plenipotentiary had supported the Austrian scheme of pacification. Then followed the publication, by the British Government, of several dispatches, showing clearly the course taken by the English plenipotentiary and the English Cabinet; and in July Mr. Milner Gibson brought the conduct of Lord John under the notice of the House, and demanded explanations. Lord John explained and defended the course he had taken; but not to the satisfaction of any one. The public feeling was strong; and the Opposition, taking advantage of the incident, Sir Edward Lytton gave notice of a motion censuring the whole of the Government. In the meantime there was a commotion in the Ministerial ranks. The Minister then offered to resign, and in answer Lord Palmerston frankly said that it was for Lord John to judge; but if he determined not to resign, then the Cabinet would stand by him. But Lord John was informed that a large number of the Liberals could not resist the motion, and, to save himself from censure, and the Government from defeat, he resigned. Thus the Opposition was foiled. The resignation did not prevent a debate, although it prevented a division; and Lord John, having six months before broken up one Ministry by a rapid retreat, now saved another by a similar manœuvre. This may be called the climax of the ill-fated Vienna Conference of 1855.

During the course of the session the Opposition had done what it considered to be its duty, as a body of critics on the proceedings of the Government. It was well known to Mr. Disraeli that, independently of the purely party votes he could command, a number of gentlemen of various opinions, if they did not vote with him, would at least help him to damage the Cabinet. When, therefore, in the middle of May, Mr. Milner Gibson gave notice of a motion in favour of peace, Mr. Disraeli promptly took it out of his hands, with his full consent, and framed a resolution, which, while it censured the Government for its ambiguous language and uncertain conduct in reference to the great question of peace or war, yet promised to give Her Majesty every support in the prosecution of the war until a safe and honourable peace had been obtained. Ignorant, or professing to be ignorant of the real conduct of the Government in the negotiations, he affected to believe that the country was drifting into an ignominious peace, and, in a speech of ambiguous import and uncertain aim, devoted mainly to an attack upon Lord John Russell, he stigmatised the conduct of Ministers by declaring that they carried on an aggressive war and a protective diplomacy, so that the one neutralised the other. But it was seen that this was a purely party attack, devised for the purpose of a party field day, and that its only chance of success lay in the barely possible union of the genuine peace party and the ultra war party with the followers of Lord Derby, whose views were by no means clear. The House of Commons were not of a mind to be trifled with. The country was for the war, and had no confidence in the Tories, who, as Mr. Lowe said, kept their patriotism for their speeches and reserved their votes for faction. Accordingly, Mr. Disraeli's motion was rejected by 319 to 219; and when Lord Grey made a similar motion in the House of Peers, Lord Derby would not even divide the House upon it, so plainly was the general conviction against it. Nevertheless the debates in the House of Commons—debates raised upon amendments to Mr. Disraeli's motion—went on for several days, revealing the true character of the different sections, and showing the inadequate views of the objects at stake which many had formed. Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden thought Russia had a claim to preponderance in the Black Sea. Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and their friends declared that the negotiations had been broken off on a question of "terms," mere phrases, a few ships more or less; that enough had been done to show that Russia could not be dominant in Europe; and that the wretched propositions of Count Buol were adequate bases of a safe and honour-

able peace. Thus it was seen that the Aberdeen section of the Aberdeen Cabinet had entered on the war with very feeble views of what it involved, and a dread of attempting any real reduction of Russian power. The exception to this was the brilliant one of the Duke of Newcastle, who, from the first, had the foresight to see and the hardihood to declare that Sebastopol was the standing menace to Turkey, and the object at which the allies should aim. There, under the shelter of formidable forts, lay the accumulated military stores of a quarter of a century; there lay the fleet which could domineer in the Black Sea, and suddenly transport an army to the Bosphorus, or lend essential aid to an army advancing on Constantinople, either through Asia or Europe. It was an instinctive sense that the destruction of this aggressive stronghold was the thing which the allies should resolve to accomplish that made the British people so heartily support the war, which threw doubt and hesitation into the Tory ranks, and enabled the Government to triumph, not only over its professed enemies on the Opposition benches, but its late friends on its own side. But while we lament the defective judgment and blindness of the Peelites, and the utter incapacity to understand the dynamics of the question displayed by the peace at any price party, we are bound to admire and applaud the courage of both. They did their duty bravely—for it is the duty of the chief men of a nation to speak out; and no nation is well-served in which the chief men, yielding to menace or succumbing to apathy, withhold their opinions in moments of great trial. The debates on the policy of the war, on the conduct of the war and of the negotiations, ended by rallying a larger support than ever to the Government; for even the leading Tories admitted that the war was so just that the Government ought not to have avoided it if they could, and so necessary that they could not have avoided it if they would; while no less a person than Lord Derby, allowing his judgment to get the better of his party feeling, insisted that it would be humiliation for England and France to retire from the contest baffled before Sebastopol.

Nevertheless, when the Government proposed to become a joint guarantee with France for a loan of £5,000,000 to be contracted by Turkey, Mr. Disraeli, who had, earlier in the session, cavilled at a loan of £2,000,000 to Sardinia, now, seeing a prospect of obtaining a majority by a surprise, divided the House against the project, and was only defeated by a majority of *three*. Yet the propriety of both measures was manifest. We wanted the aid of 15,000 Sardinian troops, and it was not too much for so small a State to ask us to *lend* her the means of setting them fairly on the theatre of war. In the same way the war had disordered more deeply the deeply involved finances of Turkey. By giving a guarantee, in conjunction with France, that the interest should be paid to the lenders, we enabled the Sultan to raise the money at smaller cost to the Turkish Treasury, and by so doing we were, of course, aiding her as effectually, in kind but not in degree, as we were by our fleets and armies. But a Turkish loan was a good subject for a hostile division. Mr. Disraeli saw his chance, seized it, and nearly surprised the Ministry. He would have been content to imperil the alliance and the war at the price of a Parliamentary victory. This was short-sighted but characteristic. Short-sighted, because the House would have rescinded the vote the next night; characteristic, because it is Mr. Disraeli's defect as a leader to be unable to resist the temptation presented by the momentary numerical weakness of a Government.

Mr. Disraeli pursued a similar course, but with a divided party and no chance of success, upon another occasion. Mr. Roebuck, the head and front of the incomplete and abortive Sebastopol inquiry, moved on the 17th of July a vote of censure on all the members of the Aberdeen Cabinet, whose counsels led to what he was pleased to term the disastrous results of the winter campaign in the Crimea. General Peel, as one of the committee, moved the "previous question," on the ground that the inquiry was incomplete, and that the greater part of the sufferings of the army arose in the very nature of the duty which it fell upon them to perform. Mr. Disraeli and the bulk of his supporters made the motion a party question. But the course of the debate was decidedly against them, and they and Mr. Roebuck failed utterly in procuring from the House, either a retroactive censure on an extinct administration, or an endorsement of the Sebastopol Blue Books. The House decided, by 289 to 182, that the question should not even be put from the chair. Thus ended an attempt, first to discover evidence which would bear out the fierce accusations advanced during the winter, and then to base upon the imperfect and conflicting evidence discovered a censure not deserved.

Before the session closed, Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell took opportunities of making known their peculiar views. On the 3rd of August Mr. Gladstone maintained that the British Government was the obstacle to peace; which was true in the sense that the British Government would not assent to conditions which would have failed to secure the primary object of the war. Mr. Gladstone would have assented to such a miserable ending, and, had the Government done so, then there would have been a clear warrant for the charge that they had wasted millions of money and sacrificed thousands of lives for nothing. The spirit of Mr. Gladstone's views at this time was revealed in a bold defiance to the Western Powers to control the destinies of Russia, except for a moment; and what he meant by the destinies of Russia was shown in a speech which he delivered in the recess. He meant that it was the destiny of Russia to be paramount in the Black Sea and on the Bosphorus, and having formed this opinion, of course, he regarded any policy vain which attempted to thwart a destiny which Mr. Gladstone's literary studies had led him to believe in. Happily, more robust intellects had charge of the business; and were resolved to show that it was the destiny of England, among others, to save Europe from Russian domination. Lord John Russell, on the 7th of August, a week before the session closed, gave vent again to his lingering longing for peace on the

Austrian basis. The Turkish Minister, he said, was willing to consent to the Austrian terms. This fresh backsliding of Lord John was met by Lord Palmerston with the declaration that he had no reason to believe the Turkish Government differed from those of England and France on that Austrian proposal. But, he added, in no case could the decision be left to the Turkish Government alone. France and England went to the East to protect Turkey, but they also went to repress the grasping ambition of Russia. That, of course, Lord John Russell knew, and he must have been either insincere or unmindful when he advanced this strange reason for accepting a hollow peace.

The Government had, since January, 1855, effected considerable changes in the machinery for carrying on the war, chiefly, however, in the concentration of power in the War Department. They had raised the total force of the army to 193,595 men, including 14,950 who formed the Foreign Legion; and they had increased the number of sailors to 70,000. They had embodied fifty Militia regiments, some of whom were in the Mediterranean garrisons; and from the whole militia force they had drawn 18,000 recruits for the army. Having found that the expenses of the war were outrunning the estimates of the spring, they increased those estimates, making the total for the whole service of the army, navy, transport, commissariat, and advance purposes, £49,537,692, bringing up the total estimated expenditure for the year to more than £88,000,000; to cover which they provided £96,339,000, leaving a large margin for contingencies. Among the ways and means were a loan of £1,600,000, and power to issue £10,000,000 Exchequer bills or bonds. The active navy consisted almost wholly of steamers, and among the supplemental votes of August was one to provide for the cost of a host of steam gunboats to be used, if required, in 1856.

CHAPTER XXVII.

General Pélissier's Vigorous Command—Agrees to the Kertch Expedition—Bloody Combats on the 22nd and 23rd of May—The French carry and hold the Cemetery on their left—Heavy Losses—The French and Sardinians take up the Line of the Tchernaya—The Expedition to Kertch—Its Objects—Its Speed and Success—Yenikale Occupied—The Flying Squadron in the Sea of Azoff—Exploits of the Gunboats—Destruction of Vast Depôts of Supplies—At Berdiansk, at Genitchi, at Taganrog, at Mariopol—Heavy Blow to the Enemy—Anapa blown up and abandoned—Progress of the Siege—Pélissier in Council—Resolve to assault the Mamelon and other Outworks—Bombardment of the 6th and 7th of June—Assault Ordered—The Emperor's Obstructive Telegram—Moral Courage of Pélissier—Capture of the Mamelon, White Works, and Quarries—Dreadful Loss of Life.

GENERAL PÉLISSIER, the new Commander-in-Chief of the French army, was a hardy soldier, who had taken part in many campaigns, and had gained in Algeria a name not only for military ability in the field, but for skill in the Cabinet as an administrator. A cloud hung over his reputation for a time, because he had caused a number of obstinate Arabs, who would not surrender, to be suffocated in the caves of Dahra. But when he went to the Crimea, men only faintly remembered this dreadful act, while all recognised the stern energy, sound military judgment, and stout moral courage of the new chief. Henceforth they felt there would be no faltering, no hesitation, no undue deference for opinions formed in Paris, no terror of responsibility. Pélissier brought to his task a will quite as firm as that of the Emperor Napoleon, and a reputation for soldiership higher than that of His Imperial Majesty. He was told to abide as nearly as possible to his instructions; and if he modified them, he was to do so in concert with Lord Raglan. We have already pointed out that these two officers did not differ on the question before them. General Pélissier differed from the Emperor, not from Lord Raglan. He recognised the soundness of those measures recommended over and over again by Sir John Burgoyne; and he resolved to take Sebastopol by capturing the key of the place—the Malakoff. It was more arduous now than it was two months before, because the Russians had been allowed to develop their hardy system of counter-approaches on the Malakoff ridge, and above the Careening Bay, consisting of the Mamelon Redoubt on the first, and what were called the White Works on the second. These it was essential to capture and hold before the final blow could be levelled at the Malakoff.

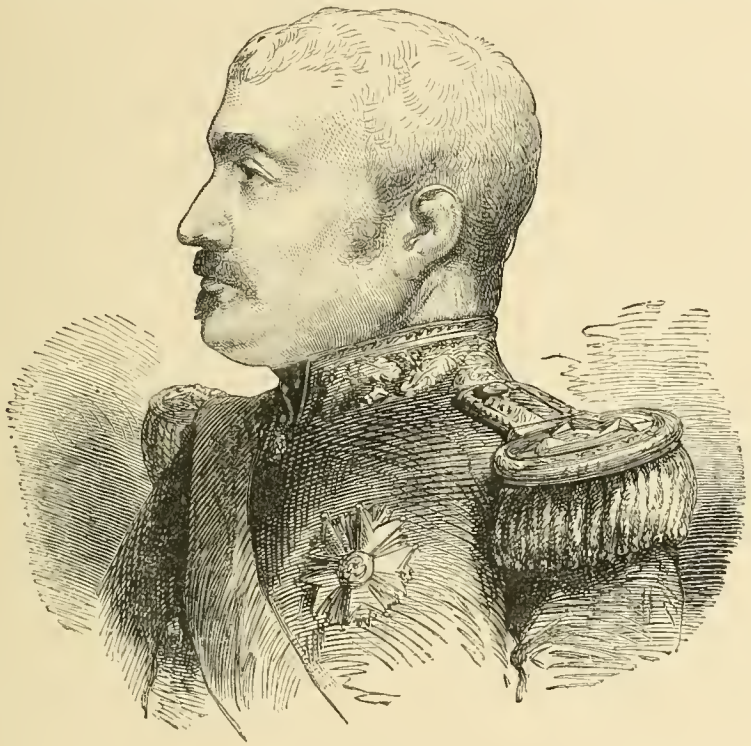
The Russians soon felt that a change had taken place in the direction of the French army. Hitherto the principal approaches executed by the French were directed against the Flagstaff and the Central Bastions, and a work lying between the two called the Black Redoubt. On the left of the immense network of trenches facing this front of the place, a ravine ran down to the head of the Quarantine Bay, and in a green hollow to the west of it stood a large cemetery. The French trenches swept round this cemetery to the sea, and the most advanced works touched the western wall. But in this cemetery the Russians held their ground; and from their rifle-pits, here and in the interior slope, they galled the French advance against the Central Bastion. For from the Central Bastion, the line of defences receded back, that is to the north, following the line of the hills; so that the nearer the French approached this Bastion and the Black Redoubt, the more they exposed themselves to the flank fire which came from the direction of the Quarantine Bay. As commander of the troops engaged in the active work of the siege, General Pélissier had long been painfully aware of this obstacle to further progress, and he had vainly urged Canrobert to force the Russians into the place on that side. Now that he was Commander-in-Chief, one of his first acts was to drive the enemy from the cemetery, and to crown the ridge with French trenches in connection with the lines on the right and centre and their multitudinous batteries. He also agreed at once to resume the expedition to Kertch and the Sea of Azoff, and he directed that the approaches of the French towards the Mamelon and the White Works should be pushed forward with vigour.

It was on the 19th of May that he took command. On the 22nd, three days afterwards, the expedition to Kertch sailed, and on that very night Pélissier began a bloody

contest for the possession of the ground about the cemetery.

The Russians had seen the advantage which works of more pretension than rifle-pits would give them on this quarter. They, therefore, began to connect the pits with the place by sinking a covered way across the ravine, and by connecting the pits with each other by a gabionade, that is, a parapet made of large baskets filled and then covered with earth. The incipient stages of this design were observed by the French on the 21st of May. General Todleben's object went further than the mere establishment of a series of strong rifle screens. He had in view the construction of a regular battery on the Russian left of the line, which would have poured a raking flanking fire through the principal works of the besiegers. Had Canrobert, fettered by orders flashing from the little Cabinet in Paris, remained in command, it is probable that the enemy would have accomplished his bold design. Pélissier, a man of a harder texture, would not permit the growth of so serious an obstacle. As it was, the Russians nearly succeeded; for beginning the trench on the 21st, they intended to complete it on the night of the 22nd, so as to arm it on the 23rd. To prevent this, Pélissier ordered General de Salles, now commander of the Siege Corps, to storm and hold the new Russian line.

This line was of very great extent, stretching from flank to flank for nearly three-quarters of a mile along the broken ground. The whole of it was under the fire of the place, and the conformation of the ground between the cemetery and Sebastopol, a ravine widening towards its mouth, gave the enemy great facilities for bringing up troops to feed the combat. The French general placed upwards of 4,000 men, including two battalions of the Light Infantry of the Guard, under the orders of General Paté. This mass was subdivided into two columns. One, of three battalions and some rifles, under General Brunet, was directed to turn and assail the right of the Russian line; the second, of five battalions, under General la Motterouge, was to storm the left. At nine o'clock the signal was given, and, dashing out of the trenches, the two columns fell upon the enemy so impetuously that he was driven out at the first shock. But it so chanced that at this very moment the troops, the battalions destined to furnish and cover the working parties of the enemy, had paraded in front of the place, under the orders of General Chruleff, the officer who had commanded the Russians in the abortive attack upon Eupatoria. Therefore the French had no sooner driven off the Russians who held the lines, than these fresh troops, moving rapidly across the ravine, first smote them with a crushing fire, and then coming on with lowered bayonets, engaged in a combat so close, and fierce, and vehement, that the French were overthrown on their right, and forced back into their trenches; while on their left General Brunet sustained with difficulty the forward position he had won. General la Motterouge was not the man to yield so easily. Re-forming his men, and bringing up his reserves, he flung them once more into the fight. The combat now raged along the whole line,



MARSHAL PELISSIER.

There was a horrible uproar. The hideous yells and screams of the combatants, and the piercing notes of the bugle, rose above the crash of musketry and the roar of cannon. The waves of the battle, lit up by the flashes of the firing, rolled hither and thither, and surged up and down like dark storm clouds edged with lurid lightning. As the French poured in fresh troops, the enemy, resolved to win, brought up eight battalions, our old foes at the Alma, the regiments of Miusk and Uglitz. And thus through the night the battle continued, sometimes dying away into a faint flicker of fire, and then bursting out again with sudden and appalling fury. When the French gained an advantage and pushed the enemy, their sappers in the rear of the confused roar of struggling men began to destroy the Russian lines; and then in the midst of their work, the battle would roll back upon them and sweep over the disputed ground. Just before daybreak the masses on both sides retired under shelter from the cannon of the opposing batteries; but General Brunet kept the line he had won, and turned the face of the rifle-pits and gabions towards the enemy.

Throughout the next day there was a brisk cannonade kept up on both sides, each intent on preventing the other from occupying in force the contested ground. At night the combat was renewed. General Couston, with four battalions, reinforced General Brunet's position, in order to defend it against any attack, and to complete the works of approach begun on that side. General Duval, with six battalions, issuing from the French trenches and assailing the Russian left, drove out the enemy's troops posted there, and held the ground in front, while the working parties, in the midst of a heavy fire from the main batteries of Sebastopol, rapidly transformed the Russian trench into a parallel of attack, giving ample shelter to the besiegers. Thus, in two nights, the French won this important ground, and connecting all their works together, showed a united front, and left but a comparatively narrow space, formed by the ravine across which they could not work their way, between them and the town. This line on the ridge a little east of the Cemetery was the limit of their regular approaches in that quarter.

Both sides had fought well, and had suffered terribly in these desperate actions. On the 24th there was a truce, to enable each to recover and bury his dead. The French state that they handed over 1,200 Russian, and received 385 French corpses; and that their total loss during the two nights was 572 killed and 2,180 wounded, including 23 officers killed and 59 wounded. The Russians admit a loss of 761 killed, including 18 officers; and 1,720 wounded, including 28 officers. But it is plain that these figures cannot represent their loss, if the statement of the French, that they delivered up 1,200 dead bodies on the 24th, can be relied on. Colonel Hamley estimates the Russian loss at 6,000.

Another result of the change of commanders was the occupation of the line of the Tchernaya by a combined force of French, Sardinians, and Turks. This was effected on the 25th. General Canrobert led his own division and that of General Brunet across the valley, and took post on the Fedoukine heights. General la Marmora and his Sardinians took up a position on the Hasfort Hill, above Tchorgoun. Sir Colin Campbell moved the Marines out of their lines near the sea to the ridge looking down on Kamara on one side, and the Baidar valley on the other. Omer Pasha, with 16,000 Turks, occupied the line of low hills on which stood the redoubts on October 25th. The whole force was about 43,000 strong. The French and Sardinians moved out before daybreak, and at dawn the former were drawn up on the heights, and in possession of the stone bridge over the Tchernaya called the Tracktir Bridge. There were but few Russian troops on the river, and these gave way and retired up the opposite hills as soon as they felt the advance guard of the allies. On their right the Sardinians, preceded by the 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers, who pushed a reconnaissance towards the valley of Baidar, ascended the Hasfort Hill, which they held, sending the picturesque Bersaglieri, the Sardinian riflemen, over the Tchernaya to occupy a hill on the right bank. The French had 14,000 infantry and five batteries in position, with their horsemen in second line. The Sardinians had 8,000 infantry, and their support was the British cavalry. In rear of all were the Turks. The French at once began to construct a *tête de pont* on the right bank, to protect the bridge, and the Sardinians began to entrench themselves on the heights they held. Thus the line of the allies now extended from the sea on the right, through Kamara and Tchorgoun to the Fedoukine heights, just out of range of the Russian batteries, east of the Inkermann ruins. The newly-acquired country was gay with grass and gorgeous flowers. The river was full of fish. The troops enjoyed the luxury of shelter under branches cut from the leafy trees. There was fresh water for man and beast close at hand. The change of position was not only a military gain, but it was a pleasant change for the men. Yet, although the sites of the new camps were healthy, cholera soon began to show itself even on these dry and breezy hills.

There were many who thought this a beginning of operations in the field. They were doomed to be disappointed. The allies had now very large forces in the Crimea, but while Lord Raglan could not assent to the Emperor's plan of a regular campaign, the Emperor could not concur in Lord Raglan's suggestions; and thus, as a compromise, the allies continued the siege, and undertook no other operation except one which we are now about to narrate—the naval and military expedition to Kertch and the Sea of Azoff.

A glance at the map will show that the Russian forces in the Crimea were dependent chiefly for their supplies upon the mainland itself. For the Crimea is a peninsula, projecting from the steppes of Southern Russia, and joined on to it only by the narrow neck of land at Perekop. The road through Perekop was the chief line of communication, leading as it did to Nicolaieff and Odessa. But there were other roads by which the enemy received supplies. At the eastern part of the Crimea was a small peninsula, called the Peninsula of Kertch, from the town of that name. The neck of this peninsula

is a strip of land thirty-five miles wide, having Kaffa at its southern and Arabat at its northern extremities; and from Arabat a remarkable spit or ridge of sand runs northward, bounded on the east by the Sea of Azoff, and on the west by the waters of the Sivash or Putrid Sea. This spit of Arabat formed another line of communication as far as a narrow strait, separating the spit from the town of Genitchi on the mainland, and easily crossed by ferry boats. The stagnant waters of the Putrid Sea extend along the whole north of the Crimea as far as Perekop; but as they are of irregular depth and width, the Russians had found it practicable to throw bridges of boats from one projecting tongue of sand to another, and thus to construct, a few miles west of Genitchi, a third military road leading directly to Simpheropol, the common centre of all the roads from Russia to Sebastopol. Now the best and only mode of effectually depriving Sebastopol of supplies would have been to occupy Simpheropol; but as this was, under the circumstances, deemed impracticable, in order to deprive the enemy of at least one road, and to ruin all his depôts within reach, and deprive him of the water way over the Sea of Azoff to Yenikale and Arabat, and force him upon a more circuitous route, it was determined to seize Kertch, push through the Straits into the Sea of Azoff, and destroy the ships on its waters and the magazines in its ports. In order to accomplish this, it was deemed expedient that a military force should occupy the towns of Kertch and Yenikale, which are within the Straits, and thus, by taking the land defences in reverse, open a road into the Sea of Azoff for the light steamers. The Straits are narrow, especially where the waters of the Sea of Azoff pour into them. In 1854 the Russians had sunk many ships in the channel below Kertch, but in the winter, the waters of the Sea of Azoff, fed by the swollen streams of Southern Russia, rushing through the confined space in full volume, and at the rate of between three and four miles an hour, swept away the wreck; so that what was not possible in 1854 became possible in 1855. On the east of the Straits was the Peninsula of Taman, a vast expanse of flat land, blotted with large and small salt marshes and lagoons. From the north-eastern point of this peninsula a long sand spit, in some places half a mile wide, runs in a south-westerly direction, and narrows the Straits opposite Yenikale to a width of a mile and a half. At the south-western end of this spit the Russians had a battery, so that the Straits were defended by works on both sides.

What the allies required was to get command of the Straits; and to put all resistance out of the question, it was determined, on the very day after General Pélissier assumed command, that the force sent should be overwhelming. Sir George Brown was again to take command of the expedition. The French supplied 6,800, including fifty Chasseurs d'Afrique and three batteries, under General d'Autemarre; the Turks furnished 5,000 men and one battery; and the English 3,800 men, namely—the 42nd, 71st, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders, a battalion of Marines, fifty men of the 8th Hussars, and a battery. The force thus amounted to 15,600 men and thirty guns. The naval force consisted of twenty-four French ships, including three sail of the line, under Admiral Bruat; and thirty-four English vessels, including six sail of the line, under Admiral Lyons. The gunboats and light steamers were organised into a flying squadron, consisting of fourteen British and five French steamers, the whole under Captain Lyons, son of the admiral.

Starting from Kamiesch and Balaclava on the 22nd, though obstructed by a dense fog, the ships were, on the morning of the 24th, off Cape Takli, the south foreland of the Straits; and soon after daylight the ships having troops on board rounded the Cape, and running as near the shore as the water would allow, proceeded to disembark the men. No enemy appeared, and the troops speedily got ashore; the French taking the right, and the English the left or exposed flank, while the Turks were held in reserve. But the enemy, though not in sight, was audible enough on land; for the troops had no sooner stepped ashore, than the air was rent with the noise of repeated explosions, and tall pillars of white smoke rose up on the right of the allied forces. All along the coast, from Fort Paul towards Yenikale, the Russians were blowing up their magazines. From the sea the commotion was distinctly visible, and the scattered lines of troops were seen hurrying away, some inland and some towards Kertch. On the sea a British gunboat, followed by another, was seen chasing the Russian ships and engaging the batteries, not yet abandoned, on both sides of the Straits. The leading gunboat was the "Snake," Lieutenant M'Killop, and his conduct called forth, says Sir Edmund Lyons, the admiration of both fleets. The tiny vessel, with her big gun, "dashed past the forts after an enemy's steamer, and although Lieutenant M'Killop soon found himself engaged, not only with her, but also with two others who came to support her, he persevered, and by the cleverness and extreme rapidity of his manœuvres, prevented the escape of all three." They were destroyed by the enemy, and the "Snake" had not a man hurt, though shot passed through the vessel. At the same time other vessels came up and silenced the battery on the spit opposite Yenikale; and the Russians, feeling resistance to be hopeless, blew up one magazine after another on both sides of the Straits; so that by the morning of the 25th there was not a gun or a man to resist the allies. General Wrangel, who, with 6,000 men, had charge of the peninsula, retired to Argin, midway between Kertch and Kaffa, and in no way molested his opponents.

Therefore, on the 25th, the steamers of light draught went up to Yenikale; and the troops, quitting their bivouacs, set out to march on the same place. They proceeded in three columns, the French on the right next the sea, the British on the left, covering their flank, and the Turks in the rear. When they came to Kertch, the whole broke into one column and filed through the town, "with the greatest regularity and without the slightest disorder," says Sir George Brown, and by midday, after a march of twelve miles under a hot sun, through a dusty country, much worn-out and distressed,

the troops reached Yenikale. The fleet had come up, and the generals and admirals held a consultation in the afternoon. The sailors having buoyed the channel into the Sea of Azoff, Captain Lyons led his flying squadron at once into those waters. Already, in two days, the allies had captured upwards of a hundred heavy guns, many new, had destroyed immense stores of corn and flour, had seized a mass of naval stores, and had forced the enemy to burn or wreck thirty or forty ships. By day clouds of smoke rose upward on all sides, and at night the sky was lurid with flames. The strength of the allies, and the swiftness with which it was applied, soon completed the work and dismayed the enemy. It is with pain that we record the shameful fact that the allied soldiers and sailors disgraced themselves by plundering the houses and public buildings of Kertch and Yenikale. The predatory instincts of our troops were repressed severely, but Sir George Brown had no real control over our allies, and the French generals and Turkish Pashas did nothing to restrain their men. The plunder of Kertch and Yenikale is a blot upon this brilliant expedition.

The flying squadron under Captain Lyons really deserved its name. Speed was essential to success, for delay would have given the mass of shipping employed in feeding the Russian army, time to run up the Don, or enter the Strait of Genitchi and push into the Putrid Sea. Captain Lyons was as swift as a spirit of fire. It was his business to destroy every sail afloat, to visit and burn all the public magazines of the Russian Government within the reach of his guns and boats, and to bombard every fortified place on the shore. He fulfilled his task. Within four-and-twenty hours he was off Berdiansk, the best port in the sea. There he had the satisfaction of finding, wrecked and burnt, the four war-steamers which ran away from the "Snake" at Yenikale. Here he landed his small-arm men, and burnt stores worth £50,000, and many merchant ships. Then detaching ships to watch Genitchi and the mouth of the Don, he steamed with the rest of the squadron to Arabat. Here the Russians had a fort, mounting thirty guns, and Lyons and the French shelled the place and blew up the magazine. In three days he had destroyed a hundred transports laden with provisions for the enemy. Without delay he made for Genitchi. This town, it will be remembered, was the link between the mainland and the spit of Arabat. The enemy set great store by it. Within the Strait scores of transports were anchored in the Putrid Sea, and on shore were vast magazines, containing immense stores for the Russian army. Collecting all his available force, the enemy refused a demand to surrender. Captain Lyons only claimed public, and promised immunity to private property, but the enemy determined to resist. Therefore, Lyons bombarded the place, in order to cover the passage of his boats through the Strait into the Putrid Sea. The boats' crews worked through, fired the shipping and corn depôts, and returned; but the wind shifting, it became necessary to go in again and complete the work. This was done by three volunteers: Lieutenant Buckley, Lieutenant Burgoyne, and Mr. John Roberts. These men had the hardihood to land alone, and, in the face of the Cossacks, performed the duty they undertook; and then the boats, under a fire of field-pieces, set fire to the shipping which had escaped before. At the end of the 29th of May the squadron had destroyed, in the Sea of Azoff, four war-steamers, 246 merchant ships, and corn and flour worth £150,000. On the 2nd of June the indefatigable Lyons was off Taganrog. Here he was reinforced by the launches of the fleet, the exact kind of force required in those shoaling seas. The governor would not accept terms of surrender which would have saved private property; and under cover of the gun-boats, in the face of 3,000 troops, Lieutenant Buckley and a band of volunteers landed repeatedly and performed the desperate service of firing the stores and Government buildings. Thus were burnt "long ranges of stores of grain, plank, tar, vessels on the stocks," and all the official buildings on the beach, with the loss of only one man severely wounded. The French boats, under Lieutenant Lejeune, and the English boats, under commander Cowper Coles, behaved with conspicuous courage. Marioupol shared the fate of Taganrog. Thus Captain Lyons made a tour of the Sea of Azoff. Not one place escaped him or his able lieutenants, Sherard Osborn, Cowper Coles, Horton, Hewett, M'Killop, and his French coadjutors. The Russians lost not only the command of this sea, but masses of corn, forage, fish, and marine stores, and ships which it is impossible to estimate. Hewett and Lambert effectually destroyed all the means of connecting the spit of Arabat with the Crimea; and, after Captain Lyons had left, to meet an untimely death before Sebastopol, Sherard Osborn kept the sea, and left the enemy not a moment's rest. But ere this the French and British troops, leaving the Turks to hold a fortified camp at Yenikale, had returned to the camp at Sebastopol.

The losses inflicted by the flying squadron were not the only losses sustained by the enemy. When he quitted Kertch on the 24th of May, he destroyed himself 4,166,000 pounds of corn, and 508,000 pounds of flour; and it was estimated that this, with the quantity destroyed in the Sea of Azoff, would have furnished four months' rations for 100,000 men. The amount of supplies drawn from Kertch is shown by the fact that just before the allies landed, the Russians had been sending off daily convoys of 1,500 wagons, each containing half a ton weight of grain or flour. Besides this, the fortress of Anapa, on the appearance of an allied fleet, was blown up by the garrison, and 245 guns rendered useless thereby. The garrison retired across the Kuban River, abandoning the last post held by them in that part of Circassia. Thus the expedition to Kertch and the Sea of Azoff surpassed in its effects the most sanguine expectations of its designers, and struck a severe blow at the vitals of the Russian army.

Once more the tide of war carries us back to the trenches before Sebastopol. General Pélissier had, on taking command, accepted Lord Raglan's proposals for carrying on the siege by vigorous and direct attacks.

The two officers being of one mind, and recognising the Malakoff as the true key of the place, determined, in council by themselves, that the Russians should be immediately deprived of their counter-approaches, and forced back into the body of their works. They agreed that on one and the same day, by simultaneous assault, the Quarries under the Redan, the Mamelon in front of the Malakoff, and the White Works above the Careening Bay, should be wrested from the enemy. This comprehensive operation was a necessity, for these three works supported each other. The Mamelon flanked, and was flanked by, the other two, and hence all three had to be taken together. Having determined to take them, they requested their generals to submit plans for the execution of their resolve. Accordingly, a council of war was held for this purpose. There were still in the French camp officers who were strongly in favour of operations in the field, and as strongly opposed to an assault, even of the outworks. The chief of these were Niel, Bosquet, and Martimprey, all able men. But at the council, when Pélissier announced the decision of the generals, and named the day for the assault, and General Bosquet ventured to dissent, the Commander-in-Chief stopped him with the peremptory statement that the attack was "decided." Niel next began to differ from Pélissier, and then the latter grew more absolute, and plainly told the dissentients that Lord Raglan and he were responsible; that he did not want any advice, and that they were called solely to suggest the best means of executing a plan already determined. Before the council was over, Pélissier had again to show that he was master. Some of the French generals insisted that the assault should be at daybreak. "Lord Raglan and I have come to a determination on that point also," said Pélissier. It was fixed that the assault should be given in the afternoon, or rather towards evening. The French generals had no choice but to obey, yet a subsequent incident implies that one of them—Niel, as we may conjecture—appealed to the Emperor in his cabinet at Paris, against Pélissier in his camp before the enemy, and nearly caused the overthrow of the plan.

The main points being settled, the work of preparation finished, the magazines well filled, the troops all eager, orders went forth that the bombardment should begin on the morning of the 6th of June, and should continue four-and-twenty hours, and that then the works should be carried by storm. By dint of great exertions, and drawing from our large resources, we were able to put in battery 157 pieces of ordnance. All the lighter pieces, the siege guns of an older period, the famous 24-pounders of the early years of the century, were withdrawn. The 32-pounder was the lightest gun in the trenches. So heavy an armament had never before been arrayed at any siege. There were in battery no fewer than twenty-seven 13-inch, seventeen 10-inch mortars, and forty-nine 32-pounders. The remainder were 68-pounders, and 10-inch and 8-inch guns. The French batteries were armed with 300 pieces, but the bulk of these were opposed to the western face of the town, and, for some unexplained reason, did not maintain a fire equal in intensity to those on the east front. According to the plan laid down, our left attack, while pouring a torrent of missiles into the Redan, was also to keep up a combat with the Barrack and Garden batteries, in which they were to be supported by the French on their left. Our right attack was to devote nearly the whole of its might upon the Mamelon and Malakoff, in aid of the direct fire of the French, and these latter were to pound at the White Works, as well as the Malakoff and Mamelon. Thus it will be seen that the fire of at least a hundred and fifty guns and mortars was to be concentrated on these works.

The 6th of June was a clear, sunny day, and the mighty lines of the enemy stood out in bold relief against the western sky. This was favourable to the assailants, because it enabled them to see distinctly at what they were firing, and to obtain a most accurate range for their guns. About half-past two in the afternoon, at a given signal, the allied batteries opened all at once, with a roar that rent the air and shook the earth. The first discharge, well-aimed, told with crushing effect, and clouds of dust, struck upward by the huge cannon shot and bursting shells, mingled with the smoke and rose above the enemy's lines. He answered at first with vigour; but soon found that in weight of metal, though not in number—in quality, though not in quantity, he was inferior to the besiegers. In two hours the effects of the ceaseless shower of shot and shell upon the Malakoff and Mamelon were visible to practised eyes; and the comparatively rare responses made by the enemy showed that his guns had suffered as well as his earthen parapets. From that time until nightfall, the complete superiority of the allied fire was secured; but as the French on the left fired feebly, the Barrack and Garden batteries, and some of the guns in the Redan, stoutly maintained the combat with our left attack. When darkness set in, the firing did not cease; for the huge shells from our big mortars rushed upward all night, and fell crashing and exploding within the enemy's works.

At daybreak on the 7th the smoke and the mists of the morning hung over the hills and ravines. The growing light showed that, although the enemy had worked hard in repairing damages, yet that the outlines of the great entrenchments were less shapely and trim than heretofore. Once more the batteries on both sides put forth their might, and the deafening roar was renewed. The enemy showed some vigour at first, but the Malakoff and Mamelon were soon forced to succumb. For a moment they were cheered by the sound of an exploding magazine in our right attack, which, happily, did little damage. It was plain, however, to all eyes and ears that, on the vital points, the enemy was the weaker, and that the attack had got the mastery over the defence. Late in the afternoon, and for an hour or two preceding the assault, the fire of our guns became quicker than ever. The men in the batteries put forth their whole energies, and for an hour before the assault the cannonade was fiercer and more deadly than at any preceding period. The Mamelon was quite overwhelmed, and eye-witnesses likened it to the crater of a volcano—a just simile, since

it spouted upwards fire, smoke, dust, and fragments, as the shells burst incessantly within its interior.

During this awful cannonade Lord Raglan took up his post on the slope of the hills, and General Pélissier passed through the English camp, amid the cheering of our soldiers, on his way to the Victoria Redoubt. His troops, four divisions, were mustering and marching down to the trenches; and our soldiers of the 2nd and Light Divisions, not a fifth of their force, were filing down the ravines to the advanced parallel, ready to bound into the Quarries. Here we may say that this place was no longer a mere excavation, rudely faced with sandbags and gabions, but a regular entrenchment. It had grown up to that form as part of the audacious plan of counter-approaches so happily adopted by General Todtleben. It was close under the Redan, but much exposed to the raking fire of several batteries, especially those in the town which looked to the north-east, and those in the southerly face of the square work in the Mamelon. Now it was that General Pélissier's moral courage was put to a severe test. Whether General Niel had appealed to Paris or not, just at this critical moment, when all was ready, a telegram which had gone forth from the Emperor's Cabinet was flashed into the French head-quarters. The general received it and read it, pondered a moment, and then folding it up, put it in his pocket, and gave the order for the assault. What was that telegram? It was an order from the Emperor, given in Paris in total ignorance of what could and could not be done, that Pélissier should on no account assault the Mamelon, because the Emperor thought disaster would befall his arms! Pélissier was then tried, and not found wanting.

The English had told off about 3,200 men of the Light and 2nd Divisions to carry the Quarries. Two small columns, each 200 strong, were to turn the flanks of the work, and then advancing towards the Redan, lie down, and cover by their fire a working party, 800 strong, whose duty it was to turn the face of the work towards the Redan. About 1,000 men were held in support in the trenches, and two battalions were posted in the Woronzoff Road to cover the flank of both our attacks. The French, having a more serious operation, and being more accustomed to act in masses, detailed about 28,000 men for the two assaults. General Mayran had the direction of the operations against the White Works—redoubts on the Careening Ridge, one more advanced than the other, and standing between the Great Harbour and the Careening Ravine. Two of his brigades—the right under De Lavarande, the left under De Failly—were to storm the redoubts, while General Dulac held an entire division in reserve to support both; and beside these, there were two battalions in the Careening Ravine, intended to push down it, and cut off the retreat of the enemy. General Camou was entrusted with the attack on the Mamelon. One brigade, under Wimpfen, was to carry that work; while another brigade and an entire division were drawn up in the middle ravine between the French left and our right. Behind them were two battalions of the Imperial Guard, and in rear of all, near the Inkermann battle-field, was a complete division of Turks. The whole operation was under the control of Bosquet. The fire of the allied batteries was at its height when three rockets fired from the Victoria Redoubt, at 6.45 p.m., let loose the excited soldiers, who dashed at once upon the enemy.

The brigades on the extreme right went up to the White Works at a run, Lavarande's men first storming the redoubt on the right at the point of the bayonet, and De Failly rushing past this work, and being equally successful in carrying its counterpart; while the battalions in the ravine marched down it, and swept up a number of the flying garrison. Led away by a furious impulse, the troops even entered a third work, just above the Careening Bay, but this they could not hold. The other two redoubts, however, were firmly grasped and held in spite of the fire of the batteries on the north.

At the same time Wimpfen's brigade issued from the trenches in three columns, and went impetuously up the slope of the Mamelon, led by Colonel Brancion, of the 50th Regiment of the line. On his left were the 3rd Zouaves, on his right Algerian Native Light Infantry. With swift and unfaltering step these bright soldiers pressed on, each eager to be first. Soon they were at the ditch, firing into the embrasures, and receiving from the parapets a telling fire. Then the 50th dashed into the ditch, and began to scramble up the slope of the work, and Zouave and Algerine closed bodily with it. Men were seen a moment on the parapet holding aloft the tricolour, and firing down into the place, and a moment after there was a combat inside hand to hand. Then the enemy, giving way, rushed out at the rear. In a few moments the redoubt was full of Frenchmen. They had won the victory with such comparative ease, that their passions got the better of their judgment. Disobeying all orders, the Zouaves and Algerines pursued the Russians towards the Malakoff, into which our batteries were now pouring a terrible fire. It was an unhappy move; for the enemy immediately lined his parapets and brought his guns to bear, and the Zouaves, although they stood well and fought well, and although they were aided by shells pitched into the Malakoff from our batteries, yet they only stood to be slain. As it had grown almost dark, the flame of musketry, and the flash of big guns and shells, threw an evanescent light upon the horrid scene. In the meantime, alarmed by some appearances indicating a mine, the troops holding the Mamelon all ran out, and the Zouaves and Algerines, returning from their mad rush on the Malakoff, pursued by a heavy and angry column of Russians, found the Mamelon empty. Shattered as they were, they could not hold it, and thus the enemy burst in triumph into his stronghold once more. It was an anxious moment, but General Bosquet was prompt in supplying a remedy. Throwing forward a fresh brigade, and giving it ample support, these new troops, rallying hundreds who had fled in terror at the idea of a mine, went steadily up to the work. There was a brief combat, and rattling volleys; but, overpowered, the enemy sullenly yielded possession, and retired back into the town, this time unpursued.

THE FRENCH CAPTURE THE MAMELON.

Thus the French stormed, and lost, and regained the famous Mamelon.

Soon after the first advance on the Mamelon, Colonel Shirley, obeying a signal from Lord Raglan, launched his little band against the Quarries. The men of the Light and 2nd Divisions carried the work and its outlying trenches without firing a shot, and then advancing, began to ply their rifles against the gunners of the Redan. Anticipating an assault, the enemy had filled this work with troops, and a horrible carnage was the consequence.

"As one looked at it from the left attack," writes Sir Harry Jones, "the rays of the setting sun lighting up the mass of troops, the shells could be seen plunging and cutting gaps in the ranks, blowing the bodies of the victims into the air." Either to escape this fire or to succour the Malakoff, for a time the garrison of the Redan ran out of that work, and some British soldiers actually went up and peered into it, and saw it was empty.

But when night came, the Russians returned to the Redan, and six times during the night they strove to expel the little band of Englishmen who occupied the Quarries, and at one time, by turning the left flank, they succeeded for a brief space; then, with a rolling cheer, our soldiers went at them with the bayonet, and regained and held the lines, which were at once turned into a new parallel, and the site of a new and most formidable battery.

Thus closed this memorable contest; all night the mortars thundered, and all night their shells fell and burst within the Russian lines.

The loss of the English was about one-sixth of the force engaged. There were killed six officers and 25 men, and there were wounded 30 officers and 131 men. These casualties occurred chiefly in holding the Quarries, and in repelling the vigorous sorties of the enemy. The French loss was one-fifth of their force. It was enormous. They had 628 men killed, 4,060 wounded, and 379 missing; and they lost 276 officers, of whom 69 were killed and four were missing. The Russians fix their loss at 3,000 killed, wounded, and missing; but, considering the heavy fire from the allied batteries, this must be short of the truth.

As the corpses of the combatants strewed the ground between the Malakoff and Mamelon—Zouaves, and Algerines, and Linesmen mingling with the Russians in the amity of death—the enemy hoisted a flag of truce, and asked for a suspension of arms to collect and bury the dead.

This was assented to, and on the 9th, for five hours, there was peace. The Russians gave up 380 Frenchmen, and gathered up 350 of their comrades—a pretty good proof of the intensity of the struggle. The French took 73 guns in the works on the 7th. As they lost two distinguished officers—Brancion and Lavarande—the Mamelon redoubt was named after the former, who fell there, and the redoubts on the Careening ridge after the latter, who was struck down in one of them by a cannon-shot after the fight was over.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lord Raglan proposes Active Operations—French Views prevail—New Batteries—The Allies on the Tchernaya—Activity of Todleben—His great Skill—Allies in Council—Their Plans—Fourth Bombardment—Pélissier suddenly changes the Plan—Prepares to Assault—Lord Raglan in the Trenches—Vigilance of the Garrison—Fatal Mistake of General Mayran—Anger of Pélissier—Signal given—Advance of Brunet and D'Autemarre—Brunet killed—D'Autemarre's Troops enter the Place—English Attack on the Redan—Bloody Repulse—Deaths of Campbell and Yea—D'Autemarre's Troops, unsustained, are driven out—Their Gallant Conduct—Failure of the Allies—Lord Raglan and Pélissier—General Eyre's Column—Its brilliant Exploits in the South Ravine—Great Losses—Gortschakoff's exultation—The Flag of Truce—Reflections on the Conduct of the Allies—Illness and Death of Lord Raglan—Embarkation of his Body—Orders of the Day—Character and Services of Lord Raglan.

AFTER the success of the 7th of June the question immediately arose—should that success be pushed, and should the whole place be at once assailed on all sides? To answer this question there was a council of war. It should always be remembered that the English played a very subordinate part in the siege of Sebastopol. They had reaped their glory at the Alma and at Inkermann. They had soon lost that equality in point of numbers with which they began the war, and the views of Lord Raglan could now only prevail by dint of their invincible sagacity. He had, of course, a certain authority as the representative of England; but it was one of the penalties we paid for making war side by side with France, that he should often have to succumb, and that in place of one plan or another a medium course should be struck out and acted on. Whatever we did in the siege was purely secondary after Inkermann. Our batteries, indeed, were very formidable, and paved the way for the French successes against the Mamelon and finally against the Malakoff; but our troops were so placed by the stress of circumstances, that it was impossible for them to perform any striking action. It would appear that Lord Raglan's plan of taking Sebastopol would have been to follow up a heavy fire by, if need be, repeated assaults at all points—some by way of diversion, to keep a large force of the enemy occupied, others driven home with the view of carrying the place. So that it is not surprising he should have wished to continue the bombardment on the 8th, and then assault at the moment when the enemy's batteries were at the lowest ebb of their power. But to this the French would not agree. They wanted more time to build more batteries, to push approaches nearer; and as they furnished the large assaulting columns on the vital point, Lord Raglan had no choice but to acquiesce. He know that he could not take the place. He know, and all know, that if the Redan were captured, it could not be held so long as the Malakoff was in the hands of the Russians. Therefore he was bound to assent when General Pélissier proposed to defer the assault until the Mamelon and White Works were armed, and a battery established in the Quarries.

The French and English at once began to strengthen and arm their acquisitions, and to sap onward towards the enemy's lines. But this caused great losses day by day. Mortars from behind the Malakoff threw shells

into the Mamelon; mortars from the Redan threw shells into the Quarries; guns and mortars from the north side threw their missiles into the White Works. On the left the French did little more to aid the siege. There were mining and counter-mining in plenty in front of the Flagstaff, and some new batteries were constructed and armed on the extreme left; but they did not now push the attack as they had done before. They had come at last to recognise the Malakoff as the true point of attack, and against this they turned all their energies. They worked out above a hundred and fifty yards from the Mamelon, formed a large sheltered place in which to assemble troops, and covered the front with a curving line of parapet. The English built up and armed a six-gun battery in the Quarries, which looked into the enemy's communications behind the Malakoff, and was destined to play an important part; and they also increased the armament in the two attacks until the 13-inch mortars alone amounted to thirty.

In the meantime the troops on the Tchernaya, French horse and infantry, went on expeditions towards Baidar, with the view of discovering whether there were enemies in that quarter. They found none, but they gathered up some forage, and they enjoyed the natural beauties which abound between Tchorgoun, Ourkousta, and Vaneutka. The French also went across the Tchernaya, and dismantled the Russian earthworks thrown up during the winter, and bearing, or appearing to bear, on the bridge of Tracktir and the fords of the river. The Sardinians took up more ground, and made themselves more secure. Unhappily, although encamped on a healthy site, they lost many officers, and more men, from cholera. Among them was General Alexander la Marmora, the brother of that La Marmora so famous in the history of modern Italy.

The Russians were not a whit less active. Their energies also were bent upon making more complete the formidable defences of the Malakoff. They were especially careful to close the gaps on its proper left towards the Careening Bay, to open new batteries sweeping the ground at the head of that bay, and to construct interior retrenchments and flanking batteries. Their line of works, beginning from the South Harbour and extending to the Great Harbour, was broken only at one point. About a quarter of a mile to the proper left of the Redan, the Karabelnaia, or Middle Ravine—that which ran between the British right attack and the French Malakoff attack—broke the line of the Russian works. On the opposite bank of the ravine, the outer defences of the Malakoff Redoubt began with a work called the Gervais Battery, connected by a curtain with the Malakoff. But in rear of this, as well as in rear of the Little Redan on the proper left of the Malakoff, and in rear of the connecting curtains, the enemy had thrown up retrenchments. In short, General Todleben developed his plan of defence to meet the plan of attack, and as he had plenty of men, and a boundless supply of guns and material, he could execute all his admirable designs. He was a worthy foe.

The troops detached to Kertch returned to the camp on the 14th, and the greater part of the fleet once more anchored off Sebastopol. It had been decided that the cannonade should be resumed on the 14th, and the place should be assaulted on the 16th; but the French had not found it possible to complete in time their batteries and places of arms. Wherefore the cannonade was deferred for three days. On his return from Kertch, General d'Autemarre was sent to the Malakoff trenches. General Bosquet was relieved of the chief command on that side, and his place was taken by General Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely. Although General Bosquet was ordered to take command of the French on the Tchernaya with the prospect of an attack upon the Heights of Mackenzie, he resented his removal from the right attack. It is probable there was a double reason for removing him. First, he was avowedly hostile to the attempt to carry the town and lines by main force; next he was a good general in the field, and preferred the plan of field operations. If that were so, it was natural he should be placed at a point where he could do most service, and interfere least with the general in chief.

As usual, the plan of attack was debated at head-quarters when it had been decided by superior generals that the guns should open on the 17th, and that the assault should take place the next day. How should this be carried out? It was arranged that the French on the west face of the town should attack its salient defences, the Flagstaff, Central, and Quarantine Bastions, in three columns, under General de Salles; and it was anticipated that if these attacks did not succeed, they would keep many thousands of the enemy employed, and might, if occasion offered, be converted into real attacks, pushed home. The English were to send a brigade down the South Ravine, to seize the cemetery lying at the bottom of its basin, and, in conjunction with a French force, threaten the enemy in that quarter. The main English assaults were to be made on the Redan. This work was to be assailed by a column on its right and another on its left face, and there were to be large supports at hand to make good success. If the Redan was carried, then the column in the South Ravine was to climb up to the Barrack Battery, and join the Redan column in the rear. The French were to attack in three columns on the extreme right. One was to follow the Careening Ravine, and storm the Little Redan; a second was to rush upon the proper left of the Malakoff; while a third, issuing from the Middle Ravine, carried the Gervais Battery, and worked round thence to the rear of the Malakoff. The fleet were to send in steamers on the nights preceding the assault, to keep the enemy on the alert in his sea batteries. Immense reserves were to be provided along the whole line. Such was the original plan. It was settled on the 16th, but in the afternoon General Pélissier desired to make an important modification. General de Salles urged that, as the attacks on the left could not succeed, they had better not take place; and General Pélissier, much to the discontent of Lord Raglan, notified that this change had been made. Lord Raglan did not press his objections, and thus the French were merely to "demonstrate" on the left front. No

other change was made, except that Lord Raglan decided to send a third column against the Redan, having for its object the salient angle of that work. Finally it was decided that the English should not attack until the French were in possession of the Malakoff. The reason for this was that the guns on the right face of the Malakoff commanded the Redan and the road to the Redan. The whole of the 1st British Division was brought up from Balaclava. The Imperial Guard was marched up to the open ground at the head of the Malakoff Ridge; and 10,000 Turks were posted on the field of Inkermann. There were in the English batteries 166 pieces of ordnance, and nearly 300 in the French.

The bombardment opened at daylight on the 17th with great effect. The Malakoff and the Redan were the objects of our gunners, and the torrent of shot and shell poured into these works had, by nine o'clock, reduced the fire of the Malakoff to an occasional gun. Throughout the day it was the same. The Redan, although it soon ceased to fire with any vigour, flung shells from small mortars with low charges into the Quarries. The Barrack and Garden Batteries were, as usual, conspicuous for their vivacity. But the fire of the allies completely overpowered that of the eastern front. Its severity may be estimated by the fact that the ammunition consumed in the English batteries alone on the 17th and 18th was 22,684 projectiles, including 2,286 13-inch shells. It must have been nearly impossible for the Russians to work their guns, and quite impossible to work them without awful loss. When the sun went down on the 17th the mortars continued to hurl forth their monstrous missiles; and three or four of the steamers standing in opened a fire of shot, shell, and rockets on the town. It was on one of these occasions that Captain Lyons, fresh from his triumphs in the Sea of Azoff, was struck in the leg by a fragment of shell. The wound proved mortal, and death deprived the British navy of one of its most promising officers.

From the comparative silence of the Russian batteries, Lord Raglan and General Pélissier inferred that the enemy was at the end of his resources. They hoped that at length he had exhausted his stores of artillery. It was a vain delusion. In spite of the bombardment, which went on all night, the enemy managed to replace the pieces in his batteries, and at dawn, as will be seen, he was ready to begin anew. This advantage, indeed, might have been counteracted had the allies remained faithful to their original plan. There was, in the French camp, a sort of passion for an assault at the very first flash of the dawn. Their officers, Pélissier excepted, had urged that the attack on the Mamelon should be given at daybreak. They were overruled. Now they came to the charge afresh. The whole scheme of the assault rested on the basis that the fire of the enemy had been crushed. To make sure, however, it was originally planned that the assault should be preceded by a three hours' violent cannonade. This would have searched every part of the enemy's works, and prevented him from massing his troops in them in large numbers. On this basis all the orders were given. Literally at the eleventh hour, the French changed the whole plan. On the evening of the 17th, when all orders had been issued, General Pélissier informed Lord Raglan that his officers declared they could not place their infantry in the trenches without their being seen by the enemy, and that consequently he desired the time of the assault to be altered, and fixed for daybreak. Lord Raglan was justly much annoyed, but he yielded. It was a fatal concession. But how could he oppose a colleague who commanded a force nearly double that under Lord Raglan's orders? Therefore, a few hours before the assault was to take place, the old orders were revoked, and fresh orders were issued. This occupied the British commander nearly all night, and left him but one hour for repose.

Throughout the night the troops appointed to storm and support the stormers and the reserves were moving to their appointed places. Down into the English trenches went the men of the Light 2nd and 4th Divisions, under Sir John Campbell, Colonel Lacy Yea, and Colonel Shadforth; while Eyre's Brigade of the 3rd Division moved deep into the South Ravine, and Barnard's Brigade of the same division was placed higher up in support. The right column was to attack the left face of the Redan, the left column the right face. If these succeeded, then the centre column was to charge in at the salient. Eyre was to move towards the works at the end of the South Ravine. The French, in addition to the ordinary guards, marched three entire divisions, about 16,000 men, into their trenches, and placed in reserve a part of the division of the Imperial Guard, bringing the force up to about 24,000 men. The right division, under the orders of General Mayran, marched into the Careening Ravine; the centre, under General Brunet, had one brigade in front of the right of the Mamelon, the other in the trenches behind; the left, under General d'Autemarre, placed one brigade on the left front of the Mamelon, the other in the trenches in the rear. The trenches and the ravines were choked up with troops, all silent and crouching in the dark. Some were sitting under the parapets, others lying flat in the ravines. But there was also a good deal of movement, for the troops had to be placed so that they could the most easily and with the least disorder move swiftly out of the trenches. Seen from the higher ground in the rear, the soldiers are said to have looked, in the deep obscurity, like the people of a world of shadows.

The allied generals had intended to surprise the place; to break into it when its defenders were the least prepared. Some suppose that the enemy was forewarned by spies and deserters of the coming assault, for far from being taken unawares, the Russians were as much on the alert as the allies. Behind those dark and silent entrenchments there were thousands of soldiers under arms, and waiting in silence to do their duty at the first tap of the drum or bray of the trumpet. It needed not spies or deserters to forewarn them. The custom of armies when near each other is to parade before break of day, and this is not less the custom of garrisons when besieged, or of an army, like that in Sebastopol, defending a mighty entrenched camp. So it was on the 18th.

Behind the huge Malakoff and the Great Redan, in rear of the connecting parapets, and in the houses of the suburb, lay 16,000 men ready to clutch their arms and fall on. In front of the works were watchful sentries, and in the works the gunners stood by their pieces, prompt to fire. The steamers in the harbour, sheltered under the cliffs, had their fires lighted and their steam up, and were prepared to throw shell, and grape, and canister on the assaulting columns. But had Lord Raglan's plan of a three hours' bombardment been carried out, the fire could not have failed to disarrange the plan of defence, the chances of surprising the defenders would have been great, and the assailants, moving upon what they could see, would have stormed with greater unity and greater confidence.

The change in the plan which dispensed with the preliminary bombardment was not the only fatality. It was still dark when Lord Raglan and his staff rode off from head-quarters for the trenches. He had resolved to place himself in a mortar battery far down in the right attack, and dismounting on the hill above, he walked through the trenches to the selected spot in the gloom of the night. With him went General Sir Harry Jones, the principal engineer. Lord Raglan had chosen the mortar battery in which he took post, because from its parapet he could see the Quarries, the Redan, and the Malakoff, and thus watch both assaults, and because from this point he could most conveniently issue his orders. But it was a place of great peril, for there the fires of the Redan and Malakoff crossed. The British commander was told that he was in the focus of this double fire, and even the passing soldiers remarked aloud that he had picked out the most dangerous spot in the trenches; but he said he found it most convenient, and would not move away. The post of observation selected by General Pélissier was far in rear of the French assault. The reader may remember that in November, 1854, there was a British battery of 68-pounders on the Malakoff Ridge, called the Lancaster Battery, because it once contained a Lancaster gun, about a mile and a quarter from the tower, and that Mr. Hewett made a good use of one of his heavy guns from this battery on the 26th of October. Here the French general determined to post himself, and from this battery he was to fire three common rockets, those which burst in clusters of coloured stars, as the signal of attack; and when the French had entered the Malakoff, Lord Raglan was to send up two rockets from his battery.

It was still dark. General Regnault De Saint Jean d'Angely, with the Imperial Guard, was in the Lancaster Battery. Lord Raglan was at his post, watching for the signal. The unemployed spectators, officers and amateurs, were on the hills in groups here and there. General Pélissier was still on his way, and upwards of half a mile from his post. Hope, nay, confidence reigned in every breast. The English were cool, ready, and quiet. The French, to use their own expression, were quivering with eagerness, but their centre columns were not yet placed.

Suddenly, none knew why, flashes of fire, followed by a sullen uproar, were seen and heard on the extreme right. The flashes grew brighter and more frequent, the noise of exploding gunpowder grew louder. The roar of big guns rose above the crash of musketry, and the roll of drums and shrill notes of trumpets were heard in the transitory lulls of the larger tumult. What had happened? No signal rockets had climbed upwards from the Lancaster Battery to break into a bouquet of coloured fires. General Pélissier, hurrying through the dark over the plateau, was perplexed, was enraged. Still the combat raged about the head of the Careening Bay, and the fire of the place grew more fierce and sustained. Ten minutes elapsed—minutes that seemed weeks to the wondering spectators. The French general entered the battery in a fury; demanding sharply who had given the signal, his wrath changed into astonishment when he was told no signal had been given, and his astonishment into vexation when he learned that General Mayran had mistaken a military rocket, fired from the Mamelon, for the signal to assault! The unity and suddenness of the assault were thus destroyed; but General Pélissier, without hesitation, ordered the rockets to be fired, and, at seven minutes past three, the clustering stars of fire hung for a moment up in the black sky, and then paled and vanished. The French troops dashed out in the gloom to the assault.

A fatal accident had precipitated the conflict. General Mayran had been up all night engaged in placing himself the division he commanded. He had them all in hand in the Careening Ravine, and he was eager, he was impatient for the fray. In this frame of mind he was disposed to take every rocket fired from the Mamelon for the signal agreed on; and when, a little before three, one of these blazing missiles writhed and bounded through the air towards the Russian lines, he called out, "That is the signal." His staff officers ventured to warn him that this could not be the signal, because the time for action had not come. This was an unfortunate reason. It only confirmed the general in his delusion. "It is the signal," he replied; "and, besides, when one is about to assault a foe, it is better to be too soon than too late." The rash step was taken; his division was ordered to move. With the first brigade Mayran went himself; the second was commanded by De Failly. But the troops no sooner rushed out than they were smitten by a heavy fire. The leading soldiers, after the fashion of their countrymen, began to fire on the retreating Russian outposts, and the flash and the sound guided the Russian artillery in training their guns. Then it was still dark, and the troops were unable to see the nature of the ground. Instead of following the left bank of the Careening Bay, and striving to turn the line of entrenchments, they went full in the teeth of a battery. The steamers came up to the mouth of the bay, and, at short range, poured in showers of grape and shell. So that this unhappy column, struggling in the obscurity over rough ground, was torn through and through by the iron sleet hurled at them in front and flank. Mayran was seen among the wounded, but he would neither retire nor give up the command. Another grapeshot

striking him in the body, he was carried off mortally wounded; and part of his troops, after a vain but gallant stand, hurried back into the Careening Ravine, shattered and disorganised. But De Failly, bringing up the reserve, rallied them in a hollow, and held his ground.

In the meantime, at the signal from the Lancaster Battery, D'Autemarre and Brunet gave the word to advance. Brunet's men were not in order; and in disorder, and as they could, they scrambled into the open. The disorder was increased when a shot struck and killed the general as he quitted the trenches. General Lafont de Villiers took command. Part of the division went towards the Malakoff, under Colonel Lorencez, while the rest were held in hand to meet the exigencies of the moment. The men engaged, like those on the right, were exposed to a crushing fire, and could make no way, but they would not retreat. The attack on the right had, by this time, utterly failed. The attack on the centre made no progress. The left attack was more fortunate. D'Autemarre, on spying the signal, sent forward two battalions, one of rifles, the other of the line. Day had dawned, and the twilight revealed the column to the enemy, but it also allowed the troops to see where they were going. With steady tread in the face of a searching fire, D'Autemarre's men pressed along the ridge, on the right of the Middle Ravine; Garnier, the commander of the rifles, kept his men together and prevented them from firing; and thus they arrived at the ditch of the Gervais Battery, on the proper right of the Malakoff, all together. In a moment they were seen scrambling over the parapet, and then firing their rifles, point blank, they went in with the bayonet. The strife was close, but the French prevailed; and the 19th Line regiment coming up, the two battalions were actually established within the enemy's lines, among the ruins of houses, and under the mighty Malakoff. The column on the right had by this time been reinforced by part of the Guard, chiefly for the purpose of securing it from attack, but also to have a body of men ready to take advantage of any opportunity. The head of Brunet's column was under the Malakoff, exchanging volleys with the enemy's troops, who fired exultingly from their parapets. D'Autemarre's two batteries, as we have said, were inside the Russian lines, and their gallant leaders, Garnier and Manèque, both wounded, had sent officer after officer to the rear begging for reinforcements. Ten minutes had slipped away since Pélissier gave the signal, and such was the condition of the combat.

Lord Raglan had been a spectator of this engagement in the grey dawn. He had seen and heard the false movement of Mayran; he had watched the confused march of Brunet's troops; he had seen dimly the soldiers of D'Autemarre storm the Gervais Battery. The French had not succeeded; but the British commander, admiring their showy bravery, and feeling that he ought to risk something to aid them, directed Sir George Brown to order the assault on the Redan. Alas! here, too, the enemy were prepared. They had a mass of infantry in the Redan; its guns, loaded with grape, were ready to belch it forth; and between the stormers and their object there was the abattis with its strong woodwork and deep ditch. The British columns were small—400 men in each. They were covered by a scattering of riflemen, and with them were to march a party of sailors under William Peel, carrying ladders, a party of soldiers with sacks of wool, and a party of artillerymen to spike the guns of the Redan. When the signal was given, all these gallant men climbed over the parapets and alighted in the open. Then the guns of the Redan opened with energy and effect. The rifles, in open order, gained the abattis, and began to fire on the enemy's gunners. Parts of the two columns of attack struggled in utter disorder up to the same place. But the sailors under Peel were so cut up, that only one ladder was borne to the abattis, and Peel was wounded. It was in striving to make the men in the right column form, and in leading them on by voice and gesture, that the brave Lacy Yea met his death. He was struck by grape, and almost instantly died. On the left, Colonel Shadforth was slain as soon as he had left the trenches; and Sir John Campbell, leaping over the parapet, went at once to head the column, and carried them up to the abattis. But there, cheering his soldiers, Campbell was also shot dead. Indeed, the storm of grapeshot strewed the ground with red coats and blue jackets. The bullets, mingled with round shot and shell, went tearing through or rushing over the parapet where Lord Raglan stood, looking over the top, and watching the combat. While he stood there, General Jones was knocked down at his side, and when the red gash in his forehead was seen, men thought he was killed; but he rose, and having had his wound dressed, he took his place again at the parapet. But the attack on the Redan had altogether failed. Lord West and Colonel Lysons found it a vain sacrifice to keep the men under that awful fire, to which musketry was now added from the parapets of the Redan; and accordingly, the remains of the devoted stormers were hurried back into the trenches. By Lord Raglan's orders, the whole of our batteries at once opened fire. It is an error to state that Lord Raglan ordered only a partial fire. General Jones states distinctly that "all our batteries were ordered to resume their fire as heavily as possible." They did so, and as heretofore, soon obtained the mastery; and as the place was full of troops, the enemy must have suffered most severely.

The French attack had failed also. Seeing Brunet's men exposed to a fire of small arms from the parapets of the Malakoff, Colonel Dickson endeavoured to drive the Russians down by shells. But they did not appear to feel these missiles, and Dickson changing to round shot, soon cleared the parapet. D'Autemarre's two battalions held the Gervais Battery for more than half an hour. Their brave commanders, grim and blood-stained, looked eagerly, but in vain, for the reinforcements they had demanded. And as these did not arrive, these two heroic soldiers were forced to withdraw. The French are under the impression that they were driven out by troops coming from the Redan. But they are mistaken. General Chruleff had plenty of men at hand without

weakening the Redan. When the French quitted the Russian entrenchments, the Russian infantry followed. The French halted in a depression of the ground, and as part of their reinforcements had now come up, they turned with the bayonet upon their pursuers and forced them back into the work. Other battalions coming up, these men held fast, and General Pélissier, unwilling to throw a chance away, ordered up the Zouaves of the Guard, and had a momentary thought of making a fresh attack; but receiving unfavourable reports, he halted the Guard, and recalled all the troops. The attack was at an end.

But while he was thinking of renewing the assault, he sent General Rose with a message to Lord Raglan, saying that he hoped Lord Raglan would agree to a renewed onslaught. At the same time Lord Raglan, seeing how completely our fire had mastered that of the place, ordered Sir George Brown to bring up the supports, and prepare for a fresh assault. He then sent Commander Vico, the French officer at the British headquarters, to inform General Pélissier of the steps he had taken, and to propose that another attempt should be made after the bombardment had continued a few hours longer. Lord Raglan thought that in this way the enemy might be surprised, and the place be won. The two messengers met each other in the trenches, and thus the messages crossed each other. Lord Raglan, therefore, determined to see Pélissier himself. Reaching the Lancaster Battery shortly after seven o'clock, Lord Raglan found the French general ready to fall in with his views. But while they were discussing the details, General d'Autemarre, now senior officer in the French trenches, sent word that the French troops had lost so many men and were so discouraged, that he feared it would be impossible to assault again. It was, therefore, decided that no fresh assault should be made; the troops were withdrawn; and the batteries slackened fire.

We have now to narrate a remarkable episode in the incidents of the morning. It will be remembered that General Eyre was to make a demonstration in the South Ravine. A French force was to aid him by covering his left flank. He had with him about 2,000 men belonging to the 9th, 18th, 28th, 38th, and 44th Regiments; and arriving in the Ravine a little before three o'clock, he arrayed them for the work in hand. Some 400 volunteers under Major Fielden led the way, supported by the 44th and 38th on the right, and the 18th on the left; while the 9th and 28th formed a reserve. Their first object was to capture two rifle pits. The French took one, and our volunteers the other, with ease. Then the French halted, the officer in command having no warrant to go farther. General Eyre, however, exceeding, or rather straining his instructions, did go farther, and a handful of French breaking from

GENERAL LA MARMORA.

restraint kept pace with him. In the ravine, just before it is joined by the Woronzoff Ravine on the right, there was a cemetery where the Russians had a post. This was carried by our troops, after a very slight resistance; and, not content with this success, they pushed still farther. There were clusters of houses under the cliffs on both sides of the broad basin formed by the juncture of the two ravines. Into these the enemy retired, and General Eyre deeming it desirable to occupy as forward a position as possible, drove the Russians out of the houses, and held them as well as the Cemetery. The troops were now under the Garden Batteries on the one side, and the Barrack Batteries on the other; and before them was the battery at the head of the South Ravine, called the Creek Battery. They were thus exposed to fire on three sides. Nevertheless they still made progress, driving the enemy out of the houses and up the sides of the ravine. Some of them ascended the steep, a few looked into the works in rear of the Flagstaff Bastion, others climbed the opposite side and got shelter at a point commanding the Creek Battery. Thus they were ready, if fortune favoured the assaults on the Redan and Malakoff, to sweep either into the town or make way through the Barrack Battery to the Redan. But the Russians had no sooner fled from the ravine into the place, than the batteries opened on our daring soldiers. The round shot and shell tore through the frail houses and broke the stones of the Cemetery in pieces, while the Russian infantry came forth afresh and kept up a hot fire. But these were soon forced back by the accurate shooting of the British; and it is inferred that the enemy lost many gunners from the bullets sent into his embrasures. Happily some of the houses had bomb-proof storeys, and in these better shelter was obtained. To increase the pressure on our men and drive them out, ships came up the South Harbour and fired heavily into their lodgments; and at times they were the focus of an encircling fire. Nevertheless here they remained all day, offering to the French in the right of their left attack a splendid spectacle of hardihood. General Eyre was wounded early in the day; but he did not give up the command of his men until five in the afternoon. About nine in the morning he had heard of the failure of the grand assault. Requesting instructions from Lord Raglan, he was told that the French would send a force to relieve him, and hold part of the ground he had won; but that if at nightfall the French had not arrived then he was to evacuate the ravine. The French did not come; and this noble brigade, bringing with them nearly all their wounded, and these were many, regained the trenches at nightfall. The Cemetery, however, remained in our possession. Out of 2,000 men, nearly 600 were killed or wounded.

The losses of both sides were very great. Of the English there were 22 officers killed and 78 wounded; 241 men killed and 1,209 wounded. The French lost 33 officers killed, 257 were wounded, and 21 were missing. They also lost 1,340 men killed, 1,520 wounded, and 390 missing. The wounded men thus exceeded the dead by 180 only—an unusual proportion. The totals stand—for the English, 1,553; for the French, 3,553 killed, wounded, and missing. The Russian loss, as usual, is difficult to ascertain. Prince Gortschakoff's published despatch fixes the losses during the 17th and 18th at 16 officers killed and 153 wounded; 781 men killed and 4,826 wounded; giving a total of 5,776 as the amount of the Russian loss from the bombardment and the combat. The allied losses on the 18th were 5,106. On the 17th, 37 men were killed or wounded in the British trenches. As the French placed more men in their batteries and parallels than we did, they may have lost 100. Adding 137 to the total of the allied loss in the two days, it still falls short of the loss of the enemy by 533 men.

Prince Gortschakoff was very proud of his victory. He issued an exulting order of the day. He told his soldiers they had defeated an "enemy in despair;" "Thanks be to you for it, comrades!" He stimulated their courage by telling them that large reinforcements were marching from all parts of sacred Russia; and he called upon them to die rather than break their oaths to preserve Sebastopol. "The time is at hand," he exclaimed, "when the pride of the enemy—the imperious enemy—will be overthrown; when his armies will be swept from our territory like straw before the wind. Until then have faith in God, and fight for Emperor and country!" These were stirring words, and much the stout defenders of Sebastopol stood in need of them. There was anguish, there was chagrin, in the camps of the allies, but there was no despair. The generals were as resolute as fate, and the soldiers were burning to go in again.

But there lay the dead and the wounded, thick as leaves, on those bloody slopes. It became needful to bury the first and succour the second; and Prince Gortschakoff's boast seemed for a moment realised when, on the 19th, a boat bearing a flag of truce was seen coming in from the fleet by those who manned the forts and watched the mouth of the harbour; for the bearers of that flag of truce were instructed to present a request from the allied generals that Prince Gortschakoff would vouchsafe a short truce—the first and last request of that kind from the camp of the allies. The Commander-in-chief of Sebastopol must have felt a glow of pride when he received that message. Yet he could not have been loth to grant the request it conveyed, for a truce, were it never so short, was time gained, and time gained to repair damages and get guns into the batteries without molestation.

Therefore, in the afternoon, one of those sad spectacles was seen, so full of strange contrasts—a burial truce. Bodies were thickly strewn near the abattis in front of the Redan. There lay the tall, manly form of Lacy Yea, a true soldier, beloved and feared by his men of the noble old 7th. There lay Sir John Campbell, a cheerful and gallant officer, as keen in fight as Yea. Both had been deprived of their boots, and Campbell's sword was gone; but this the enemy politely returned. Around them, mingled with the dead, were living men

suffering from wounds. They lay, some of them, in the holes made by shells; and it is said that as they writhed in their agony, the Russians fired on them; probably mistaking them for sharpshooters, for some of the English wounded said that the Russians had treated them kindly, and had brought them water. Between the sentries, posted by both sides, passed and repassed the fatigue parties bearing the dead and wounded; and in the midst of the scene were groups of officers—the Russians in white kid gloves and patent leather boots, and clean shirts. The talk was of the usual politely defiant kind, but there were exceptions. Colonel Calthorpe states that he found the Russians cold, reserved, and melancholy, but others found them hopeful and sportive. "One Russian cadet with whom I was talking," writes Colonel Calthorpe, "in reply to a remark of mine as to our losses, said, with great bitterness of manner, and a voice choked with emotion, 'Losses! you do not know what the word means. You should see our batteries; the dead lie there in heaps and heaps! Troops cannot live under such a fire of hell as you poured upon us!'" Very different was the tone of an officer whose remarks are recorded by Dr. Russell. "Another officer," he writes, "asked if we really thought, after our experience of the defence they could make, that we could take Sebastopol? 'We must; France and England are determined to take it.' 'Ah! well,' said the other, 'Russia is determined France and England shall not have it; and we'll see who has the strongest will, and can lose most men.'" This was quite in the spirit of Prince Gortschakoff's triumphant order of the day. The French gathered up many wounded from the riven slopes of the Malakoff and the rough ground around the Careening Bay; and they were sad, and downcast, and thoughtful, as well they might be; but it was the sadness of genuine feeling for their comrades, and not the gloom of despair. In their camp, also, raged a fierce controversy, very bitter and prolonged. After a victory the faults of men are lost sight of in a halo of glory, but after a defeat men are prone to find fault, and each accuses another. General Pélissier was displeased, and he sent General Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely back to his command of the Imperial Guards, and recalled the skilful Bosquet to his old post in the French right attacks. Bosquet was a real soldier, and owed his place in the army to his merit alone, and not to the influences at work in an Imperial court.

The assault on the 18th suggests many reflections. It was a day of errors. The primary fault lay in that change of plan at the eleventh hour which dispensed with a preliminary bombardment. The Russian works, and the barracks and buildings in rear of them, were full of troops. According to their own statements they had 14,500 men, exclusive of the sailors at the guns in the line of entrenchments between the Barrack Battery and No. 1 Bastion, at the mouth of the Careening Bay. The bulk of this force was in the Redan and the Malakoff; and, beside these, they had 4,000 men and eighteen field-guns in reserve. All these were under arms at the moment when the attack began. If, instead of columns of men, stumbling through the darkness, the allies had hurled shot and shell into the place, it would have made dreadful havoc in these masses. Before the Mamelon was stormed, the heaps of projectiles falling within it made it look like a volcano in action. The excuse of the French that they could not conceal their men, does not weigh down the advantage to be gained by a fierce bombardment from batteries far more powerful than they were on the 7th of June. In fact, the condition of the enemy, had the bombardment been continued as originally designed, would have been exactly the reverse of what it was. Instead of having not a gun dismounted, and hardly a man hurt, their artillery would have been silenced or withdrawn, and their ranks disordered and bleeding. Then the allies, having the advantage of light to see where they were going, might have broken in, and, it is possible, have carried the whole line.

The next fault was the unhappy mistake of General Mayran, which deprived the attacks of that unity so essential to success in operations of this kind. The consequence was that the assaults were delivered one after the other, by such small bodies as could struggle up to the foot of the enemy's works. The Russians, fairly roused by the tumult on their left, were actually standing to their guns and watching for the columns they knew to be coming on. The attack on the Malakoff was thus deprived of all chance of success, and the onset against the Redan was a mere waste of life, so weak were the columns, so dreadful the fire of grape-shot. What might have been done by a simultaneous rush, was shown by the charge of D'Autemarre's leading battalions. These brave fellows, well led, did not stop to fire, but went straight at the earthworks, and won their way in at the point of the bayonet. Had all the French columns moved together, some of them might have succeeded. Another mistake was the refusal of the French to assault from their left attacks, for the slightest success on their part would have enabled Eyre to lead a conquering column into the rear of the Flagstaff Bastion. After all, it was Eyre's men who made the conquest of the day. They won the Cemetery in the South Ravine. But, on the morning of the 19th, this post was held only by a picket. When an engineer officer reported the fact to Lord Raglan, he ordered the picket to be reinforced; and, in the evening, a strong force of English and French went down, and began works there, connecting the place with the British and French attacks. The errors of the day, then, were the fatal change which dispensed with the bombardment; the refusal of the French to assault on the left; the mistake of Mayran, and the consequent failure in the unity of the assault. To these it may be added, that the British assaulting columns, except that led by Eyre, were all too weak, and would probably have failed against the Redan, even had the French succeeded against the Malakoff. And, reviewing the whole operation carefully, there is some ground for the inference, that, although a preliminary bombardment would have given a chance of success, yet, at this stage, it is pro-

bable that failure would have been equally the result, because the distance which the stormers and supporters had to traverse to reach the enemy was so great, and also because the spirit of that enemy was still too high, and his losses, immense though they were, not enough to warrant that profound discouragement which precedes the final efforts of a desperate cause.

And now a severe misfortune was impending over the British army. It was about to lose its beloved Commander-in-chief. On returning from his conference with General Pélissier, after the failure of the 18th of June, taking the hospitals on his way, Lord Raglan found at head-quarters his letters from England, and one of the first he opened announced the death of his sister, Lady Harriet Mitchell—a severe blow to one so affectionate as he was. This, coming on the heels of the disaster of the morning, affected him the more seriously, because he was about to lose the services of his old comrade, Sir George Brown, whom ill health had driven from the Crimea. General Codrington went upon the sick list, and he, with General Pennefather, was ordered to take ship and seek repose. General Buller had gone away afflicted with fever. General Jones and General Eyre were in hospital wounded. But more than all, the Adjutant-General, Estcourt, an old friend of the Field Marshal, was lying ill of cholera. On the 23rd of June a tempest broke over the allied camps, and the rain fell in such vast quantities that the cavalry stables at Kadikoi were destroyed, and five men were carried away by torrents in the ravines and drowned. The huts, the batteries, and the railway were seriously damaged. General Estcourt, suffering from cholera, was agitated by the storm, and sank and died the next day. Lord Raglan had been ailing for some days. On the 23rd, Colonel Calthorpe from head-quarters wrote to his friends in England, that every one was more or less out of spirits. "Lord Raglan is, perhaps, the most cheerful of any one, considering how much he has had lately to worry and annoy him. But at the same time, I fear that it [the failure of the 18th] has affected his health. He looks far from well, and has grown very much aged latterly." And well he might. Forty years before he had lost an arm in the climax of the greatest victory of the century, and it must have been painful, even to a mind so well disciplined as that of the Field Marshal, to fail on the anniversary of Waterloo. He felt more bitterly the death of his sister, and now of General Estcourt, one of the bravest and most amiable of men. Indeed, he felt his loss so keenly, that he was not able to be present at the old soldier's funeral. In the afternoon he mastered his great grief, and visited his comrade's grave in the vineyard, where his body lay. He must have remembered that little church at Waterloo, whose walls are covered with the names of the glorious dead, and his thoughts must have traversed the dark past, and alighted on many spots in Spain and Portugal, the resting-places of gallant friends who had fallen in battle. Nor was he alone in sorrow. Sir Edmund Lyons had lost his noble boy, and Lord Raglan could feel for the dauntless Admiral who had put his hand to the work entrusted to them by their country with a thoroughness equal to his own. All these calamities falling upon him within a few days, broke even his firm mind. The last despatch he wrote to the Minister of War informed him of the death of the Adjutant-General. This was written on the 26th of June. On the 28th the Field Marshal himself had ceased to live.

He fell ill seriously on the 26th, but no one, not even the doctors, thought that he was sick unto death. He grew no better, but he slept well, watched over by his staff and Dr. Prendergast. On the 28th he seemed so much better to some of the medical men, that they were about to quiet the anxiety in England by sending a message to that effect by telegraph; but Dr. Prendergast was doubtful, and a dubious message was sent. In the afternoon the Field Marshal became visibly worse, but it was not supposed that death was so near him. At four o'clock the truth burst upon all—he was dying. His staff, his nephew, Colonel Somerset, General Simpson, General Airey, and Colonel Lord George Paget gathered round his bed, and the principal chaplain came, and read and prayed. Gradually, quietly, in a holy calm, that noble spirit ebbed away, so peacefully that it was scarcely possible to tell the moment when he ceased to be. At five-and-twenty minutes to nine in the evening of the 28th of June, an end had come to the earthly career of the British Commander-in-chief. He died in his bed, but he died, like a knight of old, with his harness on.

The army was astonished and afflicted when the news flew from lip to lip that Lord Raglan lay dead in the little house at the head of the South Ravine. Not only the British generals went up to gaze upon his countenance, which still retained that expression of serenity and firmness they had seen alike in the heat of battle and in the calm intercourse of every-day life; the French generals also, the Turkish commander, the leader of the Italian army, and the admirals, arrived to look upon that image of a noble man. "It was a touching sight," writes one present at those scenes, "to see these old warriors, who had so often looked death in the face unmoved, shedding tears over the body of our late beloved commander. General Pélissier stood by the bedside for upwards of an hour, crying like a child. General Canrobert also testified the most profound grief on seeing the remains of him for whom he entertains a sincere affection." Canrobert remembered that Lord Raglan had visited him at his hut on the Tchernaya, when, from being commander-in-chief of a French army, he had become again the leader of a division. "Ah! milord," said the gallant Frenchman on that occasion, "you are very good to me, for you visit me in adversity, and treat me in the same manner as when I was in prosperity; that is not the case with most men." Pélissier, too, had found in him a colleague with a daring and decision of character equal to his own, resting on a basis of courtesy and gentleness which, though they formed no part of the French general's nature, yet excited in him profound esteem and admiration.

It was determined to send home the remains of Lord

Raglan, that his ashes might rest with his fathers. The body was placed in coffins of lead and iron, and these were enclosed in a wooden shell. The 3rd of July was fixed on for the embarkation of the corpse on board the Caradoc; and the scene then presented was one of the most splendid as well as most touching. In the afternoon of that day there stood, extending from the British head-quarters to Kazatch, a double line of infantry. Every British regiment in the Crimea sent fifty men and three officers, and the red-coats extended a mile over the plateau. At the French head-quarters the French troops took up the line. They were men of the Imperial Guard and the 1st Corps, and they stretched away to Kazatch Bay. Before Lord Raglan's house stood a nine-pounder gun, drawn by eight bay horses, and bearing a platform for the coffin. The Grenadier Guards, forming the guard of honour, were drawn up in the court-yard, which was crowded with officers of the four armies, in full uniform. When the body was brought out the Grenadiers saluted, and as the procession began to move, and the gun bearing the dead soldier left the garden and wheeled into the plateau, two batteries of artillery fired a salute of nineteen guns, and the united bands of three regiments played the "Dead March" from Saul. Escorted by cavalry from each army, and by French and English artillery, between the ranks of British soldiers, between brilliant Zouaves and solemn-looking Imperial Guardsmen, and the less striking regiments of the French line, drawing forth at intervals salutes from French field-guns, and waking up here and there strains of pathetic music, the sad procession wound over the dusty plains. At the wheels of the gun-carriage and limber rode General Simpson, General Pélissier, General La Marmora, and Omer Pasha. Over the coffin was the British flag, and on the flag a wreath of immortelles, placed there by the French general. Behind the coffin was led the favourite charger of the departed warrior; then came the relatives and personal staff of the Field Marshal, and after these hundreds of officers from all the allied armies. "When at sunset we reached Kazatch," writes Colonel Hamley, "the water of the harbour was almost hidden by the number of boats thronged with seamen in their white frocks, whose uplifted oars looked like a grove." Admiral Bruat and Admiral Houston Stewart (grief kept away Sir Edmund Lyons) received charge of the coffin. "At the end of one of the wooden piers a crane had been erected, under which the gun-carriage was drawn; bareheaded sailors slung the coffin to the crane, hoisted it, and lowered it into the launch of the Royal Albert, destined to take it to the Caradoc, the steamer in which Lord Raglan had come from England, and which was now to take home his remains. A parting salute was fired as the boat left the pier, and we had seen the last of our kind and gallant old chief." The Caradoc then steamed away, with the touching signal "Farewell!" flying at her masthead. She arrived at Bristol on the 24th of July, and landed her sad burden, which was conveyed through a town in mourning to Badminton; and there, on the 26th, in a quiet village church, surrounded by a group of living comrades, who had fought beside him under the Great Duke more than half a century before, the remains of Lord Raglan found their last resting-place.

In the language of Lord Panmure to General Simpson, the country had been deprived of a brave and accomplished soldier, and a true and devoted patriot. The Queen heard of Lord Raglan's death with the deepest sorrow, and deplored with the troops the great misfortune which had befallen her and them. The French commander-in-chief issued a "general order," expressed with striking felicity, and stamped with sincerity. "Death," it said, "has suddenly taken away, while in full exercise of his command, Field Marshal Lord Raglan, and has plunged the British in mourning. We all share the regret of our brave allies. Those who knew Lord Raglan, who know the history of his life—so noble, so pure, so replete with service rendered to his country—those who witnessed his fearless demeanour at Alma and Inkermann, who recall the calm and stoic greatness of his character throughout this rude and memorable campaign—every generous heart, indeed, will deplore the loss of such a man. The sentiments here expressed by the General-in-Chief are those of the whole army. He has himself been cruelly struck by this unlooked-for blow. The public grief only increases his sorrow at being for ever separated from a companion in arms whose genial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and from whom he has always received the most loyal and hearty co-operation." General La Marmora, in his order, did not fail to note among other things, "the exemplary constancy with which, together with his army, Lord Raglan endured the hard trials and privations of a winter campaign." Some day, no doubt, the fact will be recognised, that this sturdy constancy of the British chief and of the British troops was, after the battle of Inkermann, the most solid and noble service rendered by both in the Crimea. In the British Parliament, on the very day when the Caradoc received his remains, members of both Houses and all parties, save the Peace party, concurred in speaking his eulogy; and the House of Commons agreed to resolutions conferring £1,000 a year upon Lady Raglan, and £2,000 a year upon Richard Henry Somerset, who succeeded to the title—resolutions which subsequently were embodied in an Act of Parliament. The first Lord Raglan had served his country for half a century, yet he died poor.

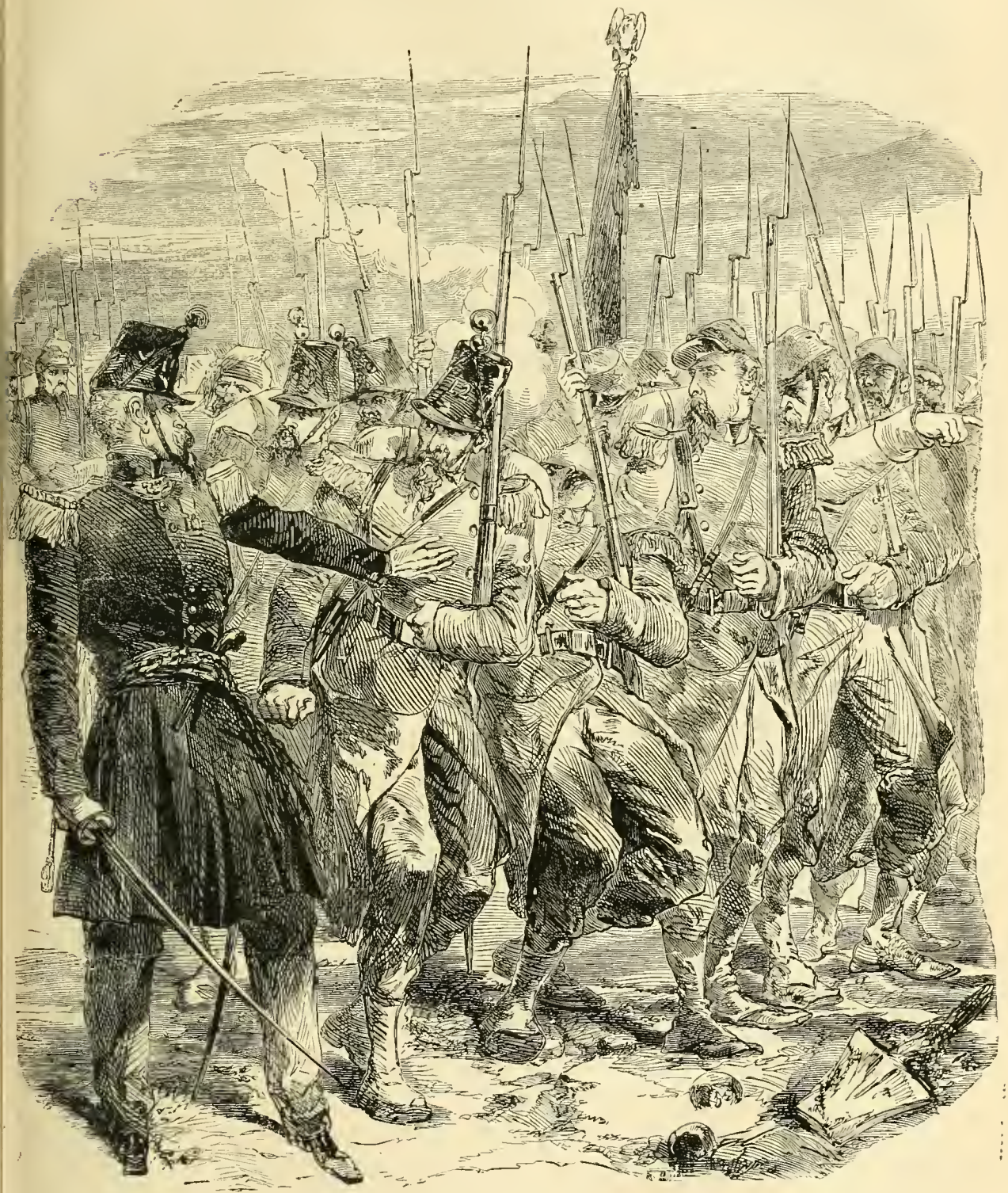
Lord Raglan was a happy specimen of the finer kind of British officers. Born in 1788, he entered the army in 1804, and served for some time with the 4th Dragoons. Thence he exchanged into the 43rd Foot, a regiment afterwards destined to win so many laurels in the Old Light Division. It was the good fortune of Lord Raglan, then Lord Fitzroy Somerset, to be appointed to the staff of Sir Arthur Wellesley, when he was selected for a command in the Peninsula. It was the further good fortune of Lord Fitzroy never to quit his great master from that time forward. Wellesley was nineteen years older than his youthful secretary, but he saw in the young man those qualities which make up a firm friend and a good soldier, and he kept him near him always thence-

forth. The young scion of the house of Somerset had not only the daring natural to the strain of which he came: he was also polished and courteous, and considerate for the feelings of others. It was his to lead, not to drive men. He worked not on their fears, but their better feelings. No man could approach him with a grievance, and go away without a kind word. His chief was just, but somewhat hard, abrupt, and rough. Lord Fitzroy was also just, but he was never hard. It was his business in the Peninsula, "and he made it his business, to keep up a close communication between the battalion chiefs and head-quarters. He knew them all and what they were worth, and, working on their higher passions and instincts, himself an example of all that is noble in a soldier, he fostered in them a zeal for their profession, and they were stimulated by a consciousness that when they did their duty the knowledge thereof found its way to head-quarters and was appreciated." Assiduous, indefatigable himself, he knew how to elicit similar qualities in others. Then he was a forward soldier in the field as well as an untiring worker at the desk. His coolness and courage were as conspicuous as his gracious bearing. His serenity and self-possession were contagious, and, as was said of him at a later period, men went to him perturbed and came away calm.

Throughout the Peninsular war, he was the trusted friend and confidant of his chief, and more than once he shone forth brilliantly among a crowd of brilliant men. When Phillipon, the dauntless governor of Badajoz, found that all was lost, he retired into San Christoval, one of the outworks. The next morning he "surrendered on the summons of Lord Fitzroy Somerset," writes Napier, "for that officer had with great readiness pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere the French had time to organise further resistance." Once more we catch a glimpse of Lord Fitzroy. When, in July, 1813, Soult made his brilliant irruption through the Pyrenees to raise the blockade of Pampeluna and the siege of San Sebastian, Wellington was tasked to the uttermost to counteract and check his formidable opponent. He had to draw his forces together in some position where they could fight and stem the torrent of French soldiers, directed with great skill by Soult upon Pampeluna. He was himself on his way from San Sebastian, which had just resisted an assault, when he heard of the movements of his rival, and Soult, thrusting back Cole and Picton, had actually pressed up close to Pampeluna ere Wellington's soldiers had got fairly into line at Sauroren. "While Soult was thus forming his line of battle, Wellington, who had quitted Hill's quarters in the Bastan early on the 27th, was descending the valley of Lanz, unable to learn anything of Picton's movements or position; and in this state of uncertainty he reached Ostiz, a few miles from Sauroren, where he found Long with the light cavalry which had furnished the posts of correspondence in the mountains. There, learning that Picton had abandoned Linzoain, and was moving on Huarte [near Pampeluna], he left his Quartermaster-General with instructions to stop all the troops coming down the valley of Lanz until the state of affairs at Huarte should be ascertained. But at racing speed he made for Sauroren himself, and entering that village, saw Clausel coming along the crest of the mountain, and knew the allied troops in the valley of Lanz were intercepted. Pulling up his horse, he wrote on the parapet of the bridge of Sauroren fresh instructions to turn everything from that valley on to a road which, through Lizasso and Maraclain, led behind the hills to Oricain, in rear of Cole's position. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the *only* staff officer who had kept up with him, galloped with these orders out of Sauroren by one road, the French light cavalry dashed in by another, and the English general rode alone up the mountain to reach his troops." Such was the secretary of Wellington in the Peninsula. Prompt, active, tireless, always gracious and kind, and as serene in the fiercest moment of military life as he was in the quiet of cantonments.

It was in those six years of varied warfare, living with one of its greatest masters, that he studied the art; and it is impossible that so keen a soldier should have seen so much of the art of war at its very source—should have been so thoroughly cognisant of its difficulties and its secrets, without coming out of the fiery school imbued with its soundest principles. In 1855, ignorant and presumptuous critics were heard to utter the ready sneer that we seemed never to get beyond the Peninsula. They were not aware how difficult it would be even now to do so. The principles of warfare are as fixed and unchangeable as their application is capable of almost indefinite extension. Hannibal and Cæsar may have been equalled as masters, but they have never been surpassed. Wellington and Napoleon belonged to the same rank as these antique captains, and worked on the same principles. Napoleon founded himself upon a study of Cæsar and Hannibal, of Marlborough and Frederick II. Except in the camp of Napoleon himself, there could be no school of war equal to that of Wellington in the Peninsula. That was the school of Lord Raglan. It is quite true that he never held a command, but it has yet to be shown that a quick officer on the staff, zealous, apt, and energetic, may not be as well placed to learn war in his youth as one who climbs up to command by the steep stair-way of regimental service. When the long sighed-for peace of Europe was broken by Napoleon in 1815, Lord Fitzroy joined the Duke of Wellington in Belgium, and lost an arm in the crowning victory of Waterloo. And so, throughout the long peace which succeeded that climax of a quarter of a century of war, wherever the Duke was, there near him was Lord Fitzroy—at Paris, at Vienna, Verona, St. Petersburg, at the Horse Guards—until death came and took the great soldier from us in the autumn of 1852.

When the two Emperors quarrelled, and England, being forced into the quarrel, resolved to send an army to Turkey, Lord Raglan was selected as the fittest for the arduous work in prospect. There was no man who, with so large an experience of rough and difficult campaigns, had so dignified a presence, manners so captivating, a knowledge of the French so profound, and the art of being firm without being repulsive. And these



WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL TO ADVANCE.

accomplishments, usually held to be more appropriate to diplomacy than warfare, were needed on this occasion; for Lord Raglan went to the East to share a divided command. He went to be one of a trio of generals, all equals, or supposed to be so, and these three had to carry on war against one, and that one the Emperor of all the Russias.

There are few tasks more difficult than that which was entrusted to the English commander. Lord Raglan conducted himself so discreetly and frankly, that he successively won the confidence and esteem of three Frenchmen so diverse, and yet so French, as St. Arnaud, Canrobert, and Pélissier. He had his failings and his prejudices, like other men, but no man who came in contact with him went away without having fallen under the spell of his high nature; and his bitterest enemies and most reckless assailants would, no doubt, have been the first to do him justice, had they been brought even into distant relations with him. It was want of knowledge of the man which made them speak so bitterly of what they called his *hauteur*, his apathy, his prejudices.

It was literally ignorance of his conduct which gave rise to the calumny that he kept apart from the army, saw nothing and cared nothing for the troops. When he was said to be "invisible," he was out every day in the camp. Within two months he rode and walked forty-six times through the lines; and on the night of the great storm, while others were cowering under such shelter as was to be had, Lord Raglan was himself carrying much-needed comforts to the sick wife of a soldier. The moral splendour of the tenacity with which, scantily provided with men and means, he held on to the plateau through that terrible winter, was hidden by the tempest of accusations raised against him. He was always treated as if he were the sole commander of the allied force, and he had to bear the burden of acts for which he was only in part responsible. It is to the lasting discredit of some that they wished to put upon him a Parliamentary censure without hearing from him one word in his own defence. Had he not been a man of the noblest mould, he never could have borne, without resentment, all that he had to bear.

Candidly reviewed, from first to last, it will be seen that Lord Raglan, with very imperfect means, and under the most disadvantageous circumstances, sustained the military honour of England, and left a name of which any soldier might be proud. And when the time comes to tell all, even his detractors will, perhaps, admit that although he was not a "great general," having had no opportunity of showing how near he could approach to the highest standard, he was a man of a rare and elevated character, a soldier, not in the first, yet in the second rank, and, in the highest degree, a pure-minded, finely-tempered, stout-hearted, and truly Christian English gentleman.

"The tree, erewhile foreshortened to our view,
When fall'n, shows taller yet than as it grew;
So shall his praise to after times increase,
When truth shall be allowed, and faction cease."

CHAPTER XXIX.

General Simpson takes command of the British—Deaths and Departures—The French push towards the Malakoff—Hazardous Nature of this great labour—English in the Quarries—Operations of the Covering Army on the Tcheruaya—Watched by the Russians—Description of the Country between Inkermann and Baidar—Prince Gortschakoff, reinforced, resolves to attack the Covering Army—The Position he had to assail—How defended—Rumours of Russian Intentions—Prince Gortschakoff's Army—His Plan—Marches on the 15th and attacks on the 16th of August—The Allies partially surprised—Rapid gathering of Troops—Failure of the Prince's Plan at the Outset—The gallant bearing of the Italians—Russian Right crosses the River—Is driven back—Gortschakoff sends Reinforcements—They assail first the Right, then the Centre, and are routed with terrible Slaughter—Arrival of large French Reinforcements—Close of the Battle—Prince Gortschakoff rallies under the Mackenzie Heights—Forms a new Line—Retires, covered by Horsemen and Cannon—General La Marmora over the Tchernaya—Russians fire on the French Ambulance Corps—Losses on both sides—Reflections.

GENERAL JAMES SIMPSON succeeded to the command of the English army, and General Barnard became Chief of the Staff. During the month of July the cholera continued to strike down the dwellers in the British headquarters—Colonel Vico, French Commissioner there, and Mr. Calvert, head of the intelligence department, dying on the 10th and 11th of July. The French officer had won the esteem of Lord Raglan and his staff, and his death was much regretted. Mr. Calvert, or Cattley, had formed a corps of guides, composed of Tartar chiefs, and through them he acquired constantly important information from the interior of the Crimea. His spies and agents supplied intelligence of the arrival of Russian reinforcements, and of the movements of troops from place to place. Captain Keppel succeeded Captain, now Admiral, Sir Stephen Lushington in the command of the Naval Brigade. Mr. Filder's health gave way, and he was compelled to go home. His place was taken by Commissary-General Sir George Maclean. Sickness also drove home Sir Richard England, and Sir William Eyre took the 3rd Division. Lieutenant-General Markham, coming from India (there was a clamour for the appointment of Indian officers), succeeded to the 2nd Division, and Sir William Codrington to the Light Division. In the French camp there had been some changes. General Canrobert was recalled to France. General Bosquet reassumed the command of the French troops on the right, and General Herbillon, as senior officer present there, commanded the French on the Tchernaya.

The great object of the allies was now to press as closely as possible to the body of the place. The French had begun to see distinctly that the Malakoff was the key of the whole defences on the eastern side, and that, with the fall of that redoubt, the town and the western side would be untenable. Accordingly, they continued with vigour the works of approach begun after the capture of the Mamelon. They descended the eastern slope of this hillock, burrowing in the ground where the soil was soft, planting gabions and piling up sandbags, and using blasting powder where it was hard and rocky. Day after day the space between the Mamelon and Malakoff showed signs of their labours; the works on the Careening Ridge were extended and strengthened; and the whole front protected by being tied together by a

connecting parallel. But the loss of men was very great. The fire of guns and mortars, although not heavy, was constant, and the shells, flung with low charges from a short distance, burst in the parallels and batteries, and among the working parties, with destructive effect. The labour required was prodigious; for every approach had to be protected by traverses from an enfilading fire. The watchful eyes of Todleben were never turned from the works of the allies, and as fast as they projected a new approach, he found means of taking it in flank or raking it from his side. Unseen mortars, far in the rear, sent their shells into the allied works. The steamers were still active, and, although they were frequently fired at, yet they were rarely, if ever, hit. Then the fire of musketry was incessant, and so from shell, and shot, and bullet the soldiers in the trenches lost numbers night and day. The British were quite unable to work the rocky soil in front of the Quarries. They pushed out but a little way under an irregular but searching fire of shells, flung in clusters of eight or ten and sometimes twelve at a time. The engineers were chiefly engaged in enlarging and strengthening the works, and in placing a still heavier armament in the batteries. The British loss was also very large—between thirty and forty men per diem were put *hors de combat*. On the left the French made some progress through the earth and under the earth; for, in front of the Flagstaff Bastion, the miner was busy on both sides, and now and again a mine would be exploded by one party or the other, not often with great effect, except upon the tortured earth. At times the guns on both sides would open fiercely for an hour or two, by day or night; at others, the enemy would make a sortie, and then the human voice and the bugle would mingle with the sounds of the cannon. These sorties were now becoming few and weak. The allies were so close to the works of the place that no large body could leave it undiscovered; and once seen, some battery would play upon it. Small parties emerged, trying to do mischief, but they did little, and lost men.

The enemy were as active as ever. Their working parties on the north side were visible, and the results of their labours. They also began to construct a bridge of boats and rafts across the harbour. They seemed to be never satisfied with the defences of the Malakoff Hill, but went about strengthening them every day. At this time they began to suffer losses from a new cause. Sir Houston Stewart, from the Hannibal, saw into the place, and observing when troops were marched up to relieve the garrison of the Malakoff, Redan, and other works, he established a code of signals visible in the allied camp, repeated there, and noted in the batteries. By this ingenious device our gunners were able to shell the approaches to the Russian lines, and to inflict on them visible loss.

So, through the month of July and the beginning of August, these deadly labours were continued, and the allies crept nearer and nearer to the Malakoff and the Redans, and to the ramparts on the western face. In the meantime came reports that the Russian Government, determined to strike one blow for victory, had directed several divisions from Poland towards the Crimea. These reports were true. An effort was about to be made to raise the siege. As no attack could be made from the head of the harbour, it was plain that the covering army would be assailed from the Heights of Mackenzie and the Valley of Cheuliou; wherefore the Sardinian infantry from Tchorgoun made several excursions into the hilly region to the north-east, yet they found no enemy. The Turks also entered the mountains, and the French cavalry in the Baidar Valley kept an eye on all the rugged passes leading into that fertile spot. They found no enemies in force, and they obtained from the valley a boundless supply of forage. But in the beginning of August it was observed that the Russians were constructing new works on the road from the Tchernaya to the Heights of Mackenzie, at points whence they could fire into the front and flanks of an advancing column. Clusters of Cossacks came down more frequently to the brow of the hills, gazed curiously into the valley, and sometimes skirmished with the French outposts. Small parties of the same useful troops hung about the French cavalry camps in the Baidar Valley, and one or two were caught by the active Chasseurs d'Afrique. From the end of the first week in August the allies were on the look-out for an assault in force upon the Tchernaya.

The coast of the Crimea, a little to the eastward of Balaclava, turns abruptly to the south as far as Cape Aia. Rounding this Cape, the line of cliff falls backward and forms the little Bay of Laspi, and then, going further south, sweeps sharply to the eastward. The southern slopes of the range of mountains running east and west from Laspi towards Kertch form the famous Crimean undercliff, the summer retreat of the Russian nobles, whose villas and palaces stand in the lovely valleys opening on the sea. The road to this undercliff descends from the plateau of Sebastopol into the valley of Balaclava, and going eastward, reaches the Kreuzen, an affluent of the Tchernaya, between Kamara and Tchorgoun, and ascending its right bank—that is, taking a southerly direction—it passes by Varnoutka into the Valley of Baidar. Running in an easterly direction through this valley as far as the village of Baidar, it there turns again to the south, and winding through the rugged gorge of the Pass of Phoros, creeps along the cliff side and descends to the sea. The Tchernaya rises in the mountains to the eastward of the valley, but it is fed by numerous streams rising on all sides, and its rapid waters, flowing in a tortuous course through terrible ravines under the Atlaous Dagh, break out from the mountains at Karlovka, where it receives the Kreuzen torrent coming from the south, and, winding round the Hasfort Hill, makes its way at the bottom of the valley to the head of the harbour of Sebastopol. Thus the allies had the Woronzoff Road whereby to communicate with the Valley of Baidar, and once in possession of the gorges near Karlovka, their foragers were quite safe within its luxuriant and picturesque basin; for a very few men could defend the Pass of Phoros to the eastward. The roads up the mountains to the north were few, and the passes difficult, and so long as they were watched by

active horsemen, no force of any strength could enter the valley unawares. The passes led to the Valley of Chouliou, lying still further northward, along which is a road from Batchi Serai, debouching through the mountains upon Tchorgoun, and by cross paths through Ai Todor and Ouzenbach upon Alsou, a village on the left bank of the Tchernaya, not far from its junction with the Kreuzen. Thus it will be seen that the right of the allied army—resting upon the Kreuzen and fronting the Tchernaya, having a considerable Turkish force over the Kreuzen, near Alsou, supported by the Highland Brigade above Kamara; and, moreover, a good many horsemen guarding the Baidar Valley—could not be easily turned. The Russians might move down from the Mackenzie heights and the Inkermann rocks, and join a force sent down the Valley of Chouliou, and so attempt to carry either the position opposite Karlovka, or the Fedoukine heights on the left bank of the river; but they could not penetrate the mountains on the eastward, and moving through the Baidar Valley, take the allies in the rear.

These considerations influenced Prince Gortschakoff, when, having received large reinforcements, he, in obedience to orders from St. Petersburg—for the Emperor on the Neva, like the Emperor on the Seine, interfered in the conduct of the war—proposed to assail the allies. He was painfully aware of the strength of their position. He knew the ground. It had long been visible to him throughout its whole extent. He could see the Sardinian entrenchments from the heights above Tchorgoun, and his very batteries could almost reach the French camps from the heights of Inkermann. He had two batteries, called by the French Gringalet and Bilboquet, upon these heights, whose missiles amused the French outposts, and sometimes annoyed them, but seldom did any harm. Knowing the ground well, and the strength of the force holding it, he designed a clever plan of attack, based on that knowledge; but depending entirely for success upon a surprise, followed by rapid movements urged on without hesitation.

The Sardinian army held the right of the position. They had entrenched the Hasfort Hill, a bold eminence rising abruptly in the angle formed by the Kreuzen and the Tchernaya, and over the latter river they had an outpost upon a mamelon, or high, bald hill, overlooking the mouth of the Valley of Chouliou, and a second on a rock, opposite the extreme northern spur of Hasfort. On the eastern side of the Valley of Chouliou the ground rose abruptly, overhung Karlovka with its round tower and groves, and looked into the rear of the Sardinian outpost on the Mamelon. In the bottom, on the banks of a small stream, which, overflowing, formed a little, shallow lake, before it reached the Tchernaya, stood Tchorgoun. To the westward the slopes of Mount Hasfort fell to a level with the plain, forming a broad gorge opening to the Tchernaya. On the other side of the gorge was the eastern hill of the Fedoukine heights. These heights bordered the left bank of the river, as far as the stone bridge which carried the high road from the north over the stream into the defile leading to Balaclava. Below the bridge the river ran through a range of meadows towards and under the heights of Inkermann, and the Fedoukine slopes trended backward to within 1,500 yards of Mount Sapoune. But it was not only the river which covered their front. The aqueduct or canal constructed to supply Sebastopol with fresh water, having its source near Karlovka, was carried round the northern spur of Mount Hasfort, and thence across the gorge and along the foot of the Fedoukine heights, between them and the river. This canal was eight feet broad and four feet deep, with perpendicular banks. Below the stone bridge the embankments supporting the canal were high enough to afford shelter to skirmishers. The Fedoukine heights consisted of three rounded hills, one on the eastern side of the deep defile leading to the bridge, and two on the western side. The French were encamped on the crown of the hills. Their outposts on the left, or western side, were on the banks of the Tchernaya, and they held an angular entrenchment or redan on the right bank, to defend the access to the bridge. The valley in front of the French camps, looking north, was a meadowy plain, through which ran the road to the heights of Mackenzie and Inkermann.

The troops occupying this position were seven battalions of Turks, with four guns, whose duty it was to watch the ford of Alsou, and guard the course of the Tchernaya thence to the confluence of the Kreuzen, having ten battalions in support near Kamara, on the other side of the affluent. Next, the Sardinians under La Marmora, encamped on the Hasfort Hill, and consisting of the divisions of Durando and Trotti, and in the plain the cavalry under Saviroux. The Sardinians had thirty guns, and an English battery of position, 32-pounder howitzers, under Captain Mowbray. Then came the three French divisions—that of Faucheux was on the right, that of Herbillon in the centre, that of Camou on the left. The French cavalry, Morris's division, were encamped in the plain on the left of the Sardinians. The artillery park was in rear of the Fedoukine heights. General Herbillon commanded the whole. Five brigades held the heights, and one occupied the eastern slopes of Mount Sapoune, and thus connected the army of observation with the corps engaged in pushing the attacks against the Malakoff. Including the British cavalry, 3,000 strong, there were nearly 40,000 men and 120 guns in line between Alsou and Mount Sapoune. This, however, did not represent the force available for a battle, because the French could dispose of nearly the whole of the Imperial Guard and of two divisions of infantry, and the English could have brought up the greater part of the garrison of Balaclava.

The information brought in by our spies and the reports of deserters had led the allied generals to look, either for a sortie from the town, or for an attack on the line of the Tchernaya. On the 14th the troops in camp were under arms before daybreak, but nothing occurred on one side or the other. On the 15th more positive news arrived. General d'Allonville from the Baidar

Valley notified by the semaphore that he had troops in front of him, or rather that his patrols had discovered bodies of the enemy moving down into the Valley of Choulieu. Signal lights flashed from Mackenzie to Inkermann, and from Inkermann to Sebastopol. An ostentatious gathering of troops in rear of the Redan and Malakoff was discovered from the tops of our men-of-war, and at the same time a suspicious movement of Russians towards Inkermann. All the commanders were warned, and orders were issued to be more than usually vigilant; General La Marmora directing his brigades to get under arms before daylight the next morning.

Prince Gortschakoff had, indeed, resolved to surprise, if he could, if not, to force, the line of the Tchernaya. His reinforcements consisted of the 4th, 5th, and 7th divisions of infantry. To these he was able to add the 17th, 12th, 6th, and 11th; of these the 11th, 12th, and 17th had long been in the Crimea, and had fought at the Alma and Inkermann; but the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th were fresh troops, which had arrived recently from Poland and Bessarabia. In fact, as soon as it was certain that Austria did not mean to fight, the Czar put in motion all the troops that could be spared from the Austrian frontiers. Had all these divisions been in full strength, Prince Gortschakoff could have brought into line 78,000 infantry alone. But long marches had weakened some regiments, and others had suffered great losses in the field and the trenches; and instead of 78,000, he could only dispose of 50,900 infantry. To support them he had 7,200 cavalry, chiefly regulars, and 262 guns; in all about 60,000 men.

The plan of the Russian general was to move the bulk of his force, on the night of the 15th, by the roads leading from the Mackenzie Heights into lower ground, while two divisions marched from Korales down the Valley of Choulieu, and joined the left of the main body above Tchorgoun. The right column he entrusted to General Read. It consisted of the 7th and 12th divisions, and sixty-two guns. The left was under the orders of Liprandi, and was composed of the 5th, 17th, and 6th, and some ninety cannon. The 11th and 4th were in reserve, and remained so. General Liprandi led the way. On quitting the defile he was to move to his left, and before daylight drive the Sardinian outposts from the Mamelon, occupy that hill, and also the heights above Tchorgoun and Karlovka. The object of this was to give the Russians a good site, whence they might cannonade Mount Hasfort, and cover an infantry attack on that position. While Liprandi formed on the Sardinian Mamelon, Read was to bring his two divisions into line, but out of range; hold himself prepared to storm the Fedoukine heights, but not to make that attempt until he got orders to do so from Prince Gortschakoff. Hence it is inferred that the Russian commander designed, first, to carry Mount Hasfort, by throwing his left rapidly over the river at Karlovka and below it, and then, having driven the Sardinians into the plain, and cut off the French and Turks in the Valley of Baidar and about Alsou, give the signal to Read to attack the Fedoukine heights in front, while the guns from Mount Hasfort took them in flank and rear. If this were the plan of the Russian general, it failed; and although he imputes the loss of victory to that failure, it was, perhaps, fortunate for him that General Read's impatience did not allow of its execution.

All night on the 15th the Russian columns were moving silently down the steep road from Mackenzie, along the wooded valley of Choulieu, spreading out over the slopes, and pushing nearer and nearer to the outposts and patrols of the allies. Each man carried four days' rations, and men were appointed to bear portable plank bridges, to facilitate the passage of the river and canal. The cavalry and artillery had with them forage for four days, and there was a good supply of wagons for knapsacks and of ambulances for the wounded, with each division. While this formidable host was approaching, the allied soldiers were asleep, and only the usual guards were under arms, and the usual patrols were moving across the front. Before daylight, however, the Sardinians got under arms; but the French do not appear to have turned out earlier than usual. Long security had bred confidence, and no doubt they relied upon their advanced posts, and not without reason. A thick fog hid everything in the valley, and hung heavily over the low meadows on both sides of the Tchernaya. Under cover of this, Prince Gortschakoff had got his troops into the positions he had designed them to occupy. Read had deployed out of cannon shot opposite the stone bridge, called the Bridge of Tracktir, or Bridge of the Inn. Liprandi had crowned the heights above Tchorgoun and Karlovka, and had placed cannon in battery, so as to sweep the rear of the Sardinian outpost on the entrenched Mamelon. Three heavy columns, supported by artillery, were silently moving upon the front of the Italians; but as yet, except in the Sardinian camp, not a soldier of the allies, save the sentries, was stirring.

But these sentries were on the alert. There was a splutter of musketry in front of the bridge—a French patrol had stumbled in the fog upon the skirmishers of Read! Then a few reports near the Sardinian outpost, followed by a quick fire of musketry. General La Marmora, with ready promptitude, sent a support across the Tchernaya to aid the riflemen on the Mamelon in delaying the advance of the enemy, while he made his final preparations. Liprandi had, while it was still dark, brought up such a heavy force, that although the Sardinians stood their ground with great gallantry, they were so pressed on all sides as to be forced out of their entrenchments, and were retiring down the hill as the support came up. The whole then gave ground before the enemy, and fell back upon the rocky elevation in front of the left of the Sardinian line, whence they were not expelled.

In the meantime the guns of Liprandi and Read were both in action; and the whole line of the allies began to seize their arms and form. Morris's Chasseurs d'Afrique, 2,400 strong, formed between the left of the Sardinians and the right of the French, one regiment being at the head of the defile leading to the bridge. Saviroux's

Sardinian cavalry, 300 men, came up on their right; and General Scarlett, turning out the British cavalry, a splendid force, 3,000 strong, moved them across the plain, and drew up in rear of the French and Italian squadrons. The Turkish and Sardinian guns were answering the fire of Liprandi's artillery; and two French batteries were ready to engage Read. So thick was the fog that the enemy's troops were still invisible, and pending the development of their attack, Generals La Marmora and Herbillon simply reinforced their outposts. Prince Gortschakoff has stated that about this time he had ridden on to the Sardinian Mamelon to survey the ground, and proceed with the execution of his original plan. While he was meditating and trying to pierce through the fog, he heard a violent fire of musketry on his right. General Read, without orders, as his superior officer avers, had begun the attack, and frustrated the whole scheme. From this moment the battle of the Tchernaya was a battle mainly between the French and Russians; the former, however, being assisted by the deadly fire of the British and Sardinian guns.

The Russian cannonade had thoroughly roused the French, but uncertain from what quarter the real attack of the enemy would come, the brigades were kept drawn up near their camps, ready to move in any direction. The soldiers in the bridge-head and the outposts on the river had been supported by battalions detached for that purpose; and for half an hour the French had remained expectant, and shrouded, like the enemy, in clouds of mist and smoke. Suddenly dark masses were seen dimly through the mist moving down on the Tchernaya. They came on with great resolution, and very fast. At one and the same moment a column from the 12th Division assailed the bridge, and another from the 7th attacked the French left. The onset was so impetuous that the French outposts were at once thrust away from the river all along the line, and forced over the aqueduct. The troops in the bridge-head, indeed, kept their post with constancy, but when they saw the enemy over the river above and below, when they beheld their supports giving way before the impetuous charges of the increasing enemy, they too yielded, and the Russians, dashing over the earthwork, pressed after them as they fled to the shelter of the aqueduct. The advance of the 7th Division had been equally successful. Issuing from the fog, boldly passing the river, closing in from all sides on the French, the latter, outnumbered, were compelled to retire with all speed up the slopes of the Fedoukine hills. Thus along the whole line the enemy had swept everything before him, had carried the bridge, and had crossed the two great obstacles, the river and the aqueduct. His guns on the high ground fired over the heads of the columns moving in the valley, and the Russian commander might well, for one brief moment, believe that he was about to win. They had not succeeded so far without suffering considerable losses. The French troops had fought well, and had been well fought by their officers, and the battalions obliged to give way had been effectively covered in their retreat by the supports. Now the tide of combat was going to change.

In crossing the aqueduct the Russians had lost their regular formation, and they had to recover it as well as they could under a heavy fire. Thus their charge was stopped at the moment when victory depended upon its continuance; and while the troops in their front kept them in play, the French generals were executing movements intended to effect a bloody counterstroke. The column of the 7th Division fell first under this calamity. They had crossed the river and aqueduct with comparatively little opposition, apparently only that of the outposts and the supports. They were advancing up the hill, when General Wimpfen, who commanded a brigade of General Camou's division, sent the 3rd Zouaves to check them. This brought the Russians to a stand. The heavy column, growing vaster as the men scrambling over the aqueduct came up, gave and received a telling fire, but did not advance. All this time, by the orders of Wimpfen, a battalion of the 82nd Regiment was rapidly coming down the hill to the aid of the Zouaves. As soon as the 82nd appeared, the French attacked with the bayonet. The Zouaves went headlong into the right, the 82nd into the left flank of the enemy. The outward ranks were lifted off their feet by the violence of the shock, and the column loosening at the rear, turned and hurried, in dreadful confusion, back over the aqueduct. A battery of artillery on the left of the line of attack poured grape into the flying mass, and augmented the slaughter. Soon the track of the charge was marked by heaps of dead and wounded, while the aqueduct and its banks were covered with mangled forms of what were men. The French soldiers were not allowed to cross the aqueduct in pursuit, and the Russians rallying, and being supported by a strong body of horse and several batteries, reformed and began a duel of musketry with the French, who lined the banks of the aqueduct.

So far the attack on the left had been repelled, but the beaten troops were still at hand to take advantage of any success which might fall to the share of their comrades, who had carried the bridge and were assailing the centre and right.

The Russians had poured over in three irregular columns. Those who crossed by the bridge formed the centre; what may be called the wings had forded the river and the aqueduct. Each column was bravely encountered and overthrown. When General Wimpfen saw that his Zouaves and one battalion of the 82nd were sufficient to deal with the Russian extreme right, he sent the whole of the 50th, with the remainder of the 82nd, as a reserve, to fall upon the central Russian columns. Thus, while the battalions of Herbillon's division assailed the centre, the 50th, moving obliquely down the hill, came upon the flank of the Russian column which had passed the aqueduct on the Russian right of the bridge. Exposed to such an assault, the Russians were unable to stand, and, after a brief musketry fight, they turned and sought shelter beyond the aqueduct and the Tchernaya. At the same time, General de Failly, in the centre, had

charged, and the effect of the combined movement was to sweep the enemy over the river. The mass of the French were kept behind the aqueduct; but Colonel Danner, with portions of the 97th and 95th, was sent over to re-occupy the bridge-head. On the other side of the road to Balaclava the Russian column had proved too strong for the 19th Chasseurs; and after driving them up the eastern hillock, had, regardless of the tearing flank fire of the Sardinian artillery on Mount Hasfort, sought to deploy and storm the height. They were just moving up when the 2nd Zouaves came over the crest. The Russians began to fire, but the Zouaves continued to march forward, and then, with loud shouts and levelled bayonets, they went down the hill at a charging pace, and literally lifting the Russians off their legs, drove them pell-mell over the aqueduct.

The battle had endured two hours. The French had been partially surprised; nevertheless, assailed with unusual fury, they had established their superiority along the whole line. Their front was now upon the aqueduct, their supports on the hills in rear, and their outposts were again on the bridge-head. From the heights before Sebastopol the Imperial Guard, and the divisions of Lévaillant and Dulac, under Pélissier in person, were descending to the scene of action. General Herbillon had called down Sercier's brigade. Sefer Pasha was moving from Kamara with a brigade of Turks. Trotti's division, the left of the Sardinian line, had approached the opening between Mount Hasfort and the Fedoukine heights. The French were moving five batteries up to the front. The cavalry of the three armies were blazing on the morning sunshine on the plain, and waiting eagerly and hopefully for the cheering bugle sound which precedes the charge. The fog had lifted, the sun was shining brightly, and only the smoke of battle obscured a view of the field, for now above a hundred guns were in action on both sides of the valley.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

Prince Gortschakoff had heard the beginning of the attack upon the French left. He was, he says, astonished. General Read had frustrated his design of first driving the Sardinians from their entrenchments, and taking himself a solid grasp of Mount Hasfort. To effect this object he had in hand four divisions of infantry, and he was preparing to hurl his bolt when the uproar of Read's untimely onset broke upon his ear. At once he

suspended the movement of these divisions, and changed the whole tide of his battle. He felt that he must support the troops of Read, for he could not be sure that the allies would not assume the offensive, and, by good luck, they might interpose between him and the Mackenzie heights, and throw the bulk of his army upon the hills and narrow valleys towards Aitodor and Choulion. Wherefore he directed the cavalry to move up, and, should the infantry be repulsed, hold themselves in readiness to charge or to cover the retreat of the 7th and 12th Divisions, and enable them to rally. At the same time he directed the 5th Division to move by its right into the plain and assail the French at a point above the bridge. The 17th Division was ordered to descend the Sardinian Mamelon and cross the river, and strive to penetrate through the open space between Mount Hasfort and the most eastern slopes of the Fedoukine heights. The 6th Division moved up to guard the ground opposite the Sardinians above Karlovka and Tchorgoun, and the 4th Division remained in the rear up the valley of Choulion as a reserve.

The early movements of the 5th and 17th were not visible to the allies. The great dark columns wound along concealed under the double curtain of a thick fog and the folds of the hills. But the distance they both had to march was considerable. Before they reached the river the fog rolled up, the rays of the sun were seen to sparkle on the points of the bayonets; and, what was more, the attacks of the 7th and 12th had failed. These two divisions were assembling and falling into line once more behind their horsemen and cannon, when the 5th and 17th began to cross the river, and try their mettle against the French.

The 5th came first. This fine division had marched from Poland, and was about to fight its first battle with the French. The Russians advanced in three columns; one arrived at the bridge, the others moved to the left and right. The onset was simultaneous; not so the repulse. The column which crossed above the bridge suffered so severely from the 2nd Zouaves lying along the banks of the aqueduct, and from the French and Sardinian guns smiting them in front and flank, that they were speedily forced to re-cross the river.

The centre and right column fared better. They drove the French from the aqueduct, and forced them, after a bitter combat, to yield the bridge, and pressed them back up the slope of the hills. The conflict was very hot, for the Russians were stubborn. But General Herbillon, seeing the progress made by the enemy, threw the whole of Soucier's brigade, except one battalion, into the fight; thus furnishing a strong support at a critical moment.

Colonel Danner, who had been driven out of the bridge, was the first to turn the tide. He brought his troops down at the charge. In an instant, with that promptitude so characteristic of their impulsive mode of fighting, the regiments on his right and left imitated the movement, and the whole line hurtled upon the front and flanks of the Russian columns, giving them so rude a shock that they reeled down the hill-side, and tumbled by scores into the canal. All this time the artillery, now in great force, was rending the rear of the columns, crowded between the river and the foot of the hills, and splitting them up with shell, roundshot, and grape. Increasing in ardour as they went, the French fell furiously on the broken enemy, and in a short time the 97th and 95th once more stood behind the ramparts of the bridge-head. The Russian infantry were now over the river, and hastily seeking the shelter of their guns and cavalry on the higher ground beyond.

But the enemy would not yet own himself beaten. The 17th Division had arrived on the right bank of the Tchernaya. It was formed of regiments which had met the allies at the Alma and Inkermann. Undismayed by defeat, determined to risk another throw of the dice, Prince Gortschakoff ordered a brigade, composed of three regiments—that is, twelve battalions—supported by a large body of cavalry, to cross the river, and push in between the French and Sardinians. The march of these troops had been seen by the allies. General Herbillon had reinforced the right by three regiments of Cler's brigade and part of Soucier's brigade, and General la Marmora had directed Mollard's brigade of Trotti's division to descend from Mount Hasfort, and crossing the valley support the French right. The support, as it happened, was not needed, but it would have been most timely and effectual had the French been overmatched. As it was, the Russians crossed the river and the aqueduct, pushing the French before them, and partly turning their right. They moved with striking resolution, for their columns were struck by the fire of a powerful artillery in flank. A French battery, disregarding the shot and shell poured upon it by the Russian guns on the opposite hills, devoted all its might to the injury of the enemy's infantry. These were now smitten on all sides except their right. For when they saw the deep masses of cavalry facing the gorge into which they had entered, and when they felt the Sardinians on the left of their line of advance, they turned to the right and made a desperate attempt to crown the hillock. The first column which reached the crest was immediately assailed in flank by a French regiment of Cler's brigade, and driven helplessly into and over the aqueduct. But the other deep columns now filling the whole space between the aqueduct and the river still came on with unfaltering resolution, and flung themselves into a focus of fire. But they could make no way. The guns and musketry were too much for them. In vain their officers ran out and waved their swords and showed the way. In vain the columns tried to get along. Presently they fell into confusion; then turned and hurried back over the river, pursued by volleys of musketry and flights of grape and roundshot.

The Russians brought up into line a number of batteries to cover the retreat of the infantry, and their splendid-looking cavalry drew up in glittering lines out of range to protect the guns. But the heavy English pieces in the Sardinian earthworks, opening on the

enemy's artillery, soon made them move further away. It was about eight o'clock. The battle was won.

General Pélissier had arrived soon after seven, just in time to witness the defeat of the 17th Division. At one moment he seemed disposed to use part of the immense force of cavalry at his disposal, but he refrained. The French infantry moved down to the bank of the river, and the Sardinians did the like, some of their riflemen crossing it.

General Pélissier now showed a mass of fresh troops, the greater part of the Imperial Guard and the two divisions of Dulac and Levaillant; so that the Fedoukine Heights were crowded with troops. In the meantime Prince Gortschakoff had rallied his men and had formed a new line of battle, well out of range. He had massed the greater part of his cavalry on the right, covering the 7th and 12th Divisions of infantry; in the centre were the 5th and 17th, with batteries massed in front; and on the left the 6th Division of infantry, having in its front a brigade of Dragoons in columns of squadrons. General la Marmora, with praiseworthy promptitude, at once re-occupied the Mamelon over the river abandoned by his troops early in the morning. Cialdini crossed the river at Karlovka, and took up a position above Tchorgoun, and three battalions of Turks marched down into the valley as a support. The Russian infantry were now retiring up the road to the Mackenzie Heights, or filing away to the north-east by the valley of Chouliou. Seeing this, General la Marmora, taking four squadrons, crossed the Tchernaya, and, moving in a north-westerly direction, went up the hills as far as one of the old redoubts constructed by the enemy in the winter of 1854. Thence, a short distance before him, he saw a fine array of regular cavalry, fifty squadrons, supported by horse artillery. These horsemen did not fall back until the whole of the infantry and guns had disappeared.

As soon as the actual fighting was over, the French moved out to collect the wounded. The field presented the most horrible spectacle, because the men were killed and mangled chiefly by round shot, shell, and grape, which tear poor frail human beings in pieces; whereas the bullet and bayonet kill and wound without leaving such bloody traces. All along the embankment of the aqueduct and near the river, and in the meadows over which the square columns of the enemy had moved up to the attack, the dead and wounded lay thickly on the grass.

The French began to collect both their friends and foes, and to place them near the road, so that the ambulances might bear them away to the hospital. The Russians on the heights saw this. They knew that their comrades were being succoured. Nevertheless, they suddenly opened fire with shell, firing repeated volleys right into the groups, scattering the French, and killing them and their own wounded. It was a most barbarous act. Not content with this, after a slight cessation, they re-opened fire with round shot. General Pélissier very properly complained to Prince Gortschakoff, who could only excuse the conduct of his gunners by alleging that they had been fired at by French riflemen: a good reason for shelling the riflemen, but not for shelling the wounded. For two days the bodies of the dead on the ground beyond the French lines lay unburied. General Pélissier had offered to permit their burial by the enemy, but the Russians did not avail themselves of the permission until the 18th.

In this action the allies lost 1,747 men killed and wounded, of whom only 196 were killed. The Sardinians lost one general officer, the Count Montevecchio. But the Russian loss was awful. The French buried upwards of 2,000 bodies; the Russians more than 1,000. There were 2,250 prisoners in the hands of the French, some wounded, some whole. General Read and two other generals of his corps were among the dead; and among the wounded were eight generals and ten colonels. The Russian loss altogether could not have been less than 15,000 men.

The battle of the Tchernaya was, in many respects, a striking action; but it did not enhance the reputation of Prince Gortschakoff as a general. Allowing that General Read marred his plan by abruptly attacking the French left, and thus preventing a combined onset at dawn, it is plain that Prince Gortschakoff was quite unable to devise a new scheme or to repair the hole made in the old one. The attacks which he ordered, those of the 5th and 17th, were given one after the other, and deprived of unity, they were deprived of everything but the mere stubborn valour of the troops. It is not good generalship to throw in column after column to be beaten in detail, and pounded to pieces in the advance and retreat by a heavy artillery. Yet this is exactly what the Russians did. The bearing of the troops under such circumstances was magnificent; the conduct of the general suggests only despair or a superior order from St. Petersburg as the motive. Throughout the day Prince Gortschakoff kept two entire divisions out of range and out of the action. Why? Because he knew what immense reserves were in the hands of General Pélissier, and what efficient aid the British could have lent to General la Marmora. It is quite possible that had the Russians carried Mount Hasfort, he would have been even more disastrously defeated; for his right wing would have been crushed by the French, and his whole army, cut off from the Mackenzie Road, would probably have been driven into the mountains in disorder. The French and Sardinian troops were very well handled. The reserves were advanced without hurry and used at the right moment. But there can be no doubt that the crushing flank fire from the British and Sardinian guns helped to prepare the enemy for defeat, and tripled his loss. Some think that the allied cavalry, so fine and strong, should have been sent across the Tchernaya, especially towards noon, when the Russian infantry were climbing the heights, and the cavalry were alone with a few guns. General Pélissier did not think so; and no one but a sharp-eyed cavalry officer, who saw the field and the chances it offered, can tell whether he was right or wrong in his opinion. As it was, the enemy was very severely punished. The loss of the battle of the Tchernaya sealed the fate of Sebastopol.

CHAPTER XXX.

Progress of the Siege—Its Character—Russian fire retards and then stops the French—English bombard the place to cover the French Working Parties—Explode a Russian Magazine—The French on the left open fire—Splendid Sunset Scene—Movements and Precautions on the Tchernaya—Immense Expenditure of Ammunition—Combats before the Malakoff—The French Victorious—Explosion of 15,000 pounds of Powder in the Mamelon—The crisis at hand.

THE battle of the Tchernaya did not interrupt the progress of the siege. The Russians only succeeded in drawing upon themselves the bulk of the covering army, for although the French showed a strong line of troops on the old Inkermann ground, and kept up a sharp look-out upon their own left, this did not hinder the working parties in the advanced works from continuing their labours.

It should still be borne in mind that the French had fully recognised the fact that the Malakoff was the key of Sebastopol, that their main efforts were directed towards it, and that all the other attacks had become subordinate to this one. In short the attack on the Malakoff had become what is termed "regular." In a regular siege, having invested the fortress, you select a "front," open fire, and when the defender's guns are silenced in the front assailed, you sap up to the ditch, breach the wall, blow in the outer bank of the ditch, and, if the garrison will not surrender, you storm. This mode of attack proceeds on the assumption, perfectly just in ordinary cases, that the defenders have a limited supply of guns and gunners, and that the assailants, by bringing an overwhelming fire to bear in one spot, can establish a superiority, and irresistibly work their way into the place in a given time. But Sebastopol was not invested. The supply of guns in the place was practically unlimited. As much ammunition as the enemy could find transport for could be and was carried into the town. As many men as the Czar could march to this extreme point of his empire were poured into his lines. Immense quantities of timber, very useful in earthwork fortifications, were attainable with comparative ease. Thus the enemy had all things that are usually wanting in a besieged fortress—men, guns, supplies, ammunition, timber—without stint. Moreover, the defences of Sebastopol so supported each other that it was not enough to silence the guns at one point, for not only could the guns there be renewed, but those in other batteries enfiladed the approaches to such an extent as to make the work almost impossible. Thus the Flagstaff Batteries smote in flank the approaches of the English left attack; the Barrack Batteries supported the Redan, the Redan supported the Malakoff, this work was aided by the Little Redan, and the guns on the north side tormented the French on the ridge above the Careening Bay. Hence, although the progress of the sap went on against the Malakoff and the Little Redan alone, the whole fire of the allies could not be concentrated on those works, because they had to reply to the other batteries used so vigorously by the enemy. These conditions of the siege had been long established; the new feature in it was the determined attack upon the Malakoff, to which the other attacks were made subordinate.

The moment the French began to descend the western slope of the Mamelon, and push up the eastern slope of the Malakoff, they became sensible of the arduous nature of the undertaking. Their trenches had to be designed with the utmost care, their connecting parallels to be constructed with rapidity and solidity in the face of a destructive fire. About the period of the battle of the Tchernaya, they were losing a hundred men in a night in the trenches. Batteries, low down in the Russian works and unseen by the allies, flung shells into the trenches and batteries with fatal accuracy. Nevertheless, the French steadily gained ground. They had descended one slope, they were ascending the other. But when they had reached within a hundred yards of the ditch of the Malakoff, they could go no further. The work of the night was destroyed by the enemy the next day. In vain the sharpshooters in their pits and in the most advanced cover kept up a deadly fire on the embrasures of the Malakoff. The enemy's guns were so numerous and so well-placed that there seemed to be always some capable of firing, and with the dawn came the destruction of the labours of the night.

Under these circumstances, General Simpson agreed to open on the 17th the heaviest possible fire upon the Malakoff; and it was understood that the batteries of the French on the left should bombard the town front to prevent the Russians on that side from overwhelming our left attack. Accordingly, on the 17th, the English opened fire; but the French, for some reason, did not support them, and the Russians in the town batteries did us considerable damage and killed two good officers. Yet this did not prevent the British from accomplishing their object. They maintained so crushing a fire on the Malakoff that the Russian artillerymen were soon obliged to quit their pieces, and only fire a gun now and then. At six in the evening a magazine blew up in a work between the Redan and the Malakoff. There were lying in this battery a number of shells. All these suddenly exploded, and so great was the fright of the enemy's troops that they were seen to leap outside their parapets to avoid the shower of iron fragments. This battery was ruined. All night the mortars of the allies fired heavily into the Malakoff and Redan, to hinder the enemy from repairing damages; and all night the French worked lustily at their trenches, doing more in twenty-four hours than they had done in a fortnight. The bombardment continued on the 18th. On the night of that day signal was made that masses of Russians were in the Redan. Thereupon the mortars were directed upon this work, and the heavy shells they flung must have destroyed many men. There was a considerable exchange of musketry fire between the advanced trenches and the place, but the enemy did not venture out. The severity of this short bombardment may be estimated from the fact that from the British batteries alone 11,213 10-inch and 13-inch shells were poured into the place within eight and forty hours; that is, on an average, nearly four shells every minute!

The French on the left, who had been almost silent, now found that, in order to complete their approaches to

a certain point, they also must open a general fire. This they did on the evening of the 20th, taking the enemy somewhat by surprise. While under cover of this fire they pushed forward their sap. "On both sides," writes Colonel Hamley, "the firing was extremely violent till dark. I was in the third parallel of our left attack at the time, and never beheld a more splendid spectacle than the setting of the sun behind the Bastion du Mât [Flagstaff Battery.] Purple masses lay on the horizon, becoming luminous as the sun passed behind them, till the whole western sky was in a softened glow of orange, with red and crimson of every gradation in the cloudy glories around and above the orb. Against the fiery space was sharply cut the purple line of the enemy's rampart—

'A looming bastion fringed with fire,'

whence the smoke of the cannon curled upward in dark blue wreaths with rosy edges. Sometimes a shell, bursting high, left a compact rounded cloud tinged with light, till it was slowly dissipated in streaks as of blood; while the din of the cannonade, reverberating from all the ravines in prolonged peals, filled the air." On that same day had been seen a sight not so grand and sublime. Rockets had fired the suburb behind the Malakoff. Numbers of soldiers and carts rushed out. Immediately one gun and then another was brought to bear upon the tumult, and soon the ground was seen to be strewn with wounded men and shattered vehicles; so that here, in the very heart of the defences, not only tortuous rockets set the houses in a blaze, but the very guns of the allies had sight of the streets of the suburb and the paths to the Malakoff. But the siege was now very destructive to life. The allies were so near the place that a comparatively weak cannonade from the enemy slew many; while the guns of the former were so numerous and powerful that, whenever they chose to open a sustained fire, the losses of the besieged were enormous. Moreover, miners were busy on both sides. The space between the French sap and the Flagstaff Bastion was full of mines and countermines, and there, and at other points, the explosions were frequent, as both sides availed themselves of all the arts and devices known to subterranean warfare.

From this time to the end of the month there were constant alarms on the side of the Tchernaya. The French had been very active in the Valley of Baidar immediately after the battle of the 16th. General d'Allonville had caused his infantry to penetrate the passes leading to the Tchernaya from the north, and establish posts of observation on the hills. Thus his Zouaves and Chasseurs seized the passes of Ozenbach and of Cardone-Bell, so that no movement of the enemy could be made on that side without its being known. At the same time the Sardinians strengthened their formidable works on Mount Hasfort, and the French constructed three batteries for guns intended to sweep the ground about the Stone Bridge. On the right they mounted twelve pieces of heavy artillery, naming the work the Raglan Battery. On the other flank they placed the same number of guns in a battery named after La Boussinière, a gallant artillery officer, distinguished at the Alma, and killed before Sebastopol. These guns looked obliquely up the road to the Mackenzie Heights. Then further to the rear, and on the right of the road to Balaclava, they constructed a work for twelve pieces, whose fire would sweep the whole road as far as the bridge, and named it Battery Bizot. Behind these works they re-made the old Turkish redoubts of October, 1854. Thus the allies covered Balaclava with a triple line, the third being the new famous line of Balaclava, constituting a position as strong as any in the world.

Although it seemed improbable that the Russians would repeat the enterprise of the 16th of August, yet the information that reached head-quarters, the partial disappearance of the Russians from the North Camp, the incessant flashing of signal lights from the eastern mountains to Inkermann, and from Inkermann to Sebastopol, induced the allies to keep on the alert. General Simpson reconnoitred the whole position on the Tchernaya. The troops were under arms, both on the plateau and on the Tchernaya, long before daylight for several days, dispersing only when the sun rose. The men-of-war in the harbour of Balaclava were in readiness to take up positions whence they could do the most damage to the enemy. The splendid cavalry of the allies turned out every day, and showed its thousands of sabres and lances in the plains of Balaclava; a spectacle gratifying to the military eye, and not encouraging to the enemy. The Highland Division took post above Kamara. The field-artillery of the allies was in constant readiness. From the hills which enfold the Baidar Valley to the heights of Inkermann all was vigilance. Prince Gortschakoff, who had his army on the plateau of Mackenzie, and in the little valleys leading down towards the outposts and main position of the allies, probably looked upon this scene, enacted daily; if he did so, what he saw must have extinguished any notion of breaking into the allied lines at any point. There was no weak place in the chain.

At this period the Russians were suffering severely not only from fatigue and the missiles of the allies, but from a lack of water, and sometimes of food when they tried to take up positions near to our lines. Hence they were kept in camps, at a distance, on the watercourses, chiefly about the Belbek, where water was obtainable, and where food could easily be brought from the depôts. The allies, on the other hand, had abundance of everything, except shot and shell. The expenditure in the batteries was on so vast a scale that the supply ships could scarcely keep pace with the wants of the artillery. From the 13th to the 19th, inclusive, there were expended 26,270 rounds of shell and shot, and on the 20th there remained only 3,470 rounds in the Crimea; not one day's supply. Wherefore the fire of our batteries was regulated by that of the enemy; yet the consumption was so considerable that on the 27th the whole supply in the Crimea was still only 2,959 rounds.

Nevertheless, the siege works made steady progress towards the Malakoff. There the assailants and defenders were within a few yards of each other. The Russians

had a series of rifle-pits on the slope under the Malakoff Redoubt itself. The French works had approached so near that it became necessary to seize these pits, and incorporate them with the main body of the approaches. Accordingly, on the 23rd of August, a body of Zouaves worked all day in opening a trench leading towards the pits; and in the evening the light infantry of a line regiment went in and carried them. But the Russians, determined not to lose their shelter without a struggle, dashed out of the Malakoff, and expelled the Frenchmen. There was a good deal of firing and shouting. The Russians, however, did not long enjoy their triumph, for the expelled troops, being supported by their comrades, returned to the assault, reconquered and held the work. The next day the enemy kept up a heavy fire on the Mamelon, in spite of the support which our batteries afforded to the French. But the onward march of the latter could not be arrested. On the evening of the 24th they seized the whole line of Russian works on the glacis. Again the enemy violently essayed to prevent the French from making good their hold. At the first shock the latter yielded to the numbers and impetuosity of the Russians; but, being well sustained, they charged in once more and drove the enemy headlong into the ditch. During the combat the working parties were actively employed, both in digging trenches of communication, and in turning and connecting the Russian pits. Before the morning the whole line was complete, and the French works were within thirty-four yards of the salient of the Malakoff. The loss from these enterprises was heavy—53 killed and 318 wounded. The firing every day, although not assuming the proportions of a regular bombardment, was continuous at one point or another. The efforts of the enemy were directed chiefly against the Mamelon and the approaches therefrom, the quarter, as they well knew, where their greatest peril lay. On the night of the 28th they made a lucky shot. One of their shells rolled into a magazine in the left or southern face of the Mamelon Redoubt. There were at the time 15,000 pounds of powder in the magazine. This exploded with an awful roar, awakening the whole camp, and killing or wounding 150 Frenchmen. The moon was shining brightly as this vivid blast of flame shot heavenward, carrying with it masses of earth, gabions, beams, fragments of carriages and shot. The huge cloud, casting acres of shadow, rose above the Mamelon, towered to an immense height, then, unfolding itself, "let fall from its clustering waves of smoke and sulphurous vapour, a black precipitate of earth, fine dust and pebbles, mingled with miserable fragments, which dropped like rain upon the works below. . . There was silence for an instant, and but for an instant, as the sullen thunder rolled slowly away and echoed along the heights of Inkermann and Mackenzie; then the Russians leaping to their guns cheered loudly, but their voices were soon smothered in the crash of the English and French batteries," which opened on them instantly. The French troops in the advanced works, though appalled by the magnitude of the explosion, stood firmly, and the Russians were not prepared or were unable to make a sortie. "The dark cloud hung like a pall for nearly an hour over the place, reddening every moment with the reflection of the flashes of the artillery, which fired incessantly till dawn." As so many men were in the trenches, it is wonderful that only forty were killed and a hundred wounded. Some of our men, in the neighbouring ravine, were hit, and great beams fell in the batteries of the right attack, having been thrown 700 yards. This vast explosion of powder did not seriously damage the Mamelon; but it delayed the final assault, because the store of powder, thus expended, had to be replaced.

For the remainder of the month the trying labour of getting close to the Malakoff and Little Redan went on in the usual way. The French laboured most assiduously, not only in strengthening their parallels in this quarter but in providing spaces, as large as they could contrive to make them, to contain the troops destined for the assault, which could not be much longer delayed. They had reached the living rock in front of the Little Redan, just as we had reached it in front of the Great Redan; and the fire maintained against the head of the sap at both points absolutely forbad much further progress through such ground. On the French extreme right the Careening Bay stopped all further advance. The works here were so belaboured by the guns on the north side, and by the guns in the northern face of the Malakoff, that they were called by the French *l'abbatoir*, or slaughter-house, so fearful were the daily losses. The British left attack was stopped by the precipice which led into the Woronzoff and South Ravines. The French left attack was as close to the enemy's line as it could be pushed; the nearest trenches being a few yards from the Flagstaff and Central Bastions, the Quarantine Ravine forming an effectual barrier to any nearer approach from the Cemetery. This was the state of affairs at the end of August. The Russians were making good use of their great bridge over the harbour, and were beginning another. Their war-steamers and some two or three sailing ships were still afloat. As if they were conscious that the first line must soon fall, yet resolute to defend the place to the last, they were beginning a new interior line behind the outer line of defences, and arming it with the guns of the forts. But beyond these signs of yielding there were none other. The frowning earthworks, much battered and defaced, were still able to use their guns, and the occasional bright and heavy fire of musketry maintained by night from the parapets showed that the garrison was as devoted as ever. But the service was a terrible one. Whenever it was known that the Russian lines at any point were full of men, whenever they displayed their strength, then the heavy mortars in our batteries were heard, and the screaming shells were seen soaring upwards to descend surely into the Russian batteries. At these times the enemy's troops nestled close to traverse and parapet, or sought the securer shelter of the deep bomb-proof stilling caves dug in the immediate rear of the ramparts, or excavated in the very centre of the work. The interior of the Russian batteries was like a rabbit warren.

But the crisis of the long siege had now come. Neither

GENERAL SIMPSON.

side could bear much longer the horrible losses inflicted by this deadly strife. The Russians might endure, hoping against hope, to hold out until the winter once more became their keen ally; but the French and English felt that they must risk an assault or raise the siege.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Prince Gortschakoff secures his Retreat—The Allies resolve to Assault—Council of September 3rd—Condition and Plans of Attack—Day and hour fixed—Sixth and last Bombardment, September 5th—Its crushing character—Kept up at Night—A Russian Frigate on fire—Enormous losses of the Enemy—A Russian Two-decker burned—Morning of the 8th—General Bosquet to his Officers—The Troops enter the Trenches—Large Number employed by the French—British Numbers and Plans—Russian Forces in Sebastopol—Character of the Defences—Surprise of the Malakoff—How the Russians were expelled—Prompt arrival of Supports—The Redoubt secured—Attack on the Little Redan—The French repeatedly foiled, with awful loss—Prince Gortschakoff—Heroism of MacMahon—Renewed Attacks on the Little Redan—French Horse Artillery—Fresh Repulses—British Attack on the Great Redan—Ardour of the Assailants—They enter the Work—Are overwhelmed by Numbers, and driven out—French Assaults on the Town Front—Their Failure—Result of the Day's Battle—Russian resolves—Prince Gortschakoff retreats at Night—His able tactics—Sebastopol in flames—Tremendous Explosions—Sebastopol won—A Russian Hospital—The Siege at an end—Losses—Reflections—Spoil—Prince Gortschakoff on the catastrophe.

WHEN Prince Gortschakoff saw that the French had opened their seventh parallel within a few yards of the Malakoff, he must have felt certain that an assault would soon be attempted. He was quite as well aware as the allied generals that the Malakoff was the key of the place. General Todleben had, from the first, shown a just appreciation of the ground, and upon those two salient and commanding points, the Flagstaff and the Malakoff, he had exhausted the resources of his art. Once firmly established in one of these he knew that the allies would have won the city. He knew also that if the Flagstaff only were taken, he could defend the place long enough to secure a retreat; but that if the Malakoff fell before a raft-bridge could be constructed, the Russians must surrender or die fighting, for the Malakoff Hill commanded the harbour. Here one cannot but admire the foresight of a general, who, while he defended his lines to the last, took early and ample precautions to secure a retreat. The daring but faulty attack on the 18th of June showed the Russian what he had to fear. The great raft-bridge over that arm of the sea we call the Harbour, which is half a mile wide, was begun in July, and finished by the end of August. This stupendous work was designed and executed, no doubt, partly with the object of enabling the Russian general to pour troops rapidly into Sebastopol, but mainly to enable him to avoid capture in the last extremity. Amongst the many and vast labours of that indefatigable Russian army, this raft-bridge is not the least, nor that which extorts the least admiration. It was the salvation of the troops of the Czar. Nor was this the only work undertaken with the view of preparing against a calamity. The genius of Todleben had designed an inner line of works in rear and to the east of the Malakoff; and this must have been done only to gain time for the evacuation of the place in the event of the capture of that work.

The Russians were quite right in assuming that an assault would be hazarded at no distant day. It was the uppermost thought in the minds of the allied generals. The approach of winter, the expenditure of men and ammunition, the vast extent of the works, the proximity of the trenches to the place, and the impossibility of pushing them further in certain quarters, dictated imperiously a resolution to storm. General Pélissier and General Simpson, therefore, directed the principal officers of artillery and engineers to meet and report on the propriety of making an assault, and on the best means of carrying it out. They met on the 3rd of September, and drew up a memorandum. In the attack on the town, that is the French left attack, from the Flagstaff to the Quarantine, they said, the works of approach had remained for a long time stationary, and they declared that these works could not be pushed further without causing great loss. The English had made some progress before the Redan—their works had stopped short at 200 yards from the salient angle. Here again these officers were of opinion that the approaches could not be advanced, because serious impediments interposed; in other words, because the ground was rocky and enfiladed by several Russian batteries on both sides of the South Harbour. In fact, the battery established in the Quarries was directed, not against the Redan in its front, but against the western face of the Malakoff, and the approaches to that work; so that it served the purpose of facilitating the attack on the Malakoff, and not the attack on the Redan. In front of the Malakoff, the report went on to state, the French artillery had attained a marked superiority over that of the place, and under its protection—and, as we may add, the protection of the British batteries—the approaches had arrived within five and twenty yards of the enemy's lines. As the ground was soft before the Malakoff, the French might have got near enough to blow in the outer slope of the ditch; but this, besides entailing a heavy loss of life, would have also entailed delay, because to accomplish it eight or ten days' fire would be necessary, and this would exhaust the low supplies of ammunition. The French were also within thirty yards of the Little Redan. Here it was impossible to work nearer, because the ground was living rock. Wherefore, for these reasons, the officers decided unanimously that the moment had arrived for assaulting the place. How should this be done?

It was assumed, and justly, that if the Malakoff could be captured and held, the fall of the Karabelnaia suburb, that is, the whole space east of the South Ravine, would be inevitable. Therefore the main attack was to be directed against the Malakoff, and in order that it might be successful, while a powerful column rushed into the work itself, two other columns assailed simultaneously the Little Redan, and the long rampart or "curtain" connecting it with the Malakoff. But as the allies were fighting, not against a mere garrison of limited number, but against a numerous army, and as the enemy, knowing the importance of the position, would do his utter-

most to keep, or, if he lost, to regain it, so it was held to be *necessary* that other attacks should be simultaneously made upon the place, in order to prevent the Russians from concentrating their forces at the vital point. It was with this object that the officers of the scientific arms recommended an assault by the English on the Redan, and by the French on the west or town front. These, it should ever be borne in mind, were to be subordinate assaults. They were to be dependent altogether upon the success of the main column; and even when that column was successful, they were to be made primarily as diversions to occupy the attention of the enemy; but, of course, it was intended that they also should succeed, if possible. Although the English were to storm the Redan, from which they were distant 200 yards, the French were *not* to storm the Flagstaff, from which they were distant only fifty yards, because the Flagstaff was too strong. The French attacks on the town front were to be limited to an assault at two points on the Central Bastion, thought to be less impracticable. Having captured the Central Bastion, the French were to hold it with part of their force, while the remainder, sweeping to the right, broke into the Flagstaff from the rear. It was held essential to success that the assault should be proceded by a heavy bombardment for three days. Such was the scheme devised by the principal officers of artillery and engineers of both armies on the 3rd of September. On that very evening the enemy made two vigorous sorties, one on the French sap before the Malakoff, the other on the British sap before the Redan. They were both repelled with great loss to the besieged, who must have been then finally convinced of the inutility of sorties, and of the near approach of the assault.

The French and English Commanders-in-Chief deliberated without delay on the report submitted to them. Upon them fell an immense responsibility. They had to decide at once, for the operations had arrived at a point when it was as destructive to stand still as to advance. Yet theirs must be the choice of time. They had now the largest force they could hope for—exclusive of the Turks, above 150,000 men; they had in battery quite as many guns as they could hope to find ammunition for—in the French lines 613, in the English 207, giving the enormous total of 820. Their approaches were within a stone's throw of the place. Up to this time General Pélissier had shown no sort of hesitation, but now for a moment he faltered. While Niel and Bosquet, formerly indisposed to incur the risk, were eager for the assault, Pélissier seemed inclined to hang back, and get into position more mortars, known to be at sea. He lacked ammunition, also, as did the English, and he wished to wait for the arrival of his store ships. This dubiety of mind, however, did not last long. The French general was a man of decision, and he decided in favour of the opinion of the majority. Our own officers had no doubts, and if they had, as the principal and vital assault was to be made by the French, so it was for them to fix the day and hour. The day chosen was the 8th of September, the hour, noon exactly. The reason for choosing noon was this. It had been the custom to slacken fire about noon during the hot summer days. The weather had become cool, but it was held that if the custom were observed on this occasion, the enemy would be deceived into the belief that no assault would take place, and would, as usual, seek repose. Moreover, all our previous assaults had been made in the morning or the evening, and such is the effect of habit, that the Russians had come to believe that they were safe in the middle of the day. These calculations, as will be seen, were just.

The allies having decided were prompt to act. One day only was allowed for further preparation. Every effort was made to carry up stores of shot and shell, and to bring every gun and mortar into action. These guns and mortars were by far the heaviest ever before employed in any siege; and it will not be out of place to repeat that in our batteries alone, there were thirty-four 13-inch, and twenty-seven 10-inch mortars, and no fewer than sixty-one 32-pounder guns.

The sixth and last bombardment began at daybreak on the 5th of September. Nearly the whole of the 800 pieces of ordnance in battery opened on the place. The sun shone brightly; a light air from the south-east blew over Sebastopol. One moment the old familiar scene was visible—the still majestic town, the serene waters of the harbour, the dark and rugged outline of the defences, the Black Sea and the allied fleet. The next moment the rolling clouds of smoke boiling up and extending on all sides, hid everything from view. The awful roar of the cannonade must have been deafening in Sebastopol, whither the dread sound was borne by the wind; but more terrible than the sound were the blows struck by these mighty lines of guns, which, with ceaseless vigour, poured forth shot and shell. The first burst of this cannonade was unequalled. The enemy were surprised, astounded, and so heavily smitten that some moments elapsed before a gun was heard in return. Then the Russian gunners began to respond, but their answering shots seemed to come slowly when compared with the sustained fury of the French batteries on the left, and even with the steady, but measured fire from the British guns and the French on the right. It was the policy of the allies to fill the mind of the enemy with doubt as to their projects, and thus force him to keep at a strained attention on all sides. Therefore it was from the 350 guns and mortars in the fifty-two batteries directed against the western face of the ramparts of Sebastopol that the most furious volleys issued. Even the official report of the British engineers calls it a "terrific cannonade." The fire from our batteries, and that of the French right, was what is called steady and careful. It was incessant but not hurried. This was calculated to make the enemy believe that the assault would be on the town front and not on the suburb, and, therefore, to keep more men in readiness in that quarter. Nevertheless, the mere weight of metal directed upon the Malakoff entirely silenced that work from the first. Upwards of 200 guns and mortars were levelled and trained to bear upon its outward faces, its embrasures, and its interior. Under this fiery hail nothing could live

in action, and the Russians, withdrawing their guns, sought shelter in the bomb-proofs. But the Redan, and the Redan Wall running towards the Malakoff, and the Barrack batteries, and the guns in the Garden and in the Crow's Nest, maintained a formidable fire all day. There were, however, intermissions on our side. The French on the left rested from half past seven until ten; then they began afresh with a rapidity that astounded every one. For two hours this went on; afterwards the uproar subsided somewhat; but at five it burst out once more, and continued until half-past seven. The enemy's works were torn, and shattered, and formless. The parapets were ploughed up, the sides of the embrasures were shaken down, the guns were nearly all silent. When darkness fell the mortars opened with a deep roar, and the light of their bursting shells actually showed the enemy's lines. All night this searching bombardment was continued, so that it became impossible for the enemy to repair damages.

The most striking result of the bombardment during the day appeared at night. Early in the evening one of the still floating Russian war ships was observed to be on fire. A thick column of smoke rose above the cliffs of the Harbour, growing denser every hour. As the sun set a glow of light hovered above the water, and at dark, flames burst out and presently illumined the scene. A frigate had been reached by a shell from one of the batteries, probably a French shell; and it now blazed grandly, a gigantic beacon, throwing into high relief the white city and white forts, and revealing the jagged line of earthen ramparts into which, with an incessant roar, fell the bombs of the besiegers. This splendid spectacle lasted until the tall flaming masts fell into the water, and the hull was consumed.

During the day there had been a great movement to and fro on the raft bridge. Heavy bodies of troops were marched in from the north side, and long trains of wagons, laden with goods, went over to the north out of the town. The army on the Belbek moved off in dark columns towards Inkermann, and some 15,000 men debouched from Choulieu towards Tchorgoun, with the object of alarming the allies for the safety of Balaclava. But the position in the Tchernaya had been made so strong that comparatively few men could hold it, supported as they were by 9,000 sabres and lances eager for a dashing charge. The Russians looked down upon the allied lines from the lofty hills, exchanged a few distant shots with the Italian outposts, countermarched, and disappeared through the gorges of the mountains. There was no hope of success on that side; no hope at all, except in a dogged defence of the shot-torn and bloody ramparts of Sebastopol, those defaced but mighty monuments of the genius of Todleben.

The cannonade was resumed on the morning of the 6th, and at night the bombardment followed. No rest was allowed to the defenders. From the character of the fire they could infer nothing except that an assault was impending. Hour by hour they endured a cruel suspense, and endured it under a fire which Prince Gortschakoff described as a "fire of hell." The ceaseless stream of projectiles searched out every part of the place. From the more distant batteries heavy shells found their way into the spaces shut off by traverses, into the houses and barracks, into the ravines. From the near batteries grape and canister whistled over the ridge of the parapets or swept through the embrasures, and small shells dropped just behind the ramparts, into whose massive fronts the larger guns poured a ceaseless shower. The enemy could only answer with a feeble fire from the better protected guns. The Malakoff stood up against the sky, silent and ragged, but grim and defiant. The very garrisons of the works could not be relieved except under fire. When night fell again it brought no relief to the smitten enemy; for the huge bombs rose high in the air, and fell every minute and scattered death and wounds on every side. Nor bombs only. A crashing, unbroken fire of musketry was directed from the advanced trenches on the parapets, and no fewer than 150,000 rounds were expended each night during the bombardment. Except in the great convulsions of nature, destructive agencies had never before been seen in operation on so grand a scale.

The 7th passed like the 6th, opening with a volley along the whole four miles of batteries, then, of set purpose, dying away, and suddenly bursting forth again. The daylight surprised our siege train driving carts laden with ammunition over the open to the trenches, and on them the enemy opened a fire which effected nothing, but it applied a test to the bravery of our men, and they bore it well. The wind had changed. The smoke and dust were driven back from Sebastopol by a northern blast, and men strained their eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of the place. Yet patient watchers peering through the rifts in the sombre cloud saw enough to convince them that the enemy was suffering almost beyond endurance. At night fires were visible in several places; about eleven o'clock a magazine blew up; and at the same time a huge two-decker was burning solemnly in the Harbour. Up to this time the enemy had lost 4,000 men, exclusive of gunners, who, says Prince Gortschakoff, perished in great numbers, shot down at their guns.

Hitherto the allied generals had kept secret the hour of the assault. At noon they held a fresh council, and took their last resolutions. Now the secret was divulged. During the afternoon General Bosquet summoned the generals of division in his corps, told them that the assault would take place at twelve precisely the next day, and explained to them what were the parts they would have to play. Recommending them to be secret, he shook hands at parting, and said, "I have long known you as valiant soldiers; I have full confidence in you. To-morrow Malakoff and Sebastopol will be ours." In the French trenches, where so many men were to be massed, the greatest care had been taken to provide the requisite space. As a surprise was to be effected, it was necessary to be certain that the soldiers would be concealed from the keen eyes of the enemy. Therefore, the staff officers not only measured the trenches to ascertain the numbers they could be made

to contain, but saw that the parapets were raised, and the trenches deepened, so that the whole might march down in broad day, and the foe be none the wiser. All the soldiers and officers were to be in the glory of full uniform. The English had also prepared. It was decided that the Highlanders should relieve the Guards in the right attack, and that the Second and Light Divisions should furnish the columns to be sent against the Redan. The Italians were to share the honour of the day, and Cialdini's brigade was to march up on the morrow, and take post in the most advanced parallel in front of the Flagstaff Bastion.

The night wore away, and the morning dawned, and with it a more tremendous bombardment than ever; for now not only all the guns in the French left attack were fired with the utmost rapidity, but the English batteries and those in the French trenches on the right increased and sustained their fire all the forenoon. In order to deceive the enemy, by making him believe that they intended to push their sap nearer, the French exploded three mines in front of the Malakoff, and broke ground as if they were about to form an eighth parallel. The firing of these mines had another object. The Russian deserters had declared that the glacis of the Malakoff was mined, and news of this had spread among the French troops. It was to give them confidence and impose on the enemy that these counter-mines were exploded. During the morning the French troops were marched with great care and secrecy into the trenches. The clouds of dust blown from the town helped to shroud the movement. Nevertheless, Prince Gortschakoff, gazing wistfully from the north side, detected the movement of the Sardinians towards the French left, and feeling that this portended an assault, sent word to the commander of the town front to be on his guard. But ignorant of the hour when he would be assailed, and exposed to a fire which left him no rest, he was compelled to keep his men as much as possible sheltered in those places the least invaded by shot and shell.

It had been arranged that this time there should be no signal of attack. At noon precisely the stormers were to make their rush. In order to secure uniformity of movement the staff officers met at head-quarters, and set their watches in concert. Then General Bosquet, who had the immediate command on the Malakoff side, went into the sixth parallel; and between eleven and twelve General Pélissier took post in the Mamelon. General Codrington and General Markham were in the front of our Redan attack; and a little before noon General Simpson went to a spot selected for him by the engineers in the first parallel. With him went Sir Harry Jones. He was suffering from illness and could not walk. He was carried, therefore, at his own request, on a litter into the trenches; yet his heroism on this occasion did not save him from the shafts of ridicule. But no man in command at that time escaped detraction, even when he behaved well.

We have already described the plan of attack; we have now to set forth the means of executing it. To ensure success in the attack on the Malakoff works, General Pélissier employed 25,000 men. There were not only the whole of the corps of Bosquet, but Mellinet's Brigade of the Imperial Guard, and Marolles' Brigade of the Reserve. MacMahon, with 5,000 men, was to storm the Malakoff Redoubt, and in support were not only Wimpfen's Brigade, 3,000 strong, but two battalions of the Zouaves of the Guard; thus giving 10,000 men to take and hold the Malakoff itself. General la Motterouge was entrusted with 4,300 men to storm the curtain between the Malakoff and Little Redan; and General Dulac had 4,600 wherewith to carry the Little Redan itself, and 3,000 under Marolles wherewith to make good his grip of this work, and thence carry the unfinished interior lines of defence. There was no special support allotted to La Motterouge, but General Bosquet had upwards of 3,000 men as a general reserve. In addition, two batteries of artillery were held in readiness to drive through the trenches and over the open, and take part in the combat in case they were required. On the western front General de Salles commanded. He had disposable 18,500 men, including Cialdini's 1,200 Italians. Levaillant, with 4,300 men, was to make two attacks on the Central Bastion, and D'Autemarre, with 5,280 men, was to furnish a support. In case of success, and when one of the storming columns had turned the Flagstaff Bastion on its proper right, D'Autemarre's division, Cialdini at its head, was to turn the proper left of the Flagstaff. The remaining troops were in reserve. Thus Pélissier had set apart 43,800 men for the assaulting and supporting columns.

The British arrangements were not on this colossal scale. Two divisions, the Light and Second, were directed to furnish both stormers and supports. Each division supplied a covering party, a ladder party, a storming party divided into two sections, and a working party. The whole amounted to 1,600 men. The covering parties, riflemen intended to spread out and keep down the fire of the unsubdued Russian guns, were under Captain Fyers and Captain Lewes. The ladder parties, intended to be stormers as soon as they had placed their ladders, were under Major Welsford. The storming parties were under Lieutenant-Colonel Handcock, Captain Grove, Brigadier Shirley, and Colonel Windham. The supports consisted of 750 men of each division, and the remainder of both were held in reserve. Thus General Simpson had resolved to try and take the Redan by dribbling into it about 3,100 men; and the whole force he kept in hand in case of emergencies was about 4,000 more. At the same time the Highland Division was posted next to the French attack, while the Third and Fourth were held back in rear of the right attack, and the first was under arms in camp. The signal for attacking the Redan was to be the hoisting of the British flag on the Mamelon; and it was understood that General Pélissier would hoist it as soon as the French were fairly in the Malakoff. Then General Simpson was to launch his stormers by raising a white flag bearing the cross of St. George. The signal for the French on the town front to fall on was to be a flight of rockets from the Lancaster Battery, repeated by a second flight from the British trenches, and acknow-

ledged by a third from the French observatory on the left. These signals, as will be seen, miscarried, for General de Salles did not order the assault on the Central Bastion until two o'clock. For the protection of Balaclava, General Herbillon and General la Marmora were to draw out their troops at twelve. The French cavalry in the Baidar Valley was to fall back in the morning to the river Krenzen; and the whole of the allied cavalry was to be drawn up in the plain.

The Russians had no fewer than 75,000 men in Sebastopol. There were sixteen battalions in the works on the proper left of the Malakoff, and twelve battalions in reserve on this side. In the Malakoff were four battalions and some companies, and four battalions in the Gervais Battery on its proper right. There were besides sixteen battalions in reserve. They had been called up from the town by General Chruleff, when his suspicions were aroused by the information that the French trenches seemed to be full of troops. Thus there were about 22,000 men under arms for the defence of the Malakoff system of works. In the Redan and to the right and left of it were nine battalions and sixteen in reserve. The battalions in front line were chiefly our old foes of the Alma and Inkermann. Their numbers were about 13,000. In addition to these troops there were no fewer than 10,000 in reserve for general purposes. The total number for the defence of the line from the Barrack Battery to the Harbour was therefore 45,000 men; or 2,000 more than were set apart by the French alone for all their attacks, and 10,000 more than the combined numbers of the English and French on the eastern side. In the town the Russians had 20,000 men, 2,000 more than the number at the disposal of General de Salles. The front line of works from the Quarantine to the Flagstaff was strongly manned; and beside the special reserves of the different bastions, there was a general reserve nearly 10,000 strong. Such a vast force, fighting behind the strongest entrenchments ever raised, was certain to be hard to conquer; and although it was divided into huge fragments, and one half was separated from the other by an arm of the sea—the South Harbour—we have shown that in mere numbers alone, the Russians were in every point superior to their assailants.

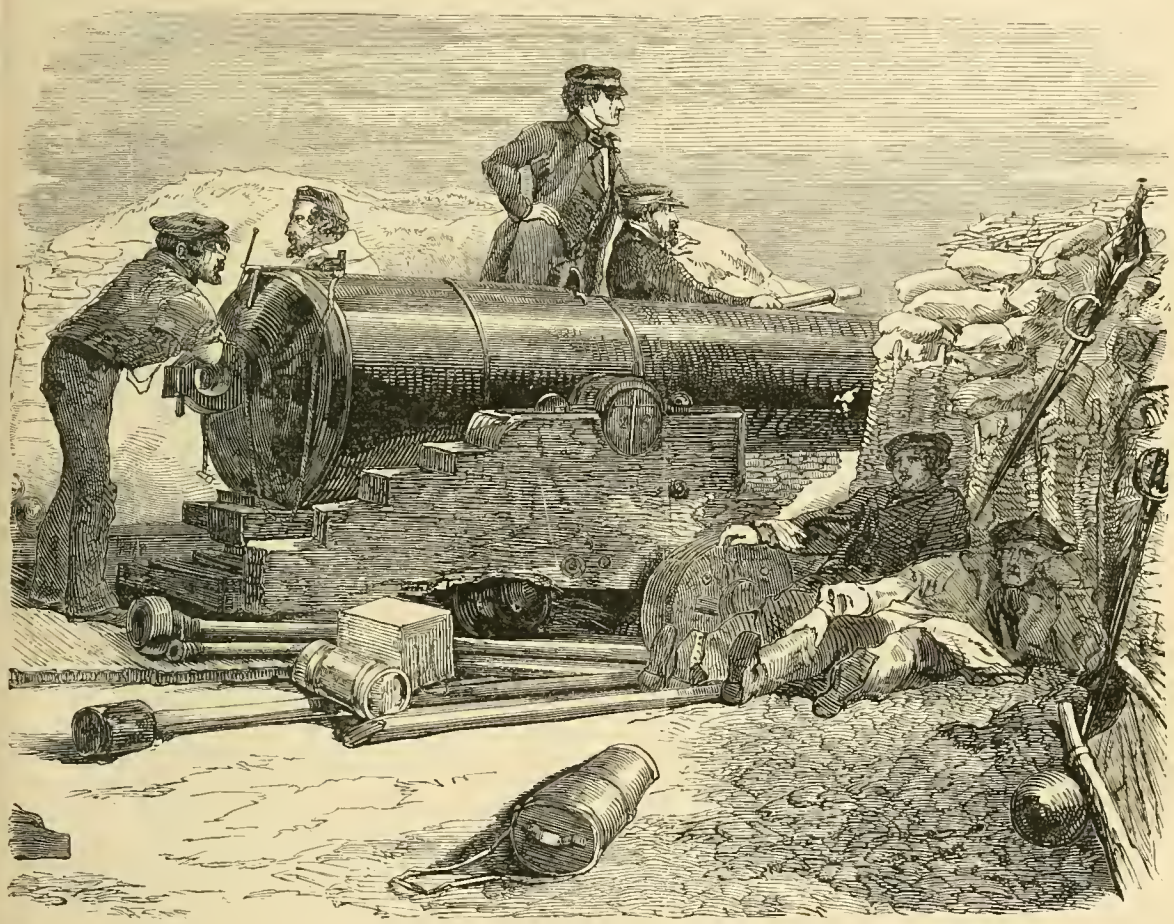
The Russians scented in the air the coming assault, but they were uncertain when and where the tempest would break. They saw few signs of its immediate approach. But the allied trenches were crowded with impatient soldiers. It is characteristic of the two allied nations, that while the French blazed in full uniform, our generals watching the assault presented a puzzling aspect. "General Simpson sat in the trench with his nose and eyes just facing the cold and dust, and his cloak drawn up over his head to protect him against both. General Jones wore a red night cap and reclined on his litter; and Sir Richard Airey, the quartermaster-general, had a white handkerchief tied over his cap and ears." In the advanced French trenches, there was a group worth noting. There stood General MacMahon, amid a group of staff officers, and the ranks of the silent but attentive Zouaves. The chief of the divisional staff, Colonel Lebrun, held a watch, and all eyes were turned upon its dial-plate. They were waiting for the hands to mark twelve. Near them stood a Zouave corporal with a large flag obtained from a man-of-war, so that when it was planted on the Malakoff, it might be distinctly seen of men. In all the other trenches the French chiefs were watching the flight of time. A few yards from MacMahon, in the great Malakoff itself, the Russians, not expecting an assault, were engaged in relieving the garrison. The heavy fire from the allied batteries prevented them from bringing in the new troops before the old ones were marched out. They found it expedient to effect the relief gradually, by withdrawing a portion of the garrison before replacing them. This was going on as the French, seizing their arms, were prepared to burst forth. At twelve the batteries ceased their direct fire, but the mortars took it up, flinging their shells over the Malakoff and Little Redan, so that they might reach the Russian reserves.

At this moment the officers gave the signal. The clarions sounded, the drums beat, the men cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and dashing over the trenches, went headlong towards the Malakoff, the curtain, and the Little Redan. At the first rush all these places were surprised and overrun; but the attack on the great redoubt was the only one destined to be permanently successful.

The Malakoff Redoubt was a mighty keep, 380 yards long, and 160 wide; the ditch was upwards of six yards deep and seven wide, and its slope next to the work was very steep. In the interior were, first, the ground floor of the old stone tower, and then a multitude of traverses, huge ramparts of earth and timber designed to minimise the effect of shell fire. It was a closed work, that is, fortified on all sides, with one narrow opening in the rear, so that when once the assailants mastered the interior and closed the gorge, the vast ramparts were defences for and not against them. This brief description will enable the reader to form some faint idea of the difficulties in the way of the stormers, and of the advantages which told in their favour when they had subdued the garrison. The Little Redan was also a closed work, but the long curtain connecting it with the Malakoff was exposed to the fire of the Russian second line, thrown up about 300 yards in the rear. The Great Redan was an open work, like a very straddling V, and its flanks were well supplied with traverses. The old trace of the entrenchment, as it existed in 1854, formed a sort of low retrenchment at the open end, in no sense formidable except as affording cover behind which infantry could rally. Here, it will be observed, the disadvantages were on the side of the assailants. Although the defenders might not be able to keep their foes out, in all probability they could prevent them from remaining in, unless they entered in overwhelming numbers, and succeeded in closing the rear against the attacks of the expelled enemy. In order to make the separate scenes of the 8th of September clear, it will be necessary

to treat them separately, trusting the reader to remember that several actions were fought simultaneously.

The leading troops of M'Mahon's division were the 1st Zouaves and the 7th of the Line. The Zouaves darted out on the right, and the Linesmen on the left. The heads of the columns reached the deep ditch together, leapt into it without waiting for ladders, swarmed up the opposing bank, and climbing, some over the parapet, some through the embrasures, jumped into the midst of the astonished Russians. In a short space half the White Tower. But Frenchmen rushed in on all sides. There was a brief and bloody combat. Assailed in front, turned on both flanks, unable to retreat, above a hundred Russians ran into the lower story of the old tower, and began to fire through the loopholes. By this time the Zouaves and the 7th had driven the enemy completely out of the space round the tower. Quickly rallying, the Russians collected behind the first huge line of traverses, and, in spite of the efforts of the French, held for awhile their ground. General M'Mahon, one



A LANCASTER GUN IN ONE OF THE BATTERIES

force of the two regiments was in the work; but the engineers had thrown a ladder bridge so swiftly over the ditch that the rear companies of the 7th were able to cross it. At the same time four companies of Chasseurs had crossed the ditch, and entering the work at its point of junction with the Gervais Battery, drove its defenders out at the point of the bayonet, and made good their hold upon the battery. The Zouaves and the Linesmen in the Malakoff had attacked with such impetuosity and in such numbers that the Russians were obliged to fight in disorder, about the base of the old of the first in the place, feeling how necessary it was to silence the musketry of the men in the base of the tower, caused a number of gabions to be collected about the work and set on fire, an Algerine method which was at once successful. The enemy had no sooner surrendered than M'Mahon began to fear the fire as much as the Russians. The place was full of powder. Everybody believed it to be mined. He, therefore, set a party to work at once to extinguish the burning gabions. The method adopted was that of covering them with earth; and lo! in digging a trench with that object, the work-

men came upon electric wires communicating with the magazine. These were immediately cut, and the assailants were saved.

During this time the Zouaves and the 7th had been fiercely engaged with the enemy rallied behind the first grand line of traverses in rear of the tower. Foot by foot the French had gained upon them. They dashed at the openings, they wound in and out around the flanks, they crept along the parapets, and just as Vinoy's brigade was entering the work in support of Decaen, the latter's men had succeeded in forcing the enemy to seek shelter behind the second great line crossing the Malakoff at its widest part. Here the Russians rallied stronger than ever. They were plainly gathering up their strength for a rush. Hundreds had fallen on both sides, but the fury of the combat did not abate. The great French flag, which we have already seen in the hands of the Zouave corporal, floated in the smoke and dust over the tower; but the Malakoff redoubt was yet to win. Until the gorge was gained and closed nothing was gained. So thought M'Mahon. Vinoy was bursting in to his aid, but he determined to be secure, so he sent one of his staff for part of the Imperial Guard, and Wimpfen's reserve. Before these could arrive, Vinoy, a prompt and gallant soldier, had led his men into the work and made use of them with striking skill. He had thrown the bulk of his force on the right of the assailants. With the 20th he supported the right of the Zouaves, and with the 27th, by a most soldierlike movement, he turned the Russian left. Part of the 27th moved along the parapet, part along the ditch on the eastern face. Thus they kept gaining on the Russian line of defence upon that side. Paralysed by this rapid manœuvre, executed with unfaltering impetuosity, as soon as he saw the 27th in rear of his left, and rapidly approaching the gorge, the enemy quitted his hold of the great line of traverses, and made for the sole exit from the redoubt. The French burst through like a flood. The more daring of the enemy turned several times, and spent their strength in brave but useless charges. Though they were swept along by the torrent of foes which streamed upon them, they made a brilliant resistance; and it was only when they felt that the 27th of the Line, so skillfully led, so relentlessly bent on gaining the gorge, would soon reach it, that they rushed out of the work. M'Mahon and Vinoy swooped upon their prize, closed the gorge, and forbade all return.

By this time the Zouaves of the Guard, its Light Infantry and Grenadiers, and Wimpfen's brigade of Algerian Tirailleurs, and the 50th Line Regiment, were all in the great work. With this enormous force—at least 10,000 men—M'Mahon felt secure, and he at once distributed his men in the mode best calculated to beat off the enemy should he in turn risk an assault. He relieved the troops which had sustained the brunt of the onset, with fresh troops from Vinoy and Wimpfen's brigades, and thus griped fast hold of his prize.

During this time the French on the extreme right had fought with great bravery but adverse fortune. The parallels of approach had been pushed up close to the Little Redan, and the heads of the columns of attack were close under the work; Dulac's leading brigade, therefore, had at the appointed hour started like the rest, and had at once seized the Little Redan. Somewhat later in point of time, because the distance to be overcome was greater, General La Motterouge had sent his first brigade under Bourbaki against the curtain. Here again the French succeeded. The whole line from the Malakoff to the Little Redan was in their hands. Eager to take advantage of this burst of success, the leading brigades, as soon as the supports were well up, dashed forward. Bourbaki led his men against the second line, while St. Pol, issuing from the Little Redan, sought to turn the line at its point of intersection with the rear defences of the latter work. But the Russians were now fully alive. The batteries on the north side opened on the assailants. Three war-steamers ran up to the mouth of the Careening Bay, and poured in broadside after broadside. Field guns were promptly brought up to the second line, and used to hurl forth showers of desolating grapeshot. The Russian reserves came up, and charging the disordered columns of the French, forced them violently back—Bourbaki, as far as, and over, the curtain; St. Pol into the Little Redan. So prompt and vigorous was this counter-stroke, so deadly was the fire of the steamers, that St. Pol could not keep his hold even of the Little Redan. He was driven out, and the French, with difficulty, ensconced themselves on their own side of the curtain and in its ditch. Bosquet, eagerly watching the attack, was severely wounded by the fragment of a shell. Dulac replaced him in command on that side, and Bisson succeeded to the command of Dulac's division. The French had lost very heavily. The Russians were exulting in their victory. They manned the Little Redan, and brought up heavy masses in support behind the second line. The French, however, were not to be so easily put off. Rallying his troops in the advanced trenches, and even in the ditch of the Little Redan, St. Pol once more broke out, and essayed to storm. In vain his soldiers strove to penetrate. The enemy proved himself superior behind his works, supported as he was by the crushing fire of the steamers. Then Bisson launched his brigade, and at the same time Marolles, who had marched along the Careening Ravine, debouched, and directed his men upon the proper left of the Little Redan. The Chasseurs of the Guard took part in this onset. The assault with these fresh troops was impetuous and driven home. Again the gallant Frenchmen penetrated within the front line; again the enemy's field artillery came into play; again the steamers opened, and the Russian reserves poured into this arena of death. The French could not stand against the horrible fire. St. Pol fell dead. Marolles was soon stretched by his side. Bisson, severely hurt, was borne to the rear. The French soldiers—shattered and bleeding, exhausted by fatigue, and overpowered—were driven headlong backward to their trenches.

The afternoon was wearing away. The English

attack on the Great Redan, which we shall presently describe, had failed. The guns on the left face of this work were shooting down the French on the slopes of the Malakoff. General Chrulef had tried by three desperate charges to break into the gorge of the key of the place, and tear away from M'Mahon his blood-stained prize. But the defence was too strong. The Russians only dashed up to the gorge and tried to pull down the gabions which closed it, or endeavoured to scramble up the ramparts, to meet death from the crushing musketry fire which blazed from the parapets. A huge column had emerged from the houses, and for a moment seemed resolved to sweep the gallant Chasseurs out of the Gervais Battery. Suddenly the massive column was rent by round shot and disordered by shell, and struck in flank by musketry. The British gunners in the Quarry Battery had caught sight of this column, and in an instant had trained and fired their pieces. Finding only five guns bore upon the enemy, they tore down the sides of the other embrasures, and brought promptly seven into action. That was the source of the torrent of shot and shell. The streams of musketry rolled from the western flank of the Malakoff, and from the Chasseurs in the Gervais Battery. The column broke up under this fire and fled to the rear.

Prince Gortschakoff had arrived from the north side, and scanning the Malakoff, saw that life would be vainly wasted in further attempts to retake it. He therefore forbade them; but he ordered his generals to resist to the last on the other points. Finding that he was so well able to defend his conquest, M'Mahon resolved to send Decaen's brigade back to the trenches. It had occurred to him, also, that Vinoy's men, who would remain in the work, might be blown up by the firing of some mine. Should this occur Decaen was ordered to rush in at once. Then, turning to Vinoy, he said, "It is possible that your brigade may be blown up. In that case, Decaen will replace you immediately, and we shall keep the Malakoff." A trait of the future Duke of Magenta which is worth bearing in mind.

General Pélissier was still eager to take the curtain and Little Redan. General Mellinet brought up his two brigades of the Imperial Guard. They were Light Infantry, under De Failly, and Grenadiers, under De Pontevès; for the Zouaves of the Guards, as we have seen, and a few companies from the other regiments, were in the Malakoff. These choice soldiers, the steel points of the French army, were directed to storm the curtain. To support them the French artillery performed a feat at once novel and brilliant. They brought up two batteries of field guns. This was no sudden inspiration. A road had been levelled straight across the trenches, and the gaps filled with gabions. At a given signal these were thrown down by sappers set apart for the service, and through the opening swept a troop of horse artillery. With these 12-pounders the French vainly hoped to contend against the heavy ordnance of the war-steamers, and the numerous field batteries of the besieged. As the gallant Frenchmen dashed along, men were knocked off the tumbrils. Nevertheless, their commander, De Souty, whose name deserves recording, brought his guns out on to the level space between the French trenches and the curtain. But they had scarcely began to fire, when they were utterly crushed. Grape, and round shot, and musketry, were poured upon them; men, and officers, and horses went down by scores. The brave De Souty and his captain, Rapatel, were killed; and although the guns were not injured, they ceased firing, for there was no one to work them. The French may well be proud of the conduct of that famous battery.

The columns of the Guard had met with no better success than their predecessors of the Line. They stormed the curtain once more, and forced the Russians back upon the second line; but they could not capture the Little Redan; and no sooner did those who had mastered the curtain enter the open space and rush towards the next defences, than they were swept down by shot and musketry, and forced back in disorder by the bayonet. Mellinet himself was wounded in the face, and the brave Pontevès hit mortally. Still the French clung tenaciously to the curtain. There they hung like swarming bees, and no enemy could cross its rampart. Yet, the fight was hopeless; for, although by this time, Prince Gortschakoff had determined to retreat, he had also resolved to keep until dark the posts still in his possession. The French had solid hold of that part of the curtain next to the Malakoff, for the musketry from the eastern face protected it; but no more. Four hours of desperate fighting had heaped the ramparts and the ditch, the outer slopes and the inner spaces, with the dead and dying. Suddenly a magazine in the curtain exploded, and many scores of a Line regiment were destroyed. In the French trenches it was for a moment supposed that the Malakoff had blown up, and there was an instant move to succour its garrison. But the flag still waved in the cloud of smoke, and the agitation of the masses about the curtain showed that it was there the mischief had been done. Pélissier now stopped all further attacks on that side, and the combat slackened into one of cannon and musketry. The Malakoff had long been secure beyond hope of recapture. The loss of the French had been awful, and the Commander-in-Chief deemed it prudent to wait until the next day before he renewed the assault. At this moment the first troops of the Russian army were in motion to cross the raft-bridge.

It is now time to narrate the attack of the British on the Redan. We have detailed the arrangements made by General Simpson. It will be remembered that his plan was to carry the work by dispatching, one after the other, a series of columns, which were directed upon the salient, or projecting angle. In order to reach that angle they had to traverse an open space of nearly 200 yards—a space swept by the fire not only of guns on the flanks of the Redan itself, but of guns in the Barrack Batteries, and even in the more distant works on the town front. Moreover, there could be no surprise in this case. The French burst into the Malakoff; the tricolour floating over that work had roused every Russian soldier from one end of the line to the other. Nor was

this all. There were in and near the Redan, and specially appointed to defend it, no less than, at the lowest computation, 12,000 men, exclusive of a great reserve. Against these we were about to send, not altogether, stormers and supports, more than one-fourth of the number. This handful of men were expected to take and hold an open work defended by thirty-two battalions of Russian infantry.

The men did not hesitate. When General Simpson saw a British flag on the Mamelon, the signal agreed on between him and General Pélissier, he immediately unfurled the white ensign bearing the red cross of St. George. The French were driving the Russians out of the last traverses of the Malakoff as, in obedience to the signal from General Simpson, the British infantry burst out of the trenches.

It was an animating spectacle. Stimulated by the sight of the French flag, eager to close with the enemy, the small columns of dark-green and red coats dashed into the open. The Rifles, running forward, threw themselves down and opened a fire on the embrasures. After them ran the first stormers, bearing ladders, then came the second and third columns. In a moment round shot and grape broke the compact formation, and strewed the shot-torn soil with dead and wounded. Shirley, the brigadier of the Light Division, was blinded with dust. Handcock and Unett were mortally wounded. Van Straubenzee was hit in the face and prostrated. Hammond was killed; and with them many a good soldier. But the column, or herd, of combatants dashed on and closed with the work. Only six ladders out of twenty-four were brought up to the ditch. But it was not very difficult to descend and ascend; and scrambling down and up the crumbling rampart, the remnant of the assailants leaped into the work. Here Welsford, commanding one of the ladder parties, was shot dead by an officer, who immediately surrendered; and it is recorded that, "of the commanders of parties, only four—Colonel Windham, Captain Fyers, Captain Lewes, and Captain Maude—got into the Redan untouched." Yet in a few minutes the salient was won. The Light Division column had stormed in at the apex, the Second Division column had been led to the right, and had entered the work on its proper left face, some yards from the salient. Now the crisis of the combat arrived.

Every two guns were protected by traverses high and thick. Beyond these, and parallel to each face, ran a broken line of traverses at right angles to the former. Across the gorge, or large open end, was a slight breastwork, which, as we conjecture, was the old trace of the Redan in October, 1854. Driven back by the impetuous charge of the British, the Russians in the salient and on each flank ran to the rear, and collected behind the breastwork, up to which they speedily brought field artillery. The handful of British who had got in did not, unhappily, even attempt to carry the breastwork by a rush. They were blown by running 200 yards. They had long been used to fire from cover. The British soldier is a creature of habit, and he instinctively fell into his old ways. Instead of storming on, he extended himself on parapet or traverse, and began to fire. The officers saw how fatal this would prove, and tried to get the men out from cover, and to form them for a rush. In this work Colonel Windham and others were conspicuous. But it availed nothing. A few ran out and fell into line, but they were struck down by the shots of the enemy. During this musketry combat weak supports, in sad disarray, arrived from the British trenches; but the Russians had now gathered in immense force. Pawloff, who commanded here, had called up about 8,000 men. Throwing these into the fight as they came up, he sent some along the flanks, while he kept a strong line, aided by field guns, behind the breastwork, and from that point directed a converging fire into the salient. Considering his numbers, the Russian general was singularly slow in his movements. But by degrees, and by sheer weight of men, his masses pressed the British closer and closer. These, firing with all their might, soon exhausted their stock of ammunition, and were forced to use stones. Then the supports from the trenches, on reaching the salient, imitated the example of their precursors and fired until their store was gone. Colonel Windham sent three officers to beg for troops in formation. Not one reached General Codrington. This officer was perplexed and irresolute, and at length Windham arrived himself to demand a well-formed support. It was too late, assuming that such a support could have reached the Redan, and have expelled its numerous garrison.

Just after Windham had quitted the work on this errand, Pawloff grew emboldened by his numbers, and pressing down upon the salient, closed with the British soldiers still holding on. A short and terrible combat ensued at close quarters. Our men were unwilling to surrender the little space they had so dearly won; but the pressure of fire and steel was irresistible. The remnant of the stormers was forced over the parapet, but not away from it. There, on our side, they still hung, and were fed from the trenches by sections of men who had survived the path of fire by which alone they could reach the enemy. But this could not last long. Already above an hour had elapsed. For that space, and longer, a small body of British soldiers—never more than 300 strong, smitten, half destroyed, renewed, and destroyed again—had kept thousands of the enemy at bay. The Russian accounts name four regiments—that is, sixteen battalions—which were engaged in the Redan. At length the enemy made a mighty effort, and swept every British soldier from the parapet into the ditch. Those who were able to scramble up had to run the gauntlet of a fire of grape and musketry on their return to the trenches, whither they arrived breathless, bleeding, exhausted. The Russians cheered, manned their parapets, fired into the chaos of human beings weltering in heaps in the ditch, and even brought up two field-pieces, and with grape from these pursued the fugitives. For this they paid a heavy penalty. Our batteries instantly opened a deadly fire on the Redan, crushing the field-

pieces at once, and smashing the masses of infantry whose numbers choked the work. But the enemy had gained his point, and had worsted the victors of the Alma and Inkermann.

From his post of vantage on the Mamelon, General Pélissier had witnessed our defeat; and he now sent to inquire whether General Simpson intended to renew the assault, telling him at the same time that the French were inexpugnably placed in the Malakoff. General Simpson was compelled to say that he could not renew the assault, for the trenches were full of the beaten troops; but he promised to strike at the Redan once more in the morning. The sun went down, and in the British camp gallant men groaned in bitterness of heart over their splendid failure.

The French on the extreme left had not been more successful. The attack should have been made simultaneously with that on the Redan. But the wind was high, the dust and smoke thick, and when the rockets were fired the silvery jets they threw out were scarcely visible against the raw grey sky. They were not visible at the French observatory, and were not repeated, and it required a special staff officer from General Pélissier to set General de Salles in motion. The Malakoff had been assailed and won, the Redan had been won and lost, before the French columns on the left were launched from the trenches. They were Levaillant's division, commanded by Trochu and Couston. They were to carry the Central Bastion. This was a very formidable work, and as its defenders were prepared, and in great numbers, there was no hope of capturing it. The Central Bastion consisted of a redan with an obtuse angle, supported on either flank by two strong redoubts, and by a third redoubt, half as big as the Malakoff, in rear of the left face. In these works and in rear of them were upwards of 5,000 men, with ample reserves in the town. The French were close to the ditch, and when they quitted their trenches they were in a moment in contact with the enemy. In the first rush, the French assert, that Levaillant's men entered both the flanking redoubts and the Central Redan; but the Russians insist that their infantry lining the parapet, and their guns rapidly run out, crushed the left and centre attacking columns with a concentrated fire, and prevented them from going further than the ditch, where hundreds perished. But as the French suffered severely from the explosion of several small mines, it seems likely that some of them did scale the parapets, to perish inside. At all events, the two columns we have mentioned were horribly maltreated and forced back hopelessly shattered into their trenches. A third column did break into the Black Redoubt and hold it for some time. But the enemy, as in the Great and Little Redans, brought up immense masses of men, and recovered the battery, slaying those whom they did not capture. Both Trochu and Couston were severely wounded. Levaillant rallied his men, and once more they issued from the trenches, but this time they were so smitten that they did not even gain the ditch. General de Salles sent General Rivet for Breton's Brigade of D'Autemarre's division. The trenches were encumbered with troops, and the passage of Breton's Brigade was slow. He and Rivet went in front. Breton was killed while speaking to General de Salles, and Rivet fell while showing the way to troops, who could not be got to face the hail of bullets which swept the open. General de Salles himself was wounded; and before D'Autemarre's men could be brought up to the point to be assailed, orders came from Pélissier to refrain from a further expenditure of life. No movement had been made in front of the Flagstaff Bastion. The Italians were mere spectators; a happy thing for them. The whole front of the bastion was heavily mined; and the enemy was watching for the stormers, with their hands on the electric battery arranged to explode the mines.

Such was this tremendous action, which we may call the Battle of Sebastopol, for it was a battle between two armies, one of which defended a vast and only not impregnable entrenched camp. At all the points of attack the Russians were superior in number. It was the surprise of the Malakoff which decided the fate of the whole line. When darkness came the ground was still strewed with wounded, who could not be removed; and, uncertain of what the dawn would reveal, the allies kept a close watch, and waited with feverish impatience for daylight. Only the utterly exhausted could sleep, as well they might, after the terrible fatigues of the day.

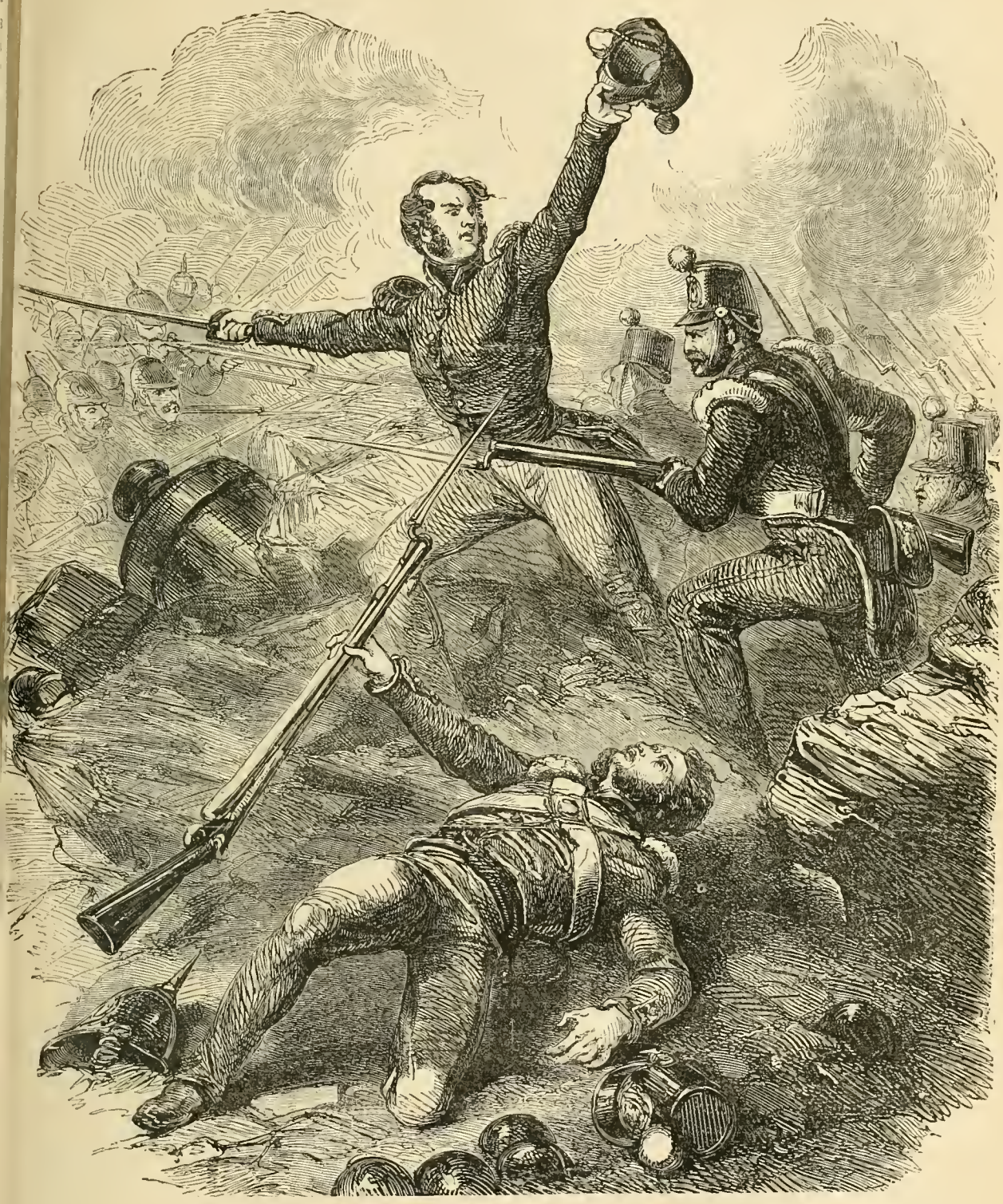
In the desperate efforts they made to recapture the Malakoff, the Russians had lost hundreds of men and several generals. It was, as we have said, about four in the afternoon that Prince Gortschakoff arrived in the suburb, and, inspecting for himself the state of affairs, saw that there was no chance of recovering that work. He at once decided upon a retreat; and he therefore forbade any further offensive movements, but gave strict injunctions to his generals to defend to the last every approach to the heart of the suburb and town. At that time the French had not desisted from their assaults; and, as we have stated already, these were repelled. At five o'clock orders for a general retreat were issued. As soon as it was dark the enemy placed bodies of riflemen and artillerymen in all the works remaining to them, and these were instructed to keep up a steady fire. Behind them were some battalions in reserve, occupying the street barricades and houses. Thus protected, the troops in the town were to march directly to the raft-bridge, and across it to the north side in regular order. Those in the suburb were to move upon the point where stood Fort Paul. Thence steamers and other craft would transport them to the great bridge. Then the reserves were to follow, and finally, at a given signal, the rear-guard were to spike the guns, fire the trains of the magazines, and beat a retreat over the bridge. All this was accomplished with great skill and celerity. The allies were uncertain of the intentions of the enemy, and, moreover, they stood in awe of the mines supposed to exist. So all night the long and heavy columns of men, with field artillery, some of which they were obliged to throw into the sea, were passing over the bridge, which swayed and rocked to and fro under the

great weight. It was a marvellous feat and forms a splendid *finale* to the siege; but it should be remembered that it was the retreat of an army by an unassailable line; and what is admirable in the action is the promptitude of the general's decision, and the coolness and speed with which it was executed.

The signs of this retreat had not escaped the observation of the allies. The unusual movement on the bridge had been detected by an artillery officer in our Quarry battery, by General de Martimprey in the Malakoff, by the French officer commanding at Inkermann, and by the allied fleet. Before midnight the French near the Little Redan had pushed a reconnoissance into that work and along the line on its left. These had barely returned when the magazines in the Curtain and Little Redan blew up, destroying the few sentries left along the line. The Highland Division had been moved into our advanced trenches, to be ready for an assault at daybreak. Struck by the silence in the Redan, one or two officers crept up, and looked in. All was still. The enemy had fled. Sir Colin Campbell, hearing this, called for volunteers from each of his regiments, and sent them in to bring away the wounded. By this means some were saved. But from the place came warning sights and sounds. Flames broke out in the town. The Russians had filled the buildings with forage and wood, and the rearguard had set them on fire as they fell back. The flames increased, the bright, scathing tongues of fire writhing like snakes amid the dense smoke. About four o'clock the magazines of the Redan and adjacent batteries exploded, shaking the plateau. Then followed in succession, and at irregular intervals, those of the Flagstaff, Central Bastion, and Garden batteries. Later in the morning the great forts of the Quarantine and Alexander were torn and destroyed by the explosion of immense stores of powder, the effect being augmented by the flight upward of a flock of live shells, which burst in the air and showered down iron all around. No fewer than five-and-thirty magazines broke into noise and flame one after the other. The Russian general had covered his retreat by destroying even the ruins of the city he was forced to yield.

When the grey light of dawn crept over this sublime spectacle, and deepened into broad daylight, it showed the still blazing town, over which hung a canopy of dense smoke—so thick, and dense, and substantial-looking, that "it seemed to support the very heavens." All the Russian ships, except two dismasted corvettes and nine steamers, had been scuttled during the night, and only their tall masts remained above the waters. Fort Paul and Fort Nicholas, of all the goodly fabric of defence on the south side, alone remained erect. The steamers were dashing to and fro. The bridge had not been broken, and ever and anon small bodies of infantry, the last of the rearguard, went across it with steady step. But now, while we looked helplessly on, the parts of the bridge were sundered, the steamers took them in tow, and they were dragged to the north side. The Russians who still clung to the place, and there were some, still busy in the work of destruction, trusted for a safe retreat to the steamers, or, too drunk to think of retreat, lay quietly in the streets. In spite of the efforts to keep them out, Zouaves and Jack Tars managed to creep into the city, and spectators beheld them with astonishment flitting to and fro amid the burning town. All this time the French and English were engaged in the sad work of succouring and removing the thousands of wounded who had fallen beyond reach on the previous day. Still the town burned fiercely, and still the two forts stood up proudly amid the sombre atmosphere and havoc around. But in the afternoon, the magazine in Fort Paul exploded, shaking the whole promontory, and hurling upwards a pillar of smoke, which, when it rolled away, disclosed a mere chaos of disjointed masonry. Fort Nicholas escaped. The steamers had gone over to the north side of the harbour. The Russian troops were in their camps on the bluffs, watching the destruction of the place they and their comrades had defended so well. The allies had won, but they dared not yet enter Sebastopol. Yet, during the day, both French and English risked their lives among its buildings and batteries, so eager were the men for bits of plunder, and the officers to explore those lines against which they had striven so long.

The next day the fires had burnt low, and in many parts had gone out. Many officers from our camp explored the whole of the upper parts of the town, and ranged at will through the suburbs. They saw with wonder the vast strength of the fortifications, now much defaced, the tremendous damage done to the whole place by our cannonade and bombardment, and the destructive effects wrought by the exploded magazines. In the suburb there was only one building unburnt, a huge barrack near the dockyard. Why this had been spared was soon made apparent. One of the enemy's steamers, bearing a flag of truce, crossed the harbour. It was the famous Vladimir. Her gallant captain begged permission to remove the Russians wounded left behind in the hurry of the retreat. Wounded? Where were they? was the question. They were in the great unburned barrack. Its doors were entered, and the scenes revealed surpassed in physical horrors anything yet seen. "In a long, low room," writes Dr. Russell, who was an eye-witness, "supported by square pillars arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our tender mercies by their general. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for; packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears—with shells and shot pouring through the roof and rooms in which they lay—with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows who had served their loving friend and master, the Czar, but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate." Many—500—were yet alive, and of those



COLONEL WINDHAM ENTERING THE REDAN.

who were dead, some might have been saved. In one cellar were 700 corpses of men, the greater part of whom had undergone amputation of a limb. In another were three living English officers, two of whom reached our camp hospitals only to die. The Russian wounded yet alive were given over to the enemy; the English and French soldiers thrust into this charnel-house were rescued, and some survived; the horrible dead were buried. This dreadful incident made a deeper impression upon those who saw the miseries of that hospital, than the piles of corpses around the Great and Little Redan.

On the 11th, our guns had been brought to bear on the Russian steamers still afloat, and the enemy, to prevent us from sinking them, burnt them at night, making a second conflagration nearly as brilliant as that of the blazing town. The Russian Black Sea fleet had ceased to exist. The heroes of Sinope and their ships had been buried under the earth and the waters. On the 12th the English made Colonel Windham Commandant of the Karabelnaia, and the French appointed General Bazaine to command in the town. The Russians still fired from the north side, but finding their shot and shell disregarded, and of no avail, they ceased in a few days to annoy the scanty garrison maintained in "the blood-stained ruins." The great efforts of the enemy were now turned to the completion of the northern defences, which grew visibly stronger every day, and continued to grow until the war came to an end.

Thus ended this now famous and unique military operation. The losses had been enormous on both sides during the last days of the siege. In four days in August, the admitted loss of the enemy was 5,500 men from the brief bombardment alone. From the 22nd of August to the 4th of September, the Russians had lost upwards of 7,000 men. During the cannonade and bombardment which preceded the assault—that is, in three days—their loss was 4,000, giving a total of 16,500 men, exclusive of the artillerymen killed at their guns. On the 8th their loss, estimated by themselves, was 11,690. So that between the 16th of August and the 9th of September their force was diminished by 28,190 men killed and wounded. Included in this total, which is certainly understated, are a few hundred "missing," but most of the missing were among the slain. The losses of the allies, although very severe every day, were not so great. Allowing 200 a day for the last three weeks of the siege, we have a total of 4,200, and if we add to these the loss on the 8th—7,557 for the French, and 2,610 for the English—we have a total loss of 14,367. But, except as regards our own figures, we cannot be certain that this total is actually correct; both the French and Russians hide their losses as much as possible in every war.

We have seen that in the last assault the assailants failed everywhere except on one point, and although little has been said of the French failures, because they gained one brilliant success, yet the one English failure has been the subject of endless controversy and great bitterness of feeling. But our narrative has shown that the English failed precisely for the same reasons that the French failed. Those reasons were, that the enemy had superior numbers at every point, that the works attacked were open to the rear, that the enemy in the Redan and in the Central Bastion were prepared, while in the Malakoff they were surprised. But in the case of the English assault all these disadvantages were quadrupled by the fact that the assailants had to traverse an open space, nearly two hundred yards in extent, and swept by grape and round shot before they could reach the Redan. If the French, close under the points they attacked, could not succeed, not even when they poured in column after column, and employed thousands where we employed hundreds, how could we succeed when not one column of attack could reach the work, either in great strength or in disciplined array? If the result of the frantic efforts of the French to conquer the Little Redan and Curtain—efforts in which they lost more than 4,000 men—was failure, is it not presumptive evidence that, had we poured men by thousands instead of hundreds into the Redan, we should have only augmented the list of killed and wounded, without achieving success? Stern necessity compelled us to assail a work which it was only not impossible to take and hold. We might, we should have won it, had the Russians shown any fear. But, on reviewing the circumstances of the assault, we can only come to the conclusion, that nothing could have rendered us masters of the Redan, except some piece of good fortune. Therefore, although the military critic, judging by the rules of his art, may find much to blame in the method of conducting the attack, there is nothing in the result which throws any slur upon British arms.

It is not necessary here to go again over the main features of a siege, with the operations of which the reader has been made familiar. But a few facts will, perhaps, deepen in his mind the impression of its magnitude. The Russian lines were fifteen miles in extent. Fighting, as has been well said, was the least part of the work of this indefatigable garrison. It was not only on the surface and above the surface that they laboured. As there were miles of huge ramparts, so there were miles of subterranean rooms, wherein the garrison lived and slept. In some of these were found pictures and ornaments. In one a canary in a cage, and a vase of flowers. The mines were prodigious. The front of the colossal Flagstaff Bastion was seamed in all directions by mines, containing tons of thousands of pounds of gunpowder. These works are rightly styled stupendous. Those of the besiegers were also of amazing extent and finish. Their trenches were fifty-two miles in length. There were in them 109 batteries, which, on the 8th, mounted 806 guns. The trenches were open 334 days, and the batteries 327 days. The British batteries alone threw 252,872 rounds of shot and shell into the place. The French reckoned their rounds by the million—during the last bombardment their 620 guns fired 1,100,000 projectiles! It was, indeed, by means of this astonishing artillery fire, and by this alone, that the fortitude, perseverance, and bravery of the allies were able to force a Russian army out of the strongest

and most amply supplied entrenched camp in the world.

Here we may state, though chronologically out of place, what prize the allies found in the conquered city. They captured 3,839 guns and mortars of various calibres. There were 407,314 round shot, 101,755 shells, 24,080 cases of canister, 525,000 pounds of gunpowder, 470,000 good cartridges, and 160,000 damaged. Amid a multitude of other articles we may mention 450 anchors, 104,000 pounds of copper sheathing, 150,000 pounds of rope, 1,460,000 pounds of bar iron and steel, 120,000 pounds of red copper, 6,000 pounds of nails, 200,000 pounds of old copper, 2,000 tons of coal, several steam engines, a goodly number of forges, a large quantity of firewood, a mass of marine stores, and a quantity of provisions. The mixed commission appointed to collect and divide this spoil determined that, as on the 8th of September the French army consisted of 126,705 men, and the Anglo-Sardinian army of 63,715 men, the former should have two-thirds, and the latter one-third, of the value of the prize. The guns were equally divided, two brass guns being given to General La Marmora, and two Turkish field-pieces, found in the place, were returned to the Sultan. It was found that, out of 2,087 guns mounted in the place, only 297 were unserviceable. Above a thousand fine guns were lying in the arsenal when the town was captured.

There was great exultation in France when the news of the fall of Sebastopol reached Paris. The Emperor at once raised General Pélissier to the rank of a Marshal of France. The guns of the Invalides boomed forth a far resounding salute. There was an illumination in Paris, a *Te Deum* in Notre Dame, attended by the Emperor himself. In England there was gladness, too, mingled with bitterness; for though Sebastopol had fallen, British soldiers had been worsted in the fatal Redan. But Queen Victoria sent, with promptitude, her thanks to the army, and General Simpson received the Grand Cross of the Bath. The greatest delight, however, was experienced in the camps. "No more trench work!" was the first joyous shout of the soldier. Gaul and Briton were alike wearied of the incessant watching, and dodging, and waiting, and dreary toil, and the horrible uproar, and sudden death and mutilation, without visible good results. Yet, when the silence came, it seemed so strange, that men could only describe it as frightful.

The enemy put a bold face on his defeat, as he had a right to do, for he had conducted himself valiantly, and kept his military honour unstained. The Emperor Alexander boasted that his army had only left to the enemy a heap of "blood-stained ruins." "Valiant soldiers," wrote Prince Gortschakoff, "it is painful to leave Sebastopol in the enemy's hands. But remember the sacrifice we made on the altar of our country in 1812. Moscow was surely as valuable as Sebastopol. We abandoned it after the immortal battle of Borodino. The defence of Sebastopol during 349 days is superior to Borodino, and when the enemy entered Moscow in that great year of 1812, they only found heaps of stones and ashes. Likewise, it is not Sebastopol which we have left to them; but the burning ruins of the town, which we ourselves set fire to, having maintained the honour of the defence in such a manner that our great-grandchildren may recall the remembrance thereof with pride to all posterity." Nevertheless, Russia had been seriously wounded; for Sebastopol had proved to be an ulcer, and the strength of the nation had been drained to defend a remote corner of the immense empire of the Czars.

CHAPTER XXXII.

After the Siege—Position of the Armies; their Strength—Expedition to Eupatoria—General d'Allonville's Operations; defeats the Russians at Khanghill—Destruction of Taman and Fanagoria—Expedition to Kinburn—The Fleet off Odessa—Description of Kinburn; it is attacked and captured—Oczakov blown up—Steamers ascend the Boug—Fresh Movements at Eupatoria—Failure from want of Water and Will—Inactivity of the Allies—Resignation of General Simpson—General Sir W. Codrington succeeds him—Great Explosion in the French Lines.

IMMEDIATELY after the fall of Sebastopol, the Russians resumed the work of fortifying the north side. If, for a moment, they entertained the notion of retiring to Simpheropol, that moment must have been very brief. But there is little reason to believe that the question was ever seriously mooted. Prince Gortschakoff had long studied the habits and customs of an allied army under two or three commanders-in-chief. He knew well the benefits he derived from a divided command in the camp of his adversaries. He knew also the strength of his mountain position; and if, indeed, he thought of retreating inland, that thought must have been suggested, not by any fear that he should be forced, but by a fear that he might not be able to feed his diminished host. He probably knew, too, that telegrams from Paris and London exercised a weighty influence over both Marshal Pélissier and Sir James Simpson, and therefore he held fast to the north side of Sebastopol, as the Russians called the mass of stone forts and earthworks overlooking the great harbour. Placing his cavalry on the Belbeck, where water abounded, he took up a long line with his infantry and Cossacks, stretching from the high table land above Fort Constantine, along the Inkermann and Mackenzie ridges to Ai-Todor in the heart of the mountains above the Baidar valley. New batteries sprung up by magic among these rugged bluffs, and in a few days the Russian front of defence was as powerfully organised as ever.

At this time the allies had nearly 200,000 men in the Crimea; including upwards of 10,000 horsemen, and a very numerous and efficient force of field artillery. Having so vast an army, one is astonished to find that no effort worthy of the name was made to strike another blow at the main body of the enemy. The French did, indeed, place their right wing, 33,000 strong, with 54 guns, in the valley of Baidar, with a larger force and more guns on the Tchernaya, backed by a powerful reserve, exclusive of the Imperial Guard on the plateau. But this demonstration, made as early as the 11th, did not in the least deceive Prince Gortschakoff. It was

manifest that no threatening movements of troops, no amount of marching and countermarching between Balaclava and the Baidar passes, would induce Prince Gortschakoff to budge a foot. He knew that to reach him through the mountains his adversaries could only show a narrow front, and thus obtain no advantage from numbers; and that to assail the heights of Mackenzie, they must advance under a terrible fire to force rugged passes and deep defiles. So he did not change his ground, much less run away. What he dreaded was a decided advance from some point of the coast upon his lines of communication—from Kaffa or from Eupatoria, or from the mouth of the Alma—but whether it was that the allied generals could not agree, or that the Governments of Paris and London thought enough had been done, or whether it was that Marshal Pélissier did not wish to risk his laurels, or whether the season was held to be too far advanced for the accomplishment of large enterprises, certain it is that none were undertaken. For ten days after the fall of the place, the only change in the relative situations of the two armies was that the French occupied more ground.

At the end of that time there was a delusive symptom of more extended activity. General d'Allonville, with his division of horse, embarked at Kamiesch, for Eupatoria, on the 18th of September. Arrived there, he took the command of the whole force, namely, 17,000 Turco-Egyptian infantry, 2,500 cavalry, and 48 guns. Expectation ran high in the camp, especially as the allied fleets went to sea on a cruise along the coast, reminding observers of the experimental trips made in August, 1854. The Russians took it to heart, and their telegraphs grew uneasy, and swung about all day. But there was very little danger in the air. General d'Allonville, with the force at his disposal, was strong enough to raise the blockade of Eupatoria on the land side, but not strong enough to move far from the place, or hazard his line of retreat for a moment. When Prince Gortschakoff heard the numbers of the troops which had landed, and their character, he must have felt perfectly comfortable as regards the road to Perekop and the safety of Simpheropol. He was not alarmed, either by the cruise of the fleet up and down Kalamita Bay, or by the presence of the Turco-French force at Eupatoria.

General d'Allonville found a well-disciplined Moslem force at Eupatoria. The Turkish General, Ahmed Pasha, had employed the summer in training these battalions, and the French general was pleased to find such excellent infantry under his orders. But he felt 20,000 men were too few for the execution of any great scheme, and it is doubtful whether, had he been disposed to march inland, his superiors before Sebastopol and in Paris would have permitted the risk involved. He therefore confined himself to the simpler task of driving away the Russians, and giving his cavalry officers the chance of winning a cross and riband.

The Russians blockaded Eupatoria on the north and south. On the latter side a long and narrow strip of land passed between a great salt lake and the sea, and this isthmus supported the direct road to Simpheropol and Sebastopol. At the southern end of the isthmus the roads separated; a little further on the former stood the village of Sak, and here the Russians had a strong post of cavalry and a well-supplied depôt of provisions. Beyond Sak was Tchobatar, another village. On the north of the lake the enemy occupied several hamlets, covering the road to Perekop. The Russian force was composed of cavalry, and Cossacks, and some horse artillery. Having taken note of these facts, General d'Allonville first determined to drive the enemy out of Sak, and burn his stores. This he did on the 25th. Debouching from the isthmus at dawn with 3,000 Turkish infantry, 1,600 French horse, and twelve guns, he pressed forward towards the village, which the enemy abandoned at his approach, falling back upon Tchobatar. Having destroyed the mills and stores, the French general withdrew, unmolested, and returned to Eupatoria. Thereupon the enemy returned and encamped at Sak. General d'Allonville now formed the larger design of driving away the enemy on the north side. During the expedition to Sak, Ahmed Pasha had forced the Russians to fall back on the extreme right of their line, and they were now in two bodies on the right and left of the Perekop Road. In order to force them back, General d'Allonville determined to employ a large force. A body of Turks, of all arms, under Ahmed Pasha, was to march out of the town on the north, and wheeling to the right, move in a line parallel to the Perekop Road. General d'Allonville, with a brigade of French dragoons, a regiment of hussars, and a brigade of Egyptian infantry, was to move directly along the road. Thus, while he struck at the centre of the Russian posts, Ahmed Pasha turned them on the right. The village of Doltchak was the point where the left and centre columns were to join; but, as the enemy had returned to Sak, it was necessary to cover the Sebastopol road; and for this purpose Menckli Pasha was directed to march an infantry force to the southern end of the isthmus, and there take up a defensive position. The Russians on the north of the lake were under Terpelowski and Korf, the former on the right, the latter on the left. Seeing the large force of the allies debouching from Eupatoria at five in the morning, the two Russian generals retired in parallel columns. As D'Allonville pushed their centre, so Ahmed continued to turn their right, and threaten their line of retreat. For some time Korf continued to hang on the right flank of D'Allonville without daring to risk an action. Soon after eight the centre column had reached Doltchak. Ahmed Pasha was still on the march, having the longer line; but in two hours he came up, and Korf fell back southward to Khanghill, making for the Simpheropol road; but beyond this village he did not retire. Terpelowski's horsemen, except a few Cossacks, had disappeared, and there stood Korf, his men dismounted, observing his enemy. D'Allonville, surveying the ground, conceived the idea of surprising the Russians. On these immense plains the slightest depression serves to conceal the march of armies, and he therefore directed his hussars to steal along a ravine upon a narrow front, and his

dragoons to follow, concealing themselves as well as they could, while the light artillery marched with them, and the right flank was protected by two squadrons of Turks. Ahmed Pasha remained at Doltchak, ostentatiously drawn up in battle array. The movement was completely successful. The hussars, stealing along the ravine, as soon as they were discovered, formed line on the march, and, gradually quickening their pace, dashed into the midst of the enemy. The Russians had unmasked a battery of horse artillery, and the French hussars made a point at the guns. While they were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight for these trophies, the 6th Dragoons came up. The hussars had laid hands on two pieces. The dragoons bursting in upon the enemy forced them to fly, leaving behind four more guns. The pursuit was kept up for some miles, and the French cavalry had the satisfaction, not only of routing the Russian horse, but of carrying from the field six guns, twelve caissons, a forge, 169 prisoners, and 150 horses. The French horse and the Turkish infantry then returned to Eupatoria. The French loss was six killed and thirty-five wounded. This brilliant operation relieved Eupatoria from the too pressing attentions of the Russian horse. At the other extremity of the Crimea an expedition, organised at Kertch, had crossed the Straits, and had occupied and destroyed Taman and Fanagoria; but it would have been more to the purpose had the allied generals seized Kaffa and Arabat, and threatened the road over the Putrid Sea at Tchongar, whence the enemy derived large quantities of supplies.

Instead of this they adopted a different plan. The navy had long desired some opportunity of doing service. Since the 17th of October, 1854, the allied fleets had watched and guarded, and supplied men and guns to the shore batteries, but had taken no active part. It is true they were to have cannonaded the sea-front once more, but on the 8th of September it blew a gale, and only a few gunboats sheltered in one of the many inlets of the coast had bombarded the Quarantine Fort. Now it happened that the Emperor Napoleon had invented or adopted certain floating batteries cased with iron, and was anxious to test their quality in actual war. It happened also that there was a fort isolated and exposed to attack whereon the experiment might be tried, and a further stress put upon the enemy. The reader will remember that the Crimea is a peninsula, joined to the mainland by the isthmus of Perekop. North of this isthmus, which is very narrow, the land expands east and west, the western part running to a point opposite Odessa, and forming the southern shore of an estuary which receives the waters of the Dnieper and Boug. A short distance up the Dnieper stands the town of Kherson, where the great road to Perekop and Sebastopol crosses the river. This road, going northward, runs to Nicolaief, a town at the confluence of the Nigoul and Boug, twenty-two miles from the mouth of the latter; and thence continues to Odessa. Nicolaief is forty miles from Kherson, and seventy-seven from Odessa. It was and is here that the Russian men-of-war were and are built, and the town was founded for that purpose. From Nicolaief the waters of the Boug go to swell the estuary of the Dnieper. The waters of this estuary run into the Black Sea between two low capes of sand. That on the north is Oczakov, that on the south Kinburn. On both spits there were forts, and these forts guarded the entrance to the estuary, and, consequently, the mouths of the two rivers which open a way to Nicolaief and Kherson. It was the fort of Kinburn that the allies designed to capture. It might have been assumed that their aim in so doing was to pave the way for an advance in force either upon Kherson or Nicolaief; but Prince Gortschakoff knew, as well as the allies, that it was too late in the year to make the attempt even; and thus the expedition to Kinburn only served the purpose of testing the worth of the new floating batteries, and seizing another material guarantee, which, when the time for negotiation came, would prove useful.

In the first week of October upwards of 7,700 infantry embarked on board the French and English men-of-war. The British regiments were the 17th, 20th, 21st, 57th, 63rd, and 837 Royal Marines, giving a total force of 4,109 men. There were also twenty hussars and a battery of artillery, with a due supply of transport. The whole was under the orders of Brigadier-General Spencer. The French infantry consisted of Wimpfen's brigade, 3,470 strong; and the whole force amounted to 8,471 men. The English embarked on the 5th, the French on the 6th of October. There were thirty-eight ships in the French squadron, and thirty-four in the English. The former included the three floating batteries, Devastation, Tonnante, and Lave. The English had six, the French four ships of the line; the former were under Sir Edmund Lyons, the latter under Admiral Bruat. General Bazaine commanded the French land forces. On the 7th the fleets sailed, the British taking the lead. Throughout the night the mighty armament traversed the Black Sea, and on the 8th came to anchor before Odessa. The presence of so large and powerful a fleet, swarming with soldiers too, as the people of Odessa could see, created a deep and visible impression. The good folks lined the esplanade, the Cossacks drew up along the cliffs, and soon regular troops of all arms were in sight. Odessa had been fortified afresh since the autumn of 1854, but there was no intention of attacking it, as no good purpose would have been served by a proceeding so destructive. The object of making so brave a show before Odessa was to attract attention, and give the little Spitfire time to sound and survey in and about the estuary of the Dnieper. On the 9th the surveying ship returned, but the brilliant sunshine which had hitherto favoured the expedition now gave place to Black Sea fog. Slowly the sky was veiled by deep, grey clouds, then a dense mist crept over the sea, and not only hid Odessa from the ships, but the ships from each other. This fog lasted until late in the afternoon of the 10th, when it disappeared, and preparations were made for the departure of the fleet. Then came rough weather, and it was not until the morning of the 14th that the ships got under steam, and made for

Kinburn, where they anchored off the spit the same evening.

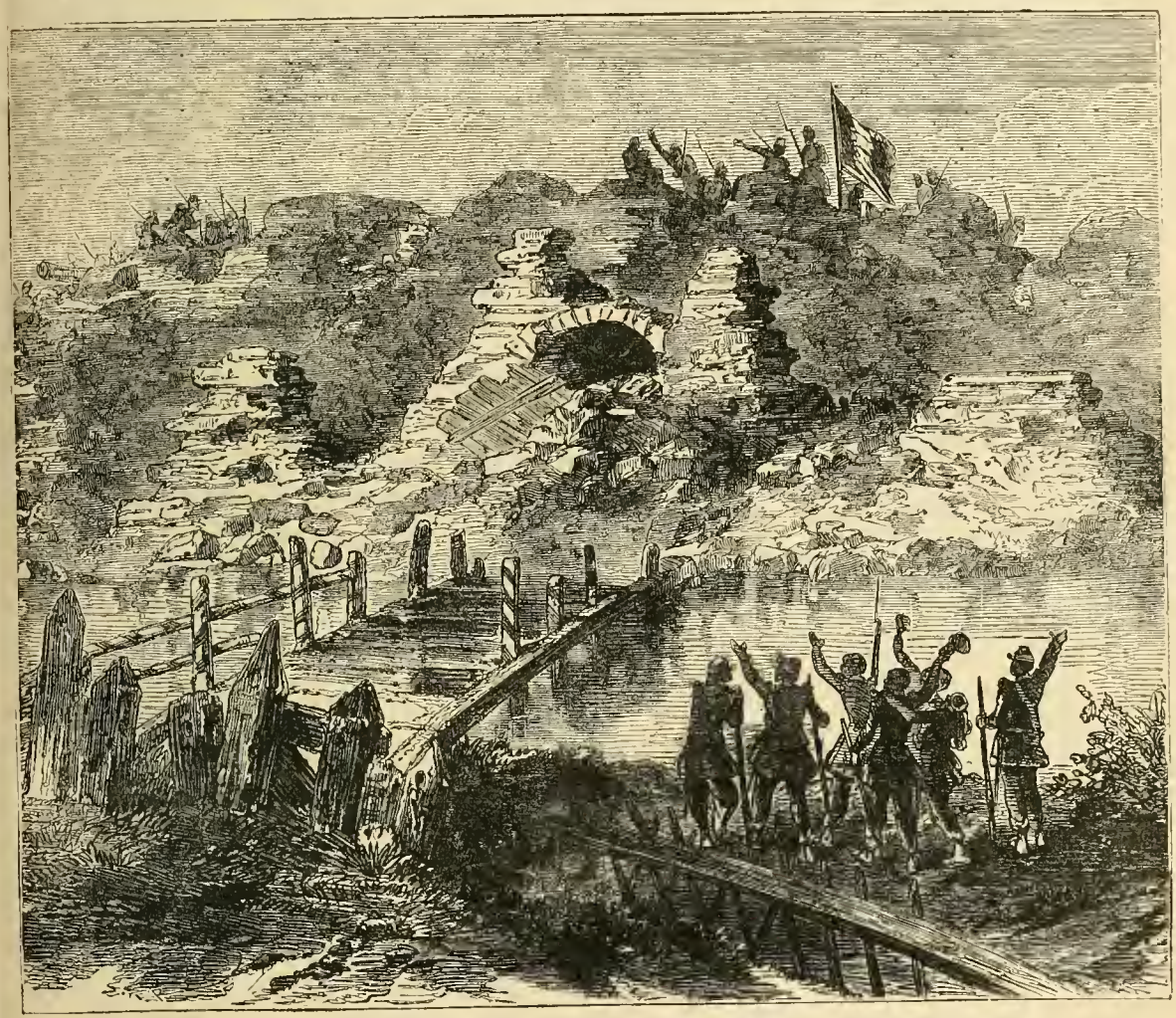
Kinburn, as we have said, stands on the southern shore of the estuary of the Dnieper, and forms, with Oczakov, the defence of those waters. It is a regular fortress, built almost on a level with the sea. The northern face looks up the spit, the southern along the road that leads to Kherson and Perekop; the eastern looks on to the estuary, and the western on to the Black Sea. Thus it presented four strong casemated faces, and north and south were deep ditches, supplied with sea water. It mounted fifty-one guns, but they were only 18-pounders and 24-pounders. To the southward there was a small village, and some large stacks of wood. To the north there were two batteries—one called the Point Battery, mounting eight, the other called the Middle Battery, mounting eleven guns. These were connected by a deep-covered way, and their guns commanded the channel, which, inside the spit, ran along near the shore. There were in these works some 1,500 men, under General Kokanowitch. In this very neighbourhood Suvaroff, the most renowned of Russian marshals, had defeated the Turks in 1787, and the next year he captured Oczakov on the opposite shore. Kinburn was, therefore, much prized by the Russians, not only on account of its military value, which was great, but also on account of its relation to former exploits. Within the fort there was a monument to the memory of Suvaroff.

The allies had arrived, determined to capture the place. Their plan was to land their soldiers to the south, thus investing the fortress on that side, and preventing any force from Kherson from relieving the besieged; then to place their ships, gunboats, and floating batteries on both sides of the fortress and its outworks, and thus overwhelm them with a concentrated and concentric fire. The troops landed on the 15th, the British being the first to step ashore. As soon as they were assembled, lines of defence were marked out, and working parties began to ply the spade and throw up entrenchments in the sand. The British were entrusted with the task of showing a front on the Kherson road, which ran along the spit, while the French moved up towards Kinburn. During the night they occupied the village of that name, which the inhabitants had abandoned, and when morning came the defenders of the fortress saw their enemies on shore—in possession of the village and the huge stacks of wood near it—and already entrenched. The guns of the enemy at once opened upon the French, who replied with musketry and field artillery. This combat continued. The fleets could not take part because the sea was too rough, and night fell upon the scene, leaving the fleet in the offing and the troops ashore. On the 17th the wind had fallen; the sky was clouded, but the sea was calm. Then a movement began in the fleet. The gunboats and mortar vessels steered for the positions assigned them, some going southward to fire on the south-westerly angle, others steering northward to double the point and range along the inner side. The floating batteries were carried in nearer to the fort, until they were within about 700 yards of the south-west angle. The frigates went forward towards the batteries on the spit, one line on the Black Sea side, the other in the estuary. The Hannibal, line-of-battle ship, took part opposite the extreme northern end of the spit, and raked its defences. It was about half-past eight when the mortar vessels began to fire. They were followed by the floating batteries, whose guns crashed off altogether. Then the gunboats added their thunders to the din. The frigates ranging along the estuary delivered their broadsides, as they passed, at the Point and Middle Batteries, and then coming to a stop, plied them with fire. The enemy were not slow to respond. The Russians defended their post with energy; but they were overmatched. From all sides a hail of shot and shell struck and fell into the fort. The walls cracked and bulged, and tumbled down under the massive blows of the allied artillery. The fire of the floating batteries was most effective, while the comparatively light ordnance of the fort could make no impression on their iron walls. The interior of the fort was soon in flames. Part of the garrison ran out into the dry ditches for shelter, but here they were exposed to French musketry and grape shot. In order to terminate the contest the gunboats went closer in, and the line-of-battle ships, steaming up in line abreast, brought their guns to bear upon the torn, and shattered, and smoking ramparts. The Russian guns were now completely silenced. The batteries on the spit continued to fire a gun here and there, but five hours' cannonade and bombardment had placed Kinburn fort *hors de combat*. Seeing this, and not wishing to prolong a useless engagement, Admirals Lyons and Bruat made the signal to cease firing. They then summoned the garrison to surrender. General Kokanowitch complied. He could do no more. His guns were dismounted or unworkable. He had lost 45 killed and 130 wounded, nearly a seventh of his force. He had not the least hope of relief. He agreed to surrender on the condition offered—that he and his men should march out with everything except arms, ammunition, and guns. It is related that when he came forth General Kokanowitch "advanced with a sword and pistol in one hand, and a pistol in the other. He threw down his sword at the feet" of Admiral Stewart and General Bazaine, "and discharged his pistols into the ground, or, at least, pulled the triggers, with the muzzles pointing downwards, in token of surrender. He was moved to tears, and, as he left the fort, turned round and uttered some passionate exclamation in Russian, of which the interpreter could only make out—'Oh, Kinburn! Kinburn! glory of Suvaroff, and my shame, I abandon you.' As the garrison marched out they were ordered to pile their arms, but many of them threw them on the ground at the feet of the conquerors, with rage and mortification depicted in their features." It is also related that many were intoxicated, and conducted themselves with a burlesque gaiety painful to their sober comrades. The next day the Russians blew up the fort at Oczakov, thus leaving the allies in full possession of the estuary of the Dnieper

and of the mouth of the Boug. But the capture of Kinburn was the only solid piece of work done by this expedition. It is true that the soldiers marched for a few miles towards Kherson and back again, and that the lighter war ships ran some distance up the Boug, and exchanged shots with a shore battery, constructed half way up the high cliff on the right bank. These, however, were bootless operations. The clear gain was Kinburn, and the demonstration—for what it was worth—that iron-cased floating batteries (an old idea revived and acted on by the Emperor) could run close in with a fortress armed with lighter guns, and knock it to pieces without any risk to themselves. Kinburn was repaired, and a French garrison, with a flotilla, was left to hold and defend it. The Boug and Dnieper were blockaded until the frost set in, when the ice performed the work of a blockading squadron. In the meantime the fleet and the greater part of the troops had returned to Sebastopol. The expediency of attacking Odessa had been mooted, but the idea met with no encouragement from the Governments of France and England. Indeed, unless a large army had been sent to take it, with the view of making it the base of future operations in Southern Russia, the town could not have been occupied; and to bombard and ruin it would have been an act unworthy of the allies.

During the reduction of Kinburn the troops at Eupatoria had been reinforced by the division of General de Failly, and the British Light Cavalry Brigade, under Lord George Paget. But the fine body of troops of all arms then concentrated at Eupatoria was not able to accomplish anything important. On several occasions they sought the enemy, but he always fell back, and avoided a combat; and the want of water on these steppes compelled the allies to return each time to Eupatoria. The allies never got farther than Karagourt and Tchobotar on the road to Simpheropol. Before the entrenchments of the latter place they were obliged to halt. The position was too strong for an assault, and the enemy would not quit it. So each time the allies marched upon Tchobotar, want of food and water obliged them to return to Eupatoria.

Thus the pleasant autumn weather passed away. All was quiet around Sebastopol, beyond the Tchernaya and



FORTRESS OF KINBURN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

around the Baidar Valley, and the only activity displayed was in those expeditions we have described on the extremities of the Crimea—at Kinburn, at Eupatoria, at Kertch, and in the Sea of Azoff. The reasons for this inactivity have not been disclosed; but they may be safely traced to differences at Paris and London touching the conduct and field of war, and to the desire of making peace, which the allies were resolved should be honourable and satisfactory to them, and which the Russians were anxious should involve the minimum of sacrifices on their side.

But there was another reason of great weight. General Sir James Simpson had sent home his resignation immediately after the fall of Sebastopol. He was a brave and able soldier, but he had passed the prime of life, and not knowing the French language, he was in a false position, and unable to struggle with success against the natural self-assertion of Marshal Pélissier. He had also been unjustly assailed, because a few hundred English soldiers had not been able to wrest the Redan from thousands of Russians, supported by heavy flanking batteries. The Government accepted his resignation. That was easy. Whom should they put in his place? They were at a loss for an answer. The fittest man was Sir Colin Campbell—old, it is true, but still as hardy, and active, and vigorous as ever. But a report had been industriously spread that Campbell would quarrel with the French, and he did not, besides, belong to the privileged few from whose ranks, with rare exceptions, we take our generals. Perhaps the Cabinet wanted a safe man; one who would not propose or urge decisive action. At all events, they found one. Sir William Codrington, a guardsman, who had not seen a hundredth part of Campbell's service, who had not a hundredth part of Campbell's ability; but who was an average soldier, a brave leader in battle, and one of the "right set," was selected to command the Anglo-Sardinian armies. If the British Government had at that time made up its mind to stop the war as soon as possible, the choice of a general was a matter of comparative indifference. Sir William was just as well able to command a peaceful army as Sir Colin. But if they contemplated a continuance or an extension of the war, in that case their choice should have fallen on the best man, and the best soldier in the Crimea was not Sir William Codrington. But he received the commands of the Queen to direct and control her army; that he was chosen was not his fault. It was for him to obey. On the 11th of November he assumed the command, and Sir James Simpson went home.

Three days afterwards a great calamity befell the French, and inflicted severe losses upon us. On the 14th of November the powder magazines in the park of the French siege train, containing 250,000 pounds of gunpowder, blew up; not powder only, but an immense quantity of shells, carcasses, rockets, and cartridges. "The earth shook—the strongest houses rocked to and fro—men felt as if the very ground on which they stood was convulsed by an earthquake. The roar and concussion was so great at Balaclava that the ships in the harbour and outside trembled and quivered. The ships at Kamiesch and Kazatch reeled from side to side. The noise pealed through the passes of Baidar like the loudest thunder." "I was riding from head-quarters," writes Dr. Russell, "reading my letters, when the explosion took place, and had just reached the hill, or elevated part of the plateau, at the time, and happened to be looking in the very direction of the park. The phenomena were so startling as to take away one's breath. Neither pen nor pencil could describe them. The rush of fire and smoke and iron, in one great pillar, attained a height I dare not estimate, and then seemed to shoot out like a tree, which overshadowed half the camp on the right, and rained down missiles upon it. The colour of the pillar was dark grey, flushed with red, but it was pitted all over with white puffs of smoke, which marked the explosions of shells. It retained the shape of a fir-tree for nearly a minute, and then the sides began to swell out, and the overhanging canopy to expand and twist about in prodigious wreaths of smoke, which flew out to the right and left, and let drop, as it were from solution in its embrace, a precipitate of shells, carcasses, and iron projectiles. I clapped spurs to my horse, and rode off as hard as I could towards the spot, as soon as my ears had recovered from the shock. The noise was tremendously abrupt, vehement, grand, terrible; and, when the shells began to explode, the din was like the opening crash of one of the great cannonades or bombardments of the siege. As I rode along I could see thousands hurrying away from the place, and thousands hastening towards it. The smoke became black; the fire had caught the huts and tents. General Windham overtook me, riding from head-quarters as hard as he could go. He was ignorant of the cause and locality of the explosion, and was under the impression that it was one of the French redoubts. Sir Richard Airey followed close after him, and General Codrington rode towards the fire a few minutes afterwards. On arriving close to the place I saw that the ground had been torn up in all directions. The fragments of shell were still smoking, and shells were bursting around in most unpleasant proximity. Captain Piggott, in a short time after the explosion, came up with the ambulances at a gallop, and urged the horses through the flames, and amid the exploding shells, in order to render assistance to the sufferers; and in this arduous duty he was manfully and courageously assisted by Surgeons Alexander, Muir, Mouatt, Wall, Longmore, and others. As we were all looking on at the raging fire, an alarm was spread that the mill used as a powder magazine had caught fire, and a regular panic ensued. Horses and men tore like a storm through the camp of the Second Division." Happily all were not panic-stricken. General van Straubenzee, calling for volunteers from the gallant 7th, Lieutenant Hope and a number of men stood forward. These brave fellows, headed by their officer, quickly joined by others, ascended the walls of the roofless mill, and by great labour succeeded in covering up the powder with wet blankets. It was a service where the risk was awful, for all around were conflagrations;

the air was full of fleeting flames, and there stood the great magazine without doors, windows, or roof; all had been blown in or torn off. Yet the daring deed was well done, and the place saved. By this calamity we lost ten men killed and sixty-nine wounded. One of the killed was Deputy-Assistant Commissary Yellon. The French lost six officers killed and thirteen wounded, and 166 men killed and wounded. The cause of this catastrophe was never discovered. We must now leave the Crimea for a season to narrate the operations of the British fleet in the Baltic and Pacific.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Naval Operations—The Baltic Fleet—Off Cronstadt—Great Strength of the Allies—The "Hango Massacre"—Its Abominable Character—The Russian Minister Defends it—Shameful Nature of the Defence—Coast Operations—Storey at Nystad—Yelverton at Lovisa—Off Wiborg—At Fredericksham—At Kotka—Sweaborg: its Strength and Importance—It is Bombarded—Vast Conflagration for Three Days—Destructive Explosion—Small Loss of the Allies—Heavy Loss of the Enemy—Operations in the White Sea—In the Pacific—Escapes of the Russian Squadron—Petropaulovski Blown up—The British off the Amur—Insignificant Character of their proceedings.

THE naval operations of the allies in 1855 were again entirely confined to encounters between ships and forts. The war seemed to be made on purpose to furnish illustrations of the superiority of a well-designed scheme of coast and harbour defence over a navy, be it never so powerful. It is further remarkable as a war between maritime powers unmarked by a single naval action. The Russians, of course, outnumbered everywhere, except in the Gulf of Tartary, were not bound to fight, and they were, moreover, again, except in the Pacific, shut up in narrow seas. These are and must be their only legitimate excuses for yielding up their waters to the allies without striking or attempting to strike a blow.

The British fleet was more powerful in 1855 than it was in 1854. The Government had built several gun and mortar boats, and destined for the Baltic a larger force of frigates and ships of the line. Sir Charles Napier had pushed his quarrel so far with the Admiralty that it was quite impossible to give him the command again. The officer selected was Rear-Admiral Richard Saunders Dundas, with Rear-Admiral Michael Seymour as second, and Rear-Admiral Baynes as third in command; and Captain Pelham, so distinguished in the attack on Bomarsund, as captain of the fleet. A light squadron, under Captain Watson of the Imperieuse, consisting of six ships, started for the Baltic on the 19th of March, and on the 4th of April Admiral Dundas sailed from Portsmouth with thirteen sail of the line and four frigates; Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort being present on board the royal yacht. The Russians did not show a sail in the Baltic. The frigates, as soon as the ice permitted, scoured the narrow seas, capturing some prizes, and establishing a blockade. The Gulf of Finland was closed in May, when the main body of the fleet lay off Nargen, where they could watch Revel and Helsingfors. The French fleet, under Rear-Admiral Penaud, did not sail till later. They were not in the Baltic until the 21st of May. The English fleet had gone up the Gulf of Finland towards Cronstadt, and it was here on the 1st of June that the French joined them. The British ships lay across the gulf, and as the French came up, out of compliment to their allies, they formed a second line, and after communication with Admiral Dundas, the two fleets formed combined squadrons, showing both flags in front line to the enemy. But the Russians, who had not been tempted by the smaller, showed no disposition even to look at the larger force. All their ships, except a few steamers, were dismantled, and lying under the protection of the forts. There was nothing to be done but reconnoitre, fish up "infernal machines," and engage in small operations. These machines were iron cones containing about ten pounds of gunpowder. They were moored about ten feet below the surface, and their position at that depth was preserved by having a chamber in the cone filled with air. If struck, by an ingenious arrangement, part of the interior machinery was broken, and certain chemical agents were brought in contact, which produced fire and an explosion. Our sailors fished them up, finding a great many. Admiral Seymour, having one in his hands, thoughtlessly showed how the explosion was produced. The practical illustration was only too successful, and the gallant sailor was severely wounded. For three weeks the fleet lay off Cronstadt. On the 14th of July the greater part sailed for Nargen, leaving Admiral Baynes with a powerful squadron to watch Cronstadt. There were now eighty-five British vessels in the Baltic, mounting 2,098 guns, and sixteen French ships, mounting 408 guns. In the combined fleet there were twenty-three line-of-battle ships, carrying 1,853 guns; thirty-one frigates and corvettes, with 554 guns; twenty-nine lighter steamers and gunboats, bearing 78 guns; and eighteen mortar vessels. The whole force consisted of 101 ships, carrying 2,506 guns.

While the allied fleet was off Cronstadt an incident had occurred which showed that the enemy, irritated by his losses, could descend to acts of vengeance and treachery. At Inkermann the wounded had been slain in cold blood, and the parties gathering up the wounded had been shelled by the war steamers. At Odessa, in 1854, a flag of truce had been fired upon by the shore batteries; and now a party bearing a flag of truce were massacred on the coast of Finland. These acts are remarkable and unaccountable, because the Russians treated kindly their prisoners of war. No one in their hands breathed a word of complaint; yet, as will be seen, they could be guilty of acts which would stamp disgrace on any civilised nation.

Three of the British cruisers, the Cossack, the Esk, and the Magicienne, had made some prizes, and for good reasons it was resolved to set at liberty seven of the prisoners, three of them being masters, who were on board. They were placed in the Cossack, commanded by Captain Fanshawe, and he resolved to put them ashore at Hango Head. This rocky point of land forms

the western cape of the southern shore of Finland. It is a small peninsula running out into the Gulf, about eighty miles west of Sweaborg. On the western side is the open sea, and on the eastern the creek of Eckness, which town is the nearest military station to the village and telegraph at the Head. When the Cossack was signalled as being off the coast, on the 5th of June, two or three companies of the grenadier regiment, whose titular colonel was the late King of Prussia, arrived from Eckness, but made no show, keeping close and out of sight. It was, probably, thought that the British man-of-war was about to make an attack, and perhaps land a force. The captain of the Cossack, however, was only intent on landing the prisoners. Accordingly, a boat was lowered and manned. It was commanded by Lieutenant Geneste, and there were on board, beside the crew, the prisoners, the ship's surgeon, Easton, and Lorton, the midshipman's steward. The boat made straight for the landing-place, having a large white flag fastened to a boarding-pike at the bow. There were no signs of soldiers on shore. A few women were seen near the houses; nothing more. The boat—a cutter—ran into the landing-place, a jetty thrown out from the rocky coast. Still no one appeared. "I landed the Russian prisoners," writes Lieutenant Geneste, "and in company with them and Dr. Easton proceeded towards the house, to communicate with the people, and with the officer of the telegraph. The three stewards also accompanied us, in order, if possible, to purchase fresh provisions. But all the boat's crew were left in the boat, with strict orders not to land, as you [Captain Fanshawe] had directed. We also carried with us a white flag of truce on a boarding-pike, Lorton, the midshipmen's steward, carrying it beside me. We had only proceeded about fifty yards from the boat, when suddenly Russian soldiers, who had lain concealed behind rocks and houses, and of whose vicinity we were completely ignorant, rose and fired on us and the boat from all sides. Taking the white flag from the steward, Lorton, who was shot down by my side, I endeavoured with it in my hand to prevent the soldiers firing at the boat, and so called the attention of their officer, who came near me, to it. However, I regret to state that the firing did not cease until many of our people had been hit. As we were completely surrounded by soldiers it was impossible to effect our escape, the soldiers being within a few yards of the boat on every side; and, seeing the inutility of making any resistance, not having a loaded musket in the boat, and the greater number of our small boat's crew of eleven men being killed or wounded by the first fire of the enemy, not a shot was fired on our side. We were all seized by the soldiers, taken to the houses, and, without a moment's delay, placed in carriages, which appeared to me to be ready for us, and transported to Eckness, where we arrived the same afternoon. I regret to have to state that we have six of our men killed, and four have been badly wounded, nearly all the others having slight scratches. One Finnish captain was killed, and four Russian captains were wounded." Such was the mode in which the regular soldiers of Holy Russia, led on by regular officers, treated a party covered by a flag of truce, an ensign sacred among all civilised nations, on the 5th of June, 1855. The incident was known, and deserved to be known, as the Massacre of Hango, and it made a profound impression at least upon the people of Western Europe.

Alarmed by the absence of his boat, Captain Fanshawe sent his gig, with a flag of truce, to discover what had become of the cutter and her crew. The gig ran in to the jetty. No one made any opposition. The soldiers had gone, and the place seemed deserted. There lay the cutter, with four bodies huddled together on her bloody timbers, done to death by musket shots. The gig was about to return when, lo! the cutter began to move out. One of the crew, dangerously wounded, had concealed himself in the boat, and he was now trying to force the cutter into the wake of the gig. He was at once rescued, and both boats returned to the ship. The seaman told the tale of the massacre; and, of course, the admiral took steps to call the enemy to account.

A thrill of horror and indignation ran through the British people. The act was denounced in the House of Peers as "atrocious," as "an outrage, horrible and unparalleled," as one which the Russian Government *must* disown, so cruel was it, so contrary to the laws and usages of war. There was a fierce demand for reprisals. "If ever the land cried for blood," exclaimed Lord Brougham, "it is now." But happily the demand for reprisals was not listened to, since to take vengeance would have been to act with a cruelty like that of the Russians. They were left to the verdict of Public Opinion.

General de Berg commanded in Finland. His name was not known to the public then. It is known now. The Governor-General of Finland in 1855 was the Governor of Warsaw in 1863-4. The later incidents of his career will serve to throw a light on the defence of the Hango massacre. Admiral Dundas demanded explanations. He gave the representative of the Emperor of Russia an opportunity of "defending the character of his flag." The defence was an adoption of the broad stain imprinted on that flag on June 5th, by the Gronadier regiment, named after the late King of Prussia. What was his line of defence? He first brought counter charges. British ships were in the habit of hoisting Russian colours, in order to capture Russian ships—an admirable reason for treacherously murdering seven sailors. Then he alleged that a party bearing a flag of truce had landed at a village in Finland, and had burnt huts and boats—a shameful thing, if done, but a thing which, happily, had not been done. Thirdly, he came to the case of the Cossack's cutter. Here he alleged that she hoisted the British flag; that Lieutenant Genesto "pretended," he hoisted a white flag; that no Russian saw the "pretended white flag;" and that, therefore, it was "natural they should attack the cutter"—natural to Russian grenadiers to attack unarmed men, even, although they were not under a flag of truce. General de Berg, who afterwards

became notorious at Warsaw, threw the responsibility of the bloodshed on the "irregularity" with which the proceedings of the cutter were conducted, and prescribing a mode of communicating under flags of truce with Russians in Finland, made the officer in command of the cutter answerable for not having observed rules not laid down on the 5th of June. This line of action only made the crime committed at Hango Head more flagrant. It showed what Russians high in authority understood by the phrase "usages of war." The governor-general defended treachery by falsehood.

Finding that he could not obtain justice from General de Berg, Admiral Dundas appealed to the fountain-head—he wrote to Prince Dolgorouky, Minister of War, and demanded the surrender of the prisoners, so nefariously captured, and so illegally held in bonds. The Minister of War refused. He went further than General de Berg in his vindication of the massacre. He described the transaction as an expedition on Russian territory. He insisted that Lieutenant Geneste should have departed the moment he had landed his captives. He had no right, without permission, to land on hostile ground. But if we allow this reasoning to be well-founded, what a condemnation it is of the conduct of the Russian soldiers, who instead of surrounding the intruders, fired upon and killed them! "After having left his boat at his own risk and peril," writes the Russian Minister, "Lieutenant Geneste falls into an ambuscade; he does not expect it, having only seen two or three women on the shore." What an admission of the *wilful* character of the murders committed! "By his want of foresight," the Prince continues, still treating the proceedings of Geneste as an expedition, "he is surprised by a force superior in numbers." Even a Russian Minister of War has not the courage to allude to the massacre that ensued. "Then, to ensure his safety, he claims the privilege of a flag of truce. Had he a right to do so? Had he taken the necessary precautions to be recognised in that character before he landed on hostile ground? Nothing of the sort. Surrounded [and fired into, Prince] on every side, he surrenders *a prisoner of war*. Dr. Easton, Mr. Sullivan, and his crew [especially the six murdered seamen] share his fate." This is very exquisite in the way of misrepresentation. What follows is equally so as a specimen of the inventive faculties of the servants of the Czar. "Meantime," the word is used to avoid a reference to the slaughter—"the men who had remained in the boat, threw overboard the *gun*, with which the boat was armed. 300 cartridges are seized and 400 caps, and two incendiary tubes, with their matches. Among the muskets taken by our men, many of them gave proof of having been recently fired." To use the words of Admiral Dundas in his scathing commentary on and answer to this brazen dispatch, it was evident "that wilful falsehoods had been invented in vindication of a decided outrage." It was necessary to be impolite, and give the Russian Minister of War the lie. For instance, so far from the crew of the cutter having thrown a gun overboard, it is a well-established fact "that the boat was not fitted with one, and had never mounted one on any occasion." Lieutenant Geneste was not released from captivity until the autumn of 1855, when, having been exchanged, he returned home by way of Sebastopol. In his report to the Admiralty at that time in reference to the charge of being armed, he wrote—"The muskets belonging to the boat were in her, as is customary whenever a boat is sent away from a ship in war time in an enemy's waters. The boat's magazine was also in the boat, containing its usual complement, that is, only cartridges for the muskets, two small blue lights for signals—[these are the 'incendiary tubes!']—one small rocket for the same purposes, and one slow match [these are the matches for the said tubes]. The muskets were in the bottom of the boat [covered with a tarpaulin, as we have read elsewhere, and] under the baggage belonging to the prisoners. The crew had not their cartouche boxes on, they being attached to the muskets, and with them in the bottom of the boat." So far the muskets. Now as to the charge of their having been "recently fired." This was false. "As soon as we had left the ship, the coxswain of the boat asked me if he should serve out the ammunition to the men, and if the muskets should be loaded, as is the usual custom on going away from the ship in war time. I replied, 'Certainly not; that as we were going with a flag of truce, we should not require them.' In consequence of this order the magazine was not unlocked, and no ammunition was given out, nor any musket loaded." Thus, the Russians had not one fact which told in their vindication. At the last, when they were driven from every other ground, they tacitly admitted their defeat, by resting the defence of treachery and murder on the assertion that Lieutenant Geneste should have waited until his flag of truce was recognised as such by the Russian authorities. Even this assertion is untenable. It is, indeed, the custom in time of war, for the bearers of a flag of truce to wait until the flag is recognised, the signal of recognition being a white flag hoisted by the enemy. How was it at Hango? The Russian grenadiers, seeing the boat approaching, took no obvious notice of it at all, but, instead, prepared an ambuscade. Now, if a flag of truce is not recognised, the laws of war prescribe some kind of announcement of the determination of the enemy. The Russians at Hango made no such announcement—it would have spoiled their murderous plot. But while concealment and silence facilitated the execution of an assassination, they destroyed the validity of the plea that the flag had not been recognised—for, in war, and as regards flags of truce, silence is consent. Even the legal plea, strained as it is, will not, if allowed, justify the gross treachery of the enemy. It is quite true that they alleged against us divers abuses practised under flags of truce, but these were all unfounded reports. The most famous was the newspaper story that the captain of the Viper, under pretence of returning a captured carriage to the governor of Kertch, had gone in to take soundings. This report was altogether untrue; and the act of courtesy performed on that occasion was not stained by any such act of treachery.

We have dwelt on this massacre of Hango, because it

was in many respects the most startling fact produced by 1855. No one would have believed that the officers of any great power would commit, still less that its Ministers of State would sanction and defend, so foul an outrage as the murder of unarmed men who had relied on the sanctity of the white flag. Nevertheless, that is what was done by Russian officers and Russian Ministers of State in the second half of the nineteenth century!

During the month of July the lighter craft performed some smart actions on the enemy's coasts. Captain Storey had already destroyed 20,000 tons of shipping near Nystad, in the Gulf of Bothnia. On the 4th of July Captain Yelverton, with the Arrogant and two other vessels, appeared off Swartholm. Here the enemy had abandoned and blown up a fort of immense strength, commanding the approaches to Lovisa; and on the 5th, Captain Yelverton, shifting his flag to the Ruby gunboat, and accompanied by the boats of the squadron, went up to Lovisa, landed, and made search for Government stores. He found they were in the town, and therefore he spared them, lest in burning the stores he should burn the town—a magnanimous answer to the Hango massacre. Nevertheless, Lovisa was burnt down, not by the British, but by accident. On the 13th the same officer, with the Ruby and his boats, entered the bay a little to the north of Cronstadt, at the head of which stands the town of Viborg. Here he saw a Russian war steamer towing two gunboats, and made chase, but they escaped. Steaming on, he hoped to close with Viborg and its gunboats, when the Ruby was brought up short by a species of boom. Suddenly a masked battery opened fire, and the steamer and gunboats revealed themselves, and took part in the fray. The Ruby and the boats kept the battery in check, but the boom could not be broken, and the expedition was forced to withdraw. As the flotilla retired the Russian sharpshooters kept pace with the boats, but did no mischief. Unhappily, an explosion in one of the cutters swamped the boat, and killed Midshipman Storey. The crew were saved. The boat was drifting ashore, and seemed likely to become a prize to the enemy, when a boat, under Lieutenants Haggard and Dowell, with a volunteer crew, dashed in and towed her off under a heavy fire. Lieutenant Woollcombe and eight men were wounded, and one was killed, in this expedition. On the 20th, Captain Yelverton, with three frigates and a gunboat, attacked, and in one hour silenced, a six-gun battery at Fredericksham, between Sweaborg and Lovisa. Our loss was three men wounded. On the 26th, with three frigates and four mortar vessels, Captain Yelverton made a successful descent upon the island of Kotka, drove out the garrison, and, landing the marines, burnt the Government buildings and immense stores of timber. Thus the whole coast, from Viborg on the east almost up to Sweaborg, had been visited, and the enemy harassed; while Rear-Admiral Baynes, steaming up the channel north of Cronstadt, showed his flag to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, and from the yards of his ship looked on the Russian capital. The remainder of the fleet, except the flying squadrons and blockaders, was at Nargen, preparing for an attack upon Sweaborg.

This is the bulwark of the south coast of Finland, and, if the enemy's soldiers did their duty, it was quite beyond the reach of any fleet, no matter how powerful or numerous it might be. The Russians, in 1808, when they filched Finland from Sweden by the connivance of Napoleon I., were only able to get possession of Sweaborg by the combined efforts of a large army and an overmastering marine. In that case it was the army, and not the navy, which took Sweaborg, for the navy could do nothing but blockade the sea front; and those were not wanting who insinuated at the time that the place was taken by golden weapons. Built on rocky islands, facing a shallow and treacherous sea, it was plain, even to the eyes of a tyro in military science, that Sweaborg, though it might be bombarded, could not be taken without the aid of a land force. Like Cronstadt and Sebastopol, it was able to defy ships of war; and even an army aided by a fleet could only have captured it after a long siege, always assuming that it was stoutly defended. Bomarsund, cut off from the main land by the sea, required the aid of a land force to capture it; and Sweaborg, far more formidable than Bomarsund, was in direct communication with the capital of the Russian empire, which was only a few score miles distant. But although a fleet could not take Sweaborg, a fleet could burn everything within its range of granite batteries, and thus inflict a heavy loss on the enemy. This is what the allies accomplished.

The south coast of Finland is indented with creeks and harbours, and fringed with rocks and islets. The harbour of Sweaborg is a broad sheet of deep water running up to Helsingfors, the capital of the country. Across the broad mouth of this harbour is a string of islands. Except in one instance, the channels between them are so narrow that they have been easily connected together by means of bridges. These islands bear the names of Lilla Swarto, West Swarto, East Swarto, Vargön, and Gustavswert. Upon these the Russians had built granite batteries, and had in some places hewn embrasures in the living rock. To the east of Gustavswert are the islands of Bak Holmen and Sandham, and on these the enemy had thrown up heavy earthworks. The whole of the batteries mounted some 2,000 guns. The deep channel, giving access to the harbour, ran between Gustavswert and Bak Holmen, and across this channel the enemy had moored a three-decker, with her broadside raking the fair way. There were other islands, some fortified, others garrisoned by troops prepared to resist a landing. Although there was deep water close up to the forts, yet the sea front was studded with "rocks awash and reefs under water," and the whole of the approaches were very perilous. These perils, however, the masters of the ships were able to overcome and, by diligent sounding and a plentiful use of buoys, mark out passages for the men-of-war. To show the dangerous character of this sea, it need only be stated that the Merlin, commanded at the time by

THE HANGO MASSACRE.

Captain Sullivan, "struck upon an unknown rock on ground which he had repeatedly examined." Yet Captain Sullivan was one of the most able sailors in the fleet, and especially adroit and careful in surveying.

The allied fleet arrived off Sweaborg on the 6th and 7th of August. Admiral Dundas and Admiral Penaud had no troops under their orders. They had determined not to assail the place with ships of the line, but to rely upon their gunboats and mortar vessels to set fire to the buildings and blow up the magazines of the enemy. The British had sixteen, and the French five gunboats. The British had sixteen, and the French five mortar vessels. Beside these there were several ships of the line, frigates, and corvettes; but, on the whole, it will be seen that the gun and mortar boats did the work. Two days were spent in preparations. The small vessels with which it was intended to fight were placed in position. They were ranged in curving lines, the French in the centre. The mortar vessels were anchored; the gunboats were directed to protect them, and to keep constantly in motion. On an islet Admiral Penaud constructed a battery for four mortars, nearly opposite Gustavswert, and this formed the centre of the line. Two gunboats, armed with Lancaster guns, were directed to fire at the three-decker barring the channel into the harbour. Two ships of the line and a frigate were detached to cannonade Sandham, and a frigate and two corvettes were sent to occupy the attention of a body of troops on the island of Drumsio, on the extreme west.

The action began about seven o'clock on the morning of the 9th of August. The fire of the guns and mortars was to be pressed to the fullest extent deemed proper by the officers in command; and as soon as the accuracy of the range was tested the whole mass of ordnance afloat began and sustained a most rapid fire. The Russians estimated that thirty shells per minute fell into their batteries. At first they replied with great spirit, but although the range of their heavy guns extended far beyond the allied lines, yet they were unable to do any damage, either to the passive mortar vessels or the restless gunboats. While the action was raging in the centre the detached ships were busy on the flanks, especially off Sandham, where the liners were engaged in a combat with earthen batteries, on which they could make little impression. Within three hours after the beginning of the bombardment in the centre the incessant hail of shells within the fortress had told with effect. The fire, so brisk before, now began to slacken. The Russian gunners could not hit the small boats of the allies, while they were exposed to a crushing fire. About ten o'clock the Russian buildings were on fire. Soon a loud report showed that a magazine had been pierced, then another and another. The third, about noon, was very destructive. "This monster explosion," says one writer, "lasted without intermission for more than two minutes. It was like a volcano in a state of eruption, vomiting forth lighted shells, roofs of houses, and beams of timber." It is reported that the force of the explosion was so immense that one battery of guns *en barbette* was blown to pieces. The magazine of the works on Vargön had exploded, creating a vast gap, above which a dense cloud of smoke hung like a pall. There, buildings on the islands were now devoured by a conflagration which no efforts could quench, because the hostile shells, dropping in without intermission, stimulated the flames. At dusk one continuous sheet of red flame and swarthy smoke raged along the islands. When it grew dark, and the gunboats had been recalled, and the mortars ceased to fire, the boats of the fleet, fitted with rocket-tubes, ran in nearer to the fortress, and poured forth their incendiary missiles till the flames rose to the height of a hundred feet, swaying to and fro in a brisk breeze.

The mortars and guns went nearer to the place at daylight on the 10th, and resumed their destructive labours. It was observed that the three-decker had been removed from the channel between Gustavswert and Bak Holmen. Three times she had been on fire. Although the garrison were beset by the flames of their burning barracks and stores, yet on the 10th they opened a more sustained fire than on the preceding day. The operations, however, were of the same character, and they produced the same effects, except that the explosions ceased. Again at night the rocket-boats were called into play, and this time the mortars were steadily active all night. The light from the burning place was so great that the enemy could see the rocket-boats distinctly; but the latter maintained their ground, with great gallantry and little loss, amid showers of bursting shells. By the morning of the 13th the admirals considered that enough had been done—that, in fact, they could do no more; neither destroy the forts nor touch the squadron they sheltered. The place was gutted, but "the sea defences in general were little injured," as the admiral reported. We had inflicted this loss on the enemy at a cost to ourselves of one officer, Lieutenant Miller, and seventeen men wounded. The squadron engaging Sandham lost fifteen men wounded. The cost, therefore, so far as life and limb were concerned, was not out of proportion to the result. The enemy, on the contrary, lost heavily in men and material. According to the British Minister at Stockholm, the loss in men was not less than 2,000. Every magazine in the place was destroyed; also immense stores of rope, cordage, tar, and other naval supplies. The three-decker had one side blown out, and fourteen different kinds of craft lying inside the place were destroyed. Nevertheless, the people of England were not satisfied; but in this, as in many other cases, the people of England was a very hard taskmaster. The clamour was not so great as it had been in the preceding year, for the public were becoming better judges of what ships could effect against granite batteries; but they were and still are far from having formed a just conception of what can be done by a fleet, even a fleet of gun and mortar boats, without an army. Those who took a dispassionate view, with some knowledge of warfare, were satisfied that the fleet had done its uttermost in the Baltic and the rock-strewn waters of its great gulfs. The incessant activity of the admirals and captains had swept the enemy's commer-

cial marine from the sea, had taken many ships, had destroyed vast stores, had kept a large body of troops employed, had harassed all the accessible parts of the coast, had shown the British and French flags to the enemy in his capital, and had gutted a first-rate fortress, with an insignificant loss to themselves. To do more—to take Cronstadt, and conquer Sweaborg—would have required an army equal to the reduction of Finland, an enterprise which would have put a severe strain on the resources both of France and England, and one that might yet have failed: for the seasons in those regions fight on the side of Russia; and if these heavy blows could not have been struck in six months, the fleet and army must have decamped, under penalty of being frozen up and destroyed.

This expedition against Sweaborg was the last conspicuous action of the allies in those waters. The ships soon began to steer for home. A strong squadron, however, remained in the Baltic and the gulfs until the ice compelled them to retreat. Admiral Dundas did not leave the neighbourhood of the Sound until the end of November, and the flying squadron held the sea until even a later date, only quitting it when there was not the least chance of a Russian ship getting into the North Sea.

The naval operations of the allies on the other coasts of European Russia were without any importance. The White Sea was visited, and a small squadron again appeared off the Dwina and among the islands; but no enterprise of any moment was undertaken. The Russians had made great preparations to resist a descent and to drive off the ships, but they were not called upon to test the value of their measures.

On the Pacific coast there was a more important, although, to a great extent an ineffectual, campaign. Russia, driven on by a desire to reach the open sea somewhere, had pushed her settlements from Siberia down the great river Amoor, which enters the Gulf of Tartary opposite the northern end of the Japanese Island of Saghalien. Formerly both banks of this fine stream were in possession of the Chinese, or rather of the Manchoos; but year by year the Russians gained ground, and at length they had crept from the mountains to the sea. The mouth of the Amoor became the port of Siberia, and a town built near it on the left bank, and called Nikolaevsk, became the Russian head-quarters. But, not content with the left or northern bank, the Russians had occupied the southern bank below the river Usuri, and with it a large tract of country. At Castries Bay, on the coast of this tract, they had built a town called Alexandrovsk, and still farther south they had a settlement, named after Constantine, at Port Imperial, or Barracouta Bay. In short, before 1854, and still more subsequently, Russia was bent on making a solid establishment on the Pacific, as an outlet to Siberia and as the base of a Pacific fleet. She had also a town and forts at Petropaulovski on the coast of Kamschatka, and, before the war, in Aniwa Bay, at the south end of the island of Saghalien. Here was the nucleus of a strong maritime position in the Pacific, and it gave Russia great influence both in Pekin and Yeddo. More than this, it threatened our supremacy in the eastern seas.

We have already narrated the abortive effort of the allies to destroy Petropaulovski in 1854. No attempt on the mouth of the Amoor was made in that year. But in 1855 the allied squadron was strengthened, both on the China and Pacific stations. There were five steamers—one French, the others English—and twelve sailing vessels, four of which were French. The total guns of the squadrons amounted to 480. Admiral Bruce and Admiral Fournichon commanded the Pacific squadron, Admiral Stirling the China squadron. On their side the Russians had augmented the fortifications at Petropaulovski, and had erected new works, and assembled a strong garrison, on the Amoor. But their naval force was of no value; they had only seven vessels, mounting ninety guns; of these four were in the beginning of the year at Petropaulovski. Two British steamers arrived off this place on the 14th of April, but while they were waiting for the squadron the Russians cut a channel through the shore ice, and, favoured by a fog, escaped on the 17th and reached Castries Bay. When, at the end of May, the allied squadron arrived, the place was found to be abandoned; there were only three Americans there. They consequently destroyed the batteries and burnt the Government stores. Admiral Bruce sent one ship to join Admiral Stirling, and with the rest returned to the American coast.

Admiral Stirling, in the meantime, had detached Commodore Elliot, with three ships, a frigate, and two steamers, into the Gulf of Tartary. He found the Russian vessels which had escaped Admiral Bruce, in Castries Bay; but he did not attack them, judging the disadvantages to be too great. Yet the weight of metal was in his favour; his ships were free to fight, being unencumbered, while the enemy was deeply laden with the garrison, the inhabitants, and the stores of Petropaulovski. It is to be regretted that Commodore Elliot did not risk an action. Instead of that, he sent a steamer for reinforcements, and while he was waiting for them, the enemy got away. At the time it was supposed he had escaped by some inner channel leading to the Amoor, but no such channel exists. The Russians went by the sea under the noses of their opponents. Commodore Elliot returned to the southern shore of Saghalien, where he found two English and two French ships. After some delay Admiral Stirling, taking with him five British vessels, steered for the Sea of Okhotsk. On his way he met three ships of war detached by Admiral Bruce, and with this strong squadron, mounting 252 guns, he rounded the Island of Saghalien and appeared off the Amoor. Here the boats of the squadron pursued a brig up the river. She was blown up before they could reach her, but several of her crew, trying to get away in boats, were pursued and captured. Although the British ships remained cruising off the Russian coasts until late in October, they effected nothing more remarkable than the capture of a merchant ship conveying to the Amoor the crew of the Russian frigate Diana, which had been

wrecked by a submarine earthquake in Simoda Bay, in December, 1854. Thus the naval operations of the allies presented nothing striking, and the opportunity of striking a blow at the colonisation of the Amoor was lost. Since then the Russians have redoubled their efforts in this region. The territory they occupied has been formally ceded to them by the Chinese; and Russia is in a fair way of becoming a great Pacific power. In 1860 her navy there included nineteen steamers, carrying 380 guns, while there were twelve steamers afloat on the Amoor itself. The man to whom Russia most owes her progress on the Amoor is Count Nicolas Mouravief, for a long time Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, and for his services in these regions invested with the title of Amursky.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Russian Conquests in Asia; their Extent and Importance—Views of Lord Aberdeen in 1829—The Frontier Line in Armenia—Gumri and Bayazid—Anxiety of the British Cabinet in 1854—Corruption of the Pashas—Outbreak of War in 1853—Defeats of the Turks—Vely Pasha at Kars—Ruins the Army—Arrival of Generals Guyon and Kmety—Turkish Forces in 1854—Appointment of Zarif Pasha—Selim Pasha defeated at Urzughetti—Prince Bebutoff takes the offensive—Another Selim Pasha defeated at Bayazid—Battle of Kuruk-Dereh—Defeat of Zarif Pasha—Flight to Kars—Colonel Fenwick Williams ordered to Asia—His Discoveries of Peculation—He fortifies Erzeroum—Colonel Lake arrives at Kars and entrenches it (1855)—Description of Kars—Appointment of Vassif Pasha—Opening of the Campaign of 1855—Williams Pasha goes to Kars—General Mouravief invades Armenia; attempts to surprise Kars, and fails—Blockades the Camp—Progress of the Works—Mouravief scours the Country—Russian March towards Erzroum—General Brunner defeated before Kars—Schemes for relieving the place—Discord in the Cabinets of the Allies—Trials of the Garrison—Turks routed at Pennek—Mouravief resolves to storm Kars—Battle of the 29th of September—Awful Losses of the Russians—Splendid Defence of the Garrison—Omer Pasha's Diversion a Failure—Cowardice of a third Selim Pasha—The Kars Garrison abandoned to itself—Its Sufferings—Capitulation, November 27th—End of the Campaign.

RUSSIAN schemes of conquest have been marked by great deliberation and tenacity of purpose ever since the days of Peter I. To make Russia a great European Power was the least part of the design which was initiated by the greatest of Czars. The policy which he set on foot had for its object the resuscitation of the Empire of Byzantium, and the establishment of a throne which, from Constantinople, should become dominant in two continents. The first steps toward this end were taken rapidly, considering the magnitude of the conquests effected. In little more than a century the Russian frontiers had advanced many hundreds of miles in all directions. In Europe Poland had been absorbed, Sweden plundered of a province, and Turkey deprived of Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the Kouban. In Asia the Caucasus had been passed, and Georgia seized. Large tracts of territory had been shorn off Persia and Asiatic Turkey. Russia had become master of the Caspian, and from Gumri and Erivan stood across the roads leading by Erzroum and Trebizond to Constantinople, and at the head of the valleys leading to Syria and the Persian Gulf. Her outposts on the Caspian were nearer to Lahore than to Moscow. Her grasping ambition led her not only to assail Central and Western Europe on both flanks, from the Baltic and from the Black Sea, but to seek a road to Hindostan over the body of the Persian monarchy. The great object, however, was that famous seat of power on the Bosphorus which we have seen the allies defend by striking at Sebastopol; and around Constantinople the Czars had drawn a net which it required the swords of the West to cut asunder. It was not at Odessa, and Nicolaief, and Sebastopol alone that the Russians had accumulated the means of assault upon Turkey. The only road to Constantinople did not, and does not, lie through the Balkan. If the Sultan were his sole antagonist, the Czar knew that, aided by his powerful fleet, he would probably be able to reach the goal of his ambition by a simultaneous march from the Danube and from Armenia. At least, by attacking the Turks in Asia, he would always be able to diminish their means of defence in Europe, and could not fail to gain either territory or prestige. By degrees he might get control of the great road from the Black Sea ports to Ispahan, and with it the control of the large commerce passing thereby. "The cession of the Asiatic fortresses, with their neighbouring districts," wrote Lord Aberdeen in 1829, in commenting on the Treaty of Adrianople, "not only secures to Russia the uninterrupted occupation of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, but places her in a situation so commanding as to control at pleasure the destiny of Asia Minor. Prominently advanced into the centre of Armenia, in the midst of a Christian population, Russia holds the keys both of the Persian and the Turkish provinces; and whether she may be disposed to extend her conquests to the East or to the West, to Teheran or to Constantinople, no serious obstacle can arrest her progress." Assuming that the Western Powers did not interfere with the execution of the march to the West, every year sufficed to show the soundness of the conclusions to which Lord Aberdeen came in 1829; and although the presence of the allied fleets in the Black Sea did offer a serious obstacle in 1854-5, yet that was an accident, which only for a time diminished the value of the Russian position in Armenia. Without the aid of a fleet the Russians were still very formidable. The strong fortress of Gumri not only barred the road to Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, but commanded the plain of Kars. The fort of Akalzik shut out the Turks in Kars from direct communication with the seaport of Batoum. The tracing of the frontier of the province of Erivan placed Russia within a couple of marches of Bayazid. "Constructing a fortress such as Gumri, in an advanced and commanding position," writes General Macintosh, who travelled in these countries for the purpose of estimating the military value of roads, passes, rivers, forts, "may be compared to making a breaching battery near the walls of a city. In this Russia may be said to possess, in a military sense, the whole open plain of Kars; and she can occupy the entire portion of the road between Erzroum and Bayazid, and cut off all communication between Turkey and Persia. . . I do not think," he adds, "there is a place of greater importance than Bayazid, in a military point of view, in the whole of

Western Asia." And why? Because it opens to the enemy a road at once to the Persian Gulf and Syria. Actual inspection by competent military eyes thus confirmed the view adopted by Lord Aberdeen in 1829. The line of country from Akalzik to Erivan, which Russia had then just conquered, and which she had so long coveted, opened to her the gates of Persia and Asia Minor. Both sides in 1854 knew the value of the prize for which they were contending. The Turks owed the preservation of Anatolia to the energy and courage of a Hungarian and a few Englishmen. The Russians sent one of their best generals to command on that frontier, and had not the European officers stopped him by holding Kars until they were on the brink of famine, that general would have carried the flag of Russia to Trebizond.

Such being the importance of the frontier, it is not surprising that the British Ministers watched with anxiety the progress of hostilities in that quarter; and with all the more anxiety because they were comparatively powerless to render aid. It required all the energies of England to maintain an army in the Crimea. She could not send troops, but she could send officers. France might have spared a force, but France had no wish to protect the Turks in Armenia, and had she done so we should have looked with jealousy on her efforts. There was the Turkish army under Omer Pasha, which, after the Austrians entered the Principalities, was, at least, in the spring of 1855, comparatively useless. But here again France stepped in, and would not consent to the employment upon the Armenian frontier of the only efficient general in the Sultan's service. Therefore the struggle in Asia Minor was carried on by the Turks alone, with the aid of a few European soldiers.

The Turkish Pashas on the Russian frontier drew supplies and pay (when they could get it) for 40,000 men, but they never commanded a force so large. The difference they put in their own pockets. Corruption and peculation and frauds of all kinds characterised the conduct of the greater part of these Turkish officers quite as much—and that is a high estimate—as their incapacity and cowardice. Many of the superior officers were not military men, not even military Turks; and, with a few rare exceptions, the whole mass of officers were utterly unfit to command. The soldiers, whom they plundered and neglected, were strong and warlike, and patient and much-enduring men; but they were indifferently armed, and wholly undrilled and undisciplined. Their courage was beyond question, but courage without training is of little value in armies. The artillery, as usual, was the most efficient arm in the service—indeed, the only one on which any reliance could be placed in the field. For although the infantry were brave and stubborn fighters, they were, for the most part, ill-trained and worse led; while the cavalry could not fight in the European and had been spoiled for fighting in the Asiatic manner, with the exception of a few irregulars under European officers. Nevertheless, all these troops were good behind entrenchments, and the true policy of the Turks in Armenia would have been to wage a defensive war. In that course they would have found in the nature of the country a great ally, and if they had preserved the frontier intact they would have done the Sultan and the common cause good service.

But the Turkish leaders had that kind of impetuosity which accompanies incompetence. As soon as the war broke out they began to assail the enemy. A party from Batoum captured Fort Nicholas, just across the frontier, by surprise. This was not a bad move, for it stimulated the ardour of the soldiers. Unfortunately, the ambition of the Pashas was stimulated also. The commanders on the Kars frontier took the offensive, and began to engage the Russian outposts. The Commander-in-Chief was Abdi Pasha. He had been educated in the military schools of Austria, and had some talent and knowledge, yet this was marred by a constitutional inactivity and slowness. His second in command was Ahmed Pasha, an incompetent man, who shone in the intrigues of the Turkish ante-rooms. The Russians were posted at Baindir and Akisha. Learning the amount of their force at the former place, Abdi Pasha sent against them a body of troops superior in number, who, falling upon them unawares, routed them, and drove them headlong into Gumri. At the same time Ahmed Pasha had moved upon Akisha. His movements were slow, and the enemy, being prepared, inflicted upon him a severe repulse. Learning this, Abdi Pasha ordered his subordinate at once to retreat upon Kars. Ahmed Pasha would not obey nor disobey. It is a convincing proof of his stupidity that he divided his forces, sending part back to Kars, and remaining with the rest within reach of the enemy. Prince Andronikoff, who commanded the Russians, saw his opportunity, and seized it with great spirit. He quitted his entrenchments and offered battle. Nothing loth, the Turk stood to fight. He was still superior in number. He was able to show an equal front, and at the same time to outflank his opponent. Nevertheless the Russians utterly routed their foes. They were able to do this, because Vely Pasha, who was in command of the Turkish left, which was formed across the Russian right, stood by a mere spectator of a combat which by frank valour he might have made a decisive victory. As it was, Andronikoff broke the Turkish right, Ahmed Pasha, quite incapable of command, was driven in disorder from the field, while Vely Pasha, intent on saving his men, marched away without loss. The troops hurried back to Kars in confusion. They were "a mere rabble." The Russians did not pursue, otherwise Kars might have fallen in 1853. The untoward conduct of Ahmed ruined the whole campaign. The upshot was very remarkable. Abdi Pasha, who had won a victory, was recalled; his lieutenant, who had destroyed his own army by disobeying his superior, was appointed Commander-in-Chief; while Vely Pasha, who had run away from the field of battle, was promoted. Such is the power of intrigue and gold. Happily for the Sultan, the Russians were not prepared for action, and were far less to be dreaded than the Pashas. Unhappily, these Pashas had ruined the Sultan's army, instead of husbanding their

resources and drilling and organising for the spring campaign.

Nor were their destructive powers limited to action in the field. In the winter they allowed the army to rot in Kars. "The miserable fate of the army of Ahmed Pasha," writes Dr. Sandwith, who had the best opportunities of knowing, "is among the darkest records of the war. His whole faculties were bent upon making money." He had to repay himself the money spent in bribes to destroy the reputation of Abdi Pasha, and then to make a fortune out of the army. "I could not exaggerate the horrors the poor men suffered under his command. . . On the approach of cold weather, the troops were crowded into the dark, ill-ventilated hovels of Kars, and there they crouched during a long and rigorous season, deprived of their proper food and clothing, and dying of disease and hunger. During these winter months 20,000 men were carelessly buried in shallow graves in the frozen earth outside the town, and wild dogs and wolves fed on their remains." The hospitals were dreadful abodes of pain and starvation. Out of seventy doctors only forty survived the winter. "No great mortality, however, marked the muster rolls sent to Constantinople, for the pay, food, and appointments of the dead men went to fill the coffers of the Pasha and his myrmidons." Abdi Pasha, on his return, exposed to the Sultan's ministers the truth regarding Ahmed, and this scoundrel, in turn, was recalled. But, no sovereign is so badly served as the Sultan. The Minister of War could find no better man among the servants of the State than a favourite of his own—Zarif Mustapha Pasha, who had been a pipe-bearer, a writer to a regiment, an officer of the commissariat—never a soldier. Yet this was the man selected to command an army, whose business it was to protect a long and exposed frontier from the attacks of a watchful, disciplined, and intrepid foe!

It was now the spring of 1854, and the Western Powers were just sending troops to the East. Through the long winter there had been a few Europeans at Kars, and to these the army owed everything. There was the Englishman Guyon, who had carved himself a name on the records of the Hungarian War of Independence. In the winter of 1853, when Abdi and Ahmed brought their armies to near destruction, Guyon had been summoned from Damascus, and he had obeyed with a rapidity startling to the Turks. A most frank and gallant and tireless soldier, it was to his exertions that the Turks were indebted for the commencement of that entrenched camp of Kars, destined to be so famous. There was George Kmety, a Hungarian leader of valiant Honved battalions in 1848-9, and, like Guyon, driven into Turkey when Russia, throwing her sword into the scale, turned it in favour of Austria. Kmety was an excellent soldier, and although an infantry officer, he took in hand and made great use of the Turkish irregular horse with which he covered the front, and guarded Kars for months from all chance of falling by a *coup de main*. These two, until the arrival of Zarif, were the principal supports of Turkish power. Both were, to some extent, readily listened to, and Guyon's noble character, especially, gained for him the respect even of the Pashas. It is justly said that he saved the army from dissolution; for the soldiers took heart from his very presence and readily obeyed him. But when Zarif arrived, he brought with him several Poles and Germans, and these, by their intrigues, ruined the wholesome influence of Guyon, whose advice was sometimes not heeded, at others disdained. The only other European officers of mark at this time in Kars were General Colman, a German, Baron de Schwarzenberg, a Belgian, and two Americans, both tried soldiers, Bonfanti and Tevis. England had not yet sent any of her sons to the aid of the Turks in Armenia.

It was a great fault of the Turkish Government that it had established no depôts in Armenia. Everything, except wood and grain, had to be transported from Constantinople. The Russians had been allowed to purchase the grain crops in the two preceding years; another instance of the long-sighted policy of Nicholas, and his wilful determination to break up the Turkish Empire. Had the Turks formed a large magazine at Erzroum, and constructed a strong camp at Kars, supposing an honest and capable Pasha could have been found, the disasters and sufferings of 1853-4 might have been avoided. On the contrary, nothing having been done in time, all that was needed had to be done in a hurry, and the army had to be supplied from Constantinople, first by sea to Trebizond, then by execrable roads over rugged mountains to Erzroum, and thence by roads equally difficult to Kars. It was by this route that supplies and reinforcements reached the front in the spring of 1854. The Turkish armies on the frontier, stationed at Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, and Bayazid, presented a nominal total of 37,000 men, of whom 20,000 were at Kars, 2,000 at Ardahan and Bayazid, and 13,000 at Batoum. The Russians had disposable 8,000 men near Batoum, 4,000 at Akiska, opposed to the 2,000 Turks at Ardahan, 15,000 at Gumri over against Kars, and 3,000 at Erivan threatening Bayazid—a total of 30,000 disciplined troops and Georgian militia. The forces on both sides were augmented some weeks later, but the proportions were not greatly changed.

At the beginning of May the Kars army was reviewed by Zarif, and a division sent forward to support General Kmety and the irregulars. This division took post at Soobattan and Hadji-Veli Khoi, while the cavalry outposts were on the Arpa-Chai river, then the frontier line. Neither side, as yet, showed any activity. The Russians were not in great strength, and the Turks had only just recovered from the evils of the winter. But in June the enemy showed that he was capable of striking a blow. On the 8th he made a simultaneous advance along the whole line. The Russians had formed the design of surprising Selim Pasha, who, with the Batoum army, had crossed the frontier and lay at Urzughetti. He had some 13,000 men and only thirteen guns. The project was that Prince Andronikoff should fall upon him, and in order to prevent the arrival of any aid from other quarters, it was arranged that the whole of the Turkish posts should be threatened at once. But the Russians

might have spared themselves the trouble, had they known that Selim and Zarif were jealous of each other, and did not act in concert. On the 8th of June the Russians threatened Ardahan, and the Turks reinforced the post, but no action took place. At the same time a body of Cossacks appeared near Bayazid; these were utterly routed by the Turkish irregulars. From Gumri Prince Bebutoff issued with 10,000 men of all arms. General Kmety fell back before him, and crossed the Kars-Chai. The Russians came up to the left bank of the stream, halted a short time, and then began to retreat. No sooner had they turned than Kmety followed. The enemy had retired over the Arpa-Chai, when Kmety crossing in pursuit attacked with so much rapidity and vigour that the Russian irregulars were dispersed, and the infantry obliged to turn and defend themselves. It was not until the guns opened that Kmety withdrew. This skirmish gained for the brave Hungarian the full confidence of his men. From that day the despised Bashi-Bazouks would follow him anywhere. In the meantime, Prince Andronikoff had pushed forward towards Urzughetti. Selim Pasha, alarmed at his approach, retreated in haste over the frontier. Compelled at length to stand, he took up a strong position, and received battle on the 16th of June. Here he was totally defeated, with the loss of all his guns and baggage; and he hurried with the wreck of his army to Batoum. The battle, however, was well fought by the troops, and the defeat is ascribed to the exhaustion of the men's ammunition. Thus the Russians again proved the superiority of discipline. The Batoum army was ruined and useless for further operations, and Prince Andronikoff was able to detach the greater part of his force towards Gumri. The Russians had opened the campaign with a fruitful victory.

In July, having nothing more to fear from the army of Batoum, Prince Bebutoff resolved to try the mettle of the Kars army, marched out of Gumri, and crossing the Arpa-Chai, encamped on Turkish territory within a few miles of the Pasha's camp at Soobattan and Hadji Veli Khoi. A solitary mountain rising out of the plain intervened between the two forces. Prince Bebutoff brought with him 15,000 men, and he probably designed to surprise the Turkish camp; but if so, he was not quick enough in his movements, for on the 3rd the whole army of Kars, leaving there a small garrison, arrived, and took up the position of Hadji Veli Khoi. Both armies were now reinforced. Kerim Pasha, a gallant old man, brought in the force which had been posted at Ardahan, raising the Turkish army to nearly 40,000 men. The

COLONEL WILLIAMS.

Russian detachments were called in, and Prince Bebutoff found himself at the head of 28,000 soldiers of all arms. An action seemed to be near, but the Turks were dilatory and the Russians cautious. On the 12th both armies were drawn up and approached each other, but just as they were about to close a furious thunderstorm broke over the plain; the field became a mass of mud, and both armies retired. At intervals these storms recurred, preventing battle. The Turkish commander, no soldier, did not know how to act. The Russians behaved like masters, and foraged on all sides with impunity. The Kurds, in the rear of the Turkish army, showed strong symptoms of disaffection, and the roads between Kars and Erzroum became unsafe. The Turkish soldiers, eager for battle, lost heart by the long delay, and, what was worse, lost confidence in their officers. For more than a month the Turks were kept quite inactive. On the 27th the Russians detached a force to plunder Perghet, and carry off all the wood in the houses, and Zarif Pasha offered no kind of opposition. On the 29th General Guyon reconnoitred the enemy's camp at the head of a thousand horse. The Russians turned out, and for once Zarif Pasha supported Guyon by sending Kerim Pasha with a strong force to protect his retreat, and followed it up by ordering the march of nearly all the army. The Turks offered, but the Russians declined battle, and retreated to their camp. During this period the only combats that had occurred had been fought by Kmety and his irregulars, who had on more than one occasion surprised and discomfited the enemy, and had once broken into his camp.

Prince Bebutoff had been playing a very wary and dangerous game, one that must have led to his destruction had he been opposed by a competent commander. The right wing of the Turks was at Bayazid, on the other side of Mount Ararat. Another Selim Pasha commanded there. He had under his orders 5,000 men and seven guns, and he was emphatically directed, if attacked, to fall back by Toprak-Kaleh upon Kars. During the inaction of Zarif Pasha, whose character the Russians accurately judged, Prince Bebutoff had actually ventured to detach 8,000 men and thirteen guns from his camp, with orders to proceed by Erivan upon Bayazid. When these Russians debouched from the mountains, Selim, instead of retreating, thought fit to fight a battle, and being the weaker party, and foolish besides, he was routed with the loss of seven guns, many hundred men, and large supplies of provisions. Then, instead of retreating towards Kars, he fled to Van, and thus threw open to the enemy the road to Erzroum. Thus the Russians gained a victory, occupied an important country well-supplied with cattle and sheep, and put a stop to all commerce between Persia and Turkey by barring the direct road followed by the caravans.

Having struck this blow, Prince Bebutoff became anxious for the return of his large detachment. The rumour in the Turkish camp was that the victors of Bayazid were pushing on for Erzroum. In reality they were counter-marching with commendable speed to strengthen Bebutoff, who had for a fortnight been at the mercy of Zarif Pasha. In this exigency, as soon as he learned the news of the defeat of Selim, Zarif resolved to fight Bebutoff. There was still time. The detachment was still on the march from Bayazid. But when he should have acted with decision, the Turk wavered and hesitated; and before he decided, the Russian army was again united in his front. It was on the 5th of August that he made up his mind to fight the next morning. He should have acted on the 2nd, when the enemy was still looking for his coming troops. It was now too late. The Bayazid detachment had rejoined Prince Bebutoff. The spies in the Turkish camp had informed the Russian of an intended movement. But the report carried into the enemy's camp was that the Turks were either about to attack or retreat to Kars. Prince Bebutoff prepared for the retreat by detaching a force to Perghet, but luckily for him he was informed in time, that, instead of retreating, the Turks were about to advance. He therefore recalled the detachment at once, and with a united force stood ready to meet his foe.

The Turkish plan had been decided in council. It was suggested by Guyon, and adopted by Zarif Pasha. The army was divided into two main columns, the right under Kerim Pasha, the left under Vely Pasha; and, of course, Zarif was to direct the whole. The Bashi-Bazouks, who mustered in great numbers, were to menace the Russian camp on both flanks; while a small detachment of all arms was to seize a height commanding the Russian left wing, and fall on at the proper time. The army was to be in motion at midnight, so that at dawn it might appear before the Russians and begin the battle. Accordingly, soon after midnight the army was put in motion. The right column made its way over the undulating plain in tolerable order, and arrived in position before dawn. But the left, struggling in the darkness over broken ground, fell into disorder, lost its way, and when the sun rose was still distant from the field. There on the hills to the right stood Kerim Pasha, with about 10,000 men, fronting the whole Russian army in order of battle; while the detached corps was on the heights commanding the Russian camp. Thus the Turks were in three fractions; the Russians in one compact mass.

The Turks had in the field a force of 20,000 infantry, 3,900 cavalry, 78 guns, and 8,000 or 9,000 Bashi-Bazouks. The Russians had 16,000 infantry, 2,600 cavalry, 64 guns, and 4,000 irregular horse. The Turks possessed the best and most numerous artillery, the worst possible cavalry, regular and irregular, and undisciplined infantry, but more numerous than that of the enemy, and, if well led, capable of conducting itself well. The Russian infantry was not so good as that in the Crimea, but their dragoons were admirable troops.

As soon as daylight enabled Prince Bebutoff to perceive the state of the Turkish army, he determined at once to throw upon the isolated right wing the whole weight of his guns and horse, and a strong force of infantry. As he closed with Kerim Pasha, General Guyon urged on the advance of the left wing, and the question now was, could Kerim withstand the onsets of the enemy until Vely Pasha's troops were able to join in the fray. Prince

Bebutoff had charged his front, and, directing his artillery and infantry upon the front of the Turks, moved his dragoons to the left, so that they might take the Turks in flank. The Russian infantry advanced, but fought very feebly. The Turkish artillery, splendidly served, did great execution. The Russian dragoons, however, riding resolutely onward, by their mere presence and loud shouts, scared away the whole of the Ottoman cavalry, leaving the guns unprotected. The Russians at once made a dash at the guns. The Emperor Nicholas had said that the Turkish artillery would be a hard nut to crack, and here his words were justified. The combat was now one between horse and guns. The brave Turks turned their pieces on the flood of horsemen pouring upon them, and the fire was so true that the dragoons were driven back. But they were gallant soldiers, and, re-forming, returned to the charge. In the interval the Russian infantry had been brought up again, and the Russian guns began to play upon the Turkish line. Deserted by their officers, the latter shook and wavered, and the greater part fled. Thus the artillery was left to contend with the dragoons. The flight of the infantry stimulated the latter; they made another rush, and were again defeated. But this could not continue. One more charge, driven home, and the gunners were sabred at their pieces, loading and firing to the last; and, passing through, the Russian horse rode down and sabred the infantry now hastening away. Kerim Pasha had remained to the last, exhorting his men to stand firmly: in vain, the whole wing was scattered, and the guns captured.

At this moment the Turkish left came into action, and Prince Bebutoff recalled his dragoons, thus saving the remnants of the unhappy right wing. The left column, led by Kmety and Guyon, attacked with such courage and impetuosity that the enemy began to give ground. The Turkish artillery again proved superior to that of the enemy. The whole body of Turkish infantry, inspired by the leading brigade, went frankly into the fight, and for a time victory seemed possible. Guyon, seeing the disorder of the Russian infantry, got together 4,000 horsemen. With Hungarians at Temesvar he had charged in 1849, and charged with success. Here the Turks at first promised well, and galloped forward, shouting loudly. Had they charged on, the day might have been won, for Prince Bebutoff confesses that his infantry were shaken, and the dragoons had not come up from the left. But the courage of the cavalry exhaled at the mere sight of an irresolute Russian column. A few more strides of the Turkish horse, and they would have won a victory. They suddenly halted, then turned, and rode off, leaving Guyon alone; just as Lord Uxbridge was left at Waterloo by a Belgian regiment. The Turkish infantry, seeing the horse flee, became infected with their fears; the Russian dragoons, heated with the slaughter they had made on the other wing, galloped up; the artillery poured in showers of grape, and the whole Turkish left wing disbanded, "in a confusion quite indescribable." The dragoons pursued, slaying and capturing for two or three miles, and then halted. The two armies had been contending under a hot sun in a waterless plain for seven hours; and although the whole Turkish army was within their grasp, the Russians were too fatigued and too severely smitten to clutch it. Had the Russians pursued, not a gun or a caisson would have reached Kars, and Prince Bebutoff would have been master of Armenia, from Gumri to Erzroum.

For the Turkish army lost all military form. The horsemen rode off in a flock; the foot soldiers were scattered over the plain in such utter disorder, that one writer says two men could not be seen together. This is an exaggeration, but it illustrates the confusion of the flight. The Turks did not run—they walked away; and many of those who escaped the grape and the sabre, as soon as they found they were not pursued, sank down on the grass, and fell at once into a deep sleep. The track to Kars looked like a battle-field strewn with dead. They did not even try to rally at the camp they had quitted in the morning. Prince Bebutoff told the Emperor in his report that he did not pursue, because "the enemy, beaten in the field, might yet make strong resistance behind the natural and artificial defences of his entrenched camp." But had he sent a sotnia of Cossacks against this formidable camp, he would have found no one there to defend it but a group of European officers, who were eagerly devouring scraps of cold mutton, bread, and a *paté de foie gras*. The real reason why the Prince did not pursue was because he could not trust his infantry or irregulars out of his sight, and that the heat and the Turkish gunners had cut in pieces his magnificent dragoons. So the Turkish army flowed back into Kars unmolested, and Turkish Armenia remained for another year in the hands of the Sultan.

The Turks lost 3,500 in killed and wounded, 2,000 in prisoners, and 15 guns. More than 6,000 men went home, but many of these returned, and for days the irregular cavalry were bringing in stragglers. Nearly all the Turkish officers ran away, and thus only one regimental commander was killed, and one general of brigade slightly wounded. The Russian loss was very great. They admit that upwards of 3,000 were killed or wounded, including no fewer than 111 officers, of whom 21 were killed. In truth, the Russian officers were obliged to expose themselves in order to stimulate the men, and had the Turks been as brave, the day might have had a different ending. The loss inflicted on the Russians is a terrible testimony to the efficiency of the Turkish artillery. Tahir Pasha, who commanded this arm, was educated at Woolwich. The Turks lost the battle, because they were commanded by an intriguer who had never been a soldier; because the troops were undrilled, and had no officers worthy of the name; because, with such troops and such officers, they were directed to make so perilous a movement as a night march; because their cavalry ran away, and because they fought in fragments. Such was the battle of Kuruk-Dereh. It took its name from a village within the Russian lines, and it tended to increase vastly the influence of the Russians in Asia.

The campaign in Armenia ended with this battle. On

the 17th of August, eleven days after his victory, Prince Bebutoff deemed it prudent to return to Gumri. The only reasons for this step which one can imagine are the lateness of the season, the weakness of the Russians in Georgia, and undue alarm at the news of an incursion by Schamyl. This chief had issued from his mountains in August, had penetrated some few miles towards Tiflis, and, seizing the wives of some Russian officers, had ridden back to his fastnesses. This diversion, though well-intended, is not likely to have misled Prince Bebutoff, who knew the habits of Schamyl and the extent of his power to harm. The fruits of the campaign, besides the three victories of Urzughetti, Bayazid, and Kuruk-Dereh, were many. The Turkish army was diminished and demoralised; the road from Turkey to Persia was rendered unsafe, and the Kurds were induced to revolt. Russia might well be proud of successes in Armenia, which were some compensation for losses on the Circassian coast of the Black Sea. As to the Turkish and European officers, Zarif Pasha was recalled, but not disgraced, while Guyon was recalled and placed on half-pay—an instance of ingratitude not peculiar to Turkey.

As it was foreseen that Russia would make fresh efforts in Asia, the British Government, moved by the reports of the British Consuls, who faithfully described the unhappy condition of the Kars army under its wretched and criminal commanders, appointed, on the 2nd of August, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams to be Her Majesty's Commissioner at the head-quarters of the Turkish army in Asia. He was to place himself in communication with Lord Raglan and Lord Stratford; to act as they directed; to keep them informed of all matters connected with the state of the Asiatic army, and to correspond with Lord Clarendon. Colonel Williams arrived at Constantinople on the 14th of August, and on the 19th he saw Lord Raglan at Varna. Returning to Constantinople, he was in constant communication with Lord Stratford until the 31st, when he sailed for Trebizond. On the 24th of September he reached Kars. With him went Lieutenant Teesdale, Dr. Sandwith, and Mr. Churchill. Throughout his journey he had kept an eye on the state of affairs, and long before he arrived at Kars had begun to pour serious complaints into Constantinople.

As soon as he had quitted Trebizond he encountered two siege guns deserted in the snow. On arriving at Erzroum he found that no provision had been made for the troops who were to winter there, and no adequate measures taken to defend the place. But it was on reaching Kars that the truth burst upon him in all its grossness—that the Sultan's army was a mere rabble in rags.

The muster-rolls of the Turkish army showed on paper a force of 22,754 men. The number actually existing, including sick, was 14,600—a clear proof of the peculation habitually practised by the Pashas. The clothes of these men were ragged and threadbare. Their trousers, shoes, and stockings, were not fit to be seen. They were subsisted from hand to mouth, and in October there were only provisions for three days in the magazine. Drill was altogether neglected. The infantry were armed with flint muskets, except a few battalions. The swords of the cavalry were short and useless. The artillery was good, but the men were as badly clothed and fed as their comrades. Of the officers we have already spoken. They could not be worse. The troops were twenty-two, eighteen, and fifteen months in arrears of pay. Of the little money sent from Constantinople, the specie had been seized by the Pashas, and paper given to the men. Colonel Williams represented this state of things to Lord Stratford and Lord Clarendon; and both did their utmost to induce the Turkish Government to remedy evils of such magnitude. But they only partially succeeded. Instead of sending a competent Moslem—and there were one or two—the Porte sent first a drunken Pasha, who did all he could to thwart the aims of Colonel Williams; who for a long time was successful; who in the end was got rid of, but not until he had done very great mischief. In November Colonel Williams returned to Erzroum in order that he might thence enforce the measures necessary for the supply and reinforcement of the army. Captain Teesdale was left at Kars to look after the feeding, accommodation, and drill of the troops. Both these officers had arduous tasks before them, especially as Colonel Williams had not been yet appointed a Lieutenant-General in the Sultan's service; a neglect chargeable on Lord Stratford, whose only excuses were the slowness of the Turkish officials, and the vastness of his own employments. At a later period this neglect was remedied, and the position and authority of the British Commissioner strengthened by a commission to act as Lieutenant-General. It is worthy of remark, that in his commission he was styled Williams Pasha; an innovation on Turkish custom. This is the first appointment of a Christian to a high rank in the Turkish service under his proper name. Previously all Christians in the service of the Porte had received Moslem names—such as Ismail, Omer, Ferhad. Shukri Pasha, the insolent drunkard sent to succeed Zarif, was recalled, and Vassif Pasha, an honest man, but of little energy and no talent, was appointed in his stead.

In executing the laborious task of fortifying Erzroum, preparing barracks, obtaining transport, making arrangements for supplies of grain and forage, pressing for reinforcements, pay, clothing, arms, accoutrements, the British officers at Kars and Erzroum passed the winter. Besides contending with jealous Pashas, General Williams found himself obliged to use his influence in Kurdistan to put an end to a dangerous insurrection. He was well known to the Kurds, and when he proposed terms they not only trusted to British honour, but the leader surrendered. In the spring General Williams found it necessary to ask for additional help, and the British Government sent him from the Indian army, Colonel Lake, Captain Olpherts, and Captain Thompson, the whole of whom reached Kars in March, 1855. Under the direction of Colonel Lake, and with the aid of these officers, the rough, dilapidated, and badly-placed entrenchments about Kars were rectified, and new works were constructed. It was known that the enemy was

collecting a large force in Georgia, under General Mouravief, an officer of skill and experience, who had taken part in the campaigns of 1828-9, when not only Kars was taken, but Erzroum, and when the Russians, under Paskiewitch, threatened Trebizond. There was, therefore, no time to lose, and as soon as the snow melted, and work became practicable, Colonel Lake began his task.

The town of Kars stands in the midst of mountains, on a plateau, some 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has been a place of strength for centuries. Persian, Armenian, Turk, have made it a stronghold, and for good reason. It covers the roads from Gumri to Erzroum, and is on the flank of the roads to that place from Bayazid. Built on the right bank of the Kars-Chai, where that stream, quitting one gorge in the hills, sweeps round a stretch of meadow to enter another gorge, defended by old walls and a lofty keep, Kars had repulsed Nadir Shah in 1735, and the Russians in 1807. But its defences proved to be too weak to resist a skilful soldier, and Prince Paskiewitch took it from the Turks in three days in 1828. In fact, the fortress was commanded by the Karadagh on the east, and by the mountains across the river on the west. Therefore, when the European officers reached the town in 1854, they set about remedying these defects, by fortifying the Karadagh, surrounding the town suburb with low entrenchments, and throwing up two or three works on the high ground upon the left bank commanding the place. Colonel Lake found these works very imperfectly adapted for the defence of the town, and it was his business to supply what was required. Having formed a corps of eighty sappers, "all of whom became in a short time very expert," he began, in the second week in April, to reconstruct the defences, and by the end of May he had completed such works as then seemed desirable. They comprised a strong line of parapets, flanked by redans and redoubts to the south-east of the town, extending from the Karadagh southwards for three-quarters of a mile, westwards for double the distance, and then running north-west back to the Kars-Chai. Two redoubts—Hafiz Pasha Tabia and Kanli Tabia—were constructed at the eastern and western angles. The Karadagh was fortified afresh and connected with the town by a covered way, while another line ran to the north-west to an elevation, where it terminated in a redoubt called the Arab Tabia. An inner line, or retrenchment, with flanking works, was thrown up close to the suburb. Pontoon bridges were thrown over the river to facilitate the passage of troops from one bank to the other, saving time in the transit. On the left bank, the heights immediately commanding the town were entrenched. Three redoubts, named after Colonel Lake and others, and called the English lines, stretched from an eminence due west of the Karadagh to the river below the town; and above the town, and commanding it, the river and the bridges, there was a large redoubt, named after Vassif Pasha. These works, as events showed, were still insufficient. The English lines, though commanding everything eastward, were not the true key of the place; but that fact had to be demonstrated by the enemy. At the end of May the place was secure from an assault on the east—that is, on the side of Gumri—and on the south; but not yet on the west—that is, on the side of Erzroum. If the reader can imagine a deep and precipitous and tortuous gorge, through which a river worked its way northward—a Turkish town surrounded by old battlements, a venerable but useless keep, a plain stretching to the south, high mountains to the east, and still higher to the west, and the whole surface on that side seamed with ravines and rough with mountains, all bare and treeless, he will have some faint idea of Kars and its entrenched camp—a camp the enemy must take before he dared to venture as far as Erzroum. In this camp, at the beginning of May, there were 10,000 infantry, 1,500 artillerymen, and 1,500 useless cavalry. Subsequently this force was largely increased, but it never exceeded 20,000 men of all arms. There was also a small force at Toprac-Kaleh, a strong position on the road from Bayazid to Erzroum. This force was under Vely Pasha, assisted by Major Olpherts, and in the event of an advance of the enemy on that side, with the view of moving upon Erzroum, without assailing Kars, Vely Pasha was ordered to fall back upon the fortified lines of Erzroum. These lines consisted of an outpost at the pass of Deve-Boynou, the junction of the two roads from Kars and Bayazid to Erzroum, and very strong works on the heights commanding the town.

The great object of General Williams was to create a strong and impregnable camp at Kars, and to store up provisions there to such an extent that the garrison would be able to hold out until the winter, when it was assumed the enemy would be compelled, by stress of weather, to quit the bleak highlands, and seek shelter in Gumri. Erzroum was in like manner made strong, so that it might serve as a base for the Kars army, should that army be able to keep open its communications; and as a place where a force might assemble in safety to relieve Kars, or at least to harass the enemy, and make his position intolerable. But these long-sighted views were frustrated by the wretched organisation of the Turks, the corruption and sloth of the Pashas, and the inability of their regulars to act in the open field. The stores intended for Kars never reached that place, and it is a marvel how it held out so long.

There is no doubt now that the Russians were very well informed of the state of things on the Turkish side. they knew that the allies, engaged so deeply in the Crimea, would not spare any European troops for service in Asia; and that, for reasons of his own, the French Emperor would not consent to the employment of the best Turkish troops and Omer Pasha, the best Moslem general, in Armenia. This made them bold. At the end of May General Mouravief had assembled 35,000 men and sixty-four guns at Gumri; and in the beginning of June he crossed the Arpa-Chai, and encamped on Turkish territory. General Williams, hearing this, set out at once from Erzroum, and on the 7th of June arrived at Kars. He did not appear a moment too soon. Vassif Pasha had just proposed a retrograde movement on Erzroum, and Mouravief had pitched his camp on the

Kars-Chai, eight miles north-east of the town. The presence of Williams inspired the garrison with fresh courage, and put an end to the doubts in the minds of the Pasha. The Kars army was destined to stand by Kars to the last.

The Russian general was a skilful soldier. As soon as he moved out of Gumri and took post at Zaim, about eight miles north of Kars, he halted, and sent out strong detachments to Ardahan and Tchildir among the mountains on his right flank, with the double object of collecting or destroying stores and ascertaining whether the Turks at Batoum were preparing to assist their comrades at Kars. He soon found that the Batoum army was not likely to trouble him, and such was his correct estimate of its value, that for the rest of the campaign he scarcely troubled himself about the doings of that force. Accordingly, on the 14th of June, he drew nearer to Kars, and being powerful in cavalry, he, on that day, drove the whole of the Turkish horsemen watching the valley back upon the entrenched camp. Colonel Lake was present at this skirmish, and he has admitted that it afforded him a valuable experience of the uselessness of the Turkish horse in the field. But he is candid enough to add that all blame must not be thrown on the men. "Had they been well-horsed and armed, and better officered, they would have felt some confidence in themselves, and have retired in a more soldier-like manner." The 16th of June was the great day of the Turkish feast of Bairam. The proximity of the enemy, however, caused a suspension of the festive ceremonies. But the Russian, knowing Turkish habits, judged it would be otherwise, and early in the morning appeared with his whole army. The cavalry outposts were not far from the front of the town works, and feeling some confidence in the guns, if not in themselves, allowed the Cossacks of the Line to approach within a few hundred yards before they fled. The enemy's horse, eager to dash into the camp on the heels of the fugitives, rode on without a thought of the guns on the Karadagh. But the gunners there, under Captain Thompson, seizing the favourable moment, opened a telling fire, and brought the Cossacks to a dead stand. The Turks immediately rallied, but though they followed the enemy—at a distance—did him no harm. The Russian army then withdrew.

COLONEL LAKE.

General Mouravief had inspected the approaches and defences fronting the road to Gumri, and, satisfied that he could not break in on that side, he quitted his camp on the 18th, and, marching in order of battle, crossed that road within sight of the garrison, but far out of range, and encamped on the south side, about four miles

from the town. This cautious mode of going to work showed that the general feared to risk an assault. He seemed to be feeling his way about the fortress, but in such a manner, that, although he respected the Turks behind earthworks, he clearly had no fear of them in the field. Posted now close to the road to Erzroum, his cavalry threatened the direct communications with that place, and forced the couriers of the garrison to take a wide sweep to the north through the mountains, in order to carry the dispatches to Erzroum. From his new camp his cavalry went forth and secured or wasted several small magazines which the reckless idleness of

CAPTAIN TEESDALE.

the Turks had left exposed. For a few days heavy falls of rain suspended all movement, but as soon as the rain ceased, the Russian general once more, under cover of a great display of force, reconnoitred the south or town side. The Russian officers thought their general was about to attack. The Turks were on the alert, and every parapet and battery was manned. But at the end of an hour the Russians countermarched and returned to their camp. This was on the 26th of June. Mouravief had made up his mind that he would lose too many men in risking an assault, and knowing that the Turks could not act in the field, he determined to starve them into submission. On the 29th he divided his army into two parts, leaving one to watch Kars, and proceeding with the other himself over the mountains towards Erzroum. The movement of Mouravief on to the Erzroum road had already induced Vely Pasha to retire from Toprak-Kaleh to Kupri-Keui, so as to place himself between Mouravief and the capital of Armenia. The Russian general's object, however, was not Erzroum. He had learned that there was a Turkish magazine in an exposed situation at Yeni-Keui. It was of the last importance to the garrison of Kars, and its stores ought long before to have been moved into that camp. There were two months' supplies at Yeni-Keui. Upon these Mouravief pounced, with the swoop of an eagle, and what he could not carry away he destroyed.

In the meantime the march of the enemy to the Erzroum side had convinced Colonel Lake that the entrenchments on the western side must be increased; for the hills to the west and south-west actually commanded Fort Lake and the English lines, upon which the safety of the place depended. These hills were called Tachmasb, and they were at first crowned by a simple breastwork, with openings for a few guns. But when General Mouravief returned, on the 6th of July, from his expedition towards Erzroum, and a few days afterwards made a reconnoissance, in force, on the side

of the Tachmasb, it was found that the weak entrenchments there must be strengthened, lest the enemy should seize them by a rush, and so become master of a position which, in a short time, would have given him Kars: wherefore the Turks were again set to work. "All the troops in garrison, except those on duty," writes Colonel Lake, "were thus kept constantly employed, and nothing could exceed the cheerfulness and dexterity with which they worked." Mouravief still hesitated to close with an entrenched camp, around which, as his officers said, batteries and parapets rose as if by magic. When he arrived in June he found the town side barred against him. At that time the Tachmasb plateau was undefended. He changed his camp to that side; when, lo! by means of English skill and Turkish readiness, lines of works grew up under his eyes, and rendered these hills impregnable. Before the middle of August the plateau, 1,200 yards in length, was crowned with a parapet, supported by two closed redoubts, and well armed. Between Tachmasb and Fort Lake, on a knoll, an intermediate work was constructed. Not content with this, and determined to leave nothing to chance, a line of breastworks was made on a strip of rock trending away from the right flank of Tachmasb, and commanding everything around. Thus the spirits of the garrison were kept up, and confidence inspired, by the very labours whose results made Kars absolutely impregnable. But the extent of the entrenchments had become so great that a horseman, at a walking pace, was occupied three hours in making a complete circuit of these lines. Had the Russian force been more numerous, this would have ensured the capture of the place, because Mouravief would have been able to make many feints, and one real assault; but, as he had not an army large enough for that method, the extent of the works of Kars was not an evil.

Unable to press in on any side, the Russian general again resorted to his former plan of scouring the country, almost to the gates of Erzroum; and he did this, because he was resolved that no chance of receiving supplies should remain to the Kars army. It was tantalising in the extreme to the steadfast garrison to witness the passage of large convoys to the Russian camp, and not to be able to offer them the least molestation. Week by week these long trains of wagons, guarded by cavalry and infantry, swept by out of range of the guns of the Turks; yet there were thousands of irregular cavalry at Erzroum, at Olti, at Penuck, at Hassan-Kaleh. General Mouravief, however, knew their worth, and did as he pleased. On the 2nd of August he once more marched a large force towards Erzroum. Vely Pasha fell back before him from Kupri-Keui to Deve-Boynou. There was panic, consternation in Erzroum. All the Pashas, except Tahir and Hafiz, were helpless. The Bashi-Bazouks rode about plundering the villages, and flying at the mere mention of the enemy. Guns were mounted in haste, and councils held; but the terror and imbecility of the Turkish officers were so manifest that Consul Brant was on the point of sending his family to Trebizond. General Mouravief, over-cautious, did not move beyond Hassan-Kaleh. He remained there long enough to frighten the Turks, although he had only 8,000 men to match against their 25,000. But his men were soldiers; their men were rabble. It is, however, due to Vely Pasha and Major Olpherts to say, that they kept their little band of regulars at Deve-Boynou in front of the enemy. But had the enemy assailed the pass, it is not clear that the Turks would have beaten him off.

During this expedition of General Mouravief towards Erzroum, General Brunner, commanding the besieging army, advanced against the town defences on the 8th of August. He brought up large masses of infantry, cavalry, and guns, with the object of enticing the Turks out of their lines. Not only did he fail, but he managed to get within range of the ordnance in the south-west redoubt, called Kanli Tabia, and suffered a severe loss in killed and wounded, including a general. This was the last experiment on the plain; the enemy thenceforth turned his attention to the western heights; and, seeing this close scrutiny, Colonel Lake completed those defences which we have previously described. At the end of August General Mouravief returned to the camp. The approaches to Kars were more closely watched than ever. Desertion began in the garrison, and was not stopped until some men, caught in the act, were shot. There were signs of mutiny among the irregulars from Lazistan, and the same stern remedy had to be applied. Spies were ferreted out and hung. The garrison now began to be pinched for food. The men were on three-quarter rations in the middle of August, on half rations in the first week of September. Forage could no longer be cut outside. The stores of barley had come to an end. All the cavalry were, therefore, sent away, and many score managed to pass the Russian pickets, but some hundreds were taken. The plan of capture by blockade was slowly securing success. The Russian grasp grew tighter; the garrison weaker. The appeals of General Williams for aid were in vain.

Not that they were unheeded; not that generals, diplomatists, ministers, emperors did not write and talk about the straits of the Kars army, and about plans for its relief. Schemes were devised in Constantinople, in London, in the Crimea. Elaborate calculations were made; estimates for land and sea transport, estimates for provisions, stores, clothing, ammunition, tools, tents, were framed. As early as June—but that was a thought too late—we read of plans for the relief of Kars. The British Government felt all the importance to British interests of a stout defence at least of Armenia. They knew that Russian success would diminish their influence in Persia, and possibly shake their power in India. Precisely for that reason the French Emperor was indisposed to aid in or consent to any timely or reasonable plan. He was not desirous of preventing Russia from winning victories in Asia. He could not be hostile to an ally fighting by his side, but he could be, and was, indifferent and obstructive. As early as July it was proposed that an expedition should sail for Redout Kaleh, on the Mingrelian coast, and landing there,

should so threaten Kutais and Tiflis that Mouravief, alarmed, would be compelled to quit Kars in order to defend the heart of Georgia. But the British Government did not approve of this plan, preferring the direct advance of a relieving army from Trebizond upon Erzroum. The British had raised a Turkish contingent under British officers; but Lord Clarendon would not consent to its employment, on the ground that it was not fit to cope with Russians in the field. Omer Pasha proposed to take his own troops from Balaklava, and others gathered up from Bulgaria and Batoum, and land at Redout Kaleh. To this the French Emperor would not consent, on the ground that they could not be spared from the Crimea. As the matter grew more urgent the plans for the relief of Kars increased; but the obstructions to the formation of the army were so great, the Governments could agree upon so few points, that weeks —nay, months—passed, and, as we shall see, Sebastopol fell, and Kars resisted an assault, before the relieving army could be formed and sent across the Black Sea. All this was well understood by Mouravief; and he was so little alarmed on the score of the safety of Tiflis that he received reinforcements from, instead of sending any to Georgia. The alliance did not work when the security of the Turkish frontier in Asia was in question; for that security involved no French interest, and, consequently, every plan was frustrated, either by opposition in Paris or opposition in the Crimea. Thus Kars and its gallant defenders were left to strive with two deadly foes—a tenacious Russian general, and starvation.

And manfully they strove. Throughout September they were severely tried. It was with the utmost difficulty now that foot messengers could carry letters through the Russian lines. There were several British officers at Erzroum—Major Stuart, Captain Cameron, Captain Peel—but, in spite of their strenuous exertions, not a man could be moved. There was a goodly force of cavalry at Pennek, between Kars and Olti. Stuart and Cameron went thither to persuade Ali Pasha, the commandant, to venture on a dash through the lines, each horseman carrying barley. He would not budge a foot. While Cameron was there a Russian detachment, guided through mountain defiles where the horsemen had to march in single file, suddenly descended upon the Turkish camp, and in an instant regulars and Bashi-Bazouks were in full flight for Olti. Cameron—whose bravery had spurred him on to make at least a show of resistance—firing a gun, was nearly captured. The whole force was dissolved; the stores of grain and the camp were destroyed, and the guns captured. Thus, the Russians dispersed the last force and burned the last stores that might have been of use to the Kars army. That army had now lost 1,500 from cholera. For a moment it was cheered by the news of the fall of Sebastopol, brought in by seven gallant horsemen on the 23rd of September. Arslan Aga, their leader, broke through the Russian pickets by stratagem. He rode up to the outposts, trusting to his knowledge of Russian to deceive them. When challenged, he boldly called out that the field officer of the day was approaching. Then spurring their horses, these brave men dashed through the pickets before they could resist. Arslan Aga was mortally wounded a week afterwards in the battle of Kars, which it is now our business to relate.

General Mouravief had heard of the projected advance of Omer Pasha's troops from Batoum, as he was told, and of another relieving army from Erzroum, upon Kars; and believing the reports, resolved to assault Kars on the 29th of September. This led to a conflict which claims and deserves a high place among great military actions. The Russian general had the command of more than 30,000 men. He selected for attack the heights to the westward, which General Kmety occupied with a garrison of 6,450 men, whereof 5,270 were infantry. These heights he resolved to surprise by an assault at daybreak on all points, while a diversion was made on the town side. The reader will remember that the course of the Kars-Chai was northward; that the town stood on the right bank, and that it was defended on that side by the Karadagh Mountain, and the entrenchments on the plain beneath; that on the western or left bank there were two plateaux, one commanding the other, and that these plateaux were entrenched, so that the second or inner line of the camp—the English lines—rested on the brink of the river-banks to the north, and extended thence a mile and a quarter in a south-westerly direction; and that the first line, facing the west, stretched for about a mile along the heights of Tachmasb. The ground to the north of the English lines was open to the march of an enemy, and Tachmasb could be turned on its left flank—that is, between the extreme left of the breastworks and the river. General Mouravief's plan was to make a simultaneous attack from the west on the front of Tachmasb, while a column turned its flank; at the same time another column was to carry the English lines, and being joined by the main body from the west, the whole would have Kars at their mercy.

General Kmety, who commanded at Tachmasb, was a most excellent soldier. He was not only brave and skilful, he was vigilance itself. He was seconded by Captain Teesdale, Lieutenant Tüköri, a Hungarian—who was subsequently killed in Sicily, fighting under Garibaldi—and by Hussein Pasha, a Circassian, who commanded the best brigade of Turkish troops, and was himself a very able soldier. It was the habit of the English officers to keep a strict watch by night, that they might guard against a surprise, and General Kmety had long made all his preparations for meeting the very attack which was impending. Captain Teesdale rode round the lines every night. On the night of the 28th, he had taken his route along the inner works, and ere day broke on the 29th, looking westward, he saw the flash of a gun. Without waiting to hear the report, he spurred his horse and galloped off towards the warning flame. The battle had begun.

The head-quarters of General Kmety were behind the centre of his lines. Thither, about three on the morning of the 29th, came messengers from the outposts. A weak cordon of riflemen was posted down the

slope in front of the works. The messengers brought the news that the enemy was advancing. The general at once ordered the reserves to turn out without noise, sent Major Aali Aga to look after his guns, and forwarded the exciting news to General Williams and Vassif Pasha, who were in Tek-Tabia, across the river. Kmety himself, certain that Hussein Pasha would be on the alert, went first to the centre and then to the right. It was an inspiriting moment. The moon was high, and obscured only by flitting clouds; yet not much could be seen. Men thought they heard the noise of moving masses down in the darkness; they looked and listened. Kmety, an old soldier, knew the "signs" of an approaching foe. Gazing intently from his rocks, he at first remarked that in the valley, "some parts of the ground were darker than others, not unlike the contrasts of ploughed and pasture lands lying in a distant plain." But the darker parts were seen to *move*, and then to remain still. "The valley became continually more and more full of these fields of shadow." Placing his ear to the ground, the brave Hungarian heard the noise of wheels moving gently through the valley. Then he knew that the fields of shadow were columns of armed men, and that the noise of wheels proceeded from the motion of hostile cannon. Soon he saw that "these grey masses" were moving against Hussein Pasha, on the left, and Rennison's lines, the right entrenchments. On both sides there was silence. The Turks, keen and eager, were kept close. The guns were loaded, and the matches were ready. General Kmety, having nothing to fear for his right flank and rear, drew out his whole strength, in order to force back the foe at once at the weakest spot—Rennison's lines—where the ground being more even in front, the issue could be the more rapidly determined. He posted his reserves, and disposed of his guns. The reader will imagine three dense columns, supported by artillery, tramping in the dark; one against the right, one against Yusek-Tabia, in the centre; the third and heaviest against the left flank of Tachmasb. These columns were distant about 1,200 yards when General Kmety ordered the artillery to break the silence. Aali Aga fired the first gun—the flash of which sent Teesdale bounding towards the post of danger. The whole Turkish line began to fire; the enemy answered without energy; but his infantry columns "burst upon us with a continuous thunder of cheers."

The Russian left column, exposed to a heavy fire of artillery, marched steadily on. Neither the round-shot, nor, as it came nearer, the grape-shot, and then the musketry, converging upon its head, and searching its flanks, nor the rocky ground it traversed, stopped the majestic march of these noble troops. For half an hour it was tormented with shot, and yet it still moved forward. When about a hundred yards from the works, the head of the column, its patience exhausted, opened fire, but still without halting. On it came. General Kmety now brought up fifty rifles of the Sultan's Guard, and formed them parallel to the head of the column. It was now enveloped in fire; nevertheless, these stubborn Russians pressed up to within ten yards of the ditch. That was the limit of their advance. Brave men as they were, they could bear no more; they slowly turned, and slowly fell back on their guns. The Turks had exhausted their ammunition, and the men were flinging stones at the retiring foe. The artillery was deficient in grape-shot. The Turks had no horsemen. The enemy was beaten; he might have been destroyed. In the track of the column lay a thousand corpses, and from the pouches of their dead enemies the Turks, leaping over the parapets, replenished their empty pouches.

At this moment of victory Kmety learned that Yarim ai-Tabia, on his left, had been captured; that the Tachmasb lines had been turned, and that Hussein Pasha was shut up in the Tachmasb Redoubt. To rally his men, Kmety called out that the foe was in the rear; and at this call they ran back to their ranks.

From the enemy's centre column a few hundred men had been detached, and these, rushing upon Yarim-ai, had frightened the officer in command there out of the work. He ran into Yusek-Tabia, just as Teesdale galloped up with his interpreter, Mr. Rennison, and took command. The centre column itself, supported by the right column, which swept round the left of the Tachmasb lines, was in such force, and moved with such vigour, that Hussein Pasha, feeling he could not resist, drew his men from the breastworks into the Tachmasb Redoubt. So that, soon after the combat began before Rennison Lines, the Turks were deprived of all their defences on the left and centre except the two redoubts, Yusek and Tachmasb. The enemy cheered as he poured along in rear of the breastworks and took possession of the lines of Turkish tents. He pushed on battalion after battalion, with drums beating and colours flying, deeming, no doubt, that the day was won. It was far from being so. Teesdale, in Yusek, was repelling the enemy with great loss, after a deadly encounter on the parapets, in which he crossed swords with the Russian leader. Hussein Pasha, steadfast as a rock in Tachmasb, was maintaining a rapid fire of artillery upon the dense Russian columns. Kmety was approaching with four companies of rifles of the Guard. Yanik Mustapha Bey had come down with a battalion from Fort Lake at the first alarm, but the force of the Russians in the tents stopped him. He was wounded, but firm; and sheltering his men under a stone wall built to protect the camp kitchen from the wind, he maintained the combat. To dislodge him, the enemy moved a force upon his rear; but at that moment Hussein Pasha, seizing the occasion, sallied from the redoubt; Yanik dashed forward with soldierly promptitude, and both cutting their way back, regained the redoubt. This feat was performed in the presence of 15,000 Russians. About the same time Kerim Pasha, always foremost where there was peril, with an aide-de-camp and four Kurds, rode through the enemy, and, greeted by the hurrahs of the Turks, dashed up to the side of Hussein Pasha. There he sat, throughout the combat, conspicuous on horseback, composed, yet alert,

and constantly smoking his pipe, amid a storm of shot which killed two horses under him.

The energetic conduct of Teesdale had, in the interim, enabled the Turks in Yusek to hurl back two successive assaults, delivered from different sides. Sixteen Russian guns, drawn up in the rear of the extreme left of the Tachmasb lines, now came into action and pounded the Turks; but General Williams and Mr. Churchill, from Vassif and Tek-Tabias, brought a heavy cross-fire to bear upon these guns, and drove them away. At this time Kmety had reached Yusek-Tabia, and organising a column of assault, made a rapid charge at the head of the Sultan's Guards, "gallant youths of Stamboul," as he calls them, who shouting, "Long live the Padishah!" fell on with the bayonet, and cleared the breastworks of Yarim-ai. Tachmasb Redoubt was now quite surrounded. The enemy were massed on all sides, and so close that the grape from the redoubt made horrible havoc. The Russian artillery on the exterior front were throwing shells, but more burst among their own infantry in the tents than in the redoubt. Their skirmishers were in the ditch of the parapet on the proper right of the redoubt, but unable to go farther. A reinforcement of two battalions of Turks, under Zaccaria Bey, had come up and posted themselves behind the walls of the field kitchens, where they stood fast while the Cossacks rode and plundered far in rear.

The object of General Kmety was to disengage the Tachmasb Redoubt, by carrying aid to the brave Hussein Pasha. He formed a fresh column of assault, supported it by two field guns from Yusek, and thinking he could drive the enemy from the proper right of Tachmasb, he charged and stormed in with such heartiness and velocity that the enemy were driven out or killed where they stood. Thus he placed himself in communication with Hussein Pasha on his right and Zaccaria Bey on his left. Captain Halil Bey, a young officer of rifles, foremost in this charge, was wounded in the foot. He mounted a stray horse, got the ball extracted by the first field surgeon he met, and, in a short time, with his maimed foot in bandages, appeared again at the head of his company.

The chances of victory, although the enemy made no way against Tachmasb, were not altogether against him; for just about the time that Kmety recovered Yarim-ai, a strong force of infantry, cavalry, and guns appeared before the English lines. These works were not well placed; they were weakly manned; the ground in front fell so rapidly that an advancing foe could not be seen until he came within grape range. About a quarter to seven the Russians crowned the ridge, fired three rounds, and in ten minutes were masters of the lines. The Turks fled into Williams Pasha Tabia, a work on the edge of the cliff, with its rear to the river. The enemy's infantry piled arms, and breaking down a part of the parapet, he poured a battery through, and began shelling the town and firing into Fort Lake. It is probable that this force was directed to hold the ground won until joined by the enemy from the West. But this could not be permitted. Arab Tabia opened on them. Captain Thompson dragged a 32-pounder from the eastern to the western side of the Karadagh. Colonel Lake turned three guns from th front to the rear of his fort. This cross fire inflicted severe losses on the enemy. Thompson's gun drove him from Teesdale Tabia on the extreme right, and when he took refuge on the other redoubts, the shot of the gun followed his steps; while from the Arab Tabia, Lieutenant Koch, a Prussian officer, crossed his fire with that of Thompson. Yet the Russians stood gallantly for an hour and a half. At the end of that time a body of infantry, sent by Thompson and another, under Kadri Bey, a good soldier, sent by General Williams, had wound their way across the river, and, uniting with a battalion pushed forward by Colonel Lake, charged the enemy with the bayonet, and drove him out of the lines. In this contest the townspeople and the irregular riflemen from Lazistan joined. The Russian horse essayed a charge, but fell under the fire from the reconquered parapets, and rolled over each other in the deep holes, called *trous de loup*, which had been dug in front of the lines. The enemy carried off five guns. As he drew out of range a singular incident occurred. One of the battalions engaged at Tachmasb had been cut off, and Colonel Kauffman, its commander, determined to fight his way through the entrenched camp, and make an exit towards the north. He marched straight towards Tchakmak; but ever and anon he came within range of the guns, first of Yusek, then of Fort Lake, then of Tetek, turned round for that purpose. They persevered and got off, with the loss of 250 men; the cavalry which had charged the English lines, and its horse artillery, protecting their escape. Colonel Kauffman thereby won the order of St. George.

The fighting about the Tachmasb Redoubt was going on with great fierceness; but, from the moment the Russians were driven away from the English lines, the issue of the day ceased to be doubtful. When Kmety first recaptured the right breastwork at Tachmasb, the enemy stood firmly in the tents within fifty paces. The men stepped out of the tents to fire, and went inside to re-load. But Kmety brought his two field-pieces into action, and put an end to that practice. Within the redoubts the Turks wanted cartridges. Hussein Pasha supplied the want by heading sorties. Thus, part of the garrison was employed in stripping off the pouches of the killed and wounded, and throwing them to their comrades, who maintained the fire. The battalions behind the field kitchen now edged down towards the redoubt, and strengthened the defence. The heavy guns of the forts in the second line came into play, so that the dogged enemy were in a circle of fire. To the last he was supplied with fresh troops, but these did not do more than augment the slain. At length the Turks took the offensive. The enemy stole away towards the left, and sought to escape out of the lines. A reinforcement of Turks, brought up by Lieutenant Tüköri, fell upon him as he was retreating. Hussein Pasha and Teesdale sallied forth, and Kmety placed four field guns in battery. So far as their slender means allowed—and they had few horses—the Turks pressed the retreat of the

Russians, and drove off their remaining guns. The battle was at an end; it had raged for seven hours; and during that time a mere handful of Turks, well led, had defeated three times their own number. There are few battles more remarkable for the stubbornness of both sides than this battle of Kars. The Turks had 1,094 killed or wounded; the Russians had at least 6,500 killed, for the bodies were buried by the garrison. They had two generals killed, and three wounded; and other officers among the killed were reckoned by hundreds.

Although the garrison had won a victory, their sufferings were not at an end. It was hoped that General Mouravief would retreat, not only because he had been so thoroughly beaten, but because Omer Pasha was at length afoot, and troops were about to land at Trebizond. But Mouravief did not go; on the contrary, he began to erect permanent huts. Nor did he relax the rigour of the blockade. He drew his lines more closely around Kars; for he knew the plight of the garrison. He judged that no relief would arrive; and he judged correctly. Selim Pasha did not land at Trebizond until the 11th of October; he did not make his appearance at Erzroum until the 25th. The British officers there, and Consul Brant, plied him with every kind of stimulant to provoke him to advance upon Mouravief's rear. He knew the state of the garrison of Kars, but he would not undertake the task. He marched a little way, when his heart failed him, and he halted. All hope of aid from that side was at an end. Omer Pasha, with a really fine army, had landed at Sukhum-Kaleh at the end of October. He was an immense distance from Kutais and Tiflis. On the 5th of November he forced the passage of the Ingour, winning a brilliant but useless victory. Moving on through Mingrelia, he approached Kutais, until the rains began to fall, and the swollen streams and deep roads brought him to a halt. Then he retreated to Redout Kaleh. In the meantime Kars had fallen a prey to famine. The movements of Omer Pasha had been absolutely without any influence on the result.

The glorious garrison of Kars actually managed to maintain itself for two months after the battle of the 29th of September. The cholera returned, and slew a thousand men in a fortnight. The rations of the troops were reduced to eleven ounces of bread, and some very weak soup, containing an ounce of nutriment. The hospitals grew fuller day by day. The people and soldiers tore up the grass, to feed on the roots. Some of the grain abstracted from the magazines, and a depôt of coffee and sugar, accidentally discovered, came in most opportunely as a relief. The horses remaining were now killed sparingly, and from the flesh broth was made. Hunger and cold—for the clothing of the troops was worn out—drove scores daily to the hospital, where they died. The vultures and the dogs grew fat upon carcasses of dead horses; the men, and women, and children failed and withered. "With hollow cheeks, tottering gait, and that peculiar feebleness of voice so characteristic of famine, the soldiers yet clung to the batteries." They never failed in duty or loyalty; neither want of food, nor hope deferred, nor the incessant night alarms of the foe, shook these patient, faithful men. Three days' provisions were collected in the batteries, for a false report had come that Selim Pasha was near, and it was thought advisable to be ready for a sortie. The hungry soldiers stood sentry over these provisions, yet did not touch a single biscuit. Then snow fell; the scanty grass was hidden; its roots were difficult to obtain. At length the people, who had borne their suffering well, cried out that they could bear no more. Mothers brought their children to the military council, and placing them at the feet of the officers, exclaimed, "Take and keep these children, for we have no bread to give them." General Williams now received a message from Consul Brant, saying that Selim Pasha would not move; that Omer Pasha was too far off, and that the Kars garrison had nothing to depend on but itself. At first it was resolved to attempt a retreat; but this, it was seen, was impracticable. Then it was resolved to surrender. Thereupon General Williams and Captain Teesdale repaired on the 25th of November to the Russian camp and with the permission of the former, General Kmety and General Colman—Hungarian refugees, remember—rode through the Russian outposts, and reached Erzroum.

Mouravief was quite prepared to treat. At first, however, he seemed disposed to exact hard terms. But General Williams said there must be a conditional surrender on terms. "'If you grant not those,' said General Williams, 'every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you may work your will on a famished crowd.' 'I have no wish,' answered Mouravief, 'to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long-suffering army, which has covered itself with glory, and only yields to famine. Look here!' he exclaimed, pointing to a lump of bread and a handful of roots: 'what splendid troops must these be who can stand to their arms in this severe climate on such food as this!'" Both generals were affected, for both were brave men. The terms were soon agreed upon. They were embodied in these articles, dated the 27th of November:—"1. The fortress of Kars shall be delivered up intact. 2. The garrison of Kars, with the Turkish commander-in-chief, shall march out with the honours of war, and become prisoners. The officers, in consideration of their gallant defence of the place, shall retain their swords. [This was dictated by Mouravief himself.] 3. The private property of the whole garrison shall be respected. 4. The Redifs (militia), Bashi-Bazouks, and Laz, shall be allowed to return to their homes. 5. The non-combatants—such as medical officers, scribes, and hospital attendants—shall be allowed to return to their homes. 6. General Williams shall be allowed the privilege of making a list of certain Hungarian and other European officers, to enable them to return to their homes. [This was done to save Kmety and others.] 7. The persons mentioned in Articles 4, 5, and 6, are in honour bound not to serve against Russia during the war. 8. The inhabitants of Kars will be protected in

their persons and property. 9. The public buildings and the monuments of the town will be respected." With some difficulty the Turkish pashas were got to accept these favourable terms, and on the 28th the garrison marched out and laid down its arms.

Thus ended the campaign in Asia in 1855. The Russians captured in Kars about 10,000 regulars, 66 siege guns, 70 beautiful field-pieces, 2,000 Minié rifles, and a considerable quantity of ammunition. Yet there had never been in the fortress more than a supply for three days' continuous fighting.

The English officers were taken into Russia, and were not released until the end of the war. The Russians occupied the whole of Turkish Armenia until the peace, but made no further attempt to extend their conquests. On looking back, it becomes manifest that the relief of Kars might have been effected by an early and decisive march of Omer Pasha's army from Trebizond upon Erzroum. To this he was opposed, as well as the Emperor of the French and the Sultan's Government; but that it was the only feasible plan might readily be shown. Kars was really sacrificed to the exigencies of the alliance and of the Crimean campaign. The French Emperor would not give his consent that anything should be risked to save Kars; nor did he want to save it; for the success of Russia in Asia was not only not indifferent, it was gratifying to him. The success of Russia was a diminution of British *prestige* in the East. Moreover, the Emperor, as we shall see, soon resolved that peace should be made; and that remark carries us back to Europe and the incidents that marked the winter of 1855-6.

ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Winter of 1855-6—Positions of the Armies—The Czar in the Crimea—State of the British Army—Condition of the French Army; its great Losses from Disease—Causes thereof—Action at Baga—Demolition of the Forts, Docks, and Barracks of Sebastopol—Armistice.

THE expedition to Kinburn, the destructive raid of the allies into Taman and Fanagoria, the unfruitful marches and counter-marches of General d'Allonville, General de Failly, and Lord George Paget, from Eupatoria towards Simpheropol, closed the military operations of 1855. The French—who had taken military possession of the beautiful valley of Baidar, and had pushed their outposts to the summits of the ridges leading towards the Belbek—withdrew to the inner slopes, and contented themselves with watching the main roads, both towards the north and towards the east and south. The Sardinians remained in their old quarters. French divisions still occupied the mamelons covering the bridge over the Tchernaya, supported by their own and the British cavalry. The Highlanders were above Kamara, but the bulk of the British army was on the plateau in the old position. There, also, was at least one-half of the French, including the Imperial Guard, who, however, embarked early in the month of November for France. In the course of November, 18,000 French troops went home, and they were relieved by fresh troops amounting to 11,162, including a division under General Chasseloup Laubat. Our allies were still labouring on the lines of Kamiesch, and were now about to arm them with Russian guns. The enemy was busy on the north side creating a fresh Sebastopol of earthwork, and ever and anon he poured shot and shell into the ruined town, but his fire did very little damage to the allies, and only served to aid them in effecting the complete destruction of the place. Whatever may have been the state of the Russian army—and its nominal force included divisions from six *corps d'armée*—it must be admitted that Prince Gortschakoff showed a bold front among his rocks and ravines.

And no wonder; for, although the allies in December had upwards of 200,000 men in the Crimea—the French alone boasted of 141,476 men—it is now evident that a longing for peace sprang up in some quarters soon after the fall of Sebastopol. This the Russians knew. They, therefore, confident that the allies would not undertake any large operation, and knowing winter to be at hand, held their ground. Moreover, their Emperor had visited his gallant army. Quitting St. Petersburg in September, soon after the fall of his cherished city in the south—the stepping-stone from Nicolaief to Constantinople—he proceeded to Moscow. In his addresses to his army, he still imitated the language of his father; and, while he praised his gallant soldiers as they deserved to be praised, while he frankly confessed that Russia had been severely tried, he boldly claimed for his cause the support of the Deity, and declared his steadfast resolve to defend orthodox Russia, who had taken up arms for the cause of Christianity. Thus men and kings cheat themselves with words, and employ sacred terms as a cloak to secular ambition. From Moscow the Czar proceeded to Odessa. Here he arrived towards the end of October; and in passing from Odessa to Nicolaief, it was his fortune to behold from the cliffs above the mouth of the Boug the squadrons of the allies, fresh from the capture of Kinburn, and but a few hours before exchanging shots with a Russian battery ten miles from Nicolaief. He was seen by our sailors, who knew not how mighty a potentate was surveying the alien armament which had entered what were his waters. After another visit to Odessa, the Czar, passing through Nicolaief, went forward by Perekop to Simpheropol, where he arrived on the 8th of November. To reach his army he had travelled sixteen hundred miles through his own territory, and had been nearly two months on the road. He is the only monarch who can perform a feat like that. On the 12th of November he had reviewed the army in the Crimea, looked on the ruins of Sebastopol, the wrecks of his fleet, the camps of his enemies. No doubt his presence cheered the soldiers who had borne so much at his bidding. For those who had defended the lines of Todleben, he provided a silver medal, to be worn at the button-hole with the ribbon of St. George. The soldiers prized a decoration which a Czar told them was a certificate of good soldiership. The medal bore the names of Nicholas and Alexander, and, said the Czar to his soldiers, "I am proud of you, as he was. . . . . In his name, and in my own, I once more thank the brave defenders of Sebastopol." But in spite of his pride in his soldiers, the heart of the Czar must have been sad, for he was a kindly man, and the aggressive policy of his father—the consequences of which he could not escape—had cost Russia 500,000 men. The Czar returned to St. Petersburg by rapid journeys, arriving there on the 19th of November. The Czar had seen for himself; and when he reached his capital on the Neva he was, perhaps, in a better frame of mind for receiving those peace propositions which Austria was already seeking to frame.

The allies had begun to make ample preparations for the winter. The weather in 1855-6 was very different from that which had beset them twelve months before. They, also, were differently situated; they were triumphant, and in a secure position. They had the resources of Sebastopol, in wood and stone at least, wherewith to defend themselves against the cold and the rain. They had huts and plenty of tents. The British had abounding supplies of the warmest clothes of all kinds, and most ample rations—fresh meat and bread three days a week, and pork and biscuit on the other days. The troops had plenty of time for drill, though they were still called upon to perform hard work in road-making. Thus they were employed all day, without being over-worked. Their health was so good, that during this winter the average of the sick was lower than among the troops at home. Some regiments did not lose a man—some were less fortunate; but the most afflicted regiments did not lose more than two per cent., and it was rare indeed that the sick exceeded four per cent. of the whole force. No army was ever more cared for, or thrived more under good treatment. And

so it really grew stronger as the weeks glided away, until, when the spring came, Sir William Codrington had under his orders a healthy, well-drilled force of 70,000 men, ready for any enterprise, and well provided with all those means and appliances which were wanting in 1854.

Not so our French allies. Their system broke down. Their losses from disease in the first three months of 1856 are something fearful to contemplate. An epidemic broke out in the French camp in January, and from that time to the end of March 40,000 Frenchmen died from disease. More than 5,000 died in the transports or men-of-war on their way from the Crimea to the Bosphorus. In the Crimean hospitals their men died at the rate of between 200 and 250 per day. In the hospitals on the Bosphorus the rate was hardly less. The effective force of the French army on February 1st was 143,000 men. On the 30th of March it was 120,000, of whom only 92,000 were present under arms. These figures are official, showing a loss in two months of 23,000 men, and they do not account for 28,000 men not present under arms. But the other returns, on which the statement of the vast losses mentioned are based, are also official, with this advantage, that the latter are medical, the former military returns, such as it has been deemed not inexpedient to make public. Throughout the war the French under-stated their losses from disease and defective arrangements. In 1854-5 they suffered nearly as much as the English; but there was no free press in France, and no free Parliament, to make known the sufferings and privations of the soldiers.

The main cause of death in the first months of 1856 was typhus, and the causes of typhus were many. The soldiers were crowded in tents or huts imperfectly ventilated, pitched on ground saturated with filth of all kinds. Their food was insufficient, and besides being insufficient in quantity, it was poor in quality, and brought on scurvy. Nor was the French soldier well clothed. The British soldiers had been supplied with "a waterproof suit, helmet and all, fur coats, caps, cowhide boots, tweed coats, lined with cat or rabbit skins, &c. The French only received from their Government an ordinary cloth capote, and were obliged to buy any waterproofs or furs which they found necessary." The rations of our soldiers were ample; the French were miserably fed in comparison. It was alleged, at the time, that while the French remained in their old camps, the English went down to fresh ground near Balaclava; but this was not true. The English remained in their old camps, but they kept them clean. Moreover, the English made magnificent roads, while the French put up with makeshifts. There was not only a railway from Balaclava to the front, and from Balaclava to the Sardinian camp, but a new road of solid construction, made by Mr. Doyne and the Army Works Corps, assisted by fatigue parties of soldiers. It was the good food, as well as the ample clothing and the regular labour, that kept the English army in such health and strength. The curse of the preceding winter was *over*-work and *under*-feeding, and both from the same cause—the inadequacy of the numbers of the army to do the double, triple duty forced on the troops by the necessities of an unexpected position.

The actual military operations were of the slightest kind. The Russians, issuing from the hills to the east of the Valley of Baidar in small parties, surprised and fell upon the French post at Baga, on the 8th of December. Although they were surprised, the French assembled quickly, and, taking the offensive in turn, drove the enemy out with the bayonet. The French lost one officer and seven men killed, and had thirteen wounded. The enemy left seventy dead bodies on the ground, and twenty prisoners. A number of Cossacks, trying to escape, fled by a road which had been scarped. The men got away, but they left their horses behind. Having thus tested the strength of the French posts in the Valley of Baidar, the Russians did not again molest our allies.

In the meantime, both English and French were engaged in blowing up the forts, docks, basins, and barracks in Sebastopol. The work had been divided between the two. The French took the northern half of the docks, the English the southern. These works were so solidly constructed and so vast, that their destruction required almost as much skill as their construction. The engineers of each nation, however, rivalled each other in expedients, and in the application of scientific principles to the end in view. "The difficulty of destruction in the case of the docks allotted to the English," writes Dr. Russell, "was enhanced by the fact that these were in part hewn out of the solid rock. The basin thus formed was lined with huge masses of stone, and between rock and stone earth was filled in. The engineers availed themselves of the soft interval for their mines, and blew the walls and counterforts inwards." Their object was so to proportion the charges of gunpowder, that as little as possible should be thrown out of the dock or basin, and as much as possible heaped up within it; so that there should be the maximum of difficulty in clearing out and rebuilding the work. "Most of the explosions had not the appearance which would be popularly anticipated from the letting off of two, three, or more thousands of pounds of powder. There was no diverging gush of stones, but a sort of rumbling convulsion of the ground; a few blocks or fragments were cast up to a moderate height, but the effect upon the spectator was that of some gigantic subterranean hand just pushing the masses a short distance out of their places, turning them upside down, and rolling them over each other in a cloud of smoke and dust." The whole of the work on the docks was completed on the 1st of February. Fort Nicholas was blown up on the 4th, and Fort Alexander on the 11th of the same month; and subsequently similar processes laid low the aqueduct which brought the water of the Tchernaya into the docks and the great barracks and storehouses in the marine suburb. The Russian fire, though brisk at times, and often accurate, did not interrupt the labours of the French

and English engineers. By these means the offensive character of Sebastopol was cut up by the roots, for it was as a great war-port and arsenal that it was a "standing menace," and at the end of February it had ceased to be. "The stranger who halted to survey Sebastopol from the neighbouring heights, deceived by the white-washed and plastered walls of the houses, might think that Sebastopol was still a city; but when he walked through its grass-grown, deserted streets, formed by endless rows of walls alone, of roofless shells of houses, in which not one morsel of timber could be seen, from threshold to eaves; when he beheld the great yawning craters, half filled with great mounds of cut stone, heaped together in irregular masses; when he gazed on tumuli of disintegrated masonry—once formidable forts, and shaken, as it were, into dust and powder; when he stumbled over the fragments of imperial edifices, to peer down into great gulfs, choked up with rubbish, which marked the site of the great docks of the Queen of the Euxine, and beheld the rotting masts and hulls of the sunken navy, which had been nurtured there; when he observed that what the wrath of the enemy spared was fast crumbling away beneath the fire of its friends, and that the churches where they worshipped, the theatres, the public monuments, had been specially selected for the practice of the Russian gunners (on the north side), as though they were emulous of running a race of destruction with the allied armies—he would, no doubt, have come to the conclusion that the history of the world afforded no such authentic an instance of the annihilation of a great city." Such is the language of Dr. Russell, who watched all the processes which produced the results he describes. Unhappily, Major Ranken, of the engineers, was killed by the last blasting operation. He was a good and promising young officer, and the last Englishman killed in the Crimea.

Just before this incident, General Codrington had reviewed 25,000 British infantry on the plateau overlooking Tchorgoun. Marshal Pélissier was present. He had never seen so large a mass of British soldiers before, and, as the men were healthy and well-drilled, the spectacle must have duly impressed upon him some idea of the character of our foot soldiers which approximated to the truth. But the Powers had decreed that these soldiers should not fight again in this war. Events had occurred in Western Europe destined to lead up to a peace, and all dreams of a campaign in Asia Minor, under Sir Colin Campbell, whose merits were now better understood, vanished for ever. Three days after this review of the British infantry, the soldiers learned that the belligerents had agreed to a suspension of hostilities until the 31st of March.

The French on guard in Sebastopol, on the 28th of February, saw a boat, bearing a flag of truce, push off from the north side. A second boat from the south rowed out to meet the enemy, and there, in the great harbour of Sebastopol, within sight of the river forts and of the topmasts of the sunken ships, a Russian officer told a French officer that the Governments sitting in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg had just agreed to a suspension of hostilities. The news of this important incident had reached first the Russian commander in the Crimea, and he had immediately passed it on to the allies. In the course of the day the French and English generals were officially informed of the fact by their Governments. The next day the chiefs of the staffs of the three armies—General Martimprey, General Windham, and Colonel Petikti—met General Timovief at the Bridge of Traktir on the Tchernaya, and there these officers debated the limits which it would be desirable to fix as military frontiers. While this was in progress, the officers of the allied armies rode over the river and up the hills as far as the Russian videttes would allow them. Although hostilities were suspended from that day until the 31st of March, the military boundaries were not decided on until the 14th of March, nor finally settled until the 16th. The line of demarcation ran up the Tchernaya as far as the bridge of Traktir, thence it struck north-eastward along the summits of the mountain range to the north of Tchorgoun, and between the sources of the Belbek and Tchernaya. Before Kertch, the line ran from Cape Bournou to the Bay of Kazantip, in the Sea of Azoff. At Eupatoria, the allies claimed and obtained a wide sweep, including the salt lakes; and at Kinburn their outposts extended five or six miles to the south of the fortress from the sea to the estuary of the Dnieper. Thus, just as the weather was becoming suitable for field operations, the diplomatists managed to chain up the armies, and having got the representatives of the belligerents round a table at Paris, they contrived to bring all parties to an agreement, and bring about a peace. How that was accomplished we have now to learn.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Signs of Peace—Views of Russia and France—of England—Speech of the French Emperor—Its effect on Germany—Austria proposes Terms at St. Petersburg—Their nature—Russian Manœuvre—Austria imperative—Makes her Terms an Ultimatum—Attitude of Germany—Russia gives way—Congress to be held at Paris—Position of Sardinia—Peace Plenipotentiaries—Opening of British Parliament (1856)—Speech from the Throne—Feeling of Parliament—Ministerial Explanations—German Diet accepts Basis of Peace—Meeting of the Congress—Armistice—Opening of French Chambers—Remarkable Imperial Speech—The Hatti-Scherif or Rayah Magna Charta—Progress of the Congress—Prussia admitted to participate—Treaty concluded—The Eagle's Plume—Stipulations of the Treaty, and Conventions—Treaty of Guarantee—Striking Discussions in Congress—Declaration of Maritime Rights—The Mediation Clause—End of the Congress—Debate on Kars in British Parliament—Proclamation of Peace—Debates on the Treaty—Evacuation of the Crimea—Russia again imperils the General Peace—Settlement of the Frontier Question.

In the early part of the winter of 1855 there were two powers—Austria and Russia—eager, and one—France—willing to conclude a peace as soon as possible. Austria was eager for peace, because another year of war must have brought her into the field as a belligerent. She could not hope that the theatre of operations would remain restricted to a corner of the Crimea, nor, indeed, to the whole of the Crimea; but that if the war went on, the troops of the allies would appear either in Southern or Western Russia. The contest could not go on with-

out raising the question of Poland as well as Finland; and if the former question were raised, Austria must take one side or the other. Her engagements with the allies, her political necessities, forbad her taking part with Russia. Yet she was barely prepared to act against her, and would have done so only with the greatest reluctance. Yet, as will be seen, under certain conditions and contingencies, she did make up her mind to cast in her lot frankly with the allies. But what she really wanted was peace, for war to her was not only full of political dangers, but threatened her with something like financial ruin. Russia was eager for peace, because she had lost so much by war. The drain of adult males was enormous. These were lost to her, not only—not in great part, even—on the battle-field and in the camp, but on the great roads during the immense marches of regiments from Moscow and Warsaw to the Crimea—marches, often forced, over bad roads, through wet, and frost, and heat. The drain upon the southern provinces for transport, for horses and cattle, for carts and wagons, was prodigious. These were seized everywhere, on the road from Moscow to Odessa, from Odessa to Perekop, from Taganrog to Tchongar, from Tchongar to Kherson. The valleys of the Don and Dnieper, and Bong and Dniester, were made to supply all that was needed for the transport of the huge armies maintained in the Crimea. The harvests of Southern Russia and the forage went the same road. The stores destroyed by the allied flotilla in the Sea of Azoff showed what vast supplies were collected for the army. True, a great part of these stores would have been exported had there been no war; but the diversion of the resources of a country from lucrative trade to the purposes of war, is not conducive to the prosperity of the producers. Nor was it only men, and transport, and food which had been used up with astonishing prodigality, first by the Emperor Nicholas, and then by his son, to whom he bequeathed that fatal legacy, a devouring war. The Russian treasury was empty, and although the credit of Russia had always been good, still, capitalists were shy, and money was hard to obtain, could not be obtained, even on terms very unfavourable to the borrower. Under these circumstances, and looking to the energetic preparations of England by land and sea, Russia saw that she could not gain anything, and probably would lose greatly on all sides, if she were exposed to another year of war. The visit of the Czar to Odessa, Nicolaief, Simpheropol, and the north side of Sebastopol, must have enlightened him on the state of his armies and his provinces. He had never approved of the violent policy of his father, but he had been bound to continue the defence of his empire, especially when assailed at that point in which all Russians took pride. For these reasons he was eager for peace.

On the other side, France was willing to make peace. The Emperor had gained all that he wanted out of the war. He had displayed the eagles of the Empire in the face of Europe. He had won glory. Sebastopol had given to France a military duke. The war had raised France, as Frenchmen phrased it at the time, to the foremost rank among nations. The Emperor had figured in war as an ally of England. He had visited the Queen at Windsor, and had taken his place in the chapel of St. George's as a Knight of the Garter. He had kissed Queen Victoria when she landed in France, and had escorted her to the tomb of the first Napoleon in the Invalides. Moreover, and this was not the least gratifying fact, England had played a secondary part in the Crimea, and she had suffered a blow from the effects on Persia and Hindostan of the fall of Kars. The Emperor, it is true, was a faithful ally, and did not spare his army in the common cause. That must be put down to his credit, although nobody thinks of claiming credit for England, because she also was a faithful, not to say a subservient ally. But, as no one can fail to see, at the close of 1855, the Emperor, for the then present, had gained all he could gain by the English alliance, and peace would conduce most to his interest, especially a peace signed at Paris. He did not like to see the development of the material power of England, who was fast outstripping him at sea. He did not wish to witness the destruction of the maritime fortresses of Russia, still less to hear that a British army had expelled Russia from Georgia. He thought that he could make friends with Russia. The Czar Alexander was ready to treat him as an equal, and as Russia could not but be angry with Austria, and as the weakening of Austria was then one of the designs of Louis Napoleon, the latter hoped to secure Russian acquiescence in those ulterior projects which filled the brain of one who considered that it was his mission to exact vengeance for the just punishment inflicted on France in 1815. The settlement of the inherent antagonism between Russia and France in the East could be adjourned, and in the meantime they could come to an understanding, based on a common enmity to Austria, which might serve the purposes of both. Moreover, the reviver of the empire in France had said that the empire was peace, and there was something attractive to the mind of the French Emperor in the idea of appearing as the pacificator of Europe, and of bringing all the Powers to sign a treaty under the shadow of his throne.

The English Government and the English people were not so ready or willing to make peace. The real strength of the British power was only just beginning to tell. Our armaments, by land and sea, were only just acquiring bulk and organisation. There was a feeling abroad, and a just one, that the task of curbing the aggressive ambition and checking the greed of Russia, which the allies had undertaken, was only half completed. There was a desire to see Russia expelled from Asia Minor and from Finland, and to weaken, if not overthrow her in Poland, as well as to expel her from the Crimea, and root up the mighty establishments with which she menaced Turkey. In this feeling there was some reason. But the statesmen charged with the conduct of the war could not forget that, although it would have been just to take that opportunity of diminishing the vast power of the Czar, yet that the primary object of the war was the safe-guarding of European interests, so seriously menaced in the Black Sea and the Baltic, and that,

providing Russia could be brought to agree to terms securing the safeguards required, it would be expedient to bring the war to an end. The Government, therefore, were induced to consider terms of peace, and the people acquiesced with sullen reluctance. Neither wanted war for the sake of war, or glory for the sake of glory; nor did either want victories to augment or secure the moral influence of their country in the affairs of Europe. The reluctance to make peace was due solely to a gnawing sense that the grasping ambition of Russia had been only partially restrained. In reality, the injury done to the enemy was greater than the English people believed it to be; but in the winter of 1855 they did not know how deeply the blows of the allies had struck. Austria had increased her army, and the allies held frequent councils of war in Paris, with the object of settling plans of campaigns for 1856. It is true that the Emperor of the French had made a remarkable speech as early as the 15th of November, in which he gave some hints that peace would not be unacceptable. The occasion was the closing of the Paris Exposition of 1855, an imitation of the London Exposition of 1851. Such a gathering in the midst of war the Emperor regarded as a great example, and as a sign that the war was held to be dangerous only to those who had been its cause, and by others as a pledge of independence and security. "Nevertheless," he continued, "on beholding the many marvels spread before our eyes, the first impression is a

COUNT ORLOFF.

It must not, however, be supposed that either of the belligerents allowed any of the symptoms of their desire for peace to be seen. The lateness of the season accounted for the languid operations of the allies after the fall of Sebastopol. The resolve of the Czar to cling to the north side of that fortress covered his weakness; and the success of Mouravief in Armenia allowed him even to boast that his gains were equal to those of the allies. On the surface there was every sign that the war would go on in the spring more extensively than ever; for not only had the British prepared hundreds of gun and mortar boats for service in the Baltic—not only had the British Government raised and drilled a German legion numbering 17,000 men, and a Turkish contingent, under British officers, 20,000 strong; but desire for peace. Peace alone, in fact, can develop to a greater degree these remarkable products of human intelligence. You must, therefore, like myself, entertain a wish that this peace may be speedy and durable. But to be durable, it must decisively solve the question upon which war has arisen. To bring it about speedily, Europe must pronounce itself; for, without the pressure of general opinion, struggles between great powers are liable to become protracted; while, on the contrary, if Europe comes to a determination to declare who is right and who is wrong, a great step will have been made towards arriving at a solution." For military successes only bring about temporary results: it is public opinion which wins the decisive victory. "All of you, therefore"—he was addressing men of all nations

except Russia—"who think that the progress of the agriculture, industry, and commerce of one nation contributes to the welfare of all others—who think that the more mutual relations are multiplied, the more national prejudices tend to disappear—tell your countrymen, when you return, that France entertains hatred against no nation; that she sympathises with all who, like herself, wish for the triumph of justice and right. Tell them"—and this is the point of the speech—"that, if they wish for peace, they must at least openly express their wishes for or against us; for, in the midst of a great European conflict, indifference is a bad speculation, and silence is a mistake." These sentiments told upon Germany. In order to clinch the effect of these remarks, which were at once an overture and a threat, Count Walewski was directed to inform all the courts by circular that the Emperor meant what he said; that he desired peace, and that the neutral powers could help powerfully in bringing it about by openly expressing their opinions in the actual crisis. There was, therefore, a crisis; and the crisis involved peace or a continuance of the war.

COUNT WALEWSKI.

The allies had resolved not to make any overtures themselves—that is, any direct overtures. There was nothing in the public language of Lord Palmerston, at this time, at all like that which we have seen in the language of the French Emperor. The British Premier spoke of obtaining the objects of the war, and so did every public speaker not opposed to the war from the beginning. It was the French Emperor who hinted that it was time for some neutral to step in and suggest peace. "The war," said a very able French writer, not a Buonapartist, "has restored to France her independent action in Europe, and, with independence, the ascendant. . . . . When we pray for peace, it is not to finish as speedily as possible a war useless and gratuitous; it is to finish befittingly a war that has given us all that it can give; for peace has all the advantages that war can have at this present day, and it is peace alone which can consolidate the work of war." No writer, except himself, could have better expressed the views of the Emperor. That writer was M. Saint-Marc de Girardin, who must not be confounded with the brilliant and erratic Emile de Girardin. Under these circumstances Austria, who understood the situation, stepped in to propose peace.

We have already described the position of Austria. The war was a burden to her, and it promised no advantages whatever. It was a danger, because it was a burden weighing her down further and further in debt. She had always been anxious to bring it to an end, and she was not less so now; wherefore she set her diplomatists to work, and sounded both sides, but more especially sought to extract from the allies the terms on which they would agree to a peace. As the French Emperor was so well-disposed to come to terms, this was not difficult; but he still had to shape his course so as not to endanger the English alliance, from which he had not yet distilled all the advantages it contained for him. The Emperor,

however, had only to allow his inclination to be felt, and then to drift, or appear to drift, along the current of English views. Ostensibly the Western Powers were not engaged in any negotiations for peace; but in reality they did entertain the proposals of Austria, and gave a general assent to the terms which that Power undertook to send to St. Petersburg; and this for the sound reason that it would have been useless for Austria to press upon Russia the acceptance of terms to which the Western Powers would not agree.

The Austrian Government selected Count Valentine Esterhazy to carry on this delicate negotiation with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. He took his instructions direct from the Emperor Francis Joseph, and they were formally embodied in a despatch written by Count Buol on the 16th of December. "Convinced," he writes, "by the so often reiterated declarations of the Emperor Alexander, of his readiness to lend his hand to any peace that would not infringe upon his dignity or upon the honour of his country, his Imperial Majesty [of Austria] felt himself called upon to employ his best efforts to assure himself of the degree of reciprocity that those dispositions might meet with at the courts of France and Great Britain. His Majesty, therefore, deigned to charge me to sound the Cabinets of Paris and London on the subject. Although we found them embued with the firm resolution not to lend themselves to the initiative of any overtures for peace, nevertheless, to our great satisfaction, we found such dispositions in those cabinets as to lead us to hope that they would not refuse to examine and accept conditions of a nature to offer all the guarantees of a permanent peace, and to come to a clear solution of the question which gave rise to the war. Nay, more," so the cautious diplomatist proceeded, "we think ourselves authorised to express the hope that these Powers, while maintaining in full force the right of presenting such conditions of peace as they might deem suitable, would not the less be disposed now not to deviate from the principle established at the commencement of the struggle—not to seek any advantage to themselves, and to limit their pretensions to the sacrifices necessary to re-assure Europe against the return of so deplorable a complication." In this guarded style wrote the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs. To his despatch he annexed the "four points" or indispensable preliminaries, set forth at some length, so as to avoid the chance of a misunderstanding; but substantially they were these:—1. That the Russian protectorate in the Danubian Principalities should be completely abolished, and that these principalities should receive such an organisation as might be suited to their wants and interests, to be recognised by the Powers, and sanctioned by the Sultan as suzerain. That, in exchange for the strong places and territories occupied by the allied powers, Russia should consent to the "rectification" of her frontier with Turkey in Europe. 2. That the freedom of the Danube and its mouths should be secured efficaciously. 3. That the Black Sea should be open to merchant ships, and closed to war ships—except a limited number for coast service—and consequently that no naval or military arsenals should be created or maintained there. 4. The immunities of the Christian subjects of the Porte to be secured, without infringing the independence of the Sultan. To these was added a fifth of great moment, as it was, in a measure, the touchstone of Russian sincerity. It was this:—"The belligerent powers reserve to themselves the right which appertains to them of producing in a European interest *special* conditions over and above the four guarantees." These were tolerably stringent conditions; and it was easy to see that the fifth, so indefinite in its nature, would test the sincerity of Russia to the uttermost.

Count Esterhazy arrived in St. Petersburg on the 24th of December. During his journey a very singular incident had occurred. The Cabinet of Russia had either guessed, or had been duly informed of, the nature of the trial to which they would be subjected. The probability is, that the Austrian court gave the requisite information unofficially to Count Nesselrode. That astute politician was not long in making use of the opportunity. On the 22nd of December, while Count Esterhazy was journeying through Russian Poland, Count Nesselrode dispatched a circular, embodying terms of peace to which his Government would agree. This was an adroit manœuvre, as it gave to Russia the appearance of dictating terms of peace. In this document it was laid down that Russia had always desired peace; that it was not her fault, but the fault of the allies, that peace had not been made in 1855; and that the wish for a prompt and durable peace openly expressed by the Emperor Napoleon was the dearest wish of the Emperor Alexander. Russia had, in the summer of 1855, accepted the four points as a basis, and still accepted them: but they were susceptible of different interpretations. As long as his enemies appeared resolved to substitute the right of might for the spirit of justice, the Czar felt bound to remain silent; but as soon as His Majesty learned that his enemies were disposed to resume the negotiations for peace, he did not hesitate to meet them; and he was willing to put the most liberal interpretation on the third point, relating to the so-called neutralisation of the Black Sea. The liberal interpretation put by Russia on this point was, that no war-ships should enter the Black Sea except those which, by a separate agreement between Russia and Turkey, those powers should think proper to retain. By this step it was made to appear for a moment that it was not Russia, but the allied powers, who were seeking peace. In one sense, no doubt, this was true. The Emperor Napoleon desired peace, and took care that all the world should know it; but the dexterous move of Count Nesselrode did not prove to be of much avail, and events speedily showed that Russia was under a strong pressure.

The Austrian envoy was, indeed, the bearer of something more than conditions. He carried in his pocket instructions which amounted to a menace Russia could not afford to despise. If he did not obtain an acceptance of his conditions within a limited time, he was to quit St. Petersburg, taking with him the whole of the Austrian Legation. On the 27th he saw Count Nessel-

rode, read to him the despatch of Count Buol, and handed in the paper of conditions. The Russian minister had been a principal performer in many critical scenes, and it was not likely that he would show any emotion, if he felt any, and probably he felt none. He was cool and courteous, and undertook to obtain the orders of the Emperor. There were at this time two other arrivals in St. Petersburg. Baron Seebach rushed in from the courts of the minor German powers, and M. de Fonton, a well-known and trusted servant of the Czar, arrived from the head-quarters of Prince Paskiewitch at Warsaw. There was in St. Petersburg deep and serious debate. The Russian Cabinet fought hard against the conditions. They wished to modify this Austrian ultimatum—for such was its real character—and thus sustain that claim to independent action put forward by Count Nesselrode on the 22nd of December. They wished to make the allies accept Kars and the surrounding country for Sebastopol, Kertch, Kinburn, Eupatoria, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff, and parts of Mingrelia and Immeritia. They wished to avoid the unforeseen demands that might lurk in the fifth point. They desired to hold fast to the left bank of the Danube, and keep the Isle of Serpents. But the Czar was made aware that he could look for no aid from any German power. France and England had just concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Sweden under certain conditions very adverse to Russia; and the Czar, like the rest of the world, knew it. Sardinia was certain to act with the Western Powers as long as the war lasted. England was just acquiring that strength which would enable her blows to tell in another campaign. This the Czar knew also, and, moreover, he knew that France would do everything to make the terms of the treaty as little distasteful as possible. To crown all, the Austrian Government demanded an unconditional acceptance of the five points, the alternative being an instant rupture of diplomatic relations. Count Esterhazy was forbidden to discuss the contents of the ultimatum. He had simply to demand an answer, yes or no. Russia first sent an answer to Vienna; but as it was not a categorical reply, but a series of counter-propositions, Count Buol told the Russian Minister at Vienna that, unless the ultimatum were accepted on or before the 18th of January, the whole of the Austrian Embassy would quit St. Petersburg without a moment's delay.

This was a great deal to bear. The Russian Government delayed their answer until nearly the last moment. The time for decision allowed to them by Austria had not quite expired before the Czar made up his mind. The public anxiety in every capital of Europe was extreme; but while on the Continent the anxiety was for an affirmative, in England there was a sort of dread lest it should be an affirmative answer which proceeded from the cabinet of the Czar. Three weeks had passed away in these negotiations on the Neva. On the 16th of January, 1856, Count Nesselrode informed the Austrian envoy that the Czar had given way. Russia had complied with the demand of Austria, and had given her unconditional assent to the Austrian ultimatum. This was Count Buol's greatest triumph. The next day the fact was known in every capital in Europe.

It is but justice to the Emperor Alexander to record that he showed moral courage of the highest order in accepting this ultimatum. There was a war party in Russia. "My nobles," the Czar is reported to have said to Baron Seebach, "are not prepared to bow their heads. I do not deceive myself on the gravity of the events in the Crimea, nor upon the possible results of an attack in the Baltic [and perhaps, who knows, in Poland?], but believe me, whatever may be likely to arrive, it is much more difficult for me at this moment to make peace than to continue the war. I encounter, in deciding for war, ten times less resistance among my nobles and my people." But, at the same time, the Czar learned from Baron Seebach and from the court of Berlin, that Russia would run the greatest risk if she did continue the war. The King of Prussia had sought at Vienna to ascertain the actual policy and intentions of Austria, and he learned enough there to make him understand that Prussian interests would be so far imperilled that the King would be obliged to place his policy more in harmony with that of the Western Powers. The influence thus brought to bear on the cabinet of the Czar, coupled with the stringent demands of Austria, at length overcame, not only his faint resistance to those demands, but also convinced the war party that the time had arrived when they must lay down their arms. As might be expected, the Russian Government declared to Europe and the Russian people that they had yielded only out of deference to the wishes of friendly powers, out of regard for the interests of Europe, and not from any just apprehensions of a continuance of hostilities. But this deceived no one except the Russian people. The statesmen of all parties knew better, and could not fail to appreciate an act of prudence which the Russian Government wished to represent as an act of disinterestedness. In fact, the wisest statesmen of Russia longed for peace, and eagerly seized the opportunity offered by Austria.

Just four-and-twenty hours before Russia had sullenly yielded, 14,000 French soldiers—Imperial Guards and Linesmen—who had returned from the Crimea, were drawn up in front of the Tuileries; and their officers, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, received from the hands of the Duke of Cambridge a silver medal bearing the inscription, *Victoria Regina à l'Armée Française*. But this was an episode marking the apogee of an alliance which, no doubt in good faith, the Duke in his address to the troops prayed might continue for ever. In spite of the prospects of peace, the Emperor Napoleon had presided over almost daily sittings of a Council of War, at which English officers were present. But the news which arrived two days after the distribution of medals must have made the council feel that its cogitations had been in vain; in fact, after the 21st this council sat no more. Two days afterwards Lord Cowley, in the name of his sovereign, held an Investiture of the Order of the Bath, and bestowed orders on a number of

French officers. In the evening there was a brilliant dinner at the Embassy, and the *Moniteur* was instructed to announce that the whole ceremonial formed "another link between the two armies and the two peoples, upon whose alliance rests the destinies of the civilised world." Such was the fond belief of 1856.

There was another triumph in store for the Emperor Napoleon. When Russia had accepted the Austrian proposals, it became necessary to determine where the Conference or Congress of the treaty-making powers should be held. This occasioned some little difficulty. There was a talk of Brussels and Dresden; and it was said that London, Paris, and Vienna were out of the question. There is little doubt now that it was intended the Congress should be held in Paris. The Governments took to paying each other compliments. France suggested London, and England suggested Paris. Russia, for good reasons of her own, settled the amicable dispute by adopting the suggestion of England. Therefore, it was in Paris, where famous peaces had been made, that this peace was to be made. Then came another question. Who should sit at this European council? Prussia put in a claim based on her share in determining the Czar to yield. But—independently of the fact that Prussia had all along acted like an ally of Russia, and had only taken engagements hostile to Russia on behalf of German interests; and, therefore, would enter the Congress as a friend of Russia—Prussia had really no right at all to sit with the belligerent powers, because she had separated from them in the summer of 1855. Therefore Prussia was not invited to the Paris Congress. The other power whose right was for a moment questioned, but only for a moment, was Sardinia. But Sardinia was a belligerent. One of the inducements which led her to take an active part in the war was the opportunity of showing herself as a European power. For that she had incurred the expense and the risk. Much oppressed by Austria, ambitious of liberating Italy from foreign rule, ambitious of winning rank and consideration, and earning by her services a right to speak on behalf of Italy, Sardinia, under the far-sighted guidance of Count Cavour, had joined her small but perfect contingent to the armies of the allies. Therefore she was admitted, with the reluctant assent of Austria. The powers to be represented at the Congress, therefore, were England, France, Austria, Sardinia, Turkey, and Russia. Each power sent a special plenipotentiary, and each plenipotentiary was to be assisted by the resident ambassador. The English plenipotentiary was the Earl of Clarendon, assisted by Earl Cowley; France was represented by Count Walewski and Baron de Bourqueney; Austria sent the cautious and much-pondering Count Buol Schauenstein and the clever Baron Hübner; Sardinia confided her interests to her greatest statesman, Count Cavour, whose second was the Marquis of Villamarina; Turkey was present in the person of Aali Pasha, one of her ablest men, and Mehemed Djemil Bey; the Czar sent his father's friend, Count Orloff, and Baron Brunnow, cool, astute, and experienced. Some time elapsed before these men—some of them travelling from the extremities of Europe—could reach Paris; and before they could meet there was an important step to take. It is usual to frame a preliminary treaty. In this case, to save time and avoid the chances of discord, it was agreed, at a meeting of the ministers of France, England, Austria, Russia, and Turkey, at Vienna, on the 1st of February, that they should sign a protocol, recording the acceptance of the Austrian proposals by Russia, as a basis of peace, and that this should be regarded as a preliminary treaty. It was further agreed that the Congress should open at Paris on the 26th of February.

The British Parliament was opened by Queen Victoria in person on the 31st of January. The public were not certain that the signs of peace could be depended on. They were doubtful of the sincerity of Russia; they were eager to hear the explanations of Ministers. The Queen's speech was anxiously awaited—the more anxiously because the contents were not permitted to appear in the newspapers of the morning. There was nothing in the gorgeous ceremonial which differed from other openings of Parliament, except that an unusual number of ladies thronged the House of Peers. Yet men listened more intently even than usual to the clear voice of Her Majesty as she read the speech; but, as usual, it told them no more than they knew. While determined to prosecute the war with vigour, Her Majesty said she deemed it her duty not to decline any reasonable overture promising peace. "Accordingly," she continued, "when the Emperor of Austria lately offered to myself and to my august ally, the Emperor of the French, to employ his good offices with the Emperor of Russia, with a view to endeavour to bring about an amicable adjustment of the matters at issue between the contending powers, I consented, in concert with my allies, to accept the offer thus made; and I have the satisfaction to inform you that certain conditions have been agreed upon, which I hope may prove the foundation of a general treaty of peace. Negotiations for such a treaty," Her Majesty added, "will shortly be opened at Paris." And she continued—"In conducting these negotiations, I shall be careful not to lose sight of the objects for which the war was undertaken; and I shall deem it right in no degree to relax my naval and military preparations until a satisfactory peace shall have been concluded." There was here nothing the country had not a right to expect, but there was a phrase which should never have found its way into the speech of a Queen of England. When Her Majesty was made to say that she had accepted the offer of the Austrian Emperor to employ his good offices with the Czar, she was made to confess herself a suppliant for peace. That was not the meaning of her Ministers. The country was ready to accept a sound peace, because it was right to do so; but certainly neither the country nor the Parliament were ready to go before the throne of the Czar, in the frame of mind implied by this unhappy choice of terms.

When the address came under debate, Lord Gosford, the mover, expressed the feeling of the country when he said he found himself reluctantly an advocate of peace. That sentiment prevailed in both Houses. There were

some who, like Mr. Roebuck, gave utterance to a positive condemnation of peace. But Mr. Roebuck was only continuing his career as accuser-general. The feeling of both Houses, and all parties, may be summed up in few words. England was ready to make a peace on solid and honourable terms; but if these could not be obtained, all parties declared their willingness to support the Government to the uttermost in carrying on the war. No Ministry ever entered upon negotiations with a more unanimous nation at its back, for the Opposition even announced the intention of suspending hostilities during the negotiations, so far as those hostilities might affect the work in hand. But that engagement did not extend to the transactions of the past, and, on the very first night of the session, it was plain that the Opposition intended to found a party attack upon the loss of Kars.

It is proper to place on record the reasons wherewith Ministers defended the course they had adopted. Lord Clarendon pointed out that when the Austrian Government offered its good offices to bring about a peace, the British Government could not refuse them. "However confident," he said, speaking for his colleagues, "they might have been that another campaign would have increased the military fame of England, and might have led to a treaty of a different and more comprehensive character, yet such anticipations would have been wholly unjustifiable, if they had induced us to prolong the war when a prospect appeared of obtaining the objects for which the war was undertaken." On the Continent, where we are not beloved, the common belief was that our Government was insincere. This Lord Clarendon denied in explicit terms, and there is no reason to believe he did not express the sentiment of the nation. Lord Palmerston was far more emphatic than his foreign secretary in repudiating the notion, that England desired to go on with the war for the sake of glory. "No doubt," he said, "the resources of the country are unimpaired. No doubt the naval and military preparations which have been making during the past twelve months, which are now going on, and which will be completed in the spring, will place this country in a position, as regards the continuance of hostilities, in which it has not stood since the commencement of the war. We should, therefore, be justified in expecting that another campaign—should another campaign be forced upon us—would result in successes which might, perhaps, entitle us to require—perhaps enable us to obtain—even better conditions than those which have been offered to us, and have been accepted by us. But if the conditions which we now hope to obtain are such as will properly satisfy the objects for which we are contending—if they are conditions which we think it is our duty to accept, and with which we believe the country will be satisfied—then, undoubtedly, we should be wanting in our duty, and should not justify the confidence which the country has reposed in us, if we rejected terms of that description, merely for the chance of greater successes in another campaign. These were the feelings which actuated Her Majesty's Government. We felt, like many others in this country, that the future chances of the war were in our favour; we felt, like many others in this country, that the available resources of the enemy with whom we are contending were daily diminishing, while our resources, our preparations, and our means of carrying on the war were continually increasing. But we felt that we should not be justified in rejecting overtures which promised the possibility of a safe and honourable peace, merely for the prospect of obtaining even greater successes in another year of war. Sir, I think the country will approve the course which we have pursued." The country—that is, the judgment of the country—approved; but, as Lord Gosford said, with reluctance, much doubting whether the work undertaken had been finished. The reluctance sprang from that feeling, and by no means from a thirst for naval and military glory. The nation accepted the proposal to make peace, trusting, but not too blindly, that it would be safe and honourable; and whether it would be so remained to be seen.

In the meantime Russia, who had yielded, but yielded with misgivings, was very anxious it should be understood that she would not stand any very stringent development of that fifth point, those special conditions which the allies had reserved their right to demand. She would not pay any indemnity to Turkey; she hoped that no one would think of prohibiting the re-fortification of the Aland Islands; she even suffered her organs to talk of keeping Kars and part of Turkish Armenia. But this was all bravado; the loud-talking being intended to cover the fact that Russia had been worsted, and to make it appear that she would enter Congress as a power proposing conditions. Prussia was very busy; very anxious to be invited to the Congress; very eager to demonstrate that it was her influence which finally induced a benevolent Czar to grant peace to Europe. Austria did not fail to submit her peace propositions to the German Diet, and to obtain the assent of that singularly-constituted and abortive political corporation. Prussia again made a bid for a seat in the Congress, by supporting the proposals of Austria before the Diet; and Austria, to please the minor German Powers, dwelt on the effect of the expression of their opinions at St. Petersburg. Count Rechberg, who then represented Austria at the Diet, expressed his firm conviction that the right of proposing new conditions reserved in the fifth point would not be exercised in a sense likely to frustrate the hopes of peace. Neither Prussia nor the Diet was invited to the Congress; but this mysterious discussion of the fifth point raised doubts in the minds of the public, who were not told that the Powers had already determined that there should be no difficulties, and that peace should be made.

February had nearly passed away before the plenipotentiaries began to assemble. Lord Cowley had come over to London from Paris; and on the 16th he returned thither with Lord Clarendon. The next day they had an audience of the Emperor. About the same time Count Buol and Count Cavour reached the French capital, and paid their respects to the lord of France. Baron Brunnow also arrived, but Count Orloff and Aali Pasha did not enter Paris until the 21st. It was the unavoidable delay

of the Grand Vizier and the trusted Orloff that set back the meeting of the Congress. Besides these accredited envoys, a number of Russian ladies of quality suddenly flocked to Paris. The new game of the Russian Court was to make friends of France; and it was not unwisely thought that clever and charming Greek and Russian ladies might do not a little to forward the views of the Czar. The leaning of France towards Russia was manifest, in a few months to become a positive twist to that side. So Nesselrode sent his daughter, wife of Baron Seebach; his niece, wife of General Kalergi; and the Princess Lieven, and other ladies of Russian quality, to do battle in behalf of his and their imperial master.

The Congress met on the 25th of February, one day earlier than the time fixed upon provisionally at Vienna. A large room, in the French foreign office, called the Salon des Ambassadeurs, or Hall of the Ambassadors, having three large windows looking on to the Seine, was set apart for the sittings. On the walls, opposite the windows, were two large full-length portraits: one was the counterfeit presentment of his astute Majesty Napoleon III., and the other of his beautiful Empress, now about to present him with a Hope of the House of Buonaparte. The curtains, the walls, and the furniture were resplendent with crimson satin; a fine Aubusson carpet covered the floor, and the ceiling was richly painted. In the centre of this room was a circular table, covered with green cloth, and round it were twelve arm-chairs. Between the windows was a table for the secretaries, and another table for the use of plenipotentiaries desirous of writing notes in the intervals of business. That circular table was an excellent device for quenching disputes on the score of precedence. In the beginning of the eighteenth century there was a sort of diplomatic conference held in one of the towns of Lower Hungary, to compose one of the many troublesome differences cropping up between Imperial Austria and Hungary. The Dutch and English were the prime movers in it, and among the envoys was a grave old Pasha. But the conference could not meet, because the would-be conferrers could not solve the question of precedence. Looking gravely on this frivolous quarrel, and smiling with grim humour, as we may imagine, the Turk volunteered to settle the question for the bickering envoys, if they would allow him. His colleagues agreed to the proposal; whereupon the Turk caused a round house to be built, and had it pierced with as many doors as there were plenipotentiaries. In the centre he placed a round table and chairs for the proper number opposite the doors. Then assembling his colleagues, and throwing open the doors, he gave a signal; at sound or sight of which, all marched gravely in, none first, none last; and so the question of precedence was settled in this ingenious fashion by the mother wit of a grey-bearded infidel. At this Congress of Paris the round table—happy invention!—came again into play, but the Ministers sat round it in the order of their presentation to the Emperor; that is, France, England, Austria, Sardinia, Russia, Turkey.

The plenipotentiaries were to meet between one and two. Count Walewski and Baron de Bourqueney, of course, were already there to receive them. "At precisely three minutes past one," writes an eye-witness, determined to see how great diplomatists made their entrance on this famous stage; "at three minutes past one, on the 25th of February, 1856, a modest-looking brougham, scarcely remarked till it was within a few yards of the Ministry, drove into the front gate, and halted at the foot of the grand staircase. The carriage contained the Sardinian plenipotentiaries, Count Cavour and the Marquis Villamarina; a single chasseur was their only attendant. They, like all the plenipotentiaries who followed, were dressed in plain morning costume. As they ascended the staircase, a squadron of M. Walewski's footmen, who were on the look-out, threw wide open the glass doors, and the Piedmontese representatives entered the hotel first. A few minutes afterwards came Turkey. Aali Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and Mahomet Bey, were dressed just like Europeans, except that they wore, of course, the inevitable red fez. The Grand Vizier wore a talma that might have been bought in Regent Street. England and Austria followed very shortly afterwards in remarkably unpretending carriages. There was then a pause of several minutes. People began to ask whether Russia would not find some excuse not to come. But at a quarter past one, a handsome carriage, with two chasseurs behind it, drove up at a rapid pace, containing the Russian plenipotentiaries. Count Orloff stepped out first; and although he is seventy years of age, ran up the steps like a boy. I had an opportunity of seeing him well; for when he arrived on the top landing, he took off his hat, as if to return the salute of the servants in waiting, and then turned round to see what had become of his colleague. Baron de Brunnow got out of the carriage very slowly; his face was enveloped in an ample comforter; he walked up the stairs with a somewhat faltering step, and his spare and bent form presented a striking contrast to that of his coadjutor. Count Orloff is a wonderful-looking man for his age. He is of large size, very erect, and his countenance denotes robust health and great resolution. He has a very large head, covered with iron grey hair cropped close. The expression of his features is quite Calmuck; but as he smiled at Baron de Brunnow slowly mounting the stairs after him, he had a good-natured look."

And so they vanished from the gaze of the inquiring mind through the glass doors, and ascended the stairs, and took their places at the round table in the big room we have described. It was a matter of course that Count Walewski should preside over this meeting. It is the custom for the minister of that sovereign to preside in whose capital a congress is held. Count Buol had presided at Vienna, and Count Walewski presided at Paris. But this was not done without a formal motion, made in this case by the Austrian plenipotentiary, and assented to unanimously by all present. Then the Congress settled what are called the preliminaries—that is, they gave their sanction to the transaction at Vienna on the 1st of February. Next they resolved that an

armistice should be concluded between the belligerents, to terminate on the 31st of March, unless renewed; but not to extend to any blockade established or to be established. It was understood, however, that no hostilities should occur off the coasts of the enemy. Wherefore the British sent a light squadron again into the Baltic, but merely as a measure of precaution; and, of course, the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff remained in the hands of the allies. It was also resolved that the plenipotentiaries should not divulge what occurred, nor allow any reports of progress to ooze out, except, of course, the fact that an armistice should be immediately agreed on.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

Leaving the plenipotentiaries in their closed room for a time, let us note two facts—the opening of the French chambers, and the proclamation of a firman by the Sultan, touching the rights of his Christian subjects.

The Emperor Napoleon opened the session of 1856, on the 4th of March, with one of those speeches from the throne now become so remarkable in European history. This special speech was not wanting in the true Napoleonic ring. He contrasted the state of affairs, the last time he had met them—"Europe, uncertain, awaiting the issue of the struggle before taking sides"—with their state at the time he was addressing them, when the struggle for Sebastopol had been decided in favour of the allies, and had brought Europe over to their side openly. As a "fact of high political significance"—truly, very high to him and his—he reminded his subservient hearers of the visit of "the Queen of Great Britain" to his court, and cited it as "a proof of her confidence in and esteem for our country." He told them also of the visit of the King of Piedmont—a visit more significant, if his hearers could only have foreseen—and then he said:—"These sovereigns beheld a country some time so disturbed and fallen from her rank in the councils of Europe, now prosperous, peaceable, and respected, making war, not with the hurried delirium of passion, but with that calm which belongs to justice, and all the energy of duty. They have seen France, which had sent 200,000 men across the sea, at the same time convoke at Paris all the arts of peace, as if she meant to say to Europe—'The present war is but an episode for me, and

my strength is always in great measure directed towards peaceful occupations. Let us neglect no opportunity of coming to an understanding, and do not force me to throw into the battle-field the whole resources and power of a great nation.'" [Words very significant, if read aright; meaning, "do not provoke me or thwart me, for I can raise the slumbering passions of what you call the Revolution, and shake all your thrones."] The appeal, the Emperor went on, seems to have been heard; and then, in his own fashion, he told how the cabinets and courts had besought the Emperor of Russia to defer to the wish of Europe, in dread, as the Emperor allowed it to be inferred, of the mighty resources of France—an inference very grateful to the French people. "At this moment," he said—and he must have felt a deep glow of pride when he said it—"the plenipotentiaries of the belligerent and allied Powers are met in Paris to decide on the conditions of peace." He looked for a favourable result, but equal to either fortune, kept his hand on his sword. "Whatever happen," he said, "let us busy ourselves with all matters which tend to augment the power and wealth of France. Let us draw still closer, if that be possible, the alliance which," &c.—the alliance with England, which, having made so much profit by, he was just beginning, even while he spoke, to think of supplementing by an alliance with Russia. Such was the attitude, as it is called, of the Emperor Napoleon in the spring of 1856. The alliance with England, the glories of the Crimea, the Congress of Paris, had firmly established his throne, and had made him respectable in the eyes of his people, and for the future dreaded in Europe.

The scene in Constantinople on the 21st of February was very different from that in Paris. In the capital of Turkey there had also been a conference—a conference whereat the English, French, and Austrian ministers had assisted the Turks in drawing up a grand charter for the Christians. At a solemn meeting in the room of the Grand Council this charter was read. There were present, among others, the Grand Vizier, the Sheik-ul-Islam, the Greek Patriarch, and the chief Moslem and non-Moslem notables of Stamboul. It was a striking, a solemn scene, this Council of Notables, with a crowd of the faithful looking on all eye and ear. And when the reading ceased, the Sheik-ul-Islam offered up a prayer, and printed copies of the precious document were given away to the crowd. This firman is a very amazing document, promising almost more than any Government could perform. It is a sweeping charter of civil and religious liberty, surprising to meet with in the latitude of the Bosphorus. Some extracts will show this. It confirmed the Christians in the possession of that self-government they had always enjoyed theoretically, and, to an extent larger than is commonly supposed, practically. It declared abolished "every distinction or appellation tending to render one class of the Sultan's subjects inferior to another, by reason of its religious creed, its language, or its race." The laws would punish the use of insulting expressions coming under this head. "As all creeds are and will be freely exercised in the Ottoman states, no subject of my empire shall be impeded in the exercise of his religion. No one can be compelled to change his religion. . . . All the subjects of my empire, without distinction of nationality, shall be eligible to public situations. . . . All subjects of my empire, without distinction, shall be admissible into the civil and military schools." There were to be mixed tribunals for all civil and criminal cases where the parties differed in religion, and open courts. Flogging and torture in prisons were abolished, and the use of them made penal. As all were liable to taxes, as all were placed on an equality of rights before the law, so there should be an equality of duties; and the duty of servin in the army, almost a patent of nobility in a Moslem state, became one of the duties of the Christians. In addition to these reforms, the firman provided for the improvement of the mode of collecting the taxes; for the publication of the budget; for annual assembling of a grand council of delegates; for free trade; for the right of all to hold land. In short, it declared the resolve of the Sultan to execute very sweeping reforms in all departments of the State, and on all the great lines of public policy. Clearly this was more than an executive so weak as that of the Sultan could effect; but it showed that the spirit of Western Europe had made a deep inroad into the councils of the great Oriental state. The Emperor of Russia did not fail to make use of this famous firman, and tell his subjects that one of the reasons that induced him to make peace was that the Sultan had granted that act of justice, the want of which led the father of the Czar to make war. But he did not tell his subjects that what the Czar desired was to be master in the Sultan's house, and that this desire had been frustrated by the Western Powers. The firman, indeed, was a heavy blow to Russia, for it took away her common pretext for incessant interference in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire; and delivered the Christians from a patronage more fatal to them than the capricious tyranny of the Turk—the selfish and hypocritical patronage of Russia.

These two documents—the Imperial speech and the Sultan's firman—mark, the first, the solid establishment of the personal power of Bonaparte; the second, the most considerable step ever taken towards the full emancipation and uplifting of the Christian races in the East, who are destined to be the successors of the Moslem, as rulers in the land.

The Congress of Paris sat seven weeks, opening its proceedings, as we have seen, on the 25th of February, and closing them on the 16th of April. The first five weeks were devoted to the discussion of the articles of the treaty—indeed, they were determined on in the first month; put into final shape during the last week in March, and signed on the 30th. When the work was substantially done—that is, on the 12th of March—Prussia was at length gratified by an invitation to send plenipotentiaries, and to accede to what had been already determined on. As she had abstained from taking part in the war, Prussia could have no place in a conference assembled to settle terms of peace. But as the articles

to be negotiated trenched upon treaties relating to the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, to which Prussia was a party in 1840 and 1841, it was thought fit to invite her to accede to the conclusions adopted by the other powers. Prussia, of course, readily accepted such a pretext for putting the name of her ministers and her sovereign at the foot of an European treaty; and thus on the 18th of March, at the tenth sitting of the conference, Baron Manteuffel and Baron de Hatzfeldt took their seats at the round table in the Hall of Ambassadors. Thus there were seven powers represented around that green board at the closing scenes of a diplomatic conference which was so gratifying to the Emperor and all Frenchmen.

Nor was this the only piece of good fortune that befell his Majesty. On the 16th of March there came into the world a Prince Imperial, the sole issue up to this hour of the union between Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and Eugenie de Montijo, the bright Spanish beauty chosen by him when his overtures at imperial and royal courts went for nought. As in duty bound, the plenipotentiaries waited on the Emperor to congratulate him, and Paris, as in duty bound, covered itself with illuminations.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, a fortnight after this event, that the treaty of peace was signed by the plenipotentiaries. It was not signed with a common pen. Not the quill of a grey goose or even a swan was good enough for such a feat. The eagle of France must be associated with the first treaty of Paris signed under the revived empire. Wherefore M. Feuillet de Conches, a high Foreign-office clerk, went to the Jardin des Plantes, and there seizing, or causing to be seized, "the Imperial eagle," plucked from his wing a fine feather, and made from it a pen. With this notable pen each of the plenipotentiaries signed the treaty. Then the eagle's quill was fastened to a sheet of pasteboard, bearing an affidavit of M. Feuillet de Conches, framed and glazed, and presented to the Empress Eugenie. The guns of the Invalides announced that the treaty was signed; the plenipotentiaries waited on the Emperor; the telegraph flashed the great news fast and far; and Paris broke into one of those "spontaneous" illuminations which characterise the subjects of a paternal Government. That same day the good people of London learned that a treaty of peace had been signed, and about ten o'clock at night the booming of guns from the esplanade behind the Horse Guards, and the crash of joy-bells from the church-steeples and towers, proclaimed the fact to Londoners. The next day there was a more formal proclamation in the City, and much cheering, but no spontaneous illumination of the British or the French fashion. And so on the anniversary of the capitulation of Paris in 1814, the treaty was signed which put an end to the Russo-Turkish war; and by a strange chance there was one present who had signed both documents—Count Orloff; in 1814, Colonel Orloff, aide-de-camp to Alexander I. of Russia. On the 27th of April the treaty and its subsidiary contracts were duly ratified, the ratifications being exchanged at Paris; so that the whole transaction was completed in that capital.

The treaty of Paris was not a very long or complicated document. It consisted of a preamble and thirty-four articles, and there were attached to it three conventions, each having the same force as the general treaty. In the preamble the six powers declared their intention to establish and consolidate a peace "by securing, through effectual and reciprocal guarantees, the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire," and further, they recorded that Prussia was invited to participate in the arrangements come to. Peace being established, Russia was to restore Kars and the country occupied by her troops in Turkish Armenia, and the allies were to restore the towns and ports of Sebastopol, Balaclava, Kamiesch, Kertch, Yenikale, and Kinburn, and all other Russian territory occupied by them. Each power was to grant an amnesty to those of their subjects who had been employed against them, or who had otherwise compromised themselves. This was done to meet the case of Poles who had taken service with the allies. All prisoners of war were to be given up. The whole of the seven powers declared formally that the Sublime Porte should be admitted to participate in the advantages of the public law and system of Europe. This was one of the things to which the late Czar would never have assented; perhaps, so far as sentiment went, one of the most bitter concessions made by Russia. "Their Majesties," the treaty went on (Article VII.), "engage, each on his part, to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman empire; guarantee in common the strict observance of that engagement, and will, in consequence, consider any act tending to its violation as a question of general interest." If a quarrel arose between the Porte and one of the powers, before force was resorted to, the other powers were to have an opportunity of preventing by mediation the outbreak of war. It was then recorded that the Sultan would communicate to each power the firman he had issued touching his Christian subjects; but it was expressly declared that this act of the Sultan did not confer on all, or any, of the powers any right to interfere in the internal affairs of his empire. The Black Sea was "neutralised;" that is, all ships of war, with recognised exceptions, were prohibited from entering its waters, while it was to be free to the mercantile marine of every nation. The exceptions were specified in a convention between Russia and Turkey, annexed to the general treaty, and equally valid with it. By this convention the two powers were each to maintain not more than six steam-ships of 800 tons, and four light vessels of 200 tons. It was also provided in the treaty that no military-maritime arsenal should be maintained by either power on the coasts of the Black Sea. Consuls were to be admitted to any port. The navigation of the Danube was declared to be free, and a commission was to be appointed to clear the mouths, improve and regulate the navigation, and pay the expenses out of a shipping rate. Thus the Black Sea was set apart for commerce, and the Danube opened to all the world. This was what, in the language of diplomacy, was called the neutralisation of the Black Sea. Russia would not admit that the terms of this treaty applied to the building-yards of Kherson and Nicolaieff, or to the Sea of Azoff; but Count Orloff gave a promise, which was recorded in the

protocols, that Russia would not build "anywhere on the shores of the Black Sea, or in its tributaries, or in the waters dependent on it," any ships other than those allowed by treaty. This was accepted as a binding engagement.

In order to show that the allies did not exchange the territories held by them in return for Kars, it was expressly stated that in exchange for the ports in the Crimea held by the allies, and the better to secure the free navigation of the Danube, Russia consented to what is absurdly called "the rectification of the frontier of Bessarabia." The new frontier was to start from the river Pruth, at a point where it was not navigable, and follow a line which would exclude Russia altogether from the Danube, and take from her the fortress of Ismail and Kilia Nova. A commission was to trace the new line, and of that we shall have to speak at a later stage, as it nearly gave rise to a renewal of the war. The remainder of the treaty provided for the future status of the Danubian Principalities. They were placed under the collective guarantee of the seven powers. Their rights and privileges were to be secured, their laws and statutes revised, and a commission was to report on their new organisation, after taking counsel of Divans called for the purpose of expressing the wants of the people. Finally, the Sultan was to give his sanction to the new arrangements, and then the Principalities passed under the protection of the seven powers. These were the principal stipulations of this remarkable treaty.

We have said that there were three conventions annexed to the general treaty. One we have described already. The second, signed by all the powers, recorded the declaration of the Sultan that he would continue to prohibit the entry of ships of war into the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and would not admit any so long as he was at peace; and the other powers agreed to respect this determination of the Sultan. There were exceptions, as in the case of ships bearing ambassadors, admitted by permission of the Sultan, and of the ships the contracting powers might send to keep watch over the mouths of the Danube. The third convention was signed by the ministers of France, England, and Russia, and it recorded the undertaking of the Czar "that the Aland Islands shall not be fortified, and that no military or naval establishments shall be maintained or created there." We may here remark that the allies, after the capture of Bomarsund, offered these islands to Sweden, but that Sweden, fearing to offend Russia, and apprehensive of the burden they might prove, declined the gift. They lie at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, off the Swedish capital. It was in the interest of Sweden that this convention was made.

By this treaty and these conventions it will be seen that the allies secured the object of the war, which really was the reduction of the power of Russia. They not only destroyed Sebastopol and the Black Sea fleet, they prohibited the revival of fleet or arsenal; they removed Russia from the Danube; they deprived her altogether of that exclusive protectorate over the Danubian Principalities which she had extorted from the Porte, and declared null and void that pretended protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Sultan to which Nicholas violently laid claim; they gave Turkey a collective guarantee, and they thus delivered her from the grinding pressure exerted by Russia, and struck out of the hands of the Czar those two most formidable weapons of coercion—a mighty arsenal and fleet. Without these an invasion of Turkey from the north becomes almost impossible, and the chances of working down upon Constantinople from the east—that is, from Kars—become very slight. Moreover, by newly organising the Principalities, the powers provided for the growth of a national Christian state, one of a group which, when the time comes, will take the place of the Turk on the Danube, the Bosphorus, and the European shores of the Levant. In the Baltic the allies reduced the power of the Czar, and delivered Sweden from a standing menace. So that, on the whole, the fruits of the war were considerable, though not so considerable as they might have been had the war gone on. That peace was then justly made, no rational man will deny; for, although all had not been accomplished, enough had been done to meet the exigencies of the period.

With these stipulations England, Austria, and France were not content. They took a remarkable step. They, on the 15th of April, signed a treaty of guarantee. That is to say, they jointly and severally guaranteed the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire; and declared that "any infraction of the stipulations" of the general treaty, signed on the 30th of March, would be considered by these three powers as a *casus belli*. This was a very strong measure; and when it became known, as it soon did, Russia, though offended at a want of confidence, saw that she must not attempt to wriggle out of the conditions she had subscribed. Nevertheless, as we shall see, she did, at a later period, attempt to frustrate the intention of that stipulation, which removed her altogether from the Danube, and punished her for her fraudulent dealings with that river, by thrusting back her frontier from its banks and waters.

The Congress of Paris did not restrict its attention to those points which arose directly out of the war. The Congress, indeed, sat for a fortnight after the peace treaty had been concluded, and took some remarkable steps. On the 8th of April, for instance, Count Walewski, as president, submitted to the Congress no fewer than four important subjects, and invited discussion. It was a rather unusual proceeding; but it showed the tendency, since then become more manifest, to draw all great questions for settlement to Paris, and to bring about a sort of government of Europe by congresses. Count Walewski called for the opinions of the plenipotentiaries on the condition of Greece, Italy, and Belgium, and suggested a new declaration of maritime law. Greece had been occupied by the allies for contumacious conduct; before the troops were withdrawn the evils must be remedied. In Italy, France, "the eldest son of the Church," occupied Rome—that was abnormal—and the Emperor was ready to withdraw his troops as soon as he could do so without

injuring the interests of the Pope—a safe promise. Count Walewski hoped Count Buol would say the same for Austria, whose troops were in the Romagna and Tuscany. Then there was a violent attack on Belgium. What Count Walewski said on this topic was that there were outspoken enemies of the Emperor in Belgium, that they abused the freedom of the press, that this might be dangerous for Belgium, and that the Powers, perhaps, would be good enough to say that Belgium must pass severe laws and repress these excesses. This was very uncalled for, not to say insolent conduct on the part of the French minister. Lord Clarendon and Count Cavour spoke with some freedom, and seemed to concur with Count Walewski's Italian views, joining in the blows aimed at Austria and Naples. Count Cavour, indeed, was eloquent on the subject of the Austrian occupation of the Romagna, and the very tyrannical conduct of the King of the Two Sicilies. But the other plenipotentiaries seemed to be rather taken by surprise by the French manœuvre, and said little. Even Lord Clarendon did not repel with sufficient, with any vigour, the unwarranted attack on Belgium. So that Count Walewski, in summing up the results of the conversation, could place on record some sort of hollow agreement in the principles he laid down affecting Greece, Italy, and Belgium. In fact, the object of the French minister was to bring Italy bodily before the Congress, to pave the way for a policy which was to put a violent end to Austrian occupation, and leave *French* occupation as flourishing as it was when Count Walewski affected to lament its existence before the Congress of 1856. Italy was introduced to satisfy also the urgent demands of Count Cavour, who had already begun to meditate on plans for his country's liberation with the aid of England or France. Italy, therefore, at the congress of 1856, was the shadow of a coming event. But the attack on the freedom of printing in Belgium, where there were laws and trial by jury, drew forth indignant murmurs in the Parliaments of England and Belgium, and the insolence of Count Walewski did not go forth unrebuked. It was surmised that Count Walewski did not express any views but his own, and that the Emperor was rather annoyed by this impolitic violence of his plenipotentiary.

The suggested new declaration on maritime law also took the plenipotentiaries by surprise. They demanded time, but a week afterwards—namely, on the 16th of April—they agreed to a declaration, which was annexed to the treaty, and understood to be binding on those who signed it, and on those who might accede to it. The points solemnly set forth as for the future international law were these:—"1. Privateering is, and remains, abolished. 2. The neutral flag covers enemies' goods, with the exception of contraband of war. 3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to seizure under an enemy's flag. 4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective—that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of an enemy." This forms a great landmark in the history of belligerent and neutral rights. It marks the enlargement of neutral, and the restriction of belligerent rights; and by many it is thought that the surrender of the right to take enemies' goods wherever found will prove injurious, unless accompanied by an abolition of the right of capturing private property at sea altogether. Certainly England surrendered a great deal to the neutral and non-maritime powers; and when she had done so, the greatest, the then United States, would not accede to the declaration—would not agree to abolish privateering unless Europe agreed to abolish the right of capturing private property afloat.

Another incident worth notice occurred at this Congress, and chiefly so because it relates to the adoption of a principle which has hitherto failed twice in ten years. Much moved by the peace party, the Government permitted Lord Clarendon to propose a sort of arbitration clause. He observed that the treaty embodied the principle as applied to differences between the contracting Powers and Turkey. He proposed that the happy innovation should receive a more general application without prejudice to the independence of Governments. Count Walewski and Baron Manteuffel concurred, but Count Buol and Count Orloff gave it merely their personal assent. "Whereupon," so runs the protocol, "the plenipotentiaries do not hesitate to express in the name of their Governments the wish that States between which any serious misunderstanding may arise should, before appealing to arms, have recourse, as well as circumstances might allow, to the good offices of a friendly Power. The plenipotentiaries hope that the Governments not represented at the Congress will unite in the sentiment which has inspired the wish recorded in the present protocol." The well-meant wish has accomplished very little. When France fomented a war between Austria and Sardinia, in 1859, the principle went to the wall; and in 1864 it was altogether ignored by Austria and Prussia, who made sudden war upon Denmark. In fact, the world is still a very wicked world, and will remain so, in spite of these delicate diplomatic contrivances to make believe that in our progress towards perfection of the species we have washed out even in part the taint of sin.

On the very day when the peace documents were laid before the British Parliament, April 28, the Opposition determined to censure the Government for the loss of Kars. To this end it was necessary to treat the fate of Kars as a matter entirely under the control of the Government; to forget that England was engaged with allies, and to assume that the British Government had shown a deficiency of "foresight and energy." On that ground Mr. Whiteside, acting for his party, based a motion of censure. Lord Malmesbury, in the House of Peers, had also given notice of a similar motion, but found it expedient to withdraw his notice, and accept battle in the House of Commons. This debate, unhappily, like so many others, was a mere party encounter. The opposition did not believe that Kars could have been saved by the British Government under the circumstances; but they found in the facts of the campaign admirable material for a party attack. The real causes of the loss

of Kars were twofold—the indolence and corruption of the Turkish Pashas, whose conduct deprived Kars of the provisions actually collected to victual the place; and the indisposition of the French Emperor to permit the diversion to Asia of any effective troops, who might have operated in time to relieve the garrison. The English, as must happen in all cases where they act in combination with the French, played a secondary, one might almost say a subordinate, part. That is the price we must pay for an active alliance with France. Consequently no effective measures were taken to defend the Turkish frontier in Asia. The House, not being prepared to censure the Government for deference to an ally—a deference which could not be avoided without risk to the alliance—rejected Mr. Whiteside's motion of censure by a majority of 303 to 176.

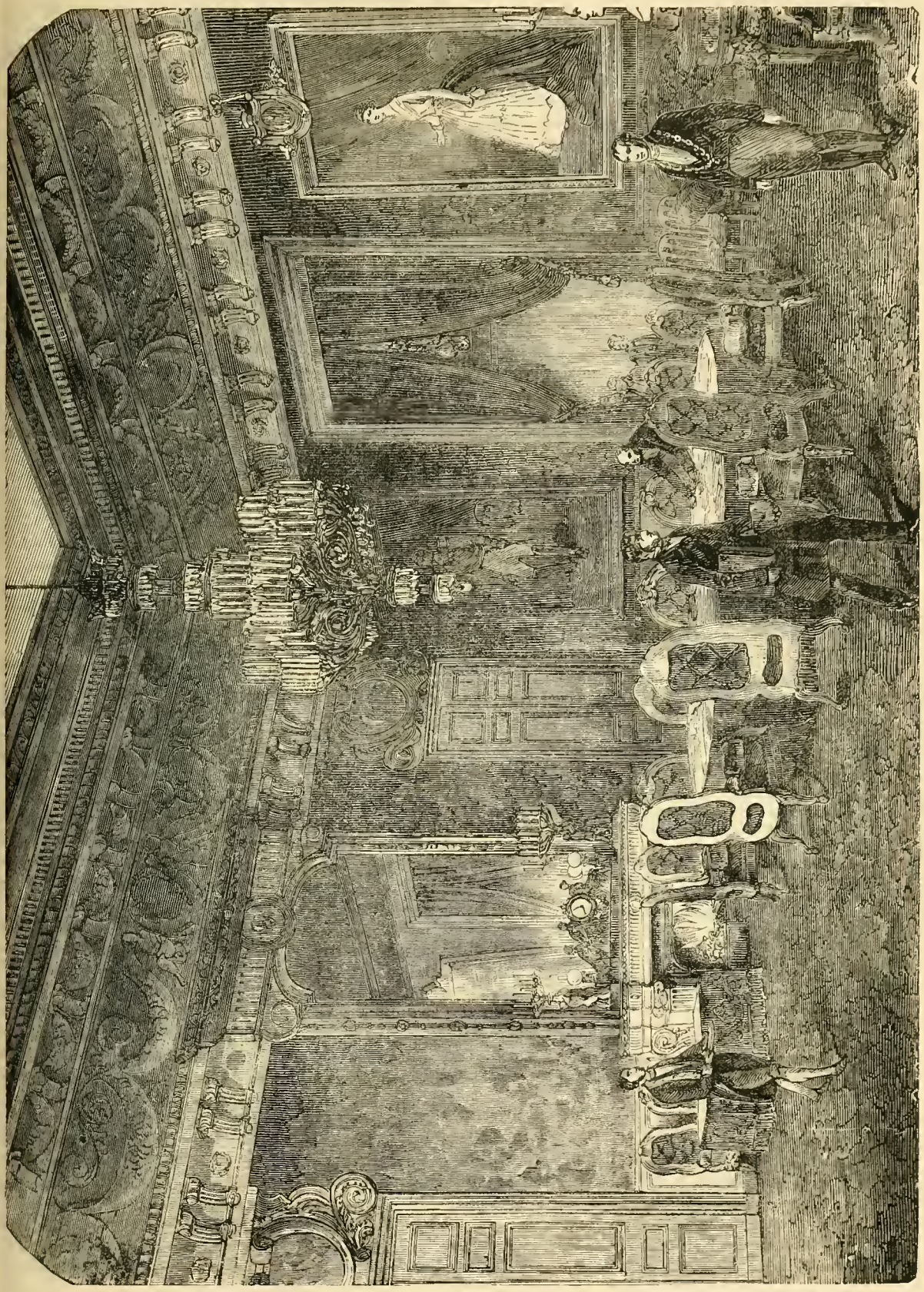
On the day following the opening of this party contest, peace was proclaimed with the usual solemnities. At twelve o'clock on the 29th of April, a procession of heralds, pursuivants, and Westminster officials, escorted by a troop of Life Guards, and furnished with a requisite supply of trumpeters, emerged from St. James's Palace, and drawing up there in presence of a great crowd, the Garter King of Arms read the Queen's proclamation. Next the procession rode to Charing Cross, and there Norroy, king of arms, looking towards Whitehall, as the custom is, performed the same ceremony. The procession then moved up the Strand, and came to a halt before Temple Bar. The great gates were closed. Three summonses were blown on the trumpet, and three knocks were given on the gate. From within the City Marshal asked, "Who comes there?" and had this for answer—"Officers of arms, who come to publish Her Majesty's proclamation of peace." City Marshal, opening the gates, admitted a pursuivant, and finding he bore due warrant from the Queen, the great gates swung back on their hinges and the procession rode in. When inside the proclamation was again read, and yet once again at the Exchange. There had been no such scene in London for more than forty years. The 4th of May was set apart as a day of thanksgiving for the peace.

As a matter of course the peace treaty, when communicated to Parliament, became a subject of high debate—a notable proceeding in those days, but of little moment now. The address to Her Majesty, moved in and agreed to by both Houses, thanked the Queen for communicating the treaty to Parliament, and assured her that, while they would have cheerfully supported her had the war gone on, yet that they had learned with "joy and satisfaction" that a peace had been concluded on conditions which so fully accomplished the objects for which the war was undertaken. The address took note of the aid given by powers not belligerents towards the restoration of peace, and expressed a hope that it would be lasting. The debates in both Houses were really without life or novelty, and do not concern posterity. The Opposition only pretended to be dissatisfied. One called it a base peace, yet would not divide against it; and another proposed to omit the word "joy," yet leave in the word "satisfaction." In fact, the division on the Kars resolution took the sting out of the Opposition speeches; and the address, unaltered, was agreed to without a dissentient. On the 8th of May thanks were voted to the army and navy; and the Queen sent down a message to state that she had raised General Williams to the dignity of a baronet, with the style and title of Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, and had resolved to grant him a pension of a thousand pounds a year. This gave great satisfaction, and met with ready support. On the 29th of May the Queen's birthday was kept, and London illuminated in celebration of the peace. Prince Albert inspected the Guards; the Queen held a drawing-room; and in the evening, Her Majesty and her family witnessing the spectacle from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, there were four grand and continuous outbursts of fireworks—from the Green Park, from Hyde Park, from Primrose Hill, and Victoria Park. So London rejoiced, and the towns in the country rejoiced also, that the war was at an end.

We have seen how the war arose, how it was waged, and how the objects sought were accomplished. It is right that the cost in life and money should also be recorded. According to Lord Panmure, our total loss up to the 31st of March, 1856, of killed, dead of wounds and disease, and discharged, was 22,467 men. The Russian loss was upwards of 500,000. The cost in money, as estimated by Sir George Lewis, was fifty-three millions. We increased the funded and unfunded debt by £33,604,263, and we raised by increased taxation above £17,000,000. But the war left us with very largely increased establishments; and the peace of Europe has since been so often threatened that our Chancellors of the Exchequer have not been able to reduce the expenditure to the comparatively low level of the years immediately preceding the revival of the French empire. The navy was greatly augmented, having been raised from a force of 212 to a force of 590 effective ships of war. The organisation of the army and navy was greatly improved; and in 1856 we stood in a better position as regards offensive and defensive operations than we had done at any previous period since the peace of 1815.

The news of the peace arrived in the camps in the Crimea on the 1st of April. From that day the allied generals and those of Russia resumed friendly relations, and were present at reviews of the late hostile armies. The process of evacuating Russian territory began, but it was not completed on the part of the French until the 5th, and on the part of the English until the 12th, of July, when the last English detachment, a company of the 50th Regiment, quitted Balaclava.

The execution of the conditions of the treaty of peace went on for many months after its conclusion; but ultimately the Danubian Principalities received a definite organisation, and succeeded, even in spite of the temporary opposition of England, Austria, and the Porte, in obtaining a united Government. The new frontier also was traced; but not without involving Europe in the danger of war. First of all Russia claimed the Isle of Serpents, off the mouth of the Danube, and



THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS.

occupied it. Admiral Lyons at once placed it under the watch and ward of a man-of-war. The object of tracing a new frontier in Bessarabia was to remove Russia from the Danube. In deciding the line roughly on maps produced by the French at Paris, it was agreed that the Russian frontier should run to the south of a place called Bolgrad, it being understood that this Bolgrad was *not* on the banks of a lake—Lake Yalpukh—which ran into the Danube. But the frontier commission found that Bolgrad *was* actually *on* the lake. The maps exhibited were delusive. The place called Bolgrad on these maps was Bolgrad-Tabak. There had either been a deception practised, or a misunderstanding on all sides. The Russians, however, insisted on the letter of the treaty; and strangely enough, the French Government showed a disposition to support them. But England, Austria, and Turkey stood out. At one moment, in consequence of the lurch of the Imperial mind toward Russia, war was possible. Better counsels prevailed, and it was arranged that a conference should sit to decide this knotty point. The conference sat on the 31st of December, 1856, and the 6th of January, 1857. The result of its secret deliberations was that Russia had to give up the Isle of Serpents and both Bolgrads; but she gained a considerable slice of Moldavia, though not on the Danube, as "compensation." The delta of the Danube reverted to Turkey; the remainder of the ceded territory to Moldavia. The conference was secret; but there is no doubt that the French Emperor supported the Russian demands. To the firmness of Lord Palmerston alone we owe it that Russia, by the aid of the Emperor Napoleon, is not at this day, as of yore, one of the river-bordering powers on the Danube.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

State of the Country at the beginning of the Russian War—Conclusion of the Kaffir War—The Burmese War—Deficient Harvest of 1853—The Wages Movement—The Preston Strike—Its Disastrous Effects—Opening of the Crystal Palace by the Queen—Description of the Building—The Emperor of the French: his Marriage—Visit of the Prince Consort to the Emperor at Boulogne—Visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to London—Their reception at Windsor—The Emperor invested with the Order of the Garter—Visit to the Crystal Palace—The Queen's visit to Paris—Historical relations between the two Courts—Festivities at Paris—Visit to Versailles—Ball at the Hôtel de Ville—Fête at the Palace of Versailles—Departure of the Queen—The Italian Question—Speech of Lord Lyndhurst—Austrian Tyranny—The Neapolitan Government—Necessity of English Intervention—Sardinia—Conduct of the King of Naples—Speech of Lord John Russell on the state of Italy—Austrian Occupation—Lord John's interview with the First Napoleon—Speech of Lord Palmerston—Speech of Mr. Disraeli—Secret Societies and Foreign Occupation: their Reaction upon one Another—England and France recall their Ambassadors from Naples.

THE war with Russia, the conclusion of which has just been recorded, and its effects on political parties and cabinets, so fully absorbed the attention of Parliament and the public while it lasted, that comparatively little progress was made in the work of domestic legislation. It was not, however, altogether neglected. At the prorogation on the 20th of August, 1853, Her Majesty congratulated Parliament on the remission of taxes, which tended to cramp the operations of trade and industry; on the extension of the system of beneficent legislation, which increased the means of obtaining the necessaries of life; on the buoyant state of the revenue; the steady progress of foreign trade; the prosperity which pervaded the great trading and producing classes, without even a partial exception—all affording continued and increasing evidence of the enlarged comforts of the people. The Queen at the same time announced the termination of the Kaffir war, which had lasted since the beginning of 1851, the Kaffirs having repeatedly defeated our troops, and spread havoc through the villages. At length they were enabled to bring against us an army of 6,000 horsemen. They were attacked by the Governor-General Cathcart, with 2,000 British troops, and defeated with great loss. The result was that they accepted the terms of peace he proposed. The Royal Speech expressed the hope that the establishment of representative government in that colony would lead to the development of its resources, and enable it to make efficient provision for its own defence. Another subject of congratulation was the termination of the war with Burmah, which commenced in January, 1851, when a British naval force arrived before Rangoon, under Commodore Lambert, who, on January 4th, 1852, destroyed the fortifications of the Irrawaddy, and a few months later stormed Martaban, Rangoon, and Bassein. Later in the year, Pegu was captured, and annexed to our Indian Empire. The objects of the war having been thus fully attained, and due submission made by the Burmese Government, peace was proclaimed.

The session just closed had been a fruitful one—116 bills had been introduced by the Ministry, of which 104 passed into law, 10 having been withdrawn, and 2 only rejected. This was the peaceful work of the Coalition Ministry, under the Earl of Aberdeen, which was destined to end its existence so ingloriously. Two powerful causes came into operation soon after, which clouded the political atmosphere, and gradually spread feelings of discontent and despondency throughout the nation—a bad harvest, and a costly war, miserably conducted. The effects of the short harvest were greatly aggravated by what was called "the Wages Movement," which commenced in April. It was generally felt by the skilled artisans that, though their employment was constant, and their wages good, they did not obtain a fair measure of the extraordinary profits resulting from their labour. The consequence was a general organisation of the trades to extort better terms from their employers, enforced, as usual, by strikes. The artisans engaged in the woollen manufacture led the way in putting forth their demands. They were followed by carpenters, ship-wrights, wagon-wrights, and almost every class of operatives. Large concessions were made to some classes, and those employed in the coal trade especially received enormous wages. But, as the prices of provisions continued to rise the movement spread to every part of the United Kingdom, assuming its most formidable aspect in the manufacturing districts, where strikes became general, and many mills were closed. A

common fund was established for the purpose of supporting the unemployed workmen, and it was hoped that the manufacturers would soon be compelled to give way. But the masters formed a counter-combination, and wherever a partial or local strike occurred, they all agreed to close their works, and thus to starve the operatives into surrender. The result was a bitter controversy, and a desperate struggle between capital and labour, which lasted with unabated obstinacy throughout the year, but, happily, unaccompanied by such acts of violence as attended strikes in former times, when the working classes were not so well educated. The leaders of the movement were able, intelligent, and energetic. The plan of the campaign was to conquer in detail, directing the attack against some particular town, compelling the firms to succumb individually till the capitalists of that district were subdued, and then carrying the war to another place. They hoped by this means to receive ample supplies for continuing the contest, because the great mass of workmen would always be employed, and would be able to support those that were out on strike. Preston and Burnley were the places in which the operations commenced on a large scale, and the contest which followed will be long remembered as "the Preston Strike." In that town, upwards of 15,000 idle hands were supported by contributions from the employed, which were so abundant, at first, that the enormous sum of £3,000 was distributed weekly—equal to about five shillings a head on an average. On this allowance they managed to exist for thirty-seven weeks. The effects were in some respects like those produced by the cotton-famine in Lancashire. First, the deposits in the saving-banks, and the sums insured for age and sickness, were consumed in obtaining the necessaries of life. Personal ornaments and wearing apparel were next sacrificed—sold for trifling sums to meet the cravings of hunger. With poor, scanty food, ragged clothes, and domestic discomfort of every kind, the habits of the operatives became debased, and their tempers morose. The retail traders, who depended upon them, became bankrupt; many substantial shopkeepers were ruined; trade everywhere languished, and the distress became general. Still the operatives held out heroically, they insisted on one-tenth of the profits of their labour; the watchword still passed from rank to rank, which shouted enthusiastically, "Ten per cent., and no surrender!" It was stated that the passion produced by this abstract idea became a sort of religious conviction, and in one place the people assembled in a chapel, and sang a hymn to "ten per cent."

But, as in wars between nations, the belligerents were ultimately compelled to come to terms by sheer exhaustion; the workers, as invariably happens in such suicidal contests, were the first to fail. In April, 1854, the supplies were diminished to a miserable pittance, the cardloom hands receiving but a shilling a week each. The contributions from distant towns fell off, while the demand was more than doubled, by the men of Stockport, to the number of 18,000, suddenly throwing themselves upon the fund. As Stockport had contributed £200 a week to the fund which they thus over-burdened, the struggle was necessarily brought to an abrupt conclusion. On the 1st of May, therefore, the committee announced that the employers had succeeded in their "unholy crusade," and that the operatives, generally, had deserted them in their hour of utmost need. The mills were opened and the work resumed; but some thousands failed to find employment, and were reduced to destitution and pauperism. It has been computed that the sums expended in maintaining the unemployed in Preston alone amounted to £100,000. The loss of wages was more than three times that amount; and, altogether, the loss to the working classes by that disastrous strike, could not be less than £500,000. The loss of capital to the manufacturers must have been incalculable, not to speak of the ruin of a multitude of shopkeepers. The principal leader was subsequently imprisoned for debt, contracted in carrying on the war.

We pass from this painful subject to a scene which furnishes a grand and beautiful contrast. On the 10th of June, 1854, the Queen opened the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Many of those who witnessed the Exhibition in Hyde Park deplored the demolition of that magnificent structure, which the Commissioners of Woods and Forests would not suffer to remain. The materials were purchased by a private company, and removed to a new site, one of the finest that could be selected, upon which a new palace was constructed, far surpassing its predecessor in magnitude, fitness, and beauty, and answering its purposes incomparably better than its predecessor could have done. A full description of this unrivalled structure would be out of place here. It is necessary to see it in order to have anything like an adequate idea of its extent and magnificence, its superb grandeur and exquisite beauty. It has three transepts, the centre one being 120 feet wide, and 208 feet high from the garden front. The whole nave is covered with an arched roof. This gorgeous palace crowns an eminence, from which there is a commanding view of the metropolis, and of the rich and vast plains of Surrey and Kent. It stands upon grounds laid out with exquisite taste, adorned with fountains, statuary, trees, shrubs, and flowers, which make it one of the most delightful landscapes on which the eye can rest. Internally, the palace is constructed upon the principle of illustrating the architecture of different ages, keeping in view its purposes as an educational institution. Thus it comprises a series of palaces, Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, Byzantine, Moorish, German, French, English, and Italian. All these buildings, excepting the Egyptian, are reproduced on the scale of their originals. The building is filled with statues, casts of the great masterpieces of art, paintings, representations of savage tribes, exotic shrubs and plants, and art-collections of various kinds, new additions being made every year to its unrivalled attractions; while, in the way of concerts, exhibitions, and festivals, multitudes are congregated, and effects produced, with which there has been nothing in Europe to compare since the fall of the Roman empire. Though created by the enterprise of a private company, it is in

every respect worthy of the metropolis of the civilised world.

The inauguration was witnessed by 40,000 spectators. Around the dais in the centre transept were gathered the representatives of England's greatness and nobility. The Lord Primate and the Ministers of State were on the left of the throne; on the right sat the diplomatic body. In front were the directors of the company, in court dresses, with the Lord Mayor of London, his brothers of Dublin and York, and other provincial magnates. The members of Parliament and their families filled the lower galleries of the great transept. The Queen and Prince Albert arrived at three o'clock, and entered the Palace, preceded by Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr. Laing. With Her Majesty were the King of Portugal, his brother, the Duke of Oporto, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, the Princess Alice, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess and Princess Mary of Cambridge. The National Anthem having been performed with very grand effect, Mr. Laing, the chairman of the company, presented an address to Her Majesty, to which a most gracious answer was returned. The designers of the building, and the scientific gentlemen who had undertaken the formation of the different departments, were then presented. This ceremony gone through, a procession was formed to perambulate the Palace, the Queen in her circuit being warmly welcomed as she passed. This done, Her Majesty and her immediate circle returned to the elevated platform, the Ministers of State and other public functionaries surrounding the dais as before. Then the One Hundredth Psalm, in all its simple grandeur of harmony, was pealed by the thousand voices and accompanying instruments of the choir. This led, by a natural transition, to the Archbishop of Canterbury's dedicatory prayer. The prayer was followed by the Hallelujah Chorus—a triumph of music; and the Queen, through the Lord Chamberlain, pronounced the Crystal Palace open. Once more the National Anthem rose and swelled under the lofty vaults, and the Queen departed.

To the humbler classes who read this history in remote provincial places, and in the British colonies, it may be interesting to know the dimensions of the Crystal Palace. It stands nearly north and south on the summit of the Penge Hill; its length being 1,608 feet, its greatest breadth, at the central transept, 384, and at the smaller transepts, 336 feet. The general width of the body of the building between the transepts, including the glazed and open corridors, is 312 feet. The nave consists of a grand avenue, nearly double the width of the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral, being 72 feet wide. At the height of 68 feet from the floor there springs a semi-cylindrical vault, 44 feet in the spring, which forms the roof. The central transept has a vaulted roof of 120 feet span. The span of this noble arch is about 20 feet larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome, and nearly 40 feet greater than that of St. Paul's in London. The space covered by this colossal vault is considerably larger than the whole Minster at York. At a distance of 528 feet on each side of the central transept, the nave is intersected by the two smaller transepts, each of the same dimensions as the one celebrated transept in Hyde Park. Three aisles run parallel to the nave on each side. The minor columns support three tiers of galleries, which are reached by a series of light staircases. At each end of the main building, 574 feet long, and from the south wing, a colonnade, 720 feet long, leads to the railway station. In cubic contents the new structure exceeds its predecessor by one-half. Nor are all the wonders above ground. The basement is a vast labyrinth of passages, tunnels, hot-water pipes, boilers, and machinery.

The Emperor of the French left nothing undone to secure his position and establish his dynasty. All the Continental monarchs of Europe, except the Czar, admitted him into the family of sovereigns, addressing him as "*Monsieur, mon frère.*" The Emperor Nicholas could not overcome his scruples on the point of legitimacy, and had recourse to a compromise, and addressed him as "*Mon cher ami,*" a slight which Louis Napoleon felt, but prudently passed over. The next step was to choose an empress. It was said at the time that his overtures of matrimonial alliance with several royal families were rejected. If so, he consoled himself with satisfactory reasons why such an alliance would not be desirable, and that he did much better by selecting for his bride Eugenie de Montijo, Countess-Duchess of Teba, daughter of Donna Maria Manuella Kirkpatrick, Countess Dowager of Montijos, Countess of Miranda, and Duchess of Penaconda, who was the widow of the Count de Montijos, an officer of rank in the Spanish army, and who married Mr. Kirkpatrick, father of the Empress, English consul at Malaga. She was said to belong to one of the most ancient families in Spain, and the heralds alleged that she had royal blood in her veins. The speech of the Emperor, announcing his intended marriage, on the 22nd of January, 1853, to the Senate and Legislatif Corps, is remarkable. He avowed at the outset that the union did not accord with the traditions of ancient policy; but therein lay its advantage. A royal alliance would create a feeling of false security, and might substitute family interest for that of the nation. Besides, for the last seventy years foreign princesses had ascended the steps of the throne only to behold their offspring dispersed and proscribed by war or revolution. One woman only brought with her good fortune, the good and modest wife of General Bonaparte, and she was not the issue of a royal family. "When," he said, "in the face of all Europe a man is raised by the force of a new principle to the level of the long-established dynasties, it is not by giving an ancient character to his blazon, and by endeavouring to introduce himself, at any price, into the family of kings, that he can get himself accepted; it is rather by always bearing in mind his origin, by preserving his peculiar character, and by frankly taking up before Europe the position of one who has arrived at fortune (*position de parvenu*)—a glorious position, when success is achieved by the free suffrage of a great people." He then lauded the bride elect for her varied moral, mental, and personal accomplishments, saying, "I have preferred a woman whom I love and

respect to one unknown, and whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices—placing independence, qualities of heart, and family happiness, above dynastic prejudices and calculations of ambition." The marriage ceremony, preceded by the civil contract, was performed with great pomp by the archbishop in Notre Dame.

In September, 1854, the Emperor being in the north of France, on the pretext of inspecting the camp established there, he had the gratification of being honoured with several royal visits. The King of the Belgians, with his eldest son, and the King of Portugal, with the Duke of Oporto, went to see him at Boulogne, and met with a very cordial reception. But what gratified him more than all was a visit from the Prince Consort. The Emperor, attended by a splendid suite, went down to the quay to receive him, and they both warmly shook hands. Nothing was left undone that could gratify the English visitor, and the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Harding, Lord Seaton, and other noblemen who accompanied him. Reviews, illuminations, fireworks, banquets, balls, followed one another in rapid succession during the time of the visit, which had the effect, no doubt, of strengthening the *entente cordiale* between the two courts.

It was still more solemnly ratified by the visit of the Emperor and Empress to the Queen on the 16th of April, 1855—an event which produced a profound impression throughout Europe. It was, indeed, a strange phenomenon that an Emperor of France, the heir and successor of Napoleon, should be a welcome and popular guest in England, honoured by the sovereign and cheered by the people; this guest being, moreover, the author of the *coup d'état*. Prince Albert went to Dover to meet the illustrious visitors, who landed amid the salutes of the military and the booming of guns on the heights, the Empress leaning on the Prince's arm. The line of streets between the London terminus and the Great Western Railway was decorated with flags and evergreens, and the Imperial party, as they drove along, were received with enthusiastic cheers. At seven p.m. they arrived at Windsor Castle, and were received by Her Majesty and the royal family, with the great officers of state and of the household, in the grand hall, whence the guests were conducted up the grand staircase, and through the music-room and throne-room, to the reception room. That evening there was a dinner-party in St. George's Hall; next day the same, followed by a brilliant evening party. On Wednesday the Queen made the Emperor a Knight of the Garter—a very significant ceremony under the circumstances, which was performed with the utmost magnificence, the Prince Consort helping Her Majesty to buckle the garter on the left leg of the Emperor. Her Majesty accompanied the Emperor to his apartments, followed by the Empress and the Prince Consort, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the royal suites. On the evening of that day the Queen gave a state dinner, when, by Her Majesty's command, the Lord Steward of the Household gave the toast of "The Emperor and Empress of the French." The state apartments which were occupied by the Imperial guests were gorgeously decorated for the occasion.

On Thursday the Emperor and Empress proceeded to London, in order to visit the City, the Queen and the Prince accompanying them to Buckingham Palace. On the route from Nine Elms to the palace they enjoyed a continual ovation. The Emperor and Empress were conveyed thence to the City in six of the Queen's state carriages, the principal one being drawn by cream-coloured horses; the Life Guards escorting the carriages, and Carbineers and Blues keeping the ground. As they proceeded along the Mall, the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and the Poultry, to Guildhall, a vast and orderly multitude thronged the streets, looked down from the windows and house-tops, from the roofs of omnibuses, and every available position; while the scene was enlivened by a profusion of union-jacks and tricolors, lively peals of church bells, hearty cheers from the people, martial music, and brilliant sunshine. It was calculated that more than a million spectators witnessed the sight. They were received at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with the City magnates. The Emperor was dressed as a general of division, wearing the insignia of the Garter and of the Legion of Honour. After receiving an address from the Corporation, the Imperial party partook of a *déjeuner*, and proceeded by a different route to Buckingham Palace. It was stated that the wine served at the Imperial table included sherry 100 years old, and valued at the rate of £600 the butt. In the evening the Queen and her guests paid a state visit to the Royal Italian Opera, the house being fitted up superbly for the occasion; the mirrors in the retiring-rooms multiplying the effect of the statuettes of the Queen, the Emperor and the Empress, of the flowers and the gorgeous decorations. On their entrance they were hailed with enthusiasm, the orchestra playing "Partant pour la Syrie," followed by the National Anthem. When the curtain rose the second time a dense mass of ladies and gentlemen in full dress was seen behind the performers and the chorus. They had purchased the privilege of being there, as there was no room in any other part of the house. In the evening the City and the West-end were splendidly illuminated. On Friday the Queen and her guests visited the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where an immense assembly had an opportunity of seeing them as they leisurely promenaded through the building. On Saturday the Emperor and Empress departed, accompanied to Dover by the Prince Consort and the Duke of Cambridge. The Emperor was pleased to say that the only fault he had to find with the arrangements of the railway was, "That it conveyed him too quickly out of England." The Imperial visit seems to have been eminently satisfactory to all parties. It was politically important, inasmuch as it arose out of an alliance between nations regarded as hereditary enemies, which was so far from being within the calculations of statesmen that the whole policy of the Continental powers was based upon its assumed impossibility.

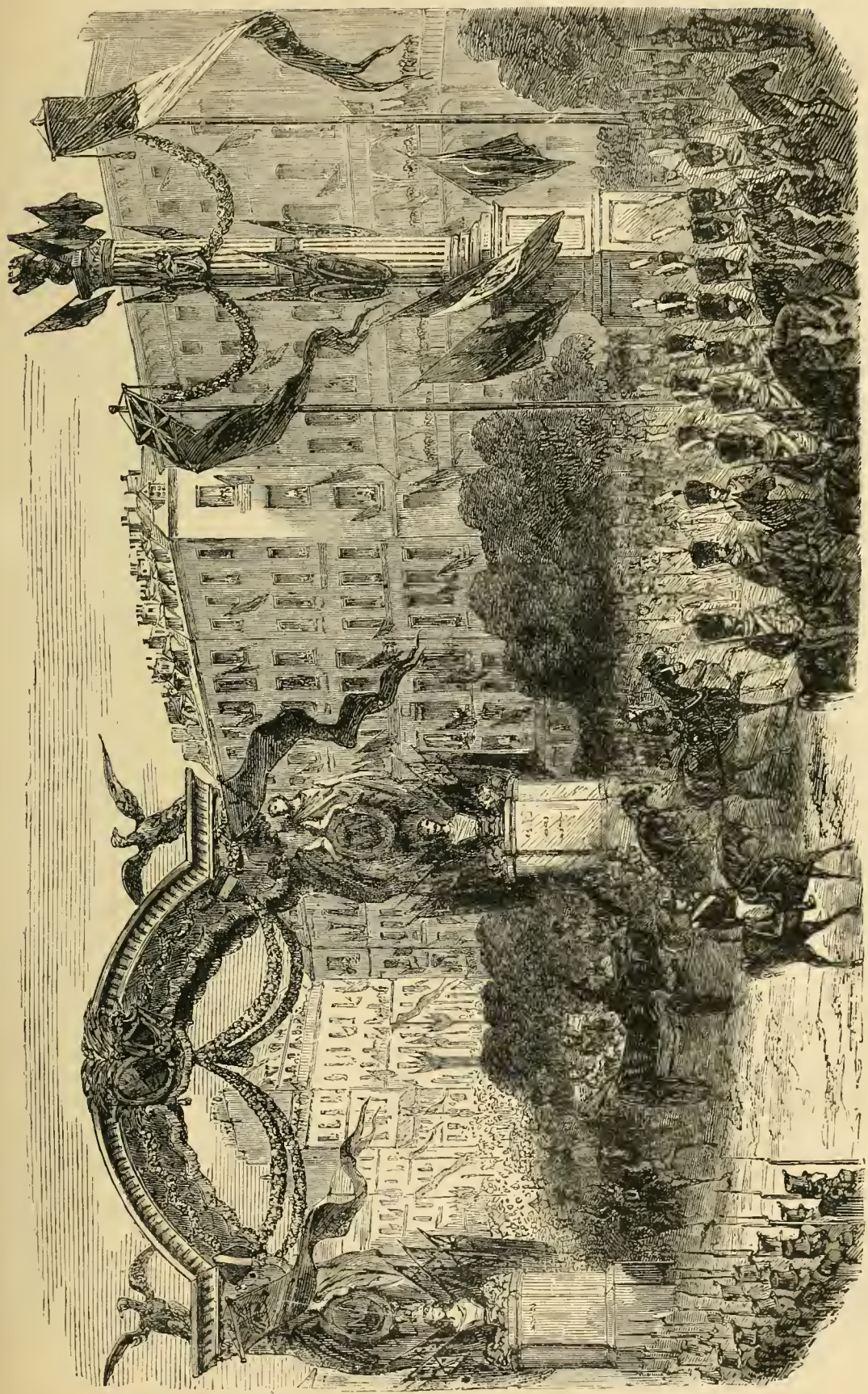
The Queen was so well pleased that she made the Lord Mayor, Sir Francis Graham Moon, a baronet in honour of the occasion.

Her Majesty was pleased to return the Imperial visit on the 18th of August following. In a historical point of view this event was most interesting. No English sovereign had beheld the French capital for four centuries, since the infant Henry VI. was crowned at Paris in 1422; and the following facts bearing on the relations of these two great countries were recalled to the recollection of the public by this interchange of friendly visits between the courts. "In 1444 the English were expelled from France. In 1461 the queen of the captive Henry VI. was a suppliant to the French king. In 1651 the heir of the Stuarts was an exile and a pensioner at the court of Louis XIV. In 1688 the fugitive James received the protection, and occupied the palace, of the Great Monarch, while the Prince of Orange, representing an expelled feudatory of France, sat on the English throne. In 1793 the representative of the Bourbons died on a scaffold in his beautiful capital, and his brothers destined to wear his crown sought the protection, and occupied the palace, of the English king, the descendant of their former guest. In 1815, just 400 years after the expulsion of the Plantagenets, an English army, after giving the great Napoleon his final overthrow, stormed the defences of Paris, and its generals occupied its gates and its palaces as conquerors. They brought back the heir of the Bourbons, and replaced him on the throne, whence his great grandfather had directed hostilities against England to restore the heir of the Stuarts. Fifteen years later his brother, Charles X., fled again to England, and again occupied Holyrood Palace; and the Orleans Bourbons sat on the throne of France. Yet another period of eighteen years, and the Orleans Bourbon fled ignominiously to the English shores, and received the hospitality of the English Queen. He who seized his falling sceptre was the nephew of the great Emperor whom the English arms had overthrown in 1815, and who had died a prisoner on an English island. Himself an exile and poor, he had lived under that general protection which the English laws afford to all who seek their shield and conform to their precepts; he had known our people and our manners; he had comported himself as a citizen of the land of his refuge, and had wielded the special constable's staff on the memorable 10th of April. The exile was now the absolute sovereign of the French people, elected by their will, yet ruling them by the strong hand. But amid all these changes for 400 years, no English sovereign had beheld the marvels of Paris. The visit of the Queen of England to the French Emperor and his capital was therefore, in every point of view, a remarkable event. It signified the final conclusion of the natural enmity that for centuries had exasperated the hostile nations—the sovereigns against the sovereigns, the people against the people: it signified the final discarding of the divine right of the Bourbons to the throne of France: it signified the unreserved recognition of the Napoleonic rights, based on the will of the French people, and the adoption of the Napoleonic house into the dynastic families of Europe: it signified, also, the firm alliance of the two great Western Powers, against all who should disturb the tranquillity of the world from abroad, and the renunciation of all ideas of conquest on the part of France: it signified the hope of a long period of mutual goodwill, the interchange of mutual good offices, of the products of nature and art, of the efforts of peace and civilisation."*

The Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, started from Osborne at half-past four in the morning on the 18th of August, 1855, and arrived at Boulogne at half-past one the same day. The appearance of the royal squadron was announced by discharges from cannon on the heights and batteries on shore, by volleys of musketry, and the cheers of a vast multitude of spectators. A pavilion had been erected on the pier, in which the Emperor, surrounded by a brilliant suite, awaited the approach of his royal guests. The instant the royal yacht ran alongside, he hastened on board and saluted the Queen, kissing her hand and both cheeks. He then shook hands with the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, and with every mark of joy and welcome conducted them to the pavilion. He rode beside the Queen's carriage to the railway station. At half-past two the train started for Paris. From the terminus of the Strasburg railway to the Palace of St. Cloud, the houses were gaily dressed with tapestry, flowers, and evergreens; the windows and streets were crowded by people in every variety of costume; 200,000 soldiers and National Guards formed double lines five miles long. The glitter of the arms, the splendour and variety of the dresses, mingling their colours with the verdure of the trees in the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, presented a spectacle of extraordinary brilliancy and beauty. The Parisians had been on the ground in great numbers from noon, and waited patiently for hours; but, unfortunately, the train was behind time, the evening became dark and cold, and when at length Her Majesty appeared at half-past seven, the demonstration was shorn of much of its splendour. Nevertheless, the boulevards, streets, and avenues were still crowded, and Her Majesty met with an enthusiastic reception. As the carriages approached the Arc de Triomphe the outriders and escort carried torches, which added much to the effect. The Palace of St. Cloud was placed entirely at the disposal of the Queen and her party. She was received by the Empress, the Princess Mathilde, with the ladies of the officers of the household, and the high officers of state. It was Saturday evening, and the next day was devoted to rest, relieved only by a drive in the Bois de Boulogne.

On Monday their Majesties visited the Palais des Beaux Arts, a portion of the great Industrial Exhibition. The route to the building was one dense mass of spectators, who received Her Majesty with every demonstration of joy and respect. The royal party lunched

* "Annual Register, 1855," Chronicle, p. 133.



ROYAL PROCESSION IN PARIS.

with Prince Napoleon at the Elysée, and then visited Saint Chapelle, Notre Dame, and went through the city to view its principal buildings. The Parisians were everywhere delighted with the Queen and the Royal children, whose gracious bearing and frank manners quite won their hearts. On Tuesday Her Majesty visited the magnificent Palace of Versailles. The Emperor was so charmed with his visitors, that it was remarked he conversed with an animation of manner and countenance quite surprising to those accustomed to his usual impassiveness. Two more visits were paid to the Industrial Exhibition. On Thursday evening the Municipality of Paris gave a ball in the Hotel de Ville, which surpassed in splendour and magnificence all previous experience. There was a grand review next day, and after that a visit to the tomb of Napoleon. On Saturday the Royal party visited the Palace of St. Germains, where Her Majesty examined with much interest the various relics of her unfortunate ancestor, and stood for some time in thought before his tomb. In the evening the Emperor gave a splendid fête at the Palace of Versailles, which outdid even the magnificence of the Hotel de Ville. "On Saturday night," says the official *Moniteur*, "the palace of Louis XIV. recovered, as if by magic, the splendour and life which animated it in its best days. In our epoch we are called upon to behold marvels which would have appeared impossible in the greatest ages, and under the most glorious reigns. In a short time, when the *éclat* of the fêtes and the noise of the cheering shall have ceased, and when time has been given to reflect on the bearing and signification of all that has taken place in this full and brilliant week, the journey and visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the capital of France will be looked upon as one of those events which appear as a dream until realised. All who witnessed that enthusiastic reception, those manifestations of sincere cordiality and deep sympathy between sovereign and sovereign, and nation and nation, will retain a lasting remembrance, which they will love to tell in their old age, and which marks an epoch in the history of individuals, as well as in the history of nations. Versailles had donned its festive apparel to welcome the august guests of the Emperor. The grand court-yard of the chateau was as light as day; the imposing and severe profile of its grand and beautiful architecture stood out in lines of fire, and the marble statues which adorn the double grand staircase appeared astonished at all this bustle and movement. Their Majesties entered by the marble stairs, while the invited guests entered by the Princes' Staircase. Waiting and reposing rooms, boudoirs hung with blue damask and filled with beautiful flowers, had been prepared for the Queen of England and Prince Albert, in the apartments once occupied by Marie Antoinette. The Emperor and Empress withdrew for a few moments into their private rooms. Their Majesties then crossed the state apartments of Louis XIV., which were magnificently lit up, and the immense fire-places of which were turned into gardens of flowers or plots of verdure. The Gallery of the Mirrors offered a most dazzling *coup d'œil*. At the four angles orchestras had been erected, consisting of 200 artists, directed by Strauss and Dupresne. Flowers and shrubs concealed the stands of the musicians, and the harmony seemed to proceed from invisible instruments through a bower of dahlias, roses, and other flowers. Garlands suspended from the ceiling, and, interlaced with each other, formed the most charming decoration. Thousands of lustres and torches, reflected in the mirrors, threw streams of light upon the rich garments of the guests, covered with gold and glittering with diamonds. On approaching the windows a still more admirable sight presented itself to view. The great sheet of water was enclosed by a series of porches in the Renaissance style, standing out from the background of the park in coloured fire, and joined together by an emerald trellis-work. In the centre a portal two-thirds larger than the rest, built like a triumphal arch, was surmounted by a double shield with the arms of France and England. At the two corners to the right and left were two other porticoes, with the initials of their Majesties. Under these brilliant arches the water sprang up in jets and fell back in cascades. The two basins formed one vast sheet of light, upon which golden dolphins, mounted by Cupids, disported, carrying circular torches and Venetian lights. At half-past ten the Emperor opened the ball with the Queen of England. At eleven the Court proceeded to supper in the theatre. Their Majesties' table was laid in the state box, commanding a view of all the others, which were filled with ladies. Orchestra and pit were turned into a festive hall. On all sides flowers, lights, and brilliant toilettes—everywhere an air of satisfaction, joy, and delight impossible to describe. It was like a glance at fairy-land. Their Majesties left Versailles amid the warmest demonstrations of enthusiasm. After their departure the ball was kept up till morning, and during the whole of the night the road was thronged with brilliant equipages conveying back the guests to Paris. Sunday was dedicated to repose; Monday to travel. Immense crowds lined the streets to witness Her Majesty's departure. The Emperor accompanied his illustrious guests to Boulogne, where Her Majesty reviewed the magnificent army encamped on the heights. The Imperial host and his guests parted about midnight, when the English Court re-embarked, and arrived at Osborne at nine a.m. the following morning."

The Earl of Clarendon, who was the Secretary of State in attendance on Her Majesty, addressed an official letter to Sir George Grey, which contains the following testimony of Her Majesty's pleasure:—

"The Queen is profoundly sensible of the kindness with which she has been received by the Emperor and Empress, and of those manifestations of respect and cordiality on the part of the French nation by which she has everywhere been greeted. On personal and political grounds, the visit to Paris has afforded the highest gratification to Her Majesty."

In July, 1856, the question of intervention or non-intervention was fully discussed in Parliament, in connection with the affairs of Italy. Read in the light of subsequent events and of later occurrences, and with a

view to pending eventualities, the debate is full of interest. The subject was introduced by Lord Lyndhurst, who, in the course of an eloquent and argumentative speech, expressed the warmest sympathy with Italy, while exposing and denouncing the horrible oppression under which she groaned. He declared, that of all military tyrannies that of Austria was the most galling and odious, as shown not only in Italy, but in her Danubian provinces. In Italy she had, in violation of the Treaty of Vienna, not only usurped the government of the Legations, but had taken possession of the Duchy of Parma, and kept the whole country in a state of siege, subjecting the population to martial law. Her excuse was, that when she could remove her garrisons without danger of insurrection, she would do so. Lord Lyndhurst showed, with admirable clearness, the effect of this plea. A bad government produced dissatisfaction, disturbance, possibly insurrection. That ended in invasion by the military force of a neighbouring power, which necessarily increased the dissatisfaction and the tendency to revolt; so that, according to the Austrian argument, the occupation of the disaffected districts by a foreign military force could have no termination. "In adverting to the state and prospects of Italy," continued the noble and learned lord, "it was impossible to avoid speaking of the proceedings of the Neapolitan Government; nothing could exceed its infamous conduct. The same infamous system of tyranny and oppression—founded on no law, not even the law of arbitrary government—described by Mr. Gladstone some years since, was at this very moment pursued with greater secrecy, and, in the present political trials, carried on now, as then, in disregard of every principle of justice, and in violation of every feeling of right." Lord Lyndhurst contended that there were cases in which it was the bounden duty of foreign governments to interfere in the internal affairs of another state, and if there ever were such a case, it was Naples. The king of that country denied the right of England to interfere, and had positively refused to give any explanation or reply to the remonstrances addressed to him. Yet England declined to use her power. From this Lord Lyndhurst could draw but one conclusion, which was—that there was a feeling at Naples that there was some backwardness and lukewarmness on the part of France to co-operate with us in the objects we had in view. "This, then," he said, "is the state to which we are reduced. We threaten a foreign government, declaring that its conduct is infamous and atrocious, and that we require it to be changed; they refuse to listen to our remonstrances, and we sit quietly down and take no further steps. What, then, has become of the power and *prestige* of England?" In contrast to Naples he offered Sardinia as an example of constitutional government. Under the greatest difficulties, that country had maintained a free constitution, upon which the least accident might bring destruction, surrounded, as she was, by multitudinous armies; hated and jealously watched by Austria. He concluded with a vivid picture of the Austrian system. "With Austria," he said, "there is only one rule of government, and that is force, coercion, and direct military repression. It is a principle with Austria that the people exists for the government, and not that the government exists for the people. There is not one liberal idea in her whole system. For such a system to exist in another country, supported by foreign bayonets, must be horrifying; and with what feeling that system is regarded by Italians, we have most abundant evidence to establish."

Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary, stated that urgent remonstrances had been addressed to the King of Naples, in the most friendly spirit, pointing out to him the danger of the existing state of things to the stability of his throne, and suggesting the establishment of a better administration of justice, a general amnesty for political offences, and a system of government that would secure the confidence of the people. But he did not believe that until the joint pressure of England and France could be brought to bear in all its force, the desired amelioration of the condition of the Italian people would be obtained; and he declared that that was a matter which the Government had as much at heart as the Parliament or the people of this country. The Marquis of Clanricarde remarked that it was clear from the statement of Lord Clarendon that the King of Naples had taken a stand upon his own absolute independence, and had treated with contumely the attempt of Her Majesty's Government to meddle with the affairs of his territory. The Marquis of Lansdowne expressed a hope that the existing system of foreign inteference in Italy would be ultimately got rid of; and he trusted that, if ever our armed interference should become necessary, the war would be vigorously conducted, so that it might be speedily brought to a satisfactory result.

In the House of Commons also, at the same time, the Italian question was debated. Lord John Russell moved that an address be presented to Her Majesty for copies or extracts of any recent communications which had taken place between the Government and the Governments of Austria, Rome, and the Two Sicilies, relating to the affairs of Italy. He called attention to the nature of the declarations made at the Paris Conference, reading the statements made by Count Walewski, Lord Clarendon, Count Buol, and Count Cavour; and then referred to the Austrian occupation. That occupation was the result of bad government. It had existed seven years, and the government was worse. What prospect was there that it would ever be better? Austria was taking fresh precautions to perpetuate the oppression. Without advocating interference with the internal affairs of foreign states, he maintained that, at whatever risk, we were bound to support the King of Sardinia. We should nourish the growing spirit of Italian independence. "I remember," said Lord John Russell, "very long ago, having had an interview in the Isle of Elba with the first Napoleon. The Emperor talked much of the States of Italy, and agreed in the observation which I had made that there was no union among them, and no likelihood of any effectual resistance by them to their oppressors; but when

I asked him why Austria was so unpopular in Italy, he replied that it was because she governed not with the sword [that was probably not a reflection which that great man would make], but that she had no other means of governing except by the stick. I believe, sir, that that is the secret of the whole disfavour with which Austria is viewed in Italy."

Lord Palmerston observed that at the Paris conferences the representative of Austria held out no expectation that her consent would be obtained to the cessation of foreign occupation in Italy. Her Majesty's Government felt that that cessation was an object of European interest. If disturbances broke out in Naples, the King would apply to Austria for assistance, and complications would thence arise that would endanger the peace of Europe. But with regard to Naples, as well as to Rome, he did not despair. The King of Sardinia, having associated himself with England and France in the war which had just closed, had a right to support and protection against an unprovoked attack. England and France were bound by the ties of honour to assist him to the utmost. Mr. Disraeli could not understand why the question of Italy was introduced into conferences and protocols, if all that was intended to be done was no more than diplomatic action. Nothing could be more irrational, he said, than to address violent representations to Austria, with a view of terminating the occupation of the Roman States, unless France was also prepared to quit them. Their "admonitions," without fleets or armies, to the ruling powers would set Italy in flames. It was said that the case of Naples was exceptional, but why was it exceptional more than the case of Austria or Russia, except that those were strong powers and Naples was a weak one? But it was not only a contest between worn-out dynasties and an intelligent class that was going on in Italy; there were the secret societies which did not care for constitutional government. "It is useless to deny," said Mr. Disraeli, "because it is impossible to conceal, that a great part of Europe—the whole of Italy and France, and a great part of Germany, to say nothing of other countries—are covered with a net-work of those secret societies, just as the superficies of the earth is now being covered with railroads: and what are their objects? They do not attempt to conceal them. They do not want constitutional government; they do not want ameliorated institutions; they do not want provincial councils, nor the recording of votes. They want to change the tenure of land, to drive out the present owners of land, and to put an end to ecclesiastical establishments. Some of them may go further. Do you think that, with their complete organisation—when Austria cannot interfere to occupy the kingdom of Naples, when the king is lectured on his throne by the Western Powers, and when, as the noble lord says, the feelings of the people are aroused—the societies will be quiet? We know what they did before. Their energy and their organisation carried everything before them. I am told that a British Minister has boasted—and a very unwise boast it was—that by holding out his hand he could raise a revolution in Italy to-morrow. I believe it is not impossible, with the means at his disposal, that he might. What would happen? You would have a republic formed on extreme principles; and there may be many intelligent and well-meaning persons—I do not say in this house—who would say, 'And what then? Nothing can be worse than the present state of Italy: let us try a Red Republic, or even a republic of a still more fiery colour.' But the question of Italian politics is not of that simple character. Rome is not far distant from Naples. The passage from Naples to the States of the Church is not difficult. You may have triumvirs again established in Rome; the Pope may again be forced to flee. My honourable friend behind me (Mr. Spooner) may say, 'So much the better;' and not a cardinal may be left in Rome. What will be the consequences of that? The two great Catholic Powers of Europe—France, whose Emperor boasts in these protocols of being the eldest son of the Church; that ally with whose beneficent co-operation Italy is to be emancipated, and Austria—will pour their legions over the whole peninsula. You will have to withdraw the British fleet; your admonitions will be thrown into the mud, as they deserve; and your efforts to free Italy from the occupation of foreign troops will terminate by rendering the thraldom a thousand times more severe, and by aggravating the miseries of the unfortunate people, whose passions you have fired, and whose feelings you have this night commenced to rouse. If they were not prepared," he said, in conclusion, "to interfere in Italy with fleets and armies, let them abstain from stirring up the passions of the people—a policy that would only aggravate the thraldom of Italy, and might lead to consequences still more fraught with disaster to Europe."

Mr. Bowyer thought that nothing could tend more to retard and thwart the progress of internal improvement in the Papal States, a country wholly unsuited to Whig principles. The noble lord would convulse the whole peninsula with revolution. The objects aimed at by Count Cavour were monstrous and ridiculous. It was, however, most gratifying to him to see the leader of the Government and the leader of the Opposition concur in taking a statesman-like, a steady, and reasonable view of Italian affairs. Mr. Whiteside denounced the policy of Lord Palmerston as a shuffling, miserable policy, which all must condemn, and which would exasperate the feelings of the people of Italy. Lord John Russell, in reply to Mr. Disraeli, said, "that as to secret societies, a despotic government, supported by foreign troops, was not likely to put them down. Those things acted upon one another. There were secret societies, therefore there was foreign occupation. There was foreign occupation, therefore there were secret societies. The people resorted to secret societies because there was no other mode of stating their grievances." The motion was negatived without a division.

In consequence of the discussions which took place during the Paris conferences, with regard to the state of Italy, England and France dispatched earnest remonstrances to the King of Naples, in order to induce the

Government to mitigate the system of oppression under which his subjects groaned, and to adopt a course of policy calculated to avert the dangers which might disturb the peace that had been recently restored to Europe. These friendly remonstrances were scornfully rejected by the infatuated monarch, in terms which left no alternative with the Western Powers but to withdraw their missions from that court. The fact was announced in the Queen's speech at the opening of the session in 1857, and led, of course, to Conservative attacks upon the Administration, for their interference with the domestic concerns of another country.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Another Chinese War—Sir John Bowring—The Affair of the Lorcha—Attack upon Canton—Debate on China in the House of Lords—Speeches of Lord Derby, Lord Clarendon, Lord Grey, Lord Granville, and the Bishop of Oxford—Majority of Thirty-six in favour of the Government—Debate of Four Days, in the House of Commons, on Mr. Cobden's Motion for a Vote of Censure on the Government—Statement of the Case against it—Defence of the Policy pursued at Canton—Defeat of the Government—Discussion on the Dissolution of Parliament—Resignation of the Speaker, Mr. Shaw Lefevre—Proposal of a Vote of Thanks by Lord Palmerston—Pension of £4,000 settled on Mr. Lefevre—Dissolution of Parliament—General Election—Mr. John Evelyn Denison elected Speaker—Proposed Marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia—Dowry of the Princess—Revenues of the Crown—The Queen incurs no Debt—Abolition of Ministers' Money in Ireland—Establishment of a new Probate Court and a new Divorce Court—The English Law of Marriage—Resistance to Reform on the part of the Church—Protracted Debates—The Rights of the Clergy—The Orsini Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor of the French—Despatch of Count Walewski, charging England with harbouring Assassins: it receives no Official Answer—French Military Threats against England—The Emperor's Dictation to the English Government—Great Excitement and Irritation in this Country—The Conspiracy Bill—Lord Palmerston's Speech—Speech of Mr. Kinglake—Mr. Roebuck's Denunciation of the Conduct of the French Emperor—Lord John Russell opposed the Bill, which was defended by Sir George Grey and Mr. Disraeli—Public Excitement against the Measure—Debate on the Second Reading—Mr. Milner Gibson moved its rejection—Remarkable Speeches of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone—Mr. Disraeli—The Bill rejected—Resignation of the Government—Lord Derby charged with the Formation of a New Ministry—The New Cabinet.

THE most momentous debates in the session of 1857 were connected with the affairs of China. They resulted in the defeat of Lord Palmerston's Administration, which was followed by the dissolution of Parliament. It was a seemingly trivial incident in a remote part of the globe that led to these important consequences. Sir John Bowring had been appointed British Consul in Canton in 1849. In 1854 he was appointed Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China and Governor of Hong Kong. While he occupied this position he came into hostile collision with the Imperial Government. On the 8th of October, 1856, a lorcha named "the Arrow," which bore the British flag, was boarded by Chinese officers, for the purpose of arresting some of their countrymen charged with piracy. The British flag was torn down, and twelve out of a crew of fourteen were carried off prisoners. Sir John Bowring in vain endeavoured to obtain redress for this outrage. The Imperial Commissioner Yeh paid no attention to his remonstrances, or only returned evasive answers. Menaces being equally unavailing, the matter was referred to the British admiral, Sir Michael Seymour. Troops were obtained from India and Ceylon, and Sir John Bowring, on his own responsibility—without any authority from the Government at home—made war upon the most ancient and extensive empire in the world. The forts along the river were one after another attacked and reduced. The public buildings in the city of Canton were shelled. A large fleet of war-junks was destroyed, and the city lay defenceless under our guns. The news of these events had reached England during the autumn, and produced a great deal of excitement and discussion. On the 16th of February the Earl of Derby gave notice of a motion on the subject, and in the House of Commons a similar notice was given by Mr. Cobden. Both these statesmen delivered speeches memorable for the masterly and eloquent discussion of the principles of international law and the duties incumbent upon civilised powers in their dealings with semi-barbarous nations. Lord Derby moved his resolutions on the 24th, and then described the proceedings at Canton as most violent in their character, and as having inflicted the greatest injury upon trade and commerce. The Arrow, it was said, was a British vessel within the meaning of the treaty, and entitled to carry a British flag; but he contended that she was a China built ship, captured by pirates, re-captured by the Chinese, sold afterwards by the Chinese, and ultimately bought, owned, and manned by Chinese. It was an essential characteristic of a British merchant's ship, that she must be wholly owned by British subjects. But even if the Arrow were a British vessel, no infraction of the treaty had been committed: no one would think of enforcing "the colonial ordinance," in the case of the vessels of any European country, trading on the coast of that country. Besides, its very existence had not been made known to the Chinese authorities until some time after it was established. In any case there could be no doubt that the Arrow had no legal right to carry the British flag, because it was admitted by Sir John Bowring that her licence had expired before the seizure. The governor had said to Consul Parkes, that the lorcha could not claim British protection, although he made a directly contrary statement to Commissioner Yeh; and it was by such means that the British nation was drawn into a destructive and expensive war! It was true that by treaty the British were entitled to be admitted into the city of Canton. The admission was denied by the Chinese authorities, on the ground that it would lead to conflicts between the natives and the foreigners. This had been held by Sir G. Bonham to be a sufficient reason for not pressing the claim; but Sir John Bowring was determined to enforce it at all hazards, and considered no sacrifice too great to effect his object. In the correspondence upon the subject, the tone of the Chinese was throughout forbearing, courteous, and gentleman-like; while that of our representative, with hardly an exception, was menacing, disrespectful, and arrogant. Lord Derby believed that Sir John Bowring and Mr. Parkes had determined beforehand that they would not consent

to anything proposed, but would tack to the lorcha grievance Sir John Bowring's monomania for obtaining admission to the city. The military operations were advised and planned within twelve days after the cause of quarrel, while every overture for peace on the part of the Chinese was evaded. Sir John Bowring had charged the Chinese with shameful violation of treaties; but those treaties remained unfulfilled, with the acquiescence of Her Majesty's Government, upon reasons assigned and representations made. Lord Derby concluded his speech with an earnest appeal to the bench of bishops to come forward on this occasion and vindicate the cause of religion, humanity, and civilisation from

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

the outrage which had been inflicted upon them by the British representatives at Canton. He solemnly called upon the hereditary peers not to tolerate the usurpation by authorities abroad of that most awful prerogative of the Crown—the right of declaring war; not to tolerate, upon light and trivial grounds, the capture of commercial vessels, the destruction of forts belonging to a friendly country, the bombardment of an undefended city, and the shedding of the blood of unwarlike and innocent people, without warrant of law and without moral justification. He then moved three resolutions embodying his sentiments.

Lord Clarendon defended the conduct of the British representatives at Canton. He denied that the Arrow had forfeited her licence, because, though the term had expired, the vessel was still at sea, and therefore still entitled, under the terms of the ordinance, to bear the British flag. He contended that if Mr. Parkes, whose discretion and moderation deserved all praise, had shrunk from demanding redress, he would have failed in his duty, and given the Chinese reason to believe that they might proceed to still greater insults. Such an outrage could not occur among nations who respected international law, and it was necessary to make the Chinese sensible of the law of force. He believed that the assumed popular hostility to the admission of the British into Canton was a mere bugbear, and that the Queen's officers were justified in taking advantage of the dispute about the Arrow to endeavour to obtain a partial fulfilment of the treaty. He declared that the resolution prohibiting hostilities against a foreign people, without express instructions received from Her Majesty's Government, would endanger the lives and property of all British subjects in China, would cast dishonour upon our name and our flag, and would bring ruin upon our trade with that country. The Lord Chancellor, in reply to Lord Lyndhurst, took the same view of the subject. Earl Grey maintained that the Arrow was not a British vessel in any sense of the term, and such from first to last had been the argument of the Chinese. He could not conceive any doctrine more dangerous than that subordinate

officers, who might not be persons of easy temper, should be allowed to resort to offensive measures without reference to the Home Government. The policy of conciliation, so long as it had been pursued in China, had been crowned with success; the policy that had been carried out by Sir John Bowring he denounced as inhuman, as a scandal to Christianity, whose precepts bound nations as well as individuals; and he charged their lordships not to become responsible for the blood of innocent Chinese already shed, but to save themselves by voting for the resolution of Lord Derby. The Earl of Ellenborough firmly believed that the insult to our flag was not intentional; yet for this doubtful offence the Chinese forts were destroyed, and fire and sword carried into the bosom of a peaceful city. On Sir John Bowring a fearful responsibility rested. That responsibility was now accepted by the Government, but he entreated their lordships not to accept it. The losses which would result to this country and India from this war of his, it was almost impossible to estimate. Already a penny of the income tax was gone in the falling off of the duty on tea, and the deficiency would not stop at that. "All our influence in China would be overturned —our efforts towards the conversion of the people entirely neutralised. How, indeed, could we attempt to teach them a religion of benevolence and humanity, when our Ministers were breaking the commandments, committing murder in an unjust war, not telling the truth of their neighbour, and gratifying their covetousness at the expense of the sufferings of mankind?"

Earl Granville having defended the conduct of Sir John Bowring, sarcastically remarked upon the zeal with which noble lords on the opposite side of the House constituted themselves lay-readers to the episcopal bench, and admonished right reverend prelates with moving sermons whenever they were in doubt about which way their votes would go. He was sure the bishops would vote according to the dictates of their consciences, and be guided only by what they believed and felt to be the principles of justice and humanity. The Bishop of Oxford was the only prelate who spoke in the name of the bench. He declared his belief that the claim made on behalf of the lorcha was not founded on the principles of either law or justice; therefore the war which had sprung from that claim was indefensible, and its principle untenable among Christian men. He reprobated the conduct of a great Christian nation like England spreading the horrors of war among a weak and unoffending people. If the House gave the weight of its great authority to support an act so unjust, it would go against a Power which took its own time for vindicating eternal justice, and which never allowed a wrong to pass unrevenged—a Power which could find in the very weakness of China sufficient elements to abase and rebuke the lawless oppression of this country.

All these appeals failed to avert a decision in favour of the Government, which had a majority of thirty-six; but this majority was made up chiefly of persons who had not heard the arguments. The proxies for Lord Derby's motion were fifty-seven, and the proxies against it seventy-five.

Mr. Cobden, on the 26th of February, moved a resolution to the effect that the House had heard with concern of the conflicts that had occurred between the Chinese and British authorities on the Canton river; and considered that the papers laid on the table failed to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures adopted in the affair of the Arrow. He moved that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the state of our commercial relations with China. He asked the House to inquire how all this warfare and devastation began—would they have dealt in a similar manner if the transaction had taken place at Charleston, and the Government assailed had been at Washington? Referring to the correspondence between our consul and the Chinese Commissioner, he said that Mr. Parkes, a young man, seemed to have made up his mind not to be satisfied, in spite of the logical arguments of Governor Yeh, which would have done credit to Westminster Hall. Mr. Cobden conscientiously believed that there had been a preconceived design to pick a quarrel with the Chinese authorities, for which the world would cry shame upon us. He regarded the papers laid before the House as a garbled record of trumpery complaints. It was an insult to bring down such a book in order to make out a case for Lord Clarendon. Englishmen carried with them a haughty demeanour and inflexible bearing towards the natives of other countries, and the demands of our mercantile men in this instance were characterised by downright selfish violence. Sir John Bowring, acting on their behalf, had not only violated the principles of international law, but had acted contrary to his instructions, and even to express directions from the Home Government. Sir Bulwer Lytton, on the same side, censured the language of Consul Parkes to Commissioner Yeh as repugnant to the rules of diplomatic intercourse, and he denounced the hostilities carried on upon such a miserable plea. Lord John Russell reviewed the whole question, and argued that the alleged provocations furnished no sufficient ground for the extreme measures resorted to, which were not the proper modes of settling such a great question. Government should consider that their officials had committed a serious offence. And where was the matter to end? The worst part of the case, he said, was the conduct of Sir J. Bowring, who, while he declared that the vessel had lost all right to British protection, set up that claim against the Chinese Commissioner, and required an apology for the British flag as having been rightfully used. Mr. Warren regarded the war with China into which the country had been dragged as a flimsy pretext for carrying out what appeared to be a long-cherished design. He denied that the Chinese had given a fit occasion for war, and he challenged the law officers of the Crown to disprove the law laid down in the House of Lords upon the question. What were the interests of commerce, he asked, compared with national honour? Mr. Whiteside charged the British officials with duplicity, misstatement of law, and misrepresentation of facts. They had been arrogant,

insolent, overbearing, and domineering. Sir James Graham argued that the Chinese authorities had a perfect right to board the Arrow. Not only had Sir J. Bowring not been censured for his falsehood—which, had he been an attorney, would cause his name to be struck off the roll—but it had been approved by the Government. The affair of the lorcha was evidently but a pretext seized upon by Sir John Bowring, who had been fretting under the prohibition against engaging in hostilities with the Chinese. Sir John Pakington regretted that the Government did not repudiate the acts of Sir John Bowring and his co-officials, and at once recall them. He repudiated the doctrine that the servants of the Crown should be upheld at all risks. Sir John Bowring had been charged by the Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai with having deliberately misrepresented the instructions he had received from the Foreign Office, having thereby obtained the consent of the merchants to an arrangement which they would otherwise have opposed. Mr. Sidney Herbert stated that the concurrence of Sir M. Seymour had been obtained by the false pretences put forth by Sir John Bowring, who had made a disingenuous use of the despatches from home. The Government had commended the judgment, firmness, and moderation of their officials; but Mr. Herbert felt the deepest indignation at the force exerted with so little mercy on pretexts so transparently fraudulent, and inflicting so much suffering on the Cantonese. Mr. Roundell Palmer argued that the Arrow was not, according to the treaty, an English merchant vessel, and that, therefore, there was no legal justification for the hostilities. Mr. Roebuck recognised the resolution as a vote of censure, not only upon Sir John Bowring, but upon the Government which approved his acts. They assumed the responsibility, and the House should fix it upon them. If the Chinese were wrong, they have erred in common with great luminaries of the law in this country—why then should their houses be shattered and their relatives butchered? Mr. Gladstone protested against making Sir John a stalking horse for diverting attention from the real matter at issue, which involved the interests of humanity and the honour of England. We talked of the violation of treaty by the Chinese, but was there no violation of treaty on our part? The purpose for which Hong Kong was given to us was that it should be a port in which British ships might tarry and fit. Was not our contraband trade in opium a breach of treaty obligations? Had our Government struggled to put it down, as bound by treaty? Had they not encouraged it by organising a fleet of lorchas under the British flag? They who thus acted had stained the British flag. For what were we at war with China? If the House had the courage to assert its prerogative and adopt this resolution, it would pursue a course consistent at once with sound policy and the principles of eternal justice. Mr. Disraeli thought that Sir John Bowring had been unfairly treated in the debate. If his conduct had been ratified by the Government, it should not be impugned by the House. The question at issue was the policy of the Government, which was to extend our commerce in the East, not by diplomacy, but by force. Lord Palmerston—"the very archetype of political combination without principle"—complained that he was the victim of conspiracy. Then let him appeal to the country.

The foregoing is an outline of the case made against the Government in the course of a debate which lasted four days, and which excited extraordinary interest, because it was felt not only by the House, but by the public, that the fate of the Government depended upon the issue. The following is an outline of the defence, which was commenced by Mr. Labouchere. He said that when the case was fairly and impartially considered, the House would be of opinion that no blame justly attached to our local authorities at Canton or to the Government at home—who could have pursued no other course than they had taken, without betraying the interests entrusted to their care, and lowering the British character in the eyes of the world. The transactions had taken place before the great community of merchants who had been libelled by Mr. Cobden. French and American merchants had coincided with ours in their view of the conduct of the Chinese authorities, which had become absolutely unbearable. He denied that the British functionaries had evinced any want of forbearance. On the part of the Government at home, he should regret if it had been so weak and pusillanimous as to fail in supporting officials placed in a difficult position, whose conduct had been applauded by the representatives of foreign nations. We were not at war with the court of Pekin, but with the local government at Canton, and he hoped that the result of these hostilities would be to place the relations of Europe with China upon a safer and more satisfactory footing. Mr. Lowe contended that the real question was not one of legality, but of the animus of the Chinese authorities, and it was impossible to acquit them of a bad animus in the matter. Much as he deplored the consequences, it appeared to him that upon those authorities, not upon the British Government or its officials, rested the responsibility. The Lord Advocate of Scotland argued upon the facts, that there was no ground for asserting that international law had been transgressed by our authorities abroad. He contended that the Hong Kong ordinance of 1855 was a valid law as respected the Chinese, and whether or not it was contrary to our municipal law had nothing to do with the question. The boarding of the lorcha was no doubt preconcerted; it was regarded by Sir John Bowring as an outrage, as an international and deliberate insult; and he wanted to know what Sir John was to have done. He warned the House to pause before it put between us and China a barrier which might be far more dangerous than any yet offered. Mr. Horsfall also believed that the insult was intended, and therefore he saw nothing to justify a vote of censure. Sir George Grey observed that every one conversant with the trade of China know that these lorchas were essentially not Chinese, but sailed under various European flags as well as under native colours, and if the outrage in question had been overlooked it would have been a virtual abandonment of the

protection which our flag had afforded for years. Referring to the strictures of Sir James Graham upon Sir John Bowring, he reminded the House that that gentleman had been appointed to the office of plenipotentiary by Lord Aberdeen's Government, of which Sir James Graham himself was a member; and as that functionary had the concurrence of Sir M. Seymour in all that he did, the attacks upon him were unfair, ungenerous, and unjust. He warned the House to hesitate before it came to a vote that would have a prejudicial effect throughout the world, in comparison with which the defeat of a Ministry, and the transfer of power to a combination of parties, were of minor importance. Mr. Robertson stated that his experience of the Chinese authorities led him to believe that the affront was deliberately intended. He thought access to the authorities at Canton was necessary; the restriction was a degrading one, intended to lower us in the eyes of the people. He cautioned the House against faltering and falling back by passing a vote of censure upon the Government, the effects of which would be disastrous, and would not be confined to Canton. Mr. Bernal Osborne remarked that "the question had been so obfuscated by the arguments of lawyers that it had got into a morass." He warned the House that the consequence of passing a vote of censure upon the Government in this matter would be the presentation of a bill for damages by the American and other merchants to the amount of £5,000,000, besides the loss of life. He complained of the attacks upon Sir John Bowring, who, he said, had been hunted down, called a liar, a blunderer, and everything but a thief. But it was not Sir John Bowring at Hong Kong, who was struck at; it was the Minister in Downing Street. The real object was to displace Lord Palmerston, to throw overboard the man who had brought us through the war, who never forsook a friend, and had no enemies but those of his country.

Lord Palmerston began his speech by observing that he should not have expected from Mr. Cobden such a motion, or such a speech in its support, nor should he have anticipated the bitterness of his attack upon Sir John Bowring, an ancient friend, a man who had raised himself by his talents, attainments, and public services, and who was a fit person for the situation he held. If there was any man less likely than another to get the country into hostilities, it was Sir John Bowring, who had been a member of the Peace Society. But what most surprised him in Mr. Cobden's speech was the anti-English spirit which pervaded it, and an abnegation of the ties which bound men to their country and their countrymen. With regard to the question under discussion, the noble lord said that we had a treaty with the Chinese, stipulating that British vessels should not be boarded without a previous application to the British Consul; and the question is, What did the Chinese know or believe about the nationality of the Arrow? Did they consider her a British vessel? He affirmed they did, and if they knowingly violated the treaty, it was immaterial whether, according to the technicalities of the law, the register had expired. It was the animus of the insult, the wilful violation of the treaty, that entitled us to demand reparation for the wrong, and an assurance of future security. He insisted that, after the refusal of reparation—only one of many violations of treaty rights by the Chinese—hostilities were amply justified, and that our proceedings were marked by extreme forbearance, compared with the proceedings of the Americans, when their flag was insulted. The outrage was only part of a deliberate system to wrest from us a right essential to our commerce in those waters. Lord Palmerston referred to the barbarities of the local authorities at Canton; the Commissioner Yeh having beheaded 70,000 persons in less than a year. What was the Government expected to do—to send out a message to Yeh that he was right? This would be withdrawing from the British community protection against a merciless barbarian. It would disgrace this country in the eyes of the civilised world, and especially in the estimation of Eastern nations. The House, therefore, had in its keeping not only the interests, the property, and the lives of many of our fellow-subjects abroad, but the honour and the character of the country.

Mr. Cobden having briefly replied, and having withdrawn the first paragraph of his resolution, the concluding portion was put to the vote—to the effect that the papers laid before the House failed to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures resorted to at Canton. The numbers were—for the motion, 263; against it, 247; majority against the Government, 16.

This important division took place on March 3rd. Two days of anxious suspense passed, during which the political world was full of speculation as to the alternative Lord Palmerston would adopt—resignation or dissolution. Mr. Disraeli had challenged him to appeal to the country, but without such a provocative, that was the course which a man of Lord Palmerston's spirit and determination was most likely to adopt. Accordingly, on the 5th, Lord Granville in the Upper House, and the Prime Minister in the Lower, announced that Her Majesty's Ministers had advised her to dissolve Parliament. The latter explained the grounds of his decision. Under ordinary circumstances, the result of a vote of censure would be resignation, and to those who had obtained a majority in favour of such a vote would be left the responsibility of conducting the affairs of the country. But the present case seemed to Lord Palmerston of so peculiar a character that he did not think it his duty to adopt that course. The vote did not seem to imply a general want of confidence, though it would render it very difficult, if not unseemly, to conduct the business of the country in the ordinary manner during the remainder of a long session. The Parliament was then in its fifth session, and might be considered comparatively a very old Parliament, for it had witnessed more important events than it had fallen to the lot of most Parliaments to see. It had seen three administrations; it had seen the transition from a state of profound peace to a great European war; it had seen the transition from a great European war to the fortunate restoration of European peace. Consequently, as concerned the

events of which it had been a spectator, it had done as much as could be expected to fall to the lot of one which had completed its full term of existence. He therefore proposed that the House should content itself with such provisional and temporary measures as might be necessary to provide for the public service until the earliest period at which a new Parliament could assemble. Mr. Disraeli concurred in this course, and said he would give every possible facility to public business. Mr. Cobden inquired what the Government were about to do in order to carry out the solemn vote to which the House had come. If any danger to British residents in China was to be apprehended from the vote, the first consideration ought to be their safety, and a competent person should be sent out by the next steam-ship, armed with full authority to supersede all existing British authority in China, and to act according to circumstances. If Lord Palmerston did not intend to take this course, what course would he take? A new Parliament could not meet until the end of May. Mr. Sidney Herbert also inquired whether Government would continue the war for the same object—namely, the entry of Sir John Bowring into Canton; and whether the conduct of affairs there was to be left to a man who, in the opinion of the House, had brought about the present dangerous crisis. Sir George Grey answered those questions by stating that they did not intend to send out any civil or military officers to act in accordance with the views of Mr. Cobden. All necessary precautions would be taken to protect the lives and property of British subjects. Mr. Cobden had no right to assume that the Government had any other object than to place our relations with China on a proper footing. They would employ the means which in their opinion were best calculated to accomplish this object, and he trusted the House would leave the honour and interests of the country in their hands.

Lord John Russell, however, considered that the House was entitled to ask for an explanation of the policy intended to be pursued for the next three months, after it had decided that their past conduct was worthy of censure. They should state what terms were asked of China; what, in fact, was the object of the hostilities. He denied emphatically that he, and other members of the Liberal party who had voted with him on this question, had, as alleged, entered into any combination with the Conservatives. The charges of a factious and unscrupulous union of parties, in order to obtain a certain object, he pronounced to be entirely false and calumnious. There was no one in a condition to prove such charges or to produce the least evidence in their support. They had concurred in the vote honestly and upon its merits, and he believed it would form an honourable precedent in history. The House had shown that, while it was ready to make any sacrifices to carry on a just and necessary war, it would not approve blindly all hostilities which it might be asked to sanction, and for which no case of justice could be established. Mr. Roebuck also positively denied that he had been a party to any conspiracy of the kind alluded to. He had voted with Mr. Cobden only because he agreed with him. The House, coming to the rescue of England's honour, declared against the noble lord and his government. "It would have been otherwise," said Mr. Roebuck, "if the noble lord had continued to be what he was in times past, when he declared himself the supporter of liberal institutions and liberal opinions. We have not deserted him, but he has deserted us. Where he went we would not follow, because it was to disgrace, and it was because we anticipated disgrace and dishonour to England that we voted against him." Mr. Gladstone demanded upon whose policy were the measures in China to be carried on till the new Parliament met. The House was bound to require an answer to that question. It was not right to vote supplies for carrying on a war which had been condemned by Parliament. Lord Palmerston had talked of a combination, but when had it before happened that a case was so strong as to compel the House to interpose in order to check the mad career of the Government in another quarter of the globe? Overruling necessity had altered usage, and the division comprised the names of Lord John Russell, who had led the Liberal party during more than twenty most eventful years, and Mr. Roebuck, no political enemy of Lord Palmerston. Mr. T. Duncombe noticed the fact that twelve out of the fifteen metropolitan members voted in the minority. If Lord Palmerston proclaimed to the country that he would maintain the honour of the national flag, he might defy the petty jealousy by which he was surrounded, and set at nought unprincipled cabals.

Lord Palmerston ultimately replied to the various questions as to the policy to be adopted in China. Every one knew that if a great extension of commercial intercourse between the nations of Europe and China was ever obtained, it would be an immense advantage to the cause of civilisation, and productive of great benefit to the industry of the nations trading with that country. The difficulty having been greatly increased by the unfortunate events that had occurred, it must strike every one that the selection of a person to whom should be committed the grave and important charge of conducting negotiations should be a subject of serious deliberation. It must strike every one that he should be imbued with the feelings of the Government on this subject; and that, being the recipient of their verbal instructions, he would be likely to carry more weight than any person who might happen to be now in China. He by no means undervalued the services of Sir John Bowring, to whom the greatest injustice had been done, and whose merits had been disparaged to a degree that astonished him; at the same time, the Government could not shut their eyes to the gravity and importance of the matters in hand. But the House must expect their policy to remain the same—it was, to maintain the rights and to protect the lives and properties of British subjects, to improve our relations with China, and in the selection of those means and the arrangement of them to perform the duty they owe to the country.

The House of Commons turned from the angry discussions about the Chinese war to a much more agreeable theme. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who had filled the office of

Speaker for nearly eighteen years, now announced his intention of retiring. On the 9th of March he addressed the House, and said that he could not contemplate the termination of his official career without great pain; nor could he allow it to close without offering to the House his sincere and grateful acknowledgments for that uniform confidence and support which he had received, not only from every political party in it, but he might say, with perfect truth, from every individual member. He was quite aware that, in the discharge of the delicate and very onerous duties of the chair, he had much need of the kind indulgence which had always been extended to him, and especially of late, when he had been so frequently reminded of his increasing inability to do full justice to the task imposed on him. It had been his constant aim to improve and simplify their forms of proceeding; but at the same time striving to maintain unimpaired all their rights and privileges, together with all those rules and orders, sanctioned by ancient usage, which long experience had taught him to respect and venerate, and which he believed never could be relaxed, or materially altered, without prejudice to the freedom and independence of the House of Commons.

When the loud and general cheering with which his statement was received had ceased, Lord Palmerston rose, and said he was confident he was a faithful organ of the sentiments of every member of the House when he assured the Speaker that it was with the deepest regret they had heard him make this announcement. He believed that no man had ever sat in that chair who united in a greater degree all the qualities required in their Speaker; and the regret at losing him was mingled with feelings of deep gratitude. He gave notice that he should next day move the thanks of the House to the retiring Speaker, which was done accordingly in terms of emphatic and unqualified eulogy. In the course of his address, the noble lord made some general remarks on the importance of the Speaker's office, knowing how essentially the usefulness, the respectability, and the influence of the House must depend upon the manner in which the man who occupies the chair shall perform the duties which he has to discharge. It was needless to say in how eminent a degree the retiring Speaker had performed his functions; how he had combined promptitude of decision, justness of judgment, firmness of purpose, with the most conciliatory manners; and how the natural dignity which belonged to him, most striking when united to simplicity of mind, and the absence of all affectation, had been communicated through his direction to the general proceedings of the Commons. No member ever approached him for the purpose of obtaining information without meeting not only the most courteous reception and ready hearing, but also receiving the most accurate information on the subject about which he was consulted. He concluded by moving that the thanks of the House be given to the Speaker for his eminent and distinguished services during the period of nearly eighteen years, expressing the sense of the House with regard to the dignity with which he had maintained its privileges, his unremitting attention to its business, the care he devoted to the improvement of its forms, the urbanity and kindness which had uniformly marked his conduct, and which had secured for him the esteem and gratitude of every member of the House. Mr. Disraeli expressed his concurrence in the estimate just pronounced, with deep emotion at the separation of the tie which had so long united him to the House, and their grateful and affectionate thanks. Lord John Russell also expressed his warm concurrence, and the motion was unanimously adopted. When the Speaker arose to return thanks, all the members took off their hats. He said he had not words at his command, nor could he so control his feelings, as adequately to express his gratitude at this crowning mark of their favour and approbation—this great and inestimable reward for public services; and, in sincerity and from the bottom of his heart, he thanked them.

On the motion of Lord Palmerston, seconded by Sir J. Pakington, the House then resolved that an address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she would bestow some signal mark of her favour upon the retiring Speaker, and stating that the House would make good the expense. The Queen having returned a gracious answer, and the House having gone into committee on the message, they unanimously resolved that an annuity of £4,000 a year should be conferred upon Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who was subsequently created Viscount Eversley.

The remaining business of Parliament having been rapidly disposed of, Parliament was prorogued, with a view to its dissolution, on March 21st; the royal speech, which was brief, being delivered by commission. Her Majesty stated that it was her fervent prayer that the constituencies of the United Kingdom might be guided by an all-wise Providence to the selection of representatives whose wisdom and patriotism might aid her to maintain the honour and dignity of her crown, and to promote the welfare and happiness of her people. Parliament was convoked for the 30th of April. The result of the general election showed how well grounded was the confidence with which Lord Palmerston appealed to the country. The popularity he had won bore him triumphantly over the most formidable opposition; while those who had been instrumental in the defeat of his government seem not to have pleased their constituencies; some eminent statesmen were rejected to make way for untried and ordinary men, whose chief recommendation was that they would give their zealous support to Lord Palmerston, whom they believed to have vindicated the honour of the country. In fact, the name of Palmerston was made a popular rallying cry at almost every hustings in Great Britain. Mr. Cobden, not venturing to face the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he had been a popular idol, was defeated at Huddersfield, and kept out of Parliament. Mr. Bright and Mr. Milner Gibson were driven from Manchester, Mr. Layard from Aylesbury, and Mr. Fox from Oldham. The small but powerful phalanx of Peelites, whose experienced and accomplished debaters had given the Premier so much annoyance, was completely scattered Thus his most formidable opponents were driven from the field, while

he was enabled to meet the new Parliament at the head of a numerous body of zealous supporters.

Mr. John Evelyn Denison was unanimously elected Speaker in the room of Lord Eversley. Lord Palmerston congratulated him on the dignity to which he had been raised, pointing out the onerous nature of the duties he had to discharge, and presenting the example of the late Speaker as a model which it was impossible to surpass. The royal speech was delivered on the 7th of May, and Parliament at once proceeded to business. The Queen expressed her heartfelt gratification at witnessing the continued well-being and contentment of her people, and the progressive development of productive industry throughout her dominions. The address was agreed to in both Houses *nem. con.* The first matter of interest that came before the Commons was a message from the Queen, announcing that a marriage had been negotiated between Prince Frederick William of Prussia and the Princess Royal. Earl Granville, in moving an address to Her Majesty on this subject in the Upper House, said: "Many of your lordships are acquainted with the way in which her Royal Highness the Princess Royal has fulfilled the expectations which it was natural to entertain from the education and example she has received; and some must know that the character, opinions, and feelings of the Prince whom her Royal Highness is to marry are such as to lead to even more than the usual hopes of happiness from the proposed union. Your lordships, I am sure, must desire to testify, by a loyal and dutiful address, the anxiety which you feel to promote in every way the comfort and happiness of the parents of the Princess Royal, and to express your admiration of the manner in which their domestic duties have been discharged, and of the care and attention which they have shown in the education of their children."

In the House of Commons on the same evening, the Premier made some remarks, which, read in the light of subsequent relations with the Court of Prussia, and of the existing national feeling towards the husband of the Princess Royal, show how the wisest human calculations may be falsified by the course of events:—"I cannot refrain from saying that those who have had the good fortune to be acquainted with the Princess Royal must have observed that she possesses, both in heart and in head, those distinguished qualities which adorn her illustrious parents, and that she bids fair to hold out in the country of her adoption a repetition of that brilliant example which her illustrious parents have held out in this country, of a domestic happiness worthy to serve as a model of imitation for the most exalted or the humblest of Her Majesty's subjects. Sir, it is impossible not to see that this marriage, independently of the prospect which I trust it holds out of happiness to her Royal Highness, from the high qualities of the prince whom she has selected as her future husband, also holds out to the country political prospects not undeserving of the attention of this House. We all know how family alliances tend to mitigate those asperities which from time to time must be produced by those diversities of policy which inevitably arise occasionally between great and independent powers, and therefore I trust that this marriage may also be considered as holding out an increased prospect of goodwill and of cordiality among the powers of Europe."

In connection with the dowry of the Princess Royal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a statement, in which he contrasted the position of the Crown as to revenue with what it had been in past times. The Crown, deprived of its hereditary revenues, was now dependent upon Parliament for a maintenance suitable to its dignity. The Civil List of George III. amounted to more than £447,000; while that of the present Queen was only £385,000. George III. also received the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall; the Queen devoted part of them to the education of the Prince of Wales, and allowed the rest to accumulate for his benefit. During the reign of George III., Parliament voted £3,297,000 in payment of debts incurred by the Royal family; the Queen had incurred no debts. Allowances were granted to the younger branches of the family of George III.; no grant of the kind had been made to the children of Her Majesty. The expenses of the visits of George IV. to Hanover, to Ireland, and Scotland, were paid by the country; whereas, Queen Victoria visited the Emperor Napoleon at Paris at her own cost, although the visit was not made for her own personal enjoyment, but for the public good. Her Majesty had paid £31,000 for the furniture and repairs of Buckingham Palace; and she paid £6,180 a year for the peace income-tax, and £15,500 for the war income-tax. As to precedent, the eldest daughter of George II. received an annuity of £8,000 and a dowry of £80,000, and similar sums were granted to the eldest daughter of George III. Sir George Lewis proposed that the Princess Royal should receive an annuity of £8,000, and that her marriage portion should be £40,000.

Mr. Roebuck moved, by way of amendment, that a certain sum should be given at once, and no annuity, in order to avoid an entangling alliance, and with a view to the large family the nation would have to provide for. As representatives of a hard-working people, they ought, while generous, to be just. At the request of Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Elcho, and other members, Mr. Roebuck eventually withdrew his motion. On subsequent days, Mr. Coningham, Mr. Maguire, and others, made attempts to reduce the amount; but their amendments were rejected by overwhelming majorities.

A reform of some importance to Ireland was effected during the present session, namely, the abolition of "Ministers' Money"—a tax which was imposed upon householders in Dublin, Cork, and other places, for the support of the clergy of the Established Church. It was only about £12,000 a year; but as it was, in the majority of cases, a direct payment from Roman Catholics to Protestant ministers, it had been a source of much irritation. Mr. Fagan, of Cork, brought in a bill for its abolition, with the assent of the Government, providing that the sum should be made good by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners out of the Church revenues at their disposal.

On the ground of principle, the measure was strenuously opposed by Mr. Napier, Mr. Whitoside, Sir F. Thesiger, and Mr. Walpole; and supported by Sir G. Grey, Mr. Horsman, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston. The second reading was carried by a majority of 139. In the House of Lords the bill was opposed by the Earl of Derby, the Bishop of Kilmore, Lords Dungannon, Wicklow, and Donoughmore. It was defended by Earl Granville, the Earl of Harrowby, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Ellenborough, and the Duke of Newcastle. It narrowly escaped rejection there, the second reading being passed only by a majority of five.

LORD PALMERSTON.

The first session of the new Parliament was distinguished by the passing of two measures of great social importance—the transfer of testamentary and matrimonial cases from the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the establishment of a new Probate Court, and a new Divorce Court. As might be expected, all the supporters of vested rights and interests in the Church offered to these measures the most determined opposition. In the previous session the Lord Chancellor had introduced the Probate and Administrations Bill, which there was not then time to pass. It was altered in the meantime, and on the 18th of May the second reading was moved by the Lord Chancellor. He proposed that the then present judge of the Prerogative Court should be the first judge of the new Court of Probate, with a working salary of £4,000 a year, and a retiring pension of £2,000. He proposed that he should also be the judge of the Divorce Court. The proceedings were to be all conducted *viva voce*, and whenever matters of fact were in dispute they should be referred to a jury. The County Courts were to have jurisdiction in

will cases, where the estate did not exceed £200 in personalty, or £300 in real property. The bill was severely contested in both Houses; but, with certain amendments, it ultimately passed into law.

The Divorce Bill—a measure of much greater importance—touching deeper social interests, and powerful religious feelings connected with the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage, met with the most determined and persevering opposition. The second reading was fixed for the 18th of May, when the Lord Chancellor reviewed the state of the law with regard to marriage. In 1850 a commission had been appointed to inquire into the whole subject, and it was on the recommendation of their report that the present bill was founded. Nothing could be more absurd, vexatious, and expensive, than the law as it previously stood. The principle that marriage might be dissolved had been adopted by the legislature; but practically, the separation of husband and wife was a privilege reserved for the aristocratic and wealthy classes, although the causes which made separation necessary or desirable affected all classes. Before a divorce could be obtained *a vinculo matrimonii*, proceedings must first be taken in the Ecclesiastical Court, a verdict must be obtained against the adulterer, and all the facts must be again established, at enormous cost, before the bar of the House of Lords. The bill proposed to substitute one tribunal, by which the matter was to be investigated and finally decided. The action for *crim. con.*, then an indispensable preliminary to a divorce, would be rendered unnecessary. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave his assent to the second reading; but he declared that he would oppose in committee the clause which permitted the guilty parties to be united in legal marriage. Lord Lyndhurst was most anxious for the success of the bill. He believed that it was a scriptural doctrine that marriage might be dissolved in case of adultery; but our law on the subject was derived from the system which prevailed when the country was under Roman Catholic rule. One hundred and fifty years ago recourse had been had to palliatives; but these means were available only for the rich. The law ought to embrace both rich and poor. Upon this principle it was impossible that any solid objection could be made to the alterations proposed by the bill. Instead of facilities for severing the marriage tie being demoralising, he contended that the present law led to great immoralities among the poorer classes of the people, because they now had no redress against the adulterer. But he was of opinion that the bill did not go far enough. One objection he had to the bill was its great inequality between the two sexes. He called upon their lordships to do justice. The more they considered this part of the measure, the more they would be satisfied of the unsoundness of the argument urged against women who applied for a divorce on the ground of adultery on the part of the husband. But if their lordships could not concur in that suggestion, he hoped they would allow wilful desertion to be a sufficient ground for divorce. By deserting his wife the man violated the very purposes for which marriage was instituted.

The bill was opposed by several of the bishops, particularly by the Bishop of Oxford; but the Bishop of London gave to the measure his hearty approval, and the second reading was carried by a majority of twenty-nine. In committee several amendments were proposed and rejected. The Archbishop of Canterbury moved a clause restricting the person against whom the divorce was pronounced from marrying the companion in guilt. This was carried by fifty-three to forty-seven; but another amendment by the same prelate was rejected, its object being to exempt from censures or penalties clergymen who should conscientiously object to officiate in marrying divorced parties. The bill passed the third reading on the 23rd of June. It came on for the second reading in the House of Commons on the 24th of July. Numerous petitions had been presented there against the measure, one of which was signed by 6,000 clergymen. Mr. Henley moved that it should be postponed for a month, in order to allow time for deliberation; but Lord Palmerston pronounced the motion to be a pretence too shallow to be entertained, though it was supported by Lord John Manners, Mr. Napier, Mr. Malins, and Mr. Gladstone. It is manifest, said Lord Palmerston, that Mr. Henley and Mr. Gladstone are opposed to the principles of the measure. As far as they are concerned, the demand for further time is illusory. In reference to Mr. Malins, he said: "The honourable and learned gentleman asked me how long I proposed to keep the House sitting. Why, sir, as long as may be necessary to dispose of the important measures before us. I remember sitting in this House till the middle of September. I hope it may be unnecessary to continue the present session for so long a period; but it is trifling with our duties—it is trifling with the great interests committed to our charge—to say that because it happens now to be the 24th of July, we are not to take into consideration a measure so important in itself, so anxiously expected by the country, and which for years has occupied public attention. I therefore entreat the House not to forget the duties cast upon it by our constituencies, and to recollect that we sit here not merely to consider whether it is more convenient to adjourn in July or in August—whether we can carry on our discussions better at a cold than at a hot season, or at a time more consistent than the present with the intellectual vigour of the honourable and learned gentleman; but that the country will think we are neglecting our duties if we put off this grave and serious question, and that by so doing the character of this House will materially suffer in public opinion." Mr. Henley's motion for postponement was negatived by 217 to 130.

In moving the second reading on the 30th of July, the Attorney-General traced the progress of legislation on marriage from the Reformation down. Before the Reformation, the Roman Catholic Church, holding marriage to be a sacrament and indissoluble, had recourse to fictions to escape the operation of the law. But Parliament, proceeding upon settled and permanent principles, had acted as a tribunal for administering the law of divorce. The present bill gave concise expression to

the law, simplified it, and transferred its administration to a more convenient tribunal. He argued that the dissolution of marriage for adultery is not contrary either to the letter or spirit of Scripture, and that the intermarriage of the guilty parties had been supported by the precedents of 150 years. The operation of the ecclesiastical law by which a divorce was obtained *a mensâ et thoro* was no effectual relief to an injured wife, as it allowed the husband to retain his power over her property. Many cruel and barbarous cases had occurred, in which the wife was driven to sue for this sentence, and had afterwards by industry in the exercise of intellectual ability, obtained for herself an independent position, and become the owner of property, till the husband returned, laid his hand on her hard-earned gains, and swept all away to gratify his own dissolute propensities. This reproach of our law, this relic of its savage character as regards the relation of husband and wife, would, he trusted, be effectually removed by the provisions of the bill. Sir. W. Heathcote moved that the second reading be deferred for three months. It was also opposed by Mr. Drummond, Mr. Bowyer, Mr. Malins, Lord John Manners, and Mr. Gladstone. The latter argued against it at length, both on the law of the case and on the authority of Scripture. Adverting to the religious view of it, he asked—Whether it was consistent with the respect and reverence due to the revelation of God, for Parliament to take into its own hands great mysteries, and the remodelling of religious rites? Touching, lastly, upon the social question, he urged the evils to be apprehended from the licence of divorce, and from shaking the idea of the sacredness and indissolubility of marriage, founded upon the great precedents of human history, and warned the House against entering upon a road which would remove us from a point to which Christianity had brought us. His arguments were met by Sir George Grey and Mr. Walpole. Other members spoke *pro* and *con*. The Attorney-General replied, and the motion against the bill was rejected by a majority of 111; the numbers being—for the amendment, 97; against it, 208. In committee, Mr. Walpole urged the Government to accept an amendment proposed by Major Warburton, to the effect that no priest or deacon should be liable to any suit, penalty, or censure, for solemnising, or refusing to solemnise, the marriage of any person who shall be divorced by virtue of the Act. The Attorney-General solemnly warned the committee of the consequences of this concession. His argument is one of general and permanent interest, bearing upon many questions affecting the consciences of the clergy. "You are about," he said, "to give the clergy an exemption; and upon what ground? Upon the ground of the sin, guilt, and criminality of the charge affecting those who come before them with a request that a religious ceremony may be performed. But if that exemption be granted, where are we to stop? Will the clergy not reason most consecutively from this exemption when they say, 'You have exempted us from doing violence to our consciences in this matter; but why do you leave us under the necessity of submitting to the violation of our consciences in others?' Take the case of a man and woman presenting themselves before the altar for the solemnisation of this sacred rite—the woman bearing in her body the palpable and prominent marks of illicit cohabitation. Suppose them coming fresh from the bed of fornication to solicit the intervention of the clergyman. Suppose some notorious free-liver, some gross libidinous man, who has shaken off all feelings of decency, and who by his past life has outraged all the principles of morality, presenting himself for the solemnisation of this holy rite—what would be the feelings of the clergyman? What is the result which you must contemplate if, in any single instance, you make up your minds to emancipate the clergyman from the overpowering authority of the law? You are about to trust the clergy with the fatal gift—fatal it will be to the peace of many—of exercising the right of private judgment as to whether or not they shall dispense those holy rites which they have been commissioned to administer. This will pervade all the services of the Church. Take the burial service or the baptismal service. The Church of England clergyman will reason most consecutively according to his impression of the great principles which we are about to introduce into the bill, when he says, 'I must decline to read the burial service over an unconverted man; how can I commit to the earth in "the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection" the body of a man whom I know to have died in the commission of some great sin?' Consider for a moment the responsibility which is thrown upon him with regard to the administration of the Lord's Supper. I cannot approach the subject without a deep feeling of the importance which attends the decision of this question. I cannot presume to set up my opinions or my view of the matter against those of so many eminent and deeply pious men, and of so many most competent persons as are here assembled; therefore I express with the greatest diffidence the feelings which I entertain in my own mind; and I give way not from conviction, but purely in deference to the united body of authority and to the judgment of persons who, I must assume, have weighed this matter well, and who, deeply feeling for the interests of the Church of England, believe that those interests and the happiness, the peace, and the quiet of her ministers will be promoted by the introduction of this principle. Well, God grant it be so; but, though it comes from a feeble voice, I warn you of the things that must follow in its train, and I beg you to pause before you give to the clergy of the Church a fatal gift, which may be the very fount and origin of that dissension, that discord, and that rending in twain which God forbid that we should ever live to see!" Assuming that these matters had been well weighed, and that the majority thought it the duty of the Government to give way, he stated that they would assent to the amendment expressed in a different manner, "That no clergyman in holy orders of the united Church of England and Ireland shall be compelled to solemnise the marriage of any person whose former marriage may have been dissolved upon the ground of his or her adultery, or shall be liable to any suit, penalty, or censure for solem-

nising or refusing to solemnise the marriage of any such person." The committee, however, decided in favour of the clause by 73 votes against 33, and it was added to the bill.

In consequence of the adoption of the foregoing clause another was added—namely, "That when any clergymen refused to perform the marriage ceremony in the case of divorced parties, it might be lawful for any other minister of the Church of England, licenced within the diocese, to perform that ceremony." The bill, very much altered, having passed the Commons was sent up to the Lords to have the amendments sanctioned. Lord Redesdale moved that the amendments of the Commons be taken into consideration that day six months. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Campbell reprobated this motion, and Lord Lansdowne affirmed that it was contrary to the practice of the House for forty years for any peer thus to move the rejection of a bill of which he was neither the author nor the mover. Lord Redesdale then withdrew his motion. The amendments of the Commons were considered on the 24th of August, the House having agreed to do this only by a majority of two. All the amendments but two were agreed to. The Commons concurred, and the bill became the law of the land. The court established under the act soon became well known under the efficient presidency of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, who was instrumental in giving relief and freedom to an immense number of aggrieved husbands and wives. The number of cases that came before him, however, might lead to a false impression with regard to the state of matrimonial life in England, because cases had been accumulating for many years, in consequence of the want of a legal remedy. When this accumulation was cleared off the amount of business in the court indicated a much more favourable condition of married life in the middle and lower classes of English society. The act did not extend to Scotland or Ireland. The Scotch did not need its facilities for divorce, and the Irish indignantly protested against the extension of its provisions to their country.

The opening of the year 1858 was signalised by a daring attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon. On the 14th of January, at half-past eight o'clock, just as he arrived with the Empress at the door of the Italian Opera in the Rue Lepelletier, three explosions were heard proceeding from hollow projectiles, one of which perforated the hat of the Emperor, and another struck the neck of his *aide-de-camp*, General Roquet, who was sitting in front. A considerable number of people standing at the doors of the theatre, and some soldiers were wounded, but only two mortally. Two of the footmen also were wounded. One of the horses of the Imperial carriage was killed, and the carriage itself was broken by the force of the explosion. The escape of the Emperor and Empress seemed almost miraculous. Their majesties were loudly cheered on entering the theatre, and the opera proceeded as if nothing had occurred. Prince Jerome Napoleon, Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde, and a crowd of marshals, ministers, generals, ambassadors, and other high functionaries, hastened to the Imperial box to congratulate them on their escape. They left the opera at midnight amidst the enthusiastic cheers of a great multitude, who filled the neighbouring streets. The Boulevards were spontaneously illuminated. On reaching the Tuileries they found the English ambassador, the Minister of the United States, and others awaiting their arrival. This was the celebrated Orsini plot, which was very near involving this country in a war with France, and which led to proceedings in the British Parliament that resulted in the overthrow of Lord Palmerston's administration. On the 20th of January Count Walewski sent a despatch to Count Persigny, the French ambassador in London, in which he charged, in very strong terms, the English Government and nation with something like complicity with the assassins. "This fresh attempt," he wrote, "like those which preceded it has been devised in England. It was in England that Pianori formed the plan of striking the Emperor; it was from London that, in an affair the recollection of which is still recent, Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and Campanella directed the assassins, whom they had furnished with arms. It is there also that the authors of the last plot have leisurely prepared their means of action, have studied and constructed the instruments of destruction which they have employed, and it is from thence that they set out to carry their plans into execution." He stated that the Emperor was persuaded of the sincerity of the sentiments of reprobation which the crime created in England. He appreciated and respected the liberality with which England exercised the right of asylum to foreigners, victims of political struggles. He did not complain of that, but very different was the case of the skilful demagogues established in England. It was no longer the hostility of misguided individuals manifesting itself by all the excesses of the press—no longer over the work of the factions, seeking to rouse opinion and provoke disorder. It was assassination, elevated to a doctrine, preached openly and practised in repeated attempts, the most recent of which had just struck Europe with amazement, and he asked, "ought the right of asylum to protect such a state of things? Is hospitality due to assassins? Ought the English legislature to contribute to favour their designs and their plans, and can it continue to shelter persons who, by their flagrant acts, place themselves beyond the pale of common right, and under the ban of humanity?"

Lord Clarendon, who was then Foreign Secretary, did not send an official communication to Lord Cowley in answer to this despatch, but contented himself with giving private instructions to lay before the French Government the sentiments, views, and intentions of Her Majesty's Government, which was thought to be a much more prudent course to be adopted with a view to allaying the excessive irritation of the French nation and army at the time. The despatch of Count Walewski, however, excited general indignation in England, which was rendered more intense by the fact that very violent addresses to the Emperor, full of abuse and threats towards England, had been inserted in the official *Moniteur*. There was subsequently a good deal of correspondence,

which assumed a conciliatory tone on both sides; but in the course of which the Emperor insisted on the necessity of passing a new law, in order to prevent conspiracies like that of Orsini. Towards the end of January he wrote to his ambassador in London, saying, "I do not deceive myself as to the little efficacy of the measures which could be taken, but it will still be a friendly act, which will calm much irritation here. Explain our position clearly to the Ministers of the Queen; it is not now a question of saving my life; it is a question of saving the alliance."

Yielding to his pressure, Government, on the 8th of February, brought in a bill to amend the law relating to the crimes of conspiracy and incitement to murder, either within or without Her Majesty's dominions, and whether the person killed or to be killed were a subject of Her Majesty or not." Such was the state of facts that became the subject of discussions in Parliament, which led to the defeat of the Government. The signal for commencing the war was given by the introduction of the Conspiracy Bill, the alleged necessity for which was urged by Lord Palmerston. He said he could not understand the objection that, because great irritation had been expressed in foreign nations, and certain military addresses had been published in an official paper, they were precluded from taking, on its own merits, a step becoming the character and interests of the country. If our law was defective, we should not abstain from altering it because other nations had given way to impulses of passion, perhaps of fear. The French officers, in sending those addresses to the Emperor, were acting according to a custom of sixty years' standing; and the French ambassador had been ordered to state "that although the practice was a universal practice, if in two or three addresses out of many hundreds some passages were allowed to be printed to which objections had been taken in England, that circumstance must have arisen from the inadvertence of those having charge of the printing of these addresses. And on the part of the Emperor, he was ordered to state that he regretted such publication." To the motion for the introduction of the bill, Mr. Kinglake moved the following amendment:—"That this House, while sympathising with the French nation in its indignation and abhorrence at the late atrocious attempt made against the life of the Emperor; and anxious, on a proper occasion, to consider the defects of the criminal law of England, the effect of which may be to render such attempts vain, deems it inexpedient to legislate in compliance with the demand made in Count Walewski's despatch of January 20th, until further information be obtained, and until after the production of the correspondence between the two Governments subsequent to this despatch." He argued that either the measure proposed by the noble lord was merely a piece of law reform, or a political action suggested from abroad. If the former, it should have been proposed by one of the law officers of the Crown; but if it were a concession to the pressure put upon the noble lord by the despatch to which he referred, he must decline to concur in the proposed legislation. In fact, the Solicitor-General had given notice, for an early day, of a motion to introduce a bill to amend the law relating to offences against the person. Mr. Horsman seconded the amendment, strongly denouncing the bill. He was followed on the same side by several other members, but they were all exceeded in vehemence and plain speaking by Mr. Roebuck. The proposed law would in no way facilitate the discovery of an assassination plot, unless they introduced the police system of France. But in spite of that terrific police, the attempt had been made on the Emperor's life in Paris. "Yet," said Mr. Roebuck, "he turns round and insults this country. He, too, of all men upon earth, to dare to insult England; he who has partaken of her hospitality, who has been sheltered by her power! A bright example he set to England! There was a man who conspired to kill England's great hero, the late Duke of Wellington; there was a man, great too, but fallen in his greatness, and no one act of his life was more inconsistent with his greatness, who left a legacy to him who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. My only explanation, my only excuse for that deed, is that the great Napoleon's mind was shaken to its base; I do not believe that in his right senses Napoleon would have perpetrated such an infamous act. But the man who had received the protection of England, who had come here after attempting crime after crime against his native land—that man, when he had climbed to his present height and power, what did he do? He paid to this foiled assassin the wages of his dirty deed. This man has received his wages, is now living in Paris; and it was stated publicly and ostentatiously, that the present Emperor of the French had paid the legacy left by the great Napoleon to Cantillon, the disappointed assassin of the Duke of Wellington. And now in this House of Commons panegyrics are showered profusely over the head of Louis Napoleon by the honourable baronet opposite." In conclusion, he called upon the Commons, as freemen and the great protectors of the oppressed in Europe, to throw out the bill with all the ignominy which it deserved. Lord John Russell argued strongly against the measure, which he described as a cunning artifice by which it was expected that neither the people of England nor the Emperor of the French would be displeased. But, as the "den of assassins" was to remain, the French Government would say, "We have been deceived." The duty of the House, however, was not to give up, even to gratify the French Government, the right of asylum, or to alter the established law of England. The bill, however, was not without zealous and able defenders, the principal of whom were Sir George Grey and Mr. Disraeli. Lord Palmerston replied; after which leave was given to introduce the bill by a majority of 299 to 99.

But the indignant feeling of the country at anything like foreign dictation slowly gathered strength, and at length became terrible and irresistible. Public meetings had been held, at which the Alien Bill was denounced in the strongest terms. It came on for the second reading on the 19th of February, when Lord Palmerston did all in his power to mitigate the hostility against it, and its

supporters generally laboured to keep out of view its political and international bearings, and to treat it merely as a domestic question of law reform. An amendment was moved by Mr. Milner Gibson, that the bill be read a second time that day six months. In the course of his speech he quoted from the *Times* a passage, which was received with cheers, to the effect that there was no constituted authority in Europe with which Lord Palmerston had not quarrelled, no insurrection that he had not betrayed; while, on the other hand, when he had made up his mind to court the good will of a foreign power, no sacrifice of principle or of interest was too great for him. The bill was supported by Sir George Grey, and vigorously attacked by Sir Robert Peel. He expressed his astonishment that the head of a Liberal Government should propose a bill which was opposed by almost all the distinguished Liberals in the House. They had been told the law required amendment; yet they had seen a reward of £200 offered for the capture of Mr. Allsop, and a Frenchman, named Bernard, had been arrested. "The truth is," he said, "that under cover of an amendment of the law, a bill has been submitted to Parliament at the dictation of a foreign Government. Why, Count Walewski, who reads us this lesson, was, twenty-five years ago, a member of a revolutionary committee in Poland." Referring to the insulting expression in the *Moniteur*, Sir R. Peel, in the midst of cheers and counter cheers, said, "Sir, they were inserted for the purpose of intimidating this country, and for the purpose of extorting from us the concession embodied in this bill, which I regret the noble lord, with all his past antecedents, and his former credit, should have condescended to introduce at the instance of such dictation. What does M. de Morny say? Why, that England is a lair of savage beasts, and a laboratory of assassins. I am ready to make every excuse for the courtiers of Louis Napoleon; I know perfectly well the conditions attaching to a position like that. M. de Morny is only imitating a predecessor in the office he holds, in the time of the First Napoleon—M. Champigny—who said his master, Napoleon Buonaparte, was an angel from heaven, sent to bless the time; and, like the great Invisible Being, he governed the world by his power and influence. Sir, I must say these expressions are rather far-fetched. But, the other day, an expression far more powerful was used towards Louis Napoleon by one of his flatterers, who thus apostrophised him in the course of an address he was presenting, 'Sire, you are too fond of liberty!'"

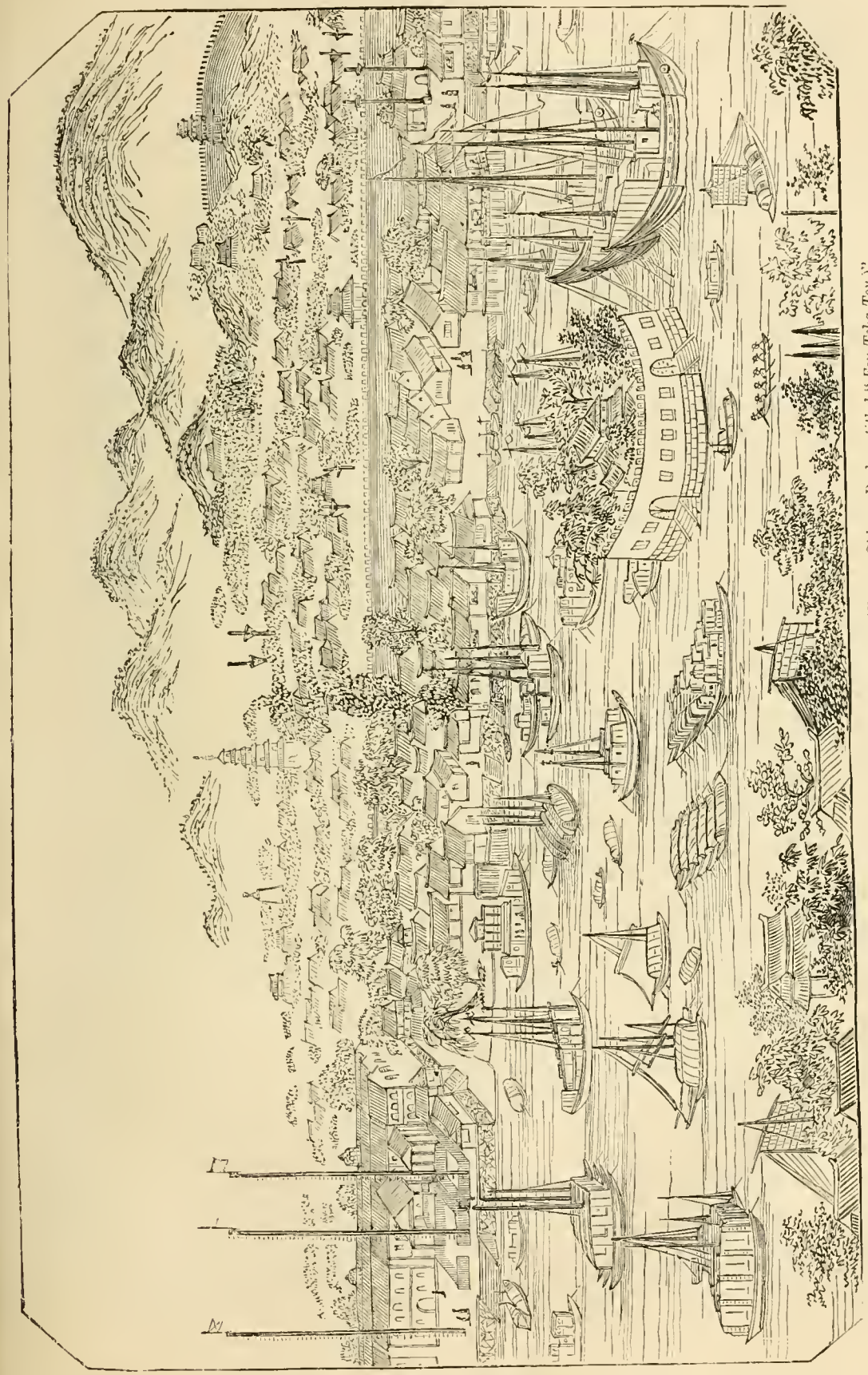
The last compliment excited great laughter. Mr. Gladstone, at the conclusion of a powerful speech, made the following impressive remarks, as to the tendencies of modern society on the Continent:—"Sir," he said, "these times are grave for liberty. We live in the nineteenth century; we talk of progress; we believe that we are advancing; but can any man of observation who has watched the events of the last few years in Europe, have failed to perceive that there is a movement indeed; but a downward and backward movement? There are a few spots in which institutions that claim our sympathy still exist and flourish. They are secondary places; nay, they are almost the holes and corners of Europe as far as mere material greatness is concerned, although their moral greatness will, I trust, ensure them long prosperity and happiness. But in these times, more than ever, does responsibility centre upon England; and if it does centre upon England, upon her principles, upon her laws, and upon her governors, then I say that a measure passed by this House of Parliament—the chief hope of freedom—which attempts to establish a moral complicity between us and those who seek safety in repressive measures, will be a blow and a discouragement to that sacred cause in every country in the world."

Mr. Disraeli, though he voted for the introduction of the bill, now voted for its rejection. The question now was, not between this country and France, but between the House of Commons and the English Minister. He demanded, Where was the answer to Count Walewski's despatch? It was copied probably in every official journal in Europe. What satisfaction was it that some indefinite words were dropped in a conversation? The whole affair was clothed in mystery. The Government had acted in a perplexed, timid, and confused manner, deficient in dignity and self-respect. He thought a great opportunity had been lost for asserting the principles of public law. The real question now before the House was not diplomatical or political; it was a question between the House and the servants of the Crown. Had they or had they not done their duty?

After a spirited reply from Lord Palmerston, the House divided; when the bill was rejected by a majority of 19, the numbers being, ayes 215, noes 234. A vote of censure upon the Government, touching the great principles of national policy, left no alternative but resignation. Lord Palmerston could not go to the country again under such circumstances, for if he did, his supporters would be sure to be defeated in the existing temper of the public mind. Addressing the House, therefore, on the 22nd of February, the noble lord announced that Ministers had tendered their resignation to Her Majesty, which had been accepted. He understood that Lord Derby had been sent for by the Queen, and he moved the adjournment of the House for a few days to afford time for the formation of the new administration.

Lord Derby succeeded in forming an Administration. The Cabinet was composed of the following members:—Prime Minister, Earl of Derby; Lord Chancellor, Lord Chelmsford; President of the Council, Marquis of Salisbury; Lord Privy Seal, Earl of Hardwicke; Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole; Foreign Secretary, Lord Malmesbury; Colonial Secretary, Lord Stanley; War Secretary, General Peel; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Disraeli; First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir John Pakington, President of the Board of Control, Lord Ellenborough; President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Henley; First Commissioner of Works, Lord John Manners.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly was Attorney-General; Sir Hugh Cairns, Solicitor-General; Mr. Inglis, Lord Advocate of Scotland; and Mr. Baillie, Solicitor-General. The Irish



PORT OF THE CITY OF CANTON DESTROYED BY THE BOMBARDMENT.—*(From a Chinese Book, entitled "Fou-Tcha-Tou.")*

Government was composed as follows:—Viceroy, Earl of Eglinton; Lord Chancellor, Mr. Napier; Chief Secretary, Lord Naas; Attorney-General, Mr. Whiteside; Solicitor-General, Mr. Edmund Hayes.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Sepoy Mutiny: its Causes—Character of the Bengal Army: its Composition: vices of its Discipline—Effects of Caste—Effects of Recruiting from a Limited Area—Effects of Seniority Promotion—Sepoys begin to feel themselves Masters—Weakness of European Garrison—The Occasion of Mutiny arises—The Greased Cartridge—Sepoy Excitement—Mysterious Distribution of Cakes—Mutiny at Berhampore—Fires in the Stations—Barrackpore—Mangul Pandy and Adjutant Baugh—The 19th Native Infantry Disbanded—General Anson at Umballa: his Doings: he goes to the Hills—Mutiny at Lucknow—34th Native Infantry Disbanded—Meerut—Mutiny of the 3rd Cavalry—Mutiny of all the Troops—Massacre of Europeans—Imbecility of General Hewitt—"On to Delhi"—Delhi: its Situation—Arrival of the Meerut Mutineers—Massacres in Delhi—Narrow Escapes—Willoughby in the Magazine—Blows it up—Flight of Europeans—The King's Sons massacre the Women and Children.

THE stipulations of the Treaty of Paris had not been fully carried out by the high contracting parties, ere England found herself involved in war with Persia on the west, and China on the east of her Indian Empire. A few months of active hostilities brought the Shah to reason, and happily released the troops employed and enabled them to return to India; while the regiments sent out from England to quell the Cantonese arrived in the Indian Ocean just in time to lend material aid in suppressing the mutiny of the Sepoy army in Bengal, and the rebellion of the people of several native states. It was the spring time of 1857. Lord Canning had been one year Governor-General of India. The King of Oude had just been deposed, and his kingdom annexed to the British dominion. On the surface all was peace at the opening of the year. In a few weeks there was a sputter of mutiny; in a few months an army was in revolt from Calcutta to Peshawur; the English were lying dead, or flying for their lives, or fronting and conquering the mutineers, or shut up in forts; and the last of the Great Moguls was ruler in the famous city of Delhi. There was first a struggle for existence, then a fierce and determined effort to regain ascendancy; finally, well-planned and successful measures to secure what had been won back literally from the jaws of death. The mutiny of the Bengal Sepoys is an event unique in modern history. It furnishes a story of confidence abused, treachery punished, and heroism rewarded. It vindicates the moral superiority of the European over the Asiatic. But if it has illustrated our strength, it has also illustrated our weakness and folly, for from them it sprang.

The Bengal native army was upwards of a hundred thousand strong. It consisted of troops of all arms. There were seventy-four regiments of regular and twenty of irregular infantry; there were ten regiments of regular and eighteen of irregular cavalry; and besides these, there was a due proportion of artillery brigades. The distinction between regular and irregular regiments consisted mainly in this: that the regular had the usual number of European officers, while the irregular had only three or four. There was no substantial difference in drill and discipline. In addition to this fixed native establishment, there were five *corps d'armée* furnished by native states, and called contingents. They were drawn from Gwalior, Bhopal, Kotah, Malwa, and Joudpore. These were small armies complete in themselves; the Gwalior contingent, supplied by the Maharajah Scindia, was the most formidable of these forces, being strong in numbers of all arms, and admirably drilled. Like the regular and irregular regiments of the Bengal army, those of the contingents were officered by Europeans. In one short year the whole of this force, except five irregular cavalry regiments and three regular infantry regiments, and the whole of the contingents, had either mutinied or been disarmed.

In order to form any reasonable idea of the causes of the mutiny which we are about to describe, it is necessary to explain the nature of the instrument which broke in the hands of the rulers of India. In outward form it was splendid. From the drill-sergeant's point of view, few things in this world could be more perfect. The infantry were tall, shapely, handsome. They moved with precision and regularity. They made a brave show at parades. The cavalry were also well-made men, with a dashing bearing, and excellent horsemen. The artillery were famous for the neatness and accuracy of their movements, and their ability to serve and point their guns. Such was the appearance of these troops. Their officers were proud of them, and years of unquestioned fidelity and obedience had made these officers confident that their men would follow them anywhere. But, as Colonel Jacob wrote in 1851, "the thing was rotten throughout, and discipline there was none." The wonder to this real soldier was, even then, that "even the outward semblance of an army had still been maintained." For the officers of this army, from various causes, had ceased to possess a hold over the confidence and regard of the men. They were no longer accessible as of old. They lived apart. "Young men," writes Mr. Gubbins, "were no longer taught to take a pride in their regimental duty." They were taught to look out for staff employment, that is, employment in either civil or military tasks away from their regiments. It was not that there were few officers left behind to do the ordinary duty that caused the evil; it was "the want of interest felt in their work by the officers present with the corps." Nor was this the fault of the officers. It arose from a vicious system, gradually introduced, which deprived the commanding officer of his due share of power. "The commanding officer of a regiment in Bengal," wrote Colonel Jacob in 1851, "is almost powerless for good. He is allowed to do nothing; his men are taught to despise him; and in many instances of late years the Sepoys have been allowed and encouraged to forward written complaints (secretly) against their commanders *direct* to head-quarters. What can be worse than this? It is utterly destructive of military discipline and soldier-like pride." To give an instance, a flagrant one known to ourselves. A smart Madras officer was appointed to

an irregular-cavalry regiment—a kind of employment much coveted. Being a good soldier, he was just, but strict. There were two Brahmins in the corps. They were insubordinate, and he dismissed them. The Brahmins complained direct to head-quarters, and an order came down from Calcutta directing the officer to reinstate the two men. With commendable spirit the officer resigned his lucrative post, stating that if the authorities required the restoration of these men, they must find another officer to do it, for with mutinous men in the ranks he would not answer for the discipline of the regiment. His resignation was accepted, and the two mutineers were restored. If this could be done in Madras, we may well conceive what could be done in Bengal. In short, the commanding officers had no longer the power to reward and punish, and the Sepoys knew it. What could give them a better idea of their own power?

Then there was the grave evil arising out of caste. The Bengal army was composed mainly of high caste men from Oude and Behar and Rohilcund. A very large part came from the same districts, and were relatives. The army was, in fact, a sort of military club, and caste, as in other clubs, determined admission or exclusion. But what were the consequences? The army became subject to the control of Brahmins and Fakirs. A man was not chosen on account of his fitness to be a soldier, but because he was tall and handsome and of high caste. "Whatever be his other qualifications," writes Colonel Jacob in 1851, as we must repeat, "if a man think that a stone with a patch of red paint on it is not to be worshipped as the Creator—still more, if he have been a shoemaker, &c.—he is not to be admitted into the ranks of the Bengal army, for fear of offending the lazy and insolent Brahmins. The consequences are ruinous to discipline. By reason of this, a native soldier in Bengal is far more afraid of an offence against caste than of an offence against the Articles of War, and by this means a degree of power rests with the private soldier which is entirely incompatible with all healthy rule. Treachery, mutiny, villany of all kinds, may be carried on among the private soldiers unknown to their officers, to any extent, where the men are of one caste of Hindoos, and where the rules of caste are more regarded than those of military discipline. To such an extent does this evil exist, that I have known a Bengal commanding officer express his regret at being compelled to discharge an excellent Sepoy, because the other men had discovered him to be of inferior caste, and had demanded his dismissal." By this subservience to caste all real power rested in the hands of the private soldier. Thus the Bengal Sepoy would not form what is called a "working party," and it was thought a perfect wonder that in Afghanistan, when fighting for life, a Sepoy regiment handled the spade. A native cavalry regiment would not unsaddle, picket, feed, and groom its horses—a host of inferiors, grooms and grass cutters, were kept for these purposes. To such an extent was this system carried that men were kept to strike the gongs at the guard-houses; the high-caste Sepoy would not do it. And all this time, while the troops of all arms in Bengal were petted and ruined in this way, on the ground that no rule of caste must be infringed lest it should lead to mutiny, in Bombay, Sepoys from the same villages in Bengal, relatives of the pampered gentlemen we have described, did all that their officers required of them, and drilled, lived, and slept side by side with men of many inferior castes. The army wherein caste was the first thing thought of, and discipline and a soldier's duties the second, mutinied from end to end. The army wherein caste was not considered remained faithful, and did good service against the mutineers. Nor was this all. Colonel Jacob's splendid regiment of Scinde Irregular Horse was composed to a very great extent of exactly the same material as that of the Bengal army. It was disciplined on sound principles, in accordance, as we may say, with the laws of Nature. Accordingly, it did anything and went anywhere at the orders of its officers.

But there were other evils in this unhappy Bengal army. The bad system of promotion was, in the opinion of Colonel Jacob, the worst of all. "In the Bengal army," he says, "the promotion of natives is made to depend on seniority only, so that if a man keeps clear of actual crime, and lives long enough, he must become a commissioned officer, however unfit for the office. Under this system, the private soldier feels himself entirely independent of his officers; he knows that they neither hasten nor retard his advance in the service. He has nothing to do but to live and get through his duties with listless stupidity, and with the least possible trouble to himself. No exertion on his part can help him—neither talent, courage, fidelity, nor good conduct are of any avail. Confidence and pride in each other between men and officers cannot exist. There is no real co-operation; for the one being powerless to aid, the other becomes careless of offending. This is the effect on the private soldier. The system is equally, if not more baneful as respects the native officers, commissioned and non-commissioned. The whole of the native commissioned officers are entirely useless; the amount of their pay is a dead loss to the State; every one of them is unfit for service by reason of imbecility, produced by old age, or where, in rare instances, the man may not be altogether in his second childhood, he is entirely useless from having been educated in a bad school." Mr. Gubbins has given us a specimen of the subadar—that is, native captain—of Bengal and the subadar of Bombay. He met two in one village in Oude; they were both pensioners. "The old Bengal officer was worn out, and seemed to have acquired few ideas and little information during his long period of service." Nor is this any wonder, since he obtained his promotion simply by outliving his comrades. "The Bombay officer was a young man. He was exceedingly intelligent, and had acquired such a knowledge of men and things that one could converse with him with a certain feeling of equality." He had obtained his rank, not by long life, but by proofs of capacity and character.

With an army managed as this was, the really surprising thing is not that it mutinied in 1857, but that it did not mutiny years before. Except in the mere outward show, it was not an army at all, and all that was

required to destroy it was opportunity. The fact that there were good officers in the Bengal army, beloved and trusted by their men, does not invalidate the opinion we have set forth. These officers had triumphed over the system, in so far as the system tended to make the Sepoy despise his officers; but they could not triumph over the system, in so far as it affected the men. That bad influence went on with unfaltering steadiness. Day by day the Sepoys felt that they became more and more the masters of India. Day by day a sense of their own importance grew and flourished in their breasts. They were able to conspire with safety under the very noses of the Europeans; and the gulf which separated them from their officers enabled intriguers to sow the seeds of mutiny unchecked and unseen. Thus the native army of Bengal became combustible, ready to take fire and flame up if a spark fell on it. This combustible state was not produced in a year or ten years; it had been growing for a quarter of a century. In short, it grew as the vicious system of depriving commanders of power was developed; as the Sepoys, on plea of caste, shirked more and more the duties of soldiers, and as the senile system of promotion by seniority produced its inevitable effects. The recent annexation of Oude, the late Russian war, the spread of British dominion beyond the Indus, the scanty garrison of Europeans actually in India in 1857—these were only the collateral influences, and only to a limited extent causes. They were, indeed, rather occasions than causes; the root of the whole colossal evil being the absence of discipline in the Bengal army.

Let the reader figure to himself this army scattered about the country in military posts, from the eastern provinces on the Irrawaddy to spurs of the mountains beyond the Indus on the north-western boundary. Here they are gathered in brigades of two or three regiments of all arms; there stands a solitary regiment of infantry or cavalry; in another place a squadron or a company. From Fort William in Calcutta, up the valley of the Ganges, and beyond it across the Punjaub to Peshawur, ran a chain of military stations; throwing out detachments to the right and left, on one side towards the Himalayas and Nepaul, on the other over the jungles of Central India and Rajpootana, until the outposts touched those of Madras in Nagpore and the Deccan, and those of Bombay in the valley of the Nerbudda. In each of the stations there are the native lines with open parades in front, and the detached quarters of the European community; long rows of thatched dwellings, and cottages standing in gardens or "compounds." In some there are no European troops; indeed, so few are the Europeans in this vast region, that their presence is the exception and not the rule. For instance, the great fort and magazine of Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, is in the hands of native troops. The fortified city of Delhi, with its two magazines, is entirely occupied by native infantry. In the whole of Oude there is only one European regiment, the 32nd, at Lucknow. At Cawnpore, a very important station, there are no Europeans. Mooltan, the key of the valley of the Indus, is, in like manner, almost destitute of Europeans. In other stations there are one or two European regiments or parts of regiments. Thus, at the great station of Dinapore there was the 10th Foot; at Agra, the 3rd Bengal Fusiliers; at Meerut, a whole European brigade of all arms, 6th Dragoon Guards, 60th Rifles and artillery; at Lahore, the 81st Foot and some artillery; and at or near Peshawur, the 27th, 70th, and 87th Foot. In the hill-stations of the north-west and in the Punjaub, the European element was stronger than elsewhere, for there were fourteen regiments, including two of horse, scattered about in that quarter. There were thus about 12,000 Europeans north and west of Delhi, but there were upwards of 40,000 Hindostanees, and beside these several thousand Sikhs and Punjabees. Between the Jumna and the Nerbudda there was not a single European regiment. There were only the civil servants and the officers of the native troops with their wives and families. British India altogether was six regiments short of her complement of European troops; but four of these were in Persia making war on the Shah, and with them were Generals Outram and Havelock. Such was the state of affairs at the end of 1856, when India stood on the threshold of an awful calamity and knew it not. The country seemed to be profoundly tranquil, but there were 5,000 fewer British soldiers than was usual to secure or defend the sway of their race.

The calm was delusive. The 5,000 bayonets and sabres should have been there. The troops in Persia would have been doubly welcome; for with the opening of the new year came the first signs of the impending tempest.

An army like that which we have described is at the mercy of the worst and most daring men. Without any firm principles or habits of military obedience, it is open to the influences of intriguers. Suspicion finds a home in its heart. It is credulous as well as self-confident. Pampered and unchecked for years, it begins to feel that it is master. Under these conditions a trifle is enough to set it a-blaze. The trifle was forthcoming.

The Government had determined to arm the Sepoys with the Enfield rifle. It followed, as a matter of course, that Schools for the Instruction in Musketry were established. With the old musket instruction was of little avail, for Brown Bess could not be relied on to shoot straight for a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Therefore, at various points men from several regiments of the native army met to be taught how to load and fire the new rifle. This weapon is loaded with a greased cartridge. It was usual in those days to bite the cartridge, in order to pour out the powder. At Dum-dum, near Calcutta, there was an arsenal, and here these cartridges were made up, chiefly by native servants.

Early in January one of these men asked a Sepoy of the 2nd Grenadiers for a draught of water from his lotah, or brass drinking-pot. The high caste native was astonished at the insolence of the man, for he was low caste; and if the lips of the latter touched the pot, it would be defiled. He refused with disdain. The low caste man was one of those who made up the cartridges,

and he retorted with a sneer that the Sepoy need not be so particular about his caste; for the new cartridges were greased with bullock's fat, and every Sepoy would lose caste when he bit off the end. The Sepoy spread the tale abroad among his comrades. The Hindoos were told that the grease was the grease of the sacred cow, and the Moslem soldiers were informed that it was the fat of the unclean swine; and finally, to meet the case of both, the story ran that the grease was a compound of the fat of pigs and cows. This story has been received as authentic. Whether it be true or not in detail, it illustrates the feeling that the new cartridges, with their unctuous ends and ill odour, had aroused in the native mind. Here, then, was a plot to deprive the whole army of its caste, striking high and low alike, and with its caste of its religion! The fatal story flew on the wings of the wind from cantonment to cantonment, from station to station. In a few weeks the native army was ready to rise and slay.

At first, indeed, the men at Dum-dum appeared to be perfectly reasonable. Called on at parade to state complaints, they objected to the cartridge, and suggested the use of wax and oil. The Government ordered an investigation, and in the meantime changed the drill, so that in future the end of a cartridge was to be torn not bitten off. General Hearsey, an experienced soldier, well known to all the Sepoys, harangued his division at Barrackpore, showing them how impossible it was that they could be made Christians by the mere biting of cartridges. But all was of no avail. A native lieutenant informed the authorities that the Barrackpore brigade was preparing to mutiny. General Hearsey wrote to Calcutta, saying, "We have at Barrackpore been dwelling upon a mine ready for explosion." He admitted that the native officers were of no use, being afraid of their men, and he suggested that a European regiment should be sent up to the station.

At this time, the middle of February, another singular sign was observed. A native policeman entered a village of Oude, carrying two chupatties, or cakes. He ordered his fellow official there to make ten more, and give two to each of the five nearest village policemen, with the same instructions. In a few hours the whole country was astir with watchmen flying about with these cakes. This proceeding was and remains a mystery. One officer who saw a watchman run in with his cakes, asked what it meant. He was told that when the malik, or chief, required a service from his people, he sent round these cakes to prepare them for the execution of his orders. "And what is the order now?" inquired the officer. And the answer, with a smile, was, "We don't know yet." Whatever may have been the reason for this flight of cakes, there it stands in the forefront of calamity, and is regarded as one of its signs. "How little was it thought," writes Mr. Cave Browne, "that therein was really hidden an Eastern symbol of portentous meaning. Five centuries before (1368), the Chinese had, by a somewhat similar plan, organised and carried out a conspiracy by means of which their dynasty of Mongol invaders was overthrown." This is a far-fetched illustration. No doubt, the chupattie mystery had a meaning, but the heart of it has not even yet been plucked out.

From Barrackpore, a detachment of the 34th Native Infantry went to Berhampore, once a great and important station, 120 miles north of Calcutta. Here were quartered the 19th Native Infantry, the 11th Irregulars, and two guns. The 19th feasted their comrades, and these in return told the story of the cartridges with great additions. John Company had sent Lord Canning to convert India to Christianity, and he had been ordered to begin by destroying the caste of the whole army! The men of the 19th heard, and forthwith believed. They made no inquiries of the English officers. What were the "stranger gentlemen" to them? How could their words in such a matter affect what their brethren had told them? On the 25th, the day after the detachment had come in, Colonel Mitchell commanding at the station, ordered a parade for the following morning. The men were to meet for exercise with blank cartridge, and it was served out. These cartridges were not new. They had long been made up. Moreover, no grease is ever used in blank cartridges. Yet the men refused to take them. Not ripe at the moment for mutiny, they yielded when threatened with a court-martial. But the same night their passions got the better of them, and they rose and seized their arms. Aroused by the noise and confusion, Colonel Mitchell ordered out the cavalry and the guns. But the night was dark. Torches were necessary. The ground was broken. Neither guns nor horsemen, it is said, could be used. Colonel Mitchell doubted whether he could depend on his native troopers and native gunners. He therefore harangued the mutineers, explained the groundlessness of their fears, and begged them to give up their arms. The Sepoys, still unready for revolt, made a counter-proposition. They would give up their arms, if the Colonel would withdraw his cavalry and guns. He complied, and with this transaction the tumult ended. Here, then, was decided mutiny. It broke out with a running accompaniment of fires in different places, the work of wilful men, bent on spreading the contagion of alarm and treason.

On learning what had happened at Berhampore, the Government in Calcutta called up the 84th Queen's Regiment from Burmah, and ordered the 19th Native Infantry to march to Barrackpore to be disbanded. As they were marching down, an emissary from the 34th met them with a proposal that, when within a march of the station, the 19th should murder their officers, while the 34th did the same; but the 19th refused, and marched quietly into the cantonment. Here they found the 84th, a wing of the 53rd Foot, two troops of horse artillery, and the Governor-General's body-guard of picked Sepoy troopers. Two days before they were disbanded, a Sepoy of the 34th, Mangul Pandy by name, endeavoured to rouse his regiment. In the presence of the guard, who stood by, he wounded Adjutant Baugh. While these were in deadly strife, the British sergeant-major dashed in; but he was cut down, and the native lieutenant and guard took part in the fray, striking the Europeans. A Mahometan, however, was faithful, and, with the assist-

ance of General Hearsey and other officers, Baugh was rescued and Mangul Pandy seized. Riding up to the mutinous guard, with a loaded pistol in one hand, and ordering them back, Hearsey threatened to shoot the first man who disobeyed him, and on this they returned to their posts. Mangul Pandy and the native lieutenant were hanged in due course, and the Mahometan and sergeant-major were rewarded; but for these acts, such was the style of management that prevailed in Bengal, General Hearsey was reprimanded! On the 31st of March, the 19th were deprived of their arms, paid up all their arrears, solemnly lectured in the presence of the whole force at the station, European and native, disbanded, marched out of the station, and sent to their homes. The 19th were really not so much in fault as appeared, for they offered, if pardoned, to serve in China or anywhere; but the Government held it necessary to make an example. For now the fires in cantonments were more rife than ever all up the valley of the Ganges, the midnight meetings of the Sepoys more numerous, and the excitement of the whole army was fast rising to a climax.

These symptoms of mutiny were manifest in Oude and in the north-west. General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, was on his way to comfortable quarters in the hills. He had been appointed to this responsible post, not because he was the fittest man to command an army like that of India, but because he was a highly connected English gentleman. He had no special qualifications for the task. In ordinary times, with nothing to do, his ignorance of the natives and his mediocrity would have been prejudicial to the interest of the empire; but he would have passed through his period of service without trouble, and would have come home a moderately wealthy man. He was altogether unfitted for the deadly conflict impending. He did not understand its gravity, and if he had caught a glimpse of the facts, he would have been unable to deal with them. In the middle of March, with the 36th Native Infantry for escort, he went to Umballa. Two non-commissioned officers of this regiment were at the rifle school. They went out to meet their comrades, and were by them repulsed as outcasts—men who had touched greased cartridges and were defiled. In fact, these natives had not touched greased cartridges, for there were none in the school. But that made no difference to the infatuated 36th. The outcasts told their story to Captain Martineau, and he reported it to the higher authorities. They had evidence that the latent fire of mutiny was all around them, and ready to burst forth. The Sepoys pretended that the rifle with its cartridge was "a Government missionary to convert the whole army to Christianity." By this time the whole army had become aware of its strength, and was in communication from Calcutta to Peshawur. General Anson inspected the depôt, and suspended the musketry practice of the Sepoys until further orders. He ordered an inquiry, and when all the symptoms were disclosed to him, he actually censured the Sepoys who had made known the fact that they had been repulsed and treated as outcasts by their corps! He next forced the Sepoys, not yet ripe for revolt, to use the cartridge. They did so, but at night they burnt a number of Government buildings. A Sikh now reported the existence of a conspiracy which was to break out in the beginning of May, either at Delhi, Umballa, or Meerut. But General Anson would not believe the information. He was already nestled snugly in the hills, playing whist. And so the month passed away, lighted at its close by blazing cantonments, and marked by the most flagrant signs of universal military disaffection. In addition to this the agents of the King of Delhi and the Shah of Persia and the Moslem priests were at work, preaching a religious war by stealth, while the Hindoo pundits openly prophesied that the reign of the English had lasted its appointed time, and that it was now coming to an end. It is abundantly plain that the Sepoy army, regular and irregular, had determined to revolt, and that nothing was now wanting but a bold initiative on the part of some regiment or regiments. The evils arising from the gross mismanagement of the army by successive Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief had become too great to be stayed. No remedial measures, nothing short of a general disarmament of the entire force, could have arrested the mutiny; but for this measure the authorities were not prepared, and if they had been prepared, they did not possess the means of executing so great a *coup d'état*.

The month of May came. It was the height of the hot season. There is little doubt that the Sepoys, who had seen that their European masters feared the sun, had calculated on its enervating effects. The storm was gathering to a head. The strife was going on sullenly at Meerut as well as at Umballa. At Lucknow, also, it was in progress. On the first days of May the 7th Oude Irregular Infantry refused to touch cartridges, which, they admitted, were in every respect such as they had been accustomed to. The men were in absolute, but passive mutiny. On the 3rd of May, threatening to kill the European officers, they seized their arms and the magazine; but a force of cavalry and artillery arriving, the mutineers were panic-stricken, and gave up their arms. It was then discovered that the 7th Oude and the 48th Native Infantry were actually conspiring. Thus face to face with danger, Sir Henry Lawrence, Commissioner in Oude, began to make those preparations which, in the proper place, we shall describe. He had already struck down promptly the first mutinous regiment. He was destined to save the power of England in Oude, and to sacrifice his life in so doing.

This scene at Lucknow aroused the Government at Calcutta. But mild measures were the order of the day. A native lieutenant at Barrackpore had been caught in the lines of the 70th, urging his men to revolt. He was tried by a native court-martial, and sentenced to dismissal. The effect on the Sepoys is indescribable. "This," they said, "the only punishment for mutiny! They are afraid of us: we can do as we like." But, alarmed by the mutiny at Lucknow, Lord Canning determined to disband another regiment. The corrupted 34th was to be so punished this time. Directing the 84th Queen's, a wing of the 53rd, and two batteries of artillery upon

Barrackpore, he ordered the officer commanding at the station to disband the mutinous regiment. It was done, but the punishment was felt to be no punishment, and the men went off exulting with their pay. In the order of the Governor-General, disaffected soldiers were told that mutiny would draw down upon them sharp and certain punishment like that inflicted on the 34th. But the Bengal Sepoys had been long hardened to radical insubordination, and the sharp and certain punishment of disbandment for mutiny had no effect on them. This scene occurred at Barrackpore on the 6th of May. It was

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the second instance of paltering with mutineers. The Government seem to have thought that they had destroyed the mutiny, root and branch. In five days from that time Meerut was sacked, and the streets of Delhi were running with European blood.

The town and station of Meerut lies about forty-five miles north of Delhi, in the upper part of the Doab of the Jumna and Ganges. As no European troops could be stationed in Delhi, without violating the arrangements made when we dispossessed the Great Mogul of his territories, Meerut was fixed on as a station for European troops, and here were the 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabineers, the 1st Battalion of the 60th Rifles, and two troops of Horse Artillery. There were also the 11th and 20th Native Infantry and the 3rd Native Cavalry. The commander of the station was General Hewitt, a worn-out old officer, of whom it had once been reported officially that he was totally unfit for any command. Nevertheless, he was employed. Signs of disaffection had been plentiful at Meerut. The Sepoys ceased to salute their officers, and night after night the alarm of "fire!" rang through the cantonment. But, surely, so men thought, the Sepoys would not venture on mutiny in the presence of so strong a European force. Vain delusion! The natives of India, inferior as they are to the Western race which rules over them in moral qualities, are quite their equals in shrewdness and intellect.

The Sepoys had taken the measure of General Hewitt's character, and probably knew they had little to fear in consequence of his weakness and incapacity. Moreover, they were eager to try conclusions with their masters, for years of obedience to their caprices had

rooted up the respect and awe which the Sepoy felt formerly for his officers.

As the disaffection of the Sepoys was manifest, Colonel Carmichael Smith, of the 3rd Cavalry, determined to bear it no longer. He paraded a part of the regiment, ninety men, and ordered them to take the cartridges, showing them, at the same time, that the end was to be torn not bitten off. Only five obeyed. The rest were deaf to exhortations and warnings. They stood still, in passive mutiny. This fact was reported to Brigadier Archdale Wilson, and by his order the whole of the mutineers were arrested. They were tried, as usual, by a native court-martial, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. On the 9th of May, by order of General Hewitt, the whole of the force in the cantonment, European and native, was paraded. As soon as they were drawn up, the Europeans were directed to load. Then the mutineers were marched in, and so placed that any resistance would be followed by their destruction. Their uniforms were stripped off, and they were placed in irons. "The only sign of emotion was one deep sigh which burst at once from all the black battalions." The disgraced troopers actually reproached their comrades for permitting the execution of the sentence; and we may well believe that nothing but the loaded guns in front, and the grim men of the Rifles and Carabineers, prevented the armed Sepoys from attempting a rescue. The shackled troopers were marched off to the gaol and placed under a guard of native policemen; and the Sepoys returned to their lines to plot treason, and communicate their intentions to the regiments at Delhi. The sun went down on that Saturday, May the 9th, and darkness covered up the meetings of swarthy soldiers planning a general revolt for the next day.

It was Sunday. The place was quiet; there was no stir in the native lines; the hours flew by as usual; the period for evening service was approaching. Officers were dressing; the European soldiers were turning out; ladies were putting on their head-gear; the clergyman was stepping into his buggy, with his evening sermon in his pocket. The Rev. Mr. Rolton records that a native servant went to his wife, and said to her, with very anxious and troubled looks, "Oh, madam, don't go to church this afternoon." "The carriage," he continues, "was then at the door and ready to take us to church, and the service was appointed to take place in half an hour from the time this speech was made. Hearing this singular request addressed to my wife, I naturally inquired, 'Why should not madam go to church this evening?' The servant replied, 'Because there will be a fight.' I asked, 'Who will fight?' The woman answered, 'The Sepoys.'" Mr. Rolton did not believe, but soon saw his error. The plan of the Sepoys was to have risen when the Europeans were in church, and to have slain those who were there. But the church-bells and their own impatience ruined the scheme.

About five o'clock the quiet of the evening was broken. A rocket flew upwards in the Sepoy lines. The men rushed forth, seized their arms, and slew at once four of their officers. "The 3rd Cavalry mount their horses; some officers ride in amongst them, trying to pacify them, but none listen; there is such a clamour that no word can be heard. Some are struck at and wounded. A part of them gallop away to the gaol, whirling their sabres over their heads. One of their officers is carried along with them. There is only a native guard at the gaol; the doors are thrown open with shouts; they set their imprisoned comrades free. A smith is at hand, who knocks off their chains. The officer, who was much beloved in his regiment, entreated the men not to accept their freedom in such a way, and said he would get their pardon if they stayed. They embraced him with tears, but said, after what had happened, they never could trust the Company any more. Fourteen hundred convicts are at the same time let loose, who rush eagerly away to reap the harvest of plunder and violence. A party of the Sowars, with the 20th, went to the lines of the 11th, to turn the tide of disaffection in its ranks, for it was not yet entirely gained over. Colonel Finnis was there, endeavouring to address the men and keep them to their duty. They instantly fired at the unfortunate gentleman, whose death decided the wavering regiment. The Sepoys of the 11th now joined with the rest, but protected the officers and ladies. It was the plan of the mutineers to set upon and massacre the Europeans assembled in church. Fortunately, the signal was given too early. The Sepoys fall upon and kill everybody they meet; joined with the rabble of the bazaars, they run to plunder the long line of beautiful cottages in which the European families resided. They push their muskets into the thatch, and fire; in a few minutes they are all in a blaze. They break in at the glass doors, plunder and destroy everything, and search everywhere with bloodthirsty eagerness for the 'Feringhee suars.' Ladies and children are seized, with exultation, and tormented to death. The Europeans who get clear fly away to the English barracks. Some hide all night in the gardens and compounds, hoping every moment to hear the voices of their countrymen coming to their rescue. All the bungalows in the native lines are burned and sacked. For two hours the work of hell goes on—tumult, murder, pillage, conflagration. They fight for the spoil and kill one another. And what are our soldiers doing? They are all armed and ready, panting with fury, eager to rescue their dying countrywomen, eager for blood and vengeance—the noble soldiers of our race, able to slaughter twenty times their number of Sepoys. General Hewitt's order comes. What is it? 'Defend your lines!'"

Such was the fatal order. Instead of attacking the mutineers with horse, foot, and artillery, he ran away from them and stood on the defensive. At length he was prevailed on to move, but when he did the mischief had been completed, and the mutineers were speeding southward to Delhi. Moving in the gloom, the angry Europeans came up within sight of some of their foes, and the guns poured a shower of grape into the darkness as the Sepoys vanished. There was no pursuit. Captain Rosser offered to ride after them with horsemen and guns, and follow them to Delhi; but General Hewitt would not hear of it and returned to his lines!

The 3rd Cavalry had taken the lead in bloodshed, and had found ready imitators in the ranks of the 20th; but the 11th shed no blood, they protected several of the ladies and children, and escorted them out of danger. When the mutineers had gone, the scoundrels from the bazaars, Budmashes and Goojurs, completed the work of murder and destruction. All night the flames crackled, and the smoke ascended, and the yells of the ruffians were heard as they plundered, slew, and tortured. Many escaped, but thirty-three were slain. When day dawned the fugitives crept out from the shelter of bushes and outhouses, and hastened to the European lines. The native cantonment, and the long rows of cottages, each in its pretty garden, belonging to the Europeans, were blackened and smoking ruins. The European troops were furious at the escape of the Sepoys, and when the morning light revealed the mutilated and dishonoured corpses of their brothers and sisters, their wrath blazed up into a passion for vengeance, a passion which the events of almost every day were destined to feed and to sustain.

While Meerut was desolated, and General Hewitt holding in his British soldiers, the mutineers were speeding onward to Delhi. The moon shone brightly, the air was cool; the great marching powers of the Sepoys made it easy for them to traverse at a bound the brief distance of forty-five miles. The infuriated cavalry took the lead, eager to reach Delhi before news of the bloody work of the 10th—not only to secure the bridge of boats over the Jumna, but to surprise the Europeans. Therefore the troopers went rapidly over the ground, and the column of infantry trailed behind, yet marching with hurried steps and grim resolves.

In Delhi all was peace. There were no signs of mutiny in the city or cantonments. There had been a sign of Mahometan disaffection, for a placard had been posted on the walls of the Jumma Musjid, declaring that the Shah of Persia was coming to drive the Europeans from India. The old King of Delhi, and his sons, and grandsons could not be expected to love us or be loyal to us. They lived a life of conspiracy in these stormy times; they were all sensual, cruel, and idle; but they dared not act openly against the Company. There were three native regiments in the city and cantonments, the 38th, 54th, and 74th, and a native battery. Brigadier Graves commanded the brigade, and he and all the officers had the most complete confidence in the loyalty of their men. Delhi is a beautiful city, on the right bank of the Jumna; it is surrounded by a wall twelve feet thick, having bastions in excellent order, each mounting ten, twelve, or fourteen pieces of ordnance, so as to furnish a flanking fire; in front of the wall was a ditch of considerable width, and twenty-four feet deep; and beyond the ditch a slope or glacis, covering the wall for half its height. It had the river on one face, and the circuit of the walls was seven miles. On the river front stood the palace, a fortified building of great extent, and opposite its north-eastern angle was the bridge of boats, over which ran the road from Meerut, under the guns of the fort of Selimgurh. To the north, there was a ridge of hills; and parallel with this ridge, and on the plateau behind it, were the native lines or cantonments. The road to these from the city lay through the Cashmere Gate. The main gate of the palace was on the western front, and from the main gate ran the Chandnee Chouk, or High Street, a broad avenue, leading to the Lahore Gate. Beyond the walls, on the west and south, were houses and gardens, and the ruins of ancient Delhi. The troopers of the 3rd were eager to seize the bridge of boats, because that was the only road over the Jumna.

The European officials were at work as usual. Mr. Hutchinson, the magistrate, was in his court. Mr. Le Bas was at the Custom House. Mr. Simon Fraser, the commissioner, was at Ludlow Castle, a house on the road to the lines. Sir Thomas Metcalfe was at his house about to start for the hills. It was nine o'clock; from the magazine, which also looked on to the river, a sharp eye saw a body of troopers coming down the Meerut road. The news spread to the Europeans; one after the other they heard of these galloping horsemen. The brigadier, warned by Mr. Hutchinson, at once ordered the 54th, under Colonel Ripley, and two guns, to march. Sir Thomas Metcalfe warned Lieutenant Willoughby, at the magazine, and wished that two guns might be planted to sweep the bridge. Fraser and Captain Douglas went into the palace to rouse and induce the king to exert his influence. In the meantime the troopers had ridden up to the bridge, had cut down the sergeant in charge, had crossed over, and were in the palace and the city.

They were prompt men, these troopers. So long as there was one white face left, they felt that they were not masters. So when Mr. Fraser expostulated with them, they shot at him, wounded Mr. Hutchinson, and killed a European clerk. Mr. Fraser seized a gun and shot a trooper; but there were none to aid him, and he had to fly. Sir Thomas Metcalfe tried the police; they stood unmoved. Sir Thomas drove away. As yet there were only troopers in the city; but they had been looked for by the native troops, and though few, they were sufficient, since there were none to oppose them. Fraser, Hutchinson, and Douglas had gone into the palace. There were the troopers, a mob from the city, and convicts delivered from gaol. The British gentlemen still faced the mutineers, reasoning, reproaching, exhorting. Suddenly one of the king's servants cut down Fraser, and then a body rushed up the stairs and there slew Hutchinson, Douglas, the Rev. Mr. Jennings, Miss Jennings, and Miss Clifford. The ladies were killed outright on the spot, and suffered no dishonour. Then the troopers rushed forth to complete the massacre of the white men and the native Christians. They scoured through the European quarters, with reeking blades—the centre of a horde of ruffians steeped in cruelty, and crying, "*Deen! Deen!*" spared none. Some gallantly resisted; some were smitten at their desks and employments. Mr. Beresford, at the bank, fought stoutly, but was slain, and all who belonged to his household. The dwellers in the College shared the same fate; the whole force of the

Delhi Mission fell. Indeed, "few who lived within the city walls were able to escape. Whole families were butchered; young girls who had that morning awoke gently in their peaceful homes, were dragged over the threshold, across the dead bodies of their parents, by hideous miscreants. Modesty and decency were outraged in the open streets. One lady, in defence of her child—[for Asiatic cruelty loves to torture children]—shot two of the wretches with her husband's pistols, when a Sepoy ran his bayonet through her back. The Sowars [troopers] distinguished themselves by their bloodthirstiness. The populace were abreast of the Sepoys. The houses were gutted; everything was broken, scattered about, or snatched away. They kept prowling into every corner until the burning roofs drove them out." In the midst of their fury they were not likely to forget the telegraph. The chief clerk was slain, but the rebels were not quick enough in getting to the office to prevent his assistant from sending this message to Lahore, ere the troopers cut him down:—"The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." They died; like good men and true, they fell at their posts, but they had saved the Punjab.

Brigadier Graves had not been idle. He first sent word that all Europeans in the city should muster at the Flagstaff Tower, a stone building, with battlements, standing on the centre of the ridge; but his orders were too late, or rather the troopers and felons were too speedy for these orders to be of service. Then, as we have stated, he sent the 54th, followed by two guns, to quell any tumult. But the 54th had no sooner entered the Cashmere Gate than some troopers rode up and shot Colonel Ripley and all his officers, except three who got away. Major Patterson now entered with the guns, and at sight of these the troopers rode off. But the 54th immediately broke up and joined the mutineers. Brigadier Graves sent down three companies of the 74th and two more guns. These only provided fresh mutineers, for not a man would obey orders. The guns were ordered back; but on their road a party of mutineers met them, wounded the horse of the officer in charge, and carried the guns back to Delhi. All the Sepoys now became active mutineers. Some ladies had joined the officers at the Cashmere Gate, when the Sepoys assembled there opened fire. A young officer who was present has described in simple language the scene visible and audible there on that Monday afternoon. "As luck would have it," he writes, "I, with a few other fellows, ran up a kind of slope that leads to the officers' quarters, and thence, amid a storm of bullets, to one of the embrasures of the bastion. It is perfectly miraculous how I escaped being hit; no end of poor fellows were knocked down all about, and all, too, by their men; it is really awful to think of it. However, on arriving at the embrasure, all at once the idea occurred to me of jumping down into the ditch from the rampart (one would have thought it madness at any other time), and so try and get out by scaling the opposite side; but just as I was in the act of doing so, I heard screams from a lot of unfortunate women who were in the officers' quarters, imploring for help. I immediately, with a few other fellows, who like me were going to escape the same way, ran back to them, and though the attempt appeared hopeless, we determined to see if we could not take them with us. Some of them, poor creatures, were wounded with bullets. However, we made a rope with handkerchiefs, and some of us jumping down first into the ditch, caught them as they dropped, to break the fall. Then came the difficulty of dragging them up the opposite bank; however, by God's will, we succeeded, after nearly half an hour's labour, in getting them up; and why no Sepoys came and shot every one of us while getting across is a perfect mystery. The murdering was going on below all this time, and nothing could have been easier than for two or three of them to come to the rampart and shoot down every one of us."

Leaving these bruised and maimed fugitives to track their way to the Flagstaff Tower, we have now to describe an act so noble, that at the time the story of it rang through Europe like the sound of a trumpet—the defence of the magazine in Delhi, and its destruction by nine Europeans. There were two magazines in the station: a large one, containing above a thousand barrels of powder, placed two miles outside the city walls, and at anybody's mercy, and a smaller one within the walls, not far from the palace, containing not more than fifty barrels. It is of the latter we have to write. Sir Charles Napier had condemned this building. Its gates were so weak, he said, a mob could push them in. On the 11th May there were nine officers and men to defend this magazine. They were, Lieutenant George Willoughby in command, Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor; Conductors Buckley, Shaw, and Scully; Sub-Conductor Crow, and Sergeants Edwards and Stewart. Their memories are worthy of all honour. In the forenoon they were beset by a crowd, raging, tumultuous, demanding admission. Seeing this, Willoughby prepared for defence. He closed and barricaded the gates, and took other measures, according to the report of Lieutenant Forrest, who with Raynor and Buckley escaped to tell the tale. The character of these measures shows us the sterling stuff of which these men were made. "Inside the gate leading to the [artillery] park," writes Forrest, "were placed two six-pounders, double charged with grape, one under Acting Sub-Conductor Crow and Sergeant Stewart, with the lighted matches in their hands, with orders that if any attempt was made to force the gate, both guns were to be fired at once, and they were to fall back on that part of the magazine in which Lieutenant Willoughby and I were posted. The principal gate of the magazine was similarly defended by two guns, with the *chevaux-de-frise* laid down on the inside. For the further defence of this gate and the magazine in its vicinity, there were two six-pounders so placed as fully to command the gate and a small bastion in its vicinity. Within sixty yards of the gate and in front of the office, and commanding two cross roads, were three six-pounders and one twenty-four-pounder

howitzer, which could be so managed as to act upon any part of the magazine in that neighbourhood. After all these guns and howitzers had been placed in the several positions above named, they were loaded with double charges of grape. The next step taken was to place arms in the hands of the native establishment, which they most reluctantly received, and appeared to be in a state, not only of excitement, but also of insubordination, as they refused to obey any orders issued by the Europeans, particularly the Mussulman portion of the establishment. After the above arrangements had been made, a train was laid by Conductors Buckley, Scully, and Sergeant Stewart, ready to be fired by a preconcerted signal, which was that of Conductor Buckley raising his hat from his head, on the order being given by Lieut. Willoughby."

Such was the plan of action; and it was carried out to the last extremity.

The mob had been balked at the outset. They had been reinforced by a body of the king's soldiers, but still they were kept at bay. But when the old king and his counsellors found that the troops in cantonments were in revolt, and when the spies he sent out returned reporting that no British were coming from Meerut, when the Native Infantry from Meerut had entered Delhi, then fresh troops poured down upon the magazine. The whole of the besieging crowd were eager for powder and arms. The king's soldiers summoned the Europeans to surrender. They were defied. Then the crowd swarmed to the attack and opened fire. At the first round the natives in the magazine fled. But the nine Englishmen remained. Scaling ladders were brought; Sepoys mounted the tombs in the burial ground overlooking the enclosure, and fired on the little garrison. These plied their foes with grape, but as fast as the iron sleet swept away one body, another followed. For five hours the gallant nine maintained the unequal contest. Scully stood by the trunk of a tree, ready to fire the mine. Every moment the attack grew hotter and the defence weaker: for Edwards and Crow were killed; Forrest and Buckley were wounded. All hope was gone. Willoughby passed the word to Buckley to raise his hat, the signal for firing the train, and Scully coolly and with deliberate care applied the match. In a moment the whole building was rent by the explosion, and hundreds of the enemy, crowding on, were buried in the ruins. Forrest, Rayner, Willoughby, Buckley, and Scully made their way out, scorched and bruised, but alive. A trooper cut down the brave Scully, and Willoughby was killed by marauders in a village on the road to Meerut; but Forrest, Rayner, Stewart, and Buckley succeeded in reaching that place alive, and each received the Victoria Cross as a reward.

The explosion of the magazine may be regarded as the last act in defence of Delhi. The fugitives who had reached the Flagstaff Tower were now crowded within it, uncertain of their fate. The Sepoys who surrounded the two guns were watched by armed Europeans from the roof of the tower; but it would have been destruction to fire. The ladies were loosening cartridges, and the men were resolving on defence when defence was hopeless. One by one the fugitives had come in. Major Abbott had brought up a cartload of dead and wounded officers. The Sepoys were growing defiant. When the magazine blew up they became excited; they had long refused to obey orders; they now told the officers they had better be gone, "this was no longer a place for them." The words were true. All who could got carriages or horses, and those who could get neither, set out on foot. The sepoys did not oppose them. The brave Brigadier Graves, Captain Nicholl, and Dr. Stewart lingered to the last; but at length these went also, and Delhi was in the power of the king and the Sepoys. An attempt had been made to blow up the great magazine, but the Sepoys frustrated it, and so ended the scene. *One* Sepoy only followed the officers in their flight. The fugitives bent their steps towards Kurnaul, and only some arrived. They were beset by the village marauders, the Goojurs, who robbed and wounded, or murdered, all parties alike. Some were nearly naked, their clothes having been torn from them; some were severely wounded; some lay down to die from fatigue and grief. It was a dreadful night; and in Delhi there were still forty-three persons, chiefly women and children. They had taken refuge in the palace; on the 18th they were given up to the mutineers, and massacred in a body by them and the king's sons.

It will be remembered that Sir Henry Lawrence had saved Lucknow for a time, by disarming the 7th Oude Irregulars, on the 3rd of May. On the 12th Sir Henry held a durbar, and rewarded, with solemn forms, a subadar, a havildar, and two Sepoys, who had been instrumental directly in arresting emissaries who were preaching sedition. Sir Henry made a noble speech to the soldiers representing all the native forces in the cantonment, praised, warned, exhorted them, and so he gained a month to prepare for a doom that was inevitable; a month to prepare and provision a fortified post in the heart of Lucknow, where a handful of Europeans and a few faithful natives were destined, with endless honour, to uplift and keep flying the British standard in one of the centres of rebellion.

CHAPTER XL.

The Punjab saved by the Electric Telegraph—Course of the Message from Delhi—Lahore: Energetic Measures of Mr. Montgomery and Brigadier Corbett—Native Troops disarmed on the 13th — Philour secured—Jullundhur made Safe—The Sikh Rajahs support the British—Ferozepore—Part of the Native Troops Mutiny—Kangra, Umritsir, Mooltan secured — Peshawur: Measures of Edwardes, Nicholson, Cotton, and Sir J. Lawrence—The Movable Column—General Anson at Simla—What is Simla—Orders down the Europeans—General and European Troops at Umballa—Mutiny of Ghoorkas—The Siege Train: its Escapes—Help from the Sikh Rajahs—The British move off for Delhi—Lieutenant Hodson—His Ride to Meerut and Back—Anson Dies at Kurnaul—The Punjab Men at Work—"Clubs are Trumps, not Spades!"—Peshawur. Four Regiments Disarmed—Its Effect on the Mountain Tribes—Mutiny and Destruction of the 55th Native Infantry—Nicholson's Charge—A Fifth Regiment Disarmed—Captain Mundy's Adventure—New Native Levies—Punjabees Sound—Spread of Mutiny—Blazing all over the North-West—Breaks out at Roorkee—In the

Doab; at Nusseerabad; at Hansi and Hissar; at Lucknow; Bareilly; Shahjehanpore; at Seetapore; Benares; Allahabad; Cawnpore; Jhansi; Neemuch; Azimghur—Mutiny Overruns Oude—Horrible Atrocities of the Mutineers—Adventures, Sufferings, and Escapes of the British.

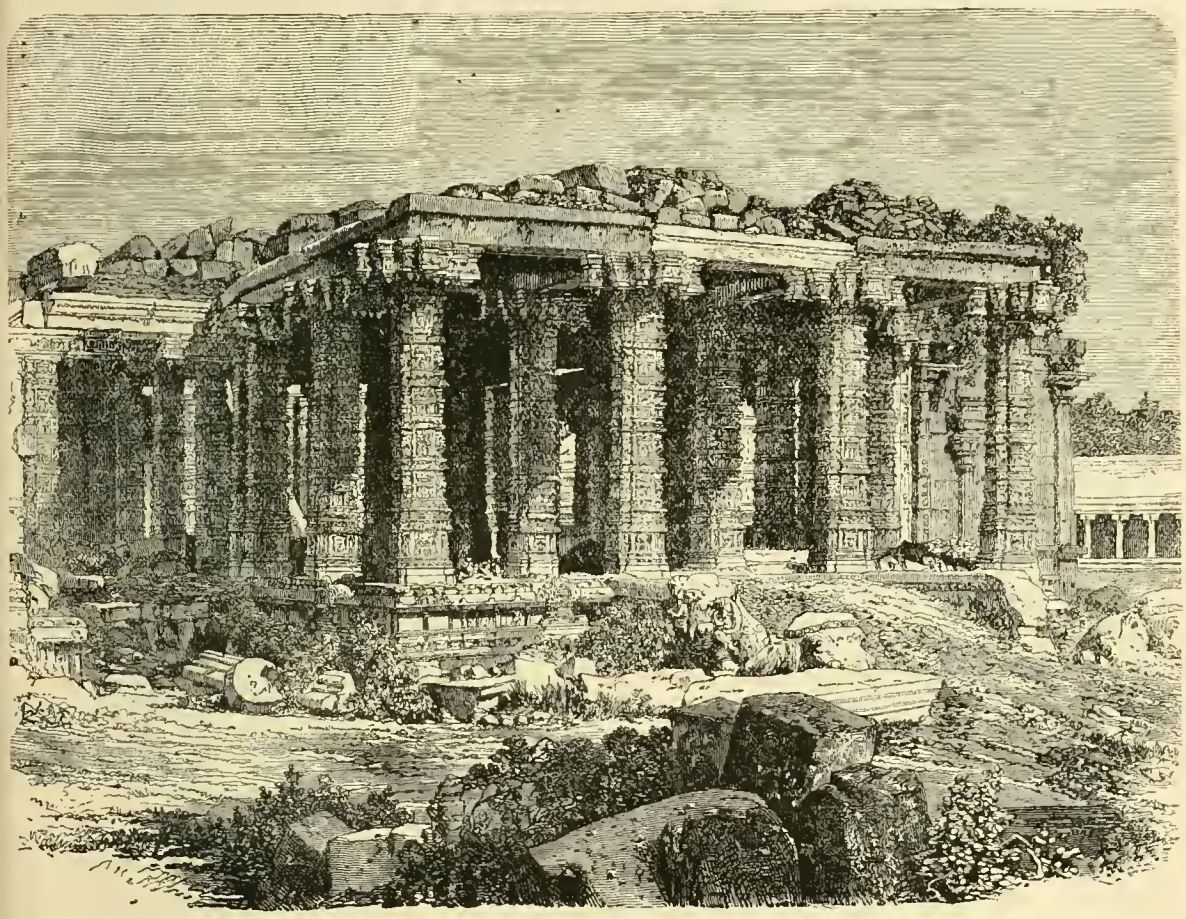
THE electric telegraph saved the Punjab. We have already told how from the office in Delhi went a message along the wire to Lahore. It was read at Umballa, *en route;* it was read at Lahore; it was shot north-westward to Sir John Lawrence at Rawul Pindee, and to Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, and Sydney Cotton at Peshawur. The reader will remember the words—"The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." A message worth bearing in mind. They had it by noon in Lahore: a messenger coming in from Meerut confirmed it. By eventide Sir John Lawrence had read the momentous words at Rawul Pindee; by midnight they were scanned at Peshawur. They fell into the hands of men prompt to face and to overcome danger; keen of sight and swift of action. There was to be no paltering with mutiny in the Punjab. The Britons were resolved to be masters in that land. The morning of the 12th brought fresh and fuller tidings, and out of them grew a fixed resolve. The Europeans had kept the secret imparted by the magic dial, and determined to be first in the field.

There were at Mean Meer, six miles from Lahore, three regiments of native infantry and one of cavalry. These Brigadier Corbett and Mr. Montgomery and others, after brief deliberation, resolved to disarm. The means at hand were slight, but sufficient for brave men. They were the 81st Queen's, and two troops of horse, and four companies of foot artillery. A ball had been appointed for the night of the 12th, and it was agreed that this festivity should be held, and that the troops should parade on the morning of the 13th. The 12th brought fresh news. A Sikh discovered and revealed a plot to seize the fort in Lahore, and massacre every white man. There were in the fort eighty men of the 81st and seventy artillerymen, Europeans, and a wing, or half a regiment, of the 26th Native Infantry. The Sepoy plan was to explode on the 15th, when half the 49th Native Infantry were to relieve the 26th. While both wings were in the fort they were to kill their officers, seize the place, and slay the Europeans. Of course, all the native troops were at once to rise. At the same time, similar scenes were to be acted at other stations, especially where there were magazines. The authorities kept their discovery to themselves, and prepared by a bold stroke to anticipate the conspirators. On the 12th also decisive measures were taken to secure possession of the fort of Govindghur, famous in Sikh annals; of the fort of Philour, "the key of the Punjab;" and to warn the commanders at Mooltan, Ferozepore, and Kangra. All night messengers, and even small bodies of troops, were speeding along; and every European was alert and vigilant.

The ball was held. The revel was kept up till nearly dawn, when the officers stole away to attend a parade which was to determine the fate of British rule in the country of the five rivers. During that night a company of the 81st were driving along in carts to Govindghur, three companies were held in readiness to relieve the conspirators of the 26th in Lahore Fort, and six companies were left in cantonments to perform a principal part on the parade ground. The pretence for the parade was to read a general order touching the disarmament of the 34th, at Barrackpore. The native regiments moved out and formed a line of columns, having the 8th cavalry on the left, the native infantry regiments in the centre, and the 81st and the guns on the right. The order was read. Then the native regiments were ordered to change front to the rear, by "the wheel and counter-march of subdivisions round the centre;" a movement now made familiar by the evolutions of our volunteers. The whole performed the evolution; but the 81st, facing about, retired, and then fronting, formed line on the right company, thus bringing their front two deep, parallel to the Sepoy columns, and facing them. At the same time the guns moved with the Europeans, and as they marched, covered by the 81st, they *loaded* with grape. When the movement was completed, the guns were still hidden by the British foot. As soon as this was done, an order was read aloud to the Sepoys, explaining to them that they were about to be deprived of their arms to prevent them from disgracing themselves and their colours, by yielding to the temptations of bad men, and rising in mutiny. At the conclusion of the reading, the order went forth to "pile arms." By this time the 81st had moved to the rear of the guns. There were twelve, each loaded with grape, and by each gun stood an artilleryman port-fire in hand. Colonel Renny of the 81st, also gave the order to load, and the ring of the steel ramrods told the Sepoys there was no hope for them. The infantry piled arms, the cavalry took off their sabres and pouches; a company of the 81st swept them up; the crisis was past, and Lahore was saved on the third morning after the outbreak at Meerut. On that signal morning, too, three companies of the 81st marched into the fort of Lahore. The 26th, astonished and surprised, laid down their arms without a murmur.

On the same day there were other deeds performed between the Ravee and the Sutlej. On the right bank of the latter river, and commanding the great highway from Delhi to Lahore, stands the fort of Philour. To the south-east, over the river, is the cloth-working town of Loodiana, also on the great road, and to the north-west the important cantonment of Jullundhur. Philour was wholly in the hands of the Sepoy guard, and a native regiment, the 3rd, was encamped under its walls. There were only eight Europeans in the fort, one of whom, Mr. Brown, had arrived on the 12th with telegraphic apparatus to open communication with Jullundhur. For when the officer commanding at the latter station heard of the mutiny, his first thought was for the safety of Philour. He sent Mr. Brown and his apparatus in a light cart, and he marched out 150 men of the 8th Queen's at night to garrison the fort. The

gallant eight had one gun. They closed the fort, and loaded the piece with grape; and kept watch over the Sepoys within and the Sepoys without. It was an anxious night, and the gun was not quitted for one moment. Before day had dawned, up came the men of the 8th, with the welcome addition, picked up on the road, of two horse-artillery guns and some Punjabee troopers, under the chivalrous Probyn, of whom we may hear again. The Sepoys in the fort were surprised and dismayed when they were relieved, and marched out of the fort. They, too, were to have risen on the 15th, and Philour was to have been the rendezvous of all the mutineers in the Punjab.



ANCIENT INDIAN TEMPLE.

At Jullundhur itself very vigorous measures had been taken. We have seen how Philour was saved. Mr. Ricketts, at Loodiana, was also warned to look sharp after the bridge of boats which carries the traffic of the great road over the Sutlej. The troops at Jullundhur were, the 6th Cavalry, the 36th Native Infantry, and the 61st Native Infantry, the 8th Queen's, and one troop of Horse Artillery. Brigadier Hartley would have disarmed the natives, but he feared for the out stations; so he contented himself with taking ample precautions, by an able disposition of his guns and his European infantry. The civil chief of the station appealed for aid to the Rajah of Kuppoorthulla, a Sikh chief, whose territories lie between the Beas and the Sutlej, and the Rajah responded with promptitude, bringing up at once a body of troops and guns. This was the first evidence of the good-will of the Sikh chieftains in this district. They were destined to render the most valuable services in the trying days at hand. Thus was mutiny for a time parried at Jullundhur.

Far different had been the incidents of the crisis at Ferozepore. This town stands on the left bank of the Sutlej, nearly due south of Lahore, and below Loodiana; it contained the largest arsenal in Upper India, and its importance was immense. The brigade at the station consisted of the 10th Cavalry, the 45th and 57th Native Infantry, the 61st Queen's, and three batteries; the whole under Brigadier Innes, who had just arrived from Mooltan. Strong symptoms of disaffection had appeared among the 57th, but not in the 45th, or the 10th Cavalry. When on the 13th decisive news arrived, the brigadier held a council of war; but here, as in all other stations, his avowed suspicions of the native troops were sharply combated by their own officers. He adopted a half measure; he resolved to divide the two native regiments, placing them so that the Europeans and the guns would be between them, and he intended to disarm

them the next day. On the evening of the 13th he held a parade, at the same time threw a hundred men of the 61st into the magazine, and selected the best positions for his artillery. From the parade he directed the 57th to march in one direction, and the 45th in another. The former obeyed, and encamped quietly in their new quarters; but the 45th, taking a route that brought them in sight of the magazine, saw the 61st men filing into the entrenchment. The regiment now broke into two parts; one, the larger, moved off to their camping ground, the smaller left the ranks and rushed at the magazine. They carried the entrenchment, for it was weak and unguarded; but within it was a high wall round the building containing the ammunition. This the Sepoys, aided by a company of the 57th within, tried to storm; they were met by a steady fire, and were soon in retreat. Three more companies of the 61st were hurried now into the magazine, and the Sepoy company there was disarmed. But the 61st could do no more; they had to guard the barracks, where the women and children had sought shelter, as well as the magazine, and thus were compelled to look on while the mutineers and the mob burnt the cantonments. The 57th took no part, and the next day gave up their arms and colours. The 45th were still bent on mischief, and as a precaution, the brigadier blew up the regimental magazines. Then the 45th, except a few, broke into open mutiny, and set out for Delhi, pursued by the Europeans and the 10th. Very few escaped, for the 10th caught some, and the villagers brought in others. Brigadier Innes had now leisure to secure all the powder and stores. Of the native force, the 10th alone retained their arms and received General Anson's thanks for their loyalty. In a few weeks they too were mutineers.

There were three other points of moment: one of supreme importance in the Punjab—Peshawur. The others were Kangra and Mooltan. Kangra was to the Rajpoots of the hills what Umritsir was to the Sikhs of the plains—a place invested with a moral prestige. Govindghur was sacred to the famous Gooroo Govind. "He who holds Kangra holds the hills," said a native proverb. Major Lake, getting one of Mr. Montgomery's notes from Lahore, marched a body of Punjab police into Kangra, and it was secured. We have already seen the men of the 8th enter Govindghur at dawn. Mooltan, standing on the left bank of the Chenab, a few miles above its junction with the Indus, was the key of the whole country around the point where the five rivers become one. It commanded the navigation; it was the connecting link between the Punjab and Scinde and the Punjab and South Afghanistan. There were only sixty Europeans there, and 3,500 natives. Of these the most dreaded were the 62nd and 69th Native Infantry; their officers alone were full of trust in them. Major Crawford Chamberlain could rely only on his sixty Europeans and some 250 Punjabees; he had hopes of a regiment of irregular cavalry, his own regiment, known all over India as Skinner's Horse. His policy was to temporise and prepare; and most ably he did both. It was pluck and skill which saved Mooltan.

Peshawur was, after all, the critical point in the Punjab. A little anecdote will illustrate this as well as pages of description. "Very early in the crisis," writes Mr. F. Cooper, Commissioner at Umritsir, "Rajah Sahib Dyal, an old and faithful adherent of the Government, asked the writer how matters looked at Peshawur. The reply was, 'Satisfactory.' 'Otherwise,' said the questioner, and he took the skirt of his muslin robe and rolled it significantly up." The Peshawur Valley lies at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and above it rise the lofty hills peopled by savage Moslem tribes. Had the mutineers been successful at Peshawur, the fanatics and robbers who lived among the mountains on either side for 800 miles would have poured into the valley, and thence gathering strength as it went, the torrent would have "rolled up," the Punjab. But it was not so to be. There were men at Peshawur of mettle and strength of character. They understood the facts, and so acted.

There were at Peshawur five infantry regiments of the Bengal army, the 21st, 24th, 27th, 51st, and 64th; three cavalry regiments, the 5th Regulars, and the 17th and 18th Irregulars. In three adjacent forts were detachments of a Hindoo regiment, called the Khelat-i-Gilzies. The British force consisted of the 70th and 87th, and four batteries; in all about 2,000 men. At Nowshera, the station at the east end of the Peshawur Valley, and more than twenty miles off, were the 27th Queen's, the 55th Native Infantry, the 10th Irregulars, and a battery. At Hotee Murdan, a mountain-station, sixteen miles north of Nowshera, were the Guides, natives, but true as steel, because raised, officered, and disciplined on sound principles. These were the forces, native and British, north of the Indus. The Europeans were outnumbered by three to one.

The telegram from Lahore was received here and kept secret. The men who had to deal with probable mutiny were Brigadier Sydney Cotton, Colonels Edwardes, Nicholson, and Neville Chamberlain, for General Reid, the Commander-in-Chief, was not one of the prime moving spirits. On the morning of the 12th a council was held, and swift were its decisions. The bold spirit of John Nicholson suggested at once that the British should take the initiative and form a movable column, so that aid might be rendered where it was required, and visible tangible power shown to all. To form this column, the 55th Native Infantry were ordered to occupy Hotee Murdan; so that the Guides might join the 27th Queen's at Nowshera, and that these two should form the kernel of the column. At the same time the 64th Native Infantry were split up into three parts, and sent to the forts near Peshawur. The next morning, the 13th, the council heard the news of the disarming at Lahore, and proceeded with the work. Sir John Lawrence, though at Rawul Pindee, talked with his coadjutors by telegraph, and at his suggestion General Reid joined him, and thus the heads of the two public services were united. The measures taken extended over a wider field. The Punjabee infantry and the Sikh regiments, the remains of

the old Khalsa army, were called in from all quarters to join the movable column. Not only was the station made safe, and the passage of the Indus at Attock secured, but Edwardes and Nicholson took advantage of their popularity on the frontier to call for aid from the very tribes whom it had been their business to rule, and to rule with no unsteady hand. For the moment these men, by boldness, promptitude, and sagacity, held down the raging element of mutiny on both banks of the Indus, and finally drew its teeth with little loss.

But, for the present we must leave them with these armed traitors all around, to show what General Anson was doing in the first week after the outbreak at Meerut.

We have already caught a glimpse of General Anson, whose distinction among men it was to be the greatest whist-player in either hemisphere. We have seen him at Umballa, misunderstanding the mutiny, and snubbing Sepoys and Sepoy officers for telling tales. He was on the road to Simla, and to Simla he went. Where and what is Simla? Let the able author of the anonymous "History of the Siege of Delhi" tell us in his own way. General Anson was not within reach of the electric wire, but deep among the spurs of the mighty Himalayas. "About forty miles from Umballa rises abrupt from the plain, in awful precipices, the mountain ridge of Kussowlie. On the top of the wild pine-clad hill, 6,000 feet high, in the cool climate in which Europeans delight, are barracks and houses, with the station church. Here was the 75th Foot. In the second range, about ten miles off, stands the bare and bleak mountain, on the summit of which is the station of Dugshai, then sheltering the 1st Fusiliers. Still deeper in, but much lower, in a half tropical climate, are the barracks and white bungalows of Sabbathoo, where were the 2nd Fusiliers. About thirty miles farther on, far out of sight of India, surrounded by awful ghauts and precipices, there is a mighty hill 8,000 feet high. On its top is a somewhat larger space of level ground than is commonly seen among these mountains, ever so wonderfully steep. A wandering Englishman had once come to this desert, where the most far-fetched fancy of a native could never have dreamt of building anything but the low stone hut for the poor mountaineer, who would turn the nearest waterfall to irrigate each narrow shelf of soil which his rude ploughshare scratched on the edge of the abyss. The stranger returned with a report that the climate was as cool as his own England; and soon the first cottage was built in Simla, a marvel to the untaught hillmen in the stony ravines below. In a few years Simla was a city. A thousand houses and pleasant cottages, reached by stairs and narrow winding paths, nestled on every nook, amongst the Himalayan pines, yews, and rhododendrons that shade the rocks from the ever powerful sun of India; but let through the breezes that cross from the crescent of eternal snow, whose spotless zigzag line refreshes the eye turned upon the northern range. Here the fainting invalid finds he can live again, as the cool air fills his chest. The breath of the grave does not mount so high. Here young officers come to spend their months of privileged leave, ladies come to escape the heat of the plains. Incessant toil has widened the ways round the hill, and the eye unaccustomed to such giddy heights, is kept steady by the sight of stout wooden palings, which run along their free sides. By turning the taxes for the village roads in India to another work, a path has been cut, blasted, or built on stakes along the most awful precipices and the highest mountains in our globe—hundreds of miles away into the far distant valleys of Bunawor, between the peaks of eternal snow, where those of our officers who are more manly or less gay, may betake themselves to hunt the bear, or bag game strange to the European sportsman."

Such was the abode of the Commander-in-Chief of India at the greatest crisis in the fate of British rule. Below him were spread out the Cis-Sutlej States, governed chiefly by native Sikh chiefs who owned allegiance to the Company. It was among these that we had sought and found our earliest allies. We have seen how the Rajah of Kuppoorthulla cast his lot at once with ours. There were others ready to follow his example. The whole country below had been for three days in the ferment of mutiny; the troops at Lahore had been disarmed; the movable column had been formed, an outbreak of the 5th and 60th Native Infantry at Umballa on the 10th of May had been frustrated by a mere accident; and blood had been shed at Ferozepore, before General Anson heard that there was any serious mutiny in the army. When the famous message from Delhi reached Umballa, General Barnard sent off Captain Barnard, his aide-de-camp, to inform the Commander-in-Chief. As he passed through Kussowlie, he warned the 75th Foot to be ready to march at a moment's notice. On the 12th he astonished the Commander-in-Chief by presenting the Delhi telegram! It was fortunate for General Anson that he had with him at that moment men like Colonel Chester and Major Norman. Whatever indecision there may have been in the mind of the chief, there was none in that of his subordinates, and when he could not decide, they decided for him. Orders were sent that very night for the march of the 75th and 1st Bengal Fusiliers at once to Umballa; and for the 2nd Fusiliers to be ready for marching. But General Anson did not stir. Fresh news came in on the 13th, as precise as it was horrible. The 2nd Fusiliers were ordered to march. On the 14th, the general and his staff quitted Simla, and the next day they were at Umballa. The 1st Fusiliers arrived the same day, having marched in two nights sixty miles. The 75th had come in, and these, with the 9th Lancers, under Colonel Hope Grant—a name to be remembered—and two troops of horse artillery, formed a weak but respectable brigade. On the 17th they were joined by the 2nd Fusiliers.

Pending the arrival of General Anson the civil authorities had not been idle. Acting under the inspiration and on the orders of Sir John Lawrence, whose comprehensive mind embraced the whole state of affairs north of Delhi, Mr. Barnes and Mr. Forsyth had called upon the Maharajah of Puttiala, and the Rajahs of Jheend and Nabha, for the aid of troops, provisions, carriage, and it was instantly granted. Detachments of their

forces were sent to guard fords and places of importance in the country, to Loodiana, and on the road to Kurnaul. The military commissaries could not meet the immense demand for transport; it was met by the civilians. These were days of vast activity. For the first time European soldiers mounted sentry, and European officers rode and walked in the burning sun. With the aid of the native princes the civilians took firm hold on the country, between the Jumna and the Sutlej, and thus secured the road from Delhi to the Punjab, whence troops and ammunition and spirited counsels alone could come.

One of the first acts of General Anson, or rather of his able staff officers, was to organise a siege train at Philour. The order, however, did not reach that fort until the 17th, and four days elapsed before it could be prepared. In the meantime, a Ghoorka battalion near Simla, which nobody doubted was badly managed, broke into mutiny, creating a disgraceful panic at Simla. These men were to have marched on Philour, to form the escort of the train; they were finally pacified by concessions, but not until a detached company had plundered the treasury at Kussowlie, and the general's baggage coming from Simla.

The effect of this quasi-mutiny of the Ghoorkas was important. The siege train had to be entrusted to the escort of the 3rd Native Infantry, encamped at Philour. Part of this regiment, and of the 4th Cavalry, had already been sent to guard a small supply of ammunition for the Europeans. It was said the 3rd had sworn the siege-train should never reach Delhi, and it is not an improbable story; nevertheless, when, hearing that the Ghoorkas were in revolt, they volunteered to act as escort, the offer was accepted. The train, consisting of thirty-two guns, including six 18-pounders, one 24-pounder, and four 8-inch mortars, started on the 21st. Seven miles off ran the Sutlej, deep and broad, and now rapidly swollen by the melting snows. Over this stream there was a bridge of boats, and the question was, how long it would stand against the rising waters. Mr. Ricketts, ever watchful, was there, with 300 workmen, watching night and day, strengthening the bridge and repairing damages, damming up the river above, and relieving the boats of the strain upon them. On came the train; it started at three in the morning; it entered Loodiana at ten at night, occupying nineteen hours in traversing seven miles. As soon as the guns and ammunition were over, a body of troops, supplied by the Rajah of Nabha, relieved the men of the 3rd Native Infantry; and two hours after, the river, overcoming all barriers, swept the bridge away. That night, too, a fierce dust-storm arose, followed by torrents of rain and blasts of wind, which levelled the camp. But as the guns escaped the rushing river, so the powder was not injured by the rain. On went the train towards Umballa and Kurnaul.

In the meantime some troops had marched from Umballa on the road to Delhi. They were few, but transport for more could not be had. They consisted of four companies of the 1st Fusiliers, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, and two Horse Artillery guns. They marched on the 17th to Kurnaul. With them, let us note, went Lieutenant Hodson, a gallant and accomplished soldier in every way, and one we shall meet with frequently between Umballa and Lucknow. Hodson had been grievously injured by the Punjab Government, deprived of his command of the Guides, to whom he was attached, and who adored him, and even when his entire innocence of the charges against him was demonstrated, the proof was kept back from the Government at Calcutta. General Anson did a wise thing when he selected Hodson to be assistant quarter-master general. Hodson arrived at Kurnaul on the 18th, the next day the troops came in, and Hodson at once volunteered to open communication with Meerut. It was a daring proposal. It was accepted. On the 20th, with an escort of the Jheend troops, he rode off for Meerut. It is remarkable, and shows what a name for daring Hodson had achieved, that an officer at Meerut, hearing others lament that they were not in communication with head-quarters, said, "Hodson is at Umballa, I know; and I'll bet he will force his way through, and open communications with the Commander-in-Chief and ourselves." The next morning, May 21, at day-break, Hodson galloped into Meerut. He "rode straight to [Brigadier] Wilson, had his interview, a bath, breakfast, and two hours' sleep, and then rode back the seventy-six miles," reaching Kurnaul on the night of the 23rd, having had to fight his way. On the 24th he drove to Umballa, reported to Anson the same evening, and five hours later was again on the road to Kurnaul. The fruit of the expedition of this dashing horseman was, that the troops at Meerut were able to act in concert with the little army collecting at Kurnaul. Hodson was commissioned to raise a regiment of irregular horse—2,000 if he could get them—and he was made chief of the Intelligence Department.

Perplexed and harassed by the weight of responsibility thrown upon him, General Anson reached Kurnaul on the 25th; on the 26th he was attacked by cholera, and on the 27th he died. It may be fairly said he died of a consciousness of his own incapacity to contend with the gigantic difficulties around him. It was not his fault that he was neither a Lawrence nor a Montgomery, neither a Havelock nor a Campbell; but it was the fault of the British Government that they selected a man of such moderate abilities and no force of character to command the Indian army. On the 26th the Delhi Field Force under Sir Henry Barnard, son of gallant Sir Andrew Barnard, reached Kurnaul, and Sir Henry, whom we have seen before Sebastopol, assumed command. It was now nearly the end of May, twenty days since the mutiny began; and here were the troops from Umballa and the brigade from Meerut converging on a point, to effect a junction and lay siege to Delhi.

By this time the Punjab had been the theatre of more decision and vigour. Sir John Lawrence, Mr. Montgomery, and their able coadjutors had shown how mutiny should be dealt with. No half measures were adopted. They went upon the time-honoured principle,

that he who is not for us is against us. "Treason and sedition," writes one of the Punjab men, "were dogged into the very privacy of the harem, and up to the sacred sanctuaries of the mosques and shrines." Mr. Montgomery banished red tape. All letters were intercepted; all important ferries, fords, and roads were watched. Rewards were offered for fugitive mutineers, dead or alive. It was soon found that the population were on our side, and the villagers ready to stop mutineers, or to report their movements. The Hindostanee soldiers had boasted throughout the Punjab that *they* had conquered it, and now it was the turn of the Sikh and the Punjabee. The Sikhs were burning to march on Delhi. More than a century and a half before, Aurungzebe, the Great Mogul, had beheaded a prophet of the Sikhs in his palace at Delhi, and there was a prophecy current that the Sikhs, in conjunction with the British, should sack Delhi, and avenge the death of their martyr Gooroo. This made the work of the British leaders less difficult; but it was, in the middle of May, still a problem whether we should stand or fall. But the temper of those leaders is best illustrated by an anecdote, true, as we believe. When he was at Umballa, General Anson, by telegraph, asked Sir John Lawrence whether it would not be wiser to *entrench* and await reinforcements. Sir John, who knew that we could only be saved by showing power, promptly replied; and this message from one famous whist-player and something more, to another famous whist-player and nothing more, flashed along the wire:—"When in doubt, win the trick. *Clubs* are trumps, *not* spades." The Delhi Field Force, as we have seen, marched for Delhi.

But the Punjab still had to be made safe. Peshawur was not yet secure. The blow to be struck there by the Sepoys had only been parried. The hill tribes looked on with suspicion and doubt. The cantonments were full of intrigue. The Sepoys were the first to draw down on themselves the doom awaiting them. It may be remembered that the 55th had been sent from Nowshera to Hotee Murdan, and the 64th into their forts near Peshawur. This had reduced the force to be watched to four infantry and three cavalry regiments. They had all heard of the success of their "brothers" at Meerut and Delhi. In spite of vigilant watching and severe measures, these regiments were in close communication. But some of the letters seized not only showed that an extensive conspiracy existed, but revealed its nature. Happily, Colonel Nicholson felt danger in the air, and induced Sir John Lawrence to send back half the 27th Foot to the Indus. Happily, also, the Punjabee troops on the frontier were coming in. But there was no time to be lost. The Sepoys in the station were ripe for revolt, and the plot formed was only discovered eight-and-forty hours before the time fixed for its execution. The 51st Native Infantry at Peshawur sent a letter to the 64th and the Khelat-i-Gilzies, inviting them to march into Peshawur on the 22nd of May, and hinting what should then be done. The letter got safely to hand, but the Sepoy who received it took it to the officer commanding at one of the three forts. The officer sent it back instantly to Peshawur, and thus saved the station. About the same time a fakir of suspicious aspect was arrested at Peshawur, and searched, and in the hollow of his armpit was found a letter, declaring that now was the time, and inviting the Sepoys to bring with them "a few pounds of fruit," in other words, the heads of British officers! Now was the time to disarm the whole of the native troops. It was the 21st of May. Edwardes had just come in from Rawul Pindee. Promptly a council was held, and although the colonels of the Sepoy regiments—as they did everywhere—vehemently refused to believe that *their* men were mutinous, Cotton, Edwardes, and Nicholson saw more clearly, and would not be gainsaid. News from Nowshera and Hotee Murdan quickened their resolves into acts. The 55th were in open mutiny. Brigadier Cotton decided that the 24th, 27th, and 51st Native Infantry, and the 5th Cavalry, should be disarmed on the 22nd. The 21st Native Infantry and the 7th and 15th Irregular Cavalry were still trusted.

The morning dawned, and with it came the parade of the whole force. A body of Mooltanee Horse and a hundred levies from Kohat arrived that morning. The cantonment stretched along east and west to the west and north of Peshawur city, and facing the Khyber Pass. On the east was the fort, and partly along the rear ran a belt of peach-gardens. The plan of the brigadier was astute and effective. He caused each of the doomed native regiments to parade on its own ground. While they were getting under arms, the British regiments and artillery, forming two brigades, marched down upon them, and the Mooltanee Horse and Kohat men appeared in the rear. Resistance was impossible. The cowed mutineers at once obeyed the command to "pile arms." Then the arms were carried off. "Colonel Nicholson," writes Mr. Cooper, "had opportunely called in the chiefs of the valley, and as the disarming was being carried on, clouds of Afghan horsemen darkened the horizon. So also the peach-gardens around swarmed with armed men—Peshawurrees and hill tribes, all eager to take either side as the issue might be. The environs of the station, from the cantonment to the city, were literally black with the raffish multitude, on the alert for pillage and murder on the first sign." Pillage and murder were not to be. The British had won again. While the issue was doubtful, the chiefs of the valley had refused to take sides. "Show us that you are stronger," they said, "and there shall be no lack of support." The demonstration of strength was given. On that very day recruits came in by the hundred. "The chiefs of the valley crowded in upon General Cotton, flung their swords on the ground at his feet, and tendered the services of themselves and their vassals." Such it is to be morally intrepid, at the right moment and in the right way.

More had to be done, for as we have said the 55th were in open mutiny at Nowshera and Hotee Murdan. The first named station lies on the road from Peshawur through Attock on the Indus to Rawul Pindee and Lahore. The second lies to the north over the Cabul river, which, twisting down through the rocky bottom of the Khyber, joins the Indus near Attock. The 55th had

marched to Nowshera on the 13th. The 27th Foot had gone eastward. The Guides were hurrying towards Delhi. The 55th held Hotee Murdan, had two companies at Nowshera, and one on the right bank of the Indus opposite Attock. There, too, were a hundred Pathans, under Futteh Khan, once a captain in the Guides, and in the fort of Attock were the 5th Punjabees. The 55th men opposite Attock tried to seduce the Pathans from their allegiance; but these were true, and revealed the secret. Finding they were discovered, the 55th men mutinied, and made for Nowshera. Here they were met and captured by the 10th Irregulars, but from these they were rescued by their comrades in the station. It happened that Lieutenant Davies had under his orders a few men of the 27th Foot, who were guarding the sick, and the women and children of the regiment, and these, though few in number displayed so bold a front that the mutineers recoiled, and hurried away to Hotee Murdan. But, finding that the bridge of boats over the Cabul river had been broken, the greater part marched back, and only a few joined their regiment. When the 55th heard that a force was coming against them, they prepared to hurry off into the hills.

The force was nearer than they imagined. The 5th Punjabees had been marched at once to Nowshera, and were now approaching Hotee Murdan. The whole of the 27th Foot had returned to the Indus by forced marches, and were now at Nowshera, delighted to find their women and children alive. Colonel Chute and Nicholson himself were coming up from Peshawur with 800 men and a mountain battery. But these had been delayed, and when the 55th saw the Punjabees arrive, they marched off at once to the mountains, while their colonel, Henry Spottiswoode, who had believed in their fidelity to the last, shot himself in his quarters. The delay of the Peshawur column gave the mutineers a fair start. But Nicholson soon got on their track. Followed by a mere handful of his own native troopers, he dashed headlong into the rear of the fugitive column. The Sepoys resisted, but could not stand against a charge driven home. Nicholson took 120 prisoners and killed 100 men. The irregulars with him did not fight well, and night falling, he had to withdraw from pursuit. The 55th met with strange adventures in the hills, and ultimately scarcely a man escaped alive; for those who were not made slaves by the mountaineers were captured when they attempted, at a later period, to re-enter the Punjab.

From Hotee Murdan, the Peshawur column, under Colonel Chute, moved upon the three forts, garrisoned by the 64th Native Infantry and the Khelat-i-Gilzies. Chute reached the first fort, Aboozai, and easily disarmed the men of the 64th who were there. He was moving on to Shubkudder, when an incident occurred there which admirably illustrates the character of the crisis, and the kind of men who were on the spot to deal with it. "An armed Sepoy of the regiment [the Gilzies] had sprung forward, musket in hand, knocked down the sentry over the magazine, and shouted to his comrades to arm, for 'Nicholson Sahib is come to Aboozai, and will blow us all away from guns! Now is our time!' Captain Mundy, the commandant of the regiment, was in his own quarters in the fort; he heard the disturbance, and, seizing his pistol, rushed down to see the cause. On the steps he was met by some twenty Sepoys, who forcibly held him back. His first thought was that the whole regiment had 'gone,' and he raised his pistol, resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could; when some of them said to him, 'No, sahib, you shall not go near that man; his musket is loaded.' A jemadar, who had been in the act of cooking his dinner, rushed by for his musket, but as he passed the magazine he was shot dead by the mutineer. The musket being discharged, the faithful Sepoys now released Captain Mundy, who went towards the man and twice tried to fire his pistol. Twice it missed fire. The mutineer was beginning to re-load, when Captain Mundy, calling out to some of the quarter-guard, ordered them to load and 'fire.' Not a man hesitated; the mutineer fell dead, pierced by four bullets. A roll-call was at once held, but no one was missing. There was clearly no sympathy with the mutineer. Bad spirits and traitors there probably were in the regiment, but the majority were good men and true, and the prompt, bold conduct of Mundy gave the bad no time to act, and carried all the good with him. As the men themselves said, 'he had saved the regiment and their good name.' The peril was imminent, not only that Captain Mundy—and Mrs. Mundy, who was in the fort at the time—would have been shot down, or even that the magazine, had a single shot been fired into it, would have blown the whole fort into the air, but that the Gilzies having gone, nothing could have saved the country. Providentially, all was averted, and the regiment bore itself so nobly throughout those months of danger, that the General (Cotton) published an order, in which he expressly declared that 'not the slightest suspicion rested on the Gilzies. Thus the fort of Shubkuddur was saved." Colonel Chute came up the next day, and disarmed the men of the 64th, both in that fort and in Fort Michnee. Peshawur was no longer in danger; the whole of the trans-Indus region had been secured. It had been shown that although the Irregular Hindostanee Cavalry could not be trusted, yet that the Punjabees were true, for the men of the 5th had not hesitated a moment to shoot a cavalry mutineer, who had incited his comrades to murder an officer. Improving on their bold policy, the leaders at Peshawur levied new corps among the frontier tribes—hitherto our direst foes—and found them trusty warriors; drew enough men from the British Infantry to make a squadron of horse, and mounted them on the chargers of the disarmed native cavalry; formed in like manner a battery, taking the Sikhs out of the disarmed regiments, re-armed them, and placed them in a separate regiment. The old Sikh leaders eagerly came forward, and soon there was the nucleus of a new and trusty native army of Sikhs and Punjabees. It is recorded of a frontier chief that when he heard the story of the Meerut and Delhi atrocities, filled with rage, he spat on the ground, and said with wrath, "Who can charge us with ever

touching a helpless woman or defenceless child? No! we would not do it, not for a prince's ransom." And it was true. Such were the men won over, and such the means employed by the inventive and undaunted British leaders in the Punjab at this time. More we shall have to tell later.

It is time to turn to other scenes, and show how the great drama unfolded itself, until all the north-west, and Oude, and Central India, and even parts of Behar were overrun by mutineers, and the shameful treachery of a pampered soldiery led on to a sort of national insurrection. At the end of May, the Lawrences and Montgomeries were masters of the Punjab. They had yet severe struggles before them; they had yet to make up for want of numbers by coolness, sleepless vigilance, unflinching resolve, unrelenting severity, and boundless pluck. They had yet to strike down overt mutiny, before they could supply the men that gave the final blow to Delhi. But this they were prepared to do; this they did.

The north-west was now completely cut off from Calcutta. The 9th Native Infantry, stationed at different towns on the trunk road between Agra and Delhi, mutinied on the 20th, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of May, and marched to Delhi. Some gallant Europeans—Mr. Patterson Sanders, a zemindar of those parts, among them—forming a little squadron of cavalry, remained for months afterwards about Allyghur; but with this exception British rule ceased in the Doab, below Delhi. At Agra, indeed, the British stood out bravely amid a sea of mutiny roaring around them, suffered their moments of peril—as we shall see—had their combats and hair-breadth escapes, but nevertheless survived. At the end of May mutinies increased on all sides. Let the reader bear in mind that, from the 10th of May onward, there were, day after day, incessant explosions of Sepoy regiments, sometimes bloody and cruel, sometimes mild—that is, not followed by the slaughter of many of our kin. The track of the mutiny ran from the Delhi country eastward, through the Doab into Behar, and north and south, marking Rohilcund and Oude, and Central India, with many bloody spots; for the Sepoys were many, and the British were few—so few, that they could be reckoned by hundreds, while their exasperated foes were numbered by thousands and tens of thousands. While the Delhi field force was getting itself together, siege train and all, while the men of the Punjab were fighting their great fight with their Sepoys,

FUTTEHPOOR, PROVINCE OF ALLAHABAD.

the military revolution was growing supreme in every province garrisoned by Hindostanees, until only Agra and Lucknow, like rocks in that turbulent ocean, were left to bear the English flag and shelter men of English race. Before following the army to Delhi, let us look nearer at the mutiny, now blazing so far and wide.

We shall take the events in chronological order. On the 16th of May the native sappers stationed at Roorkee were ordered to march to Meerut. They mutinied, slew Captain Fraser, and strode away to Delhi. On the 20th, a spy, caught and surrendered by the 9th Native Infantry at Allyghur, was hung in the presence of the regiment, the bulk of whom seemed to approve. But one suddenly crying, as he pointed to the corpse, "Behold a martyr to our religion!" the whole of the companies present broke into mutiny. They spared the officers, but plundered the place, liberated the convicts, and marched to Delhi. In four days the whole regiment was in revolt; but it is distinguished among other regiments, because it did not commit murder. At Myrpoorie, Lieutenant de Kantzow rendered himself conspicuous by his sterling courage. He stood up against the mutineers, exhorting, remonstrating, threatening. When some pointed their muskets at him, he folded his arms and bade them fire if they dared. When they tried to storm the treasury, he was there to resist, and, aided by the gaol-guard, he induced the raging multitude to turn away. They went off to Delhi, and De Kantzow received the thanks of Lord Canning, and a command. On the 28th the Hurrianah battalion rose at Hansi and Hissar, a few miles south-west of the great road from Delhi to Kurnaul, and murdered every European they could overpower; and on the same day, showing how the mutineers acted from a common feeling, the 15th and 30th Native Infantry stationed at Nusseerabad, in Rajpootana, seized their arms and a native battery, and began to shed blood. The 1st Bombay Lancers charged them, but without effect, and then retreated, with the surviving Europeans, to a place of safety, while the mutineers went forth towards the common centre, Delhi.

Two days after, the Lucknow Brigade showed itself in its true colours; within twelve hours the Bareilly Brigade revolted, and within a week the whole of Rohilcund and the whole of Oude, save Lucknow, had been wrested from British rule. Lucknow city stands on the right bank of the Goomtee, one of the tributaries of the sacred Ganges. It is a city of palaces, beautiful and imposing, set in a sea of cultivation, surrounded by trees and gardens and cultivated fields; a city beautiful exceedingly, and the seat of every wickedness under the sun. Stretching along the river, it filled the gazer with delight; but it was a whited sepulchre, a very Sodom in the garden of India. The residency, soon to become so famous, stands on the west, a cluster of strong buildings, not far from the river. Two bridges cross the stream, an iron bridge near the residency, a stone bridge higher up. Above the residency was the fort of Muchee Bowun; and over the bridge on the left bank, a few miles distant, were the native lines. Within the city was a most turbulent population; without, a camp swarming with mutinous Sepoys. The only men who could be trusted wholly were the 32nd Foot and the Europeans, civilians, merchants, and traders dwelling in Lucknow. The chief commissioner was Sir Henry Lawrence, the Financial Commissioner, Mr. Gubbins. Another commissioner was Major Banks. Colonel Inglis commanded the 32nd Foot, and Brigadier Gray the native troops. In and near the cantonments were 4,800 foot, and 2,100 horse, with two batteries of artillery. In the whole of Oude there were 19,200 native troops, and only one British regiment and one company of British artillery, in all 800 men. These last were at Lucknow. Thus, there were upwards of twenty to one against us. But in the mutinies about to occur, all our enemies did not turn upon us at once; and such preparations had been made to secure a stronghold, that, when nearly all had fallen away, there still remained a place of refuge for the civilians and traders, and a place for all to defend.

Nearly the whole of the troops in Oude were ripe for revolt, and the people were becoming suspicious of our ability to maintain our power. The state of transition from the rule of the ex-king to that of the Governor-General helped to create disaffection. The sway of the former was irregular and inequitable; the sway of the latter, though regular and equitable, had not come fully into play. In Oude, the maxim of all was, and had long been, every one for himself. The villagers were accustomed to resistance; the talookdars, rulers of petty and sometimes extensive districts, were accustomed to revolt. In the latter end of May, Sir Henry Lawrence sent a small column, under Captain Hutchinson—who has written an interesting memoir of the mutinies—to move about between the Goomtee and the Ganges, and fourteen miles from Lucknow this column was watched by armed villagers. The great province of Oude, so full of fighting men, had not, like the Punjab, been disarmed when it was annexed, and we were about to pay the penalty of over-confidence. This column had not been gone two days before the troops in the cantonment mutinied.

As usual, they gave no premonitory sign. It was well known that the native troops might break out any day, and on the 30th of May a Sepoy reported that the troops would rise in the evening; but the brigadier did not believe the report, and did not forward it to Sir Henry Lawrence. In the twilight the 71st and the 7th Cavalry turned out and began firing. They tried to surprise the officers and the mess-house, but these were too quick for them. Sir Henry repaired to the camp of the 32nd, which was soon under arms, and with the guns ready for action. The mutineers shot Brigadier Handscomb dead, and then essayed to charge the 32nd and the guns. But grape shot proved enough for them. Falling back, they slew Lieutenant Grant. The 13th and 48th were drawn up on parade, but would not act, and only a few of the 71st, and 200 of the 13th, and fifty-seven of the 48th could be got to follow their officers to the side of the British. The Sepoys seized the magazine, and plundered the officers' bungalows, in spite of some gallant efforts to prevent them. The 32nd, with the few faithful Sepoys, remained under arms all night. In the morning Sir Henry pursued the

mutineers, who fled away before him. Mr. Gubbins, who was active in the pursuit, had an escort of four men belonging to Fisher's Irregulars, a regiment that subsequently mutinied and slew their commander. Those men said, "We like our colonel, and will not allow him to be harmed; but if the whole army turns, we must turn too." Significant words, writes Mr. Gubbins. They were not the only evidences that the army had come to consider itself as a club. The scoundrels in the city now rose, but they were speedily and severely punished; and Sir Henry was able to raise 3,000 police, who, under Captain Carnegie, did good service. Some of the mutineers struck across country for the Ganges and Delhi.

On the very day after this outburst at Lucknow, on Sunday, the 31st, Bareilly and Shahjehanpore were the scenes of horrible atrocities. At the latter, the 28th Native Infantry selected the moment when the Europeans were at church, and tried to slay them altogether; but they failed. Mr. Ricketts was killed in the church, with others, and Major James fell on the parade ground. The greater number took to the country, and reached Mohumdee. Here they found Captain Patrick Orr, with a company of the 9th Oude, and these were reinforced by fifty men from Seetapore. Captain Orr extracted from the native officers an oath binding them to escort the whole party to Seetapore; but they had not gone far before the troops turned them adrift to go where they pleased. They went, but the ruffian Sepoys soon followed, and near Aurungabad began the work of murder. "We all collected under a tree," wrote Captain Orr, "and took the ladies down from the buggy. Shots were firing from all directions, amidst the most fearful yells. The poor ladies [there were eight and four children] all joined in prayer, coolly and undauntedly waiting their fate." They had not to wait long, these brave women. In ten minutes they were dead—little ones and all—"butchered in the most cruel way." The bodies were stripped and left for the beasts of the jungle and the fowls of the air. The Sepoys, strangely enough, saved Orr and a drummer boy, and took them to Lonee Singh, of Mithowlee where we shall meet them again.

The tragedy at Bareilly made a deep impression. That Sunday was a day fatal to the British. At Bareilly there were two regiments of native infantry, one of cavalry, and a battery, under Brigadier Sibbald. Happily, the women and children had been sent to the hills. There were no European troops in Rohilcund; the Sepoys had nothing to fear. They had only delayed the execution of their intentions in the hope that their officers could be induced to call their wives and children from Nynee Tal. Finding the hope vain, they mutinied in the most complete way. On that quiet Sunday, being all agreed, they suddenly opened with both grape and musketry on the officers, while a detachment released 3,000 felons, and the fierce Rohillas rushed out to burn and slay. The devastation of the camp completed the day's work. Khan Bahadar Khan, an old servant of the Company, proclaimed himself king, and appointed a native officer of artillery to be his general. Then he held a court, tried two European judges, found them guilty, and caused them to be hanged. The Bareilly Brigade was not long in marching to Delhi, but nothing, except the fatuity of General Hewitt, saved it from disruption, if not destruction, at a ferry over the Ganges.

During the next eight days there were a score of mutinies at different points: at Seetapore in Oude; at Neemuch in Rajpootana; at Azimghur, a little east of Oude, on the 3rd of June; at Benares in Bengal, and Jhansi, in Central India, on the 4th; at Allahabad and Cawnpore on the 6th; at Jullundhur, in the Punjab, on the 7th; and at half a dozen stations in Oude on the 8th, sweeping off the last native soldier of the Oude army, just as General Barnard, driving the Sepoys before him, crowned the ridge above Delhi: so consentaneous was this explosion of military pride, this rage of an army which had got to be its own master. As our narrative is now about to branch off in three great streams, leading to the siege of Delhi, the loss and recovery of Cawnpore, and the leaguer of Lucknow, let the reader take the salient incidents of these tragic outbursts, and suffer them to stand as representative facts.

Seetapore, in the westernmost division of Oude, lies on the Sureyan river, about fifty miles north of Lucknow. It was the seat of government for Khyrabad. The commissioner there was Mr. George Christian. The troops there consisted wholly of natives, one regiment being the 41st Native Infantry, the others being Oude Irregulars. Here, too, mutiny was felt to be in the air. Here, too, the British officers refused to believe that their men *could* revolt, and even Mr. Christian believed he could trust the Oude Irregulars. Nevertheless, he took some precautions. His own house lay in a bend of the Sureyan, on the left bank, and he induced the ladies and children to take up their quarters there. In front, to the north, were the Oude Irregulars and four guns, and beyond them the 41st. The Sureyan was only fordable at a point directly in rear of Mr. Christian's grounds; it ran through a steep ravine, and beyond was the dense Indian jungle, tall grass, shrubs, and small trees. The Sepoys and irregulars began by pretending that the flour supplied was mingled with bone-dust. They would not touch it, and a large quantity was flung into the river. Next they entered the commissioner's garden, and plundered the fruit, answering remonstrances by affecting to be sorry. All the troops were paid on the 2nd of June; on the 3rd they broke into mutiny. Like the regiments at Bareilly, these men reproached their officers, because they had sent their women and children into the commissioner's house; because, they said, it showed no confidence in their faithful soldiers—that is, men who were only waiting for a convenient moment to destroy every European!

At dawn on the 3rd, the 41st showed symptoms of mutiny so distinctly that, although their colonel, Birch, still trusted them, Mr. Christian paraded his irregulars and loaded his guns. The 41st began to move; a company marched on the treasury—always the first object of attack. Colonel Birch went thither; the mutineers shot him. Lieutenant Graves fell by his side, wounded, but still able to ride off and warn his brother officers and

their families, who at once started for Lucknow. Then the Oude Irregulars began firing on their officers, killing their captain and Dr. Hill. The men and women in Mr. Christian's house now began to fly over the river. The Oude Irregulars charged in. Mrs. Christian, carrying a baby, followed by Mr. Christian, had crossed the stream under fire, when a shower of bullets laid the commissioner low. No man ever fell more clearly in the execution of his duty. "His poor wife," writes Captain Hutchinson, "appears to have been a little in advance of him, and as he fell on his face, shot from behind by the traitors around his own house, she sat down beside him with the little babe in her arms. At this moment the infernal din is portrayed as baffling all description, and yet a more exquisitely touching scene can hardly be conceived than the one before us. Her own house behind her in flames, casting its lurid glare on the little stream between them, which, already copiously stained with the blood of her race, offered but a temporary obstacle to some 1,200 fiends, who, with an incessant yelling, shouting, firing, rained from their muskets death on all around her; still, there sat that Christian mother with her babe, a little moment, unheeded and unheeding, for before her lay him dead. It was but a moment: the savages knew no mercy. In the full swing of passions unrestrained, they found a lower depth amidst the lowest hell. All sexes were alike to them, and age brought no exemption: the infant and its mother were numbered with the dead." Their daughter, Sophy Christian, had been carried over by her nurse; but the nurse being killed, Sergeant-Major Morton took up the child. These two, with Sir Mountstewart Jackson and his sister, escaped to the Mithowlee Rajah. Saved for a time, they were afterwards murdered in one of the palaces of Lucknow. Lieutenant Lester, running the gauntlet of the Sepoy fire, reached the jungle. There he met Sergeant Abbott. While these were threading their way in the thickets, a native told them that a European woman and her child were concealed near by. He guided the two Englishmen to the spot, and Sergeant Abbott saw in the fugitives his own wife and child! Once out of Seetapore, those who fled towards Lucknow were well treated by the villagers, and day after day, by twos and threes, the wearied women and children, some a few days old, entered Lucknow. How many were actually slain at Seetapore is not known, but twenty-four can be named and numbered. Among those who escaped towards the hills on the north was Captain Hearsey of the Military Police, whose men protected him, and even saved two ladies. The wanderings of Captain Hearsey and the fugitives from different quarters whom he met, surpass in romantic incidents the inventions of the fabulist. Now in carts, now on foot, sometimes in boats, then on an elephant, traversing forests, fording rivers, hiding here and there, with little clothing, they were chased and driven from place to place, and not one would have survived, had not the native chiefs treated them kindly. But one by one they became fewer. In a night attack from the rebels, the ladies got separated from all the officers except one, and nothing more was heard of them. One man was drawn under by an alligator in swimming a river. Three or four died of jungle fever. Captain Hearsey, after eight months' wanderings, rejoined the army of Sir Colin Campbell, by making an immense detour through the hills, and issuing into the plains far north of Meerut.

The mutiny of Jhansi was even more tragic than this of Seetapore. Jhansi was formerly one of the independent principalities of the extensive region known as Bundelcund. It stands between the Betwa and the Sinde rivers, two affluents of the Jumna, and is 100 miles from Calpee and 150 from Agra. By Lord Dalhousie, it had been annexed. He had refused to recognise the adopted heir of the last rajah, and the ranee, his wife, refused, so angered was she, to accept a pension from the British Government. There were parts of two regiments at Jhansi. The ranee, an able and bold woman, saw her opportunity for revenge had come. As soon as she heard of the successful mutinies of the Sepoys in the north-west, she instigated the regiments in her city to follow their example. They did not want persuading. They were only too ready to follow "the will of the army." The Europeans had determined to make a stand in the fort, and this they provisioned; but a company of Sepoys entered on the 4th, and declared they intended to hold the fort, thus depriving the British of a defensible post. A parade was held, the Sepoys were respectful, and swore to stand by their officers. The place of refuge now selected by the residents was the town fort. In a few hours the whole native force was in revolt. The cavalry, as usual, began the fray. Riding over the plain, they met and shot two officers of the 12th Native Infantry. "They then made a rush at their own commanding officer, who, well mounted, was making for the fort; but, though they managed to wound him, he reached the fort in safety, and our countrymen on the ramparts, opening fire on his pursuers, killed some five or six of them. There was only one officer remaining outside, and he was on foot—Lieutenant Turnbull, of the artillery, a young man of great promise, and of a fine, generous disposition. Despairing of escape, and believing himself unseen, he climbed a large leafy tree, about midway between the fort and the cantonment. But a miserable townsman had seen him, and this wretch, in his fanatic zeal, or, perhaps, in a true spirit of Asiatic servility, could not rest till he had pointed him out to the Sowars. He was at once shot down. With loud shouts, the mutineers then proceeded against the fort, and on the second day the ranee sent her guns and elephants to assist them. But there was not only force without, there was treachery within. The Europeans numbered only fifty-five, including women and children; the natives who were with them were numerically superior. Two of these, brothers, were discovered in the act of opening one of the gates to the enemy. Lieutenant Powys, who saw them, instantly shot one dead, and was himself cut down by the brother. Captain Burgess avenged him in a second, and the assassins lay side by side in the ditch. But provisions were failing them; two attempts to communicate with Nagode and Gwalior had been abortive; some Europeans who had tried to escape over the parapet had

been caught and killed; all appeared hopeless. At this crisis, the ranee sent to say that if they would surrender, their lives should be spared, and they should be sent safely to some other station. She swore, the troopers of the cavalry swore, the Sepoys swore, the native gunners swore, to adhere to these terms. Seizing this as the only chance of life—unable, indeed, to hold out for twenty-four hours longer—the garrison surrendered. They came out, two and two; as they advanced through the line of cavalry and infantry, they saw none but hostile faces; but there was no movement against them. At last, every Christian had quitted the fort. Then was commenced a deed of ruthless treachery, unsurpassed even by the Nana Sahib. The gates were shut behind them; they were seized, the men and women separated, and tied together in two rows, facing one another; the children standing by their mothers. The men were then decapitated, the children were seized, and cut in halves before their mothers' eyes; and last of all, the ladies found what, under those circumstances, they must have felt to be a happy release in death."

The mutiny at Jhansi was second only in its horrors to those of Delhi and Cawnpore. One incident remains to be told. It was reported in a private letter and vouched for by the writer, and we give it as we find it in the mass of correspondence published in 1857. "It is all true about poor Frank Gordon," says the writer. "He, Alick Skene, his wife, and a few peons, managed to get into a small round tower when the disturbance began; the children and all the rest were in other parts of the fort—altogether sixty. Gordon had a regular battery of guns, also revolvers, and he and Skene picked off the rebels as fast as they could fire, Mrs. Skene loading for them. The peons say they never missed once, and before it was all over, they killed thirty-seven, besides many wounded. The rebels, after butchering all in the fort, brought ladders against the tower, and commenced swarming up. Frank Gordon was shot through the forehead and killed at once. Skene then saw it was of no use going on any more; so he kissed his wife, shot her, and then himself." The remainder of the regiments which mutinied at Jhansi rose on their officers a few days afterwards at Nowgong. But here some eighty Sepoys protected part of the Europeans, and after suffering incredible hardships, during which the men behaved heroically—caring first for the women and next for themselves—those who survived the fatigue and the sun, and the rough weapons of merciless villagers, who murdered them for plunder, reached Banda, after a weary march of nearly a hundred miles. Thither also had come a body of civilians from Futtehpore, in the Doab, the first station on the railway from Allahabad. At Futtehpore was a company of Sepoys, belonging to a regiment which had just mutinied at Allahabad. Mr. Tucker, the magistrate, had fortified his house, sleeping on the flat roof, and with him, for a time, all the others remained. Their gallant bearing and heavy armament deterred the mutineers from attack, and in a lull of hostility, all, save Robert Tucker, crossed the Jumna and made for Banda, whither they arrived. Tucker would not desert his post. Like young Wedderburn at Hissar, he was steadfast. Seeing him alone, the ruffians—not Sepoys only but felons—led by the deputy-collector, a Mahometan in civil employ—against this one man the whole horde rushed forward, bent on capturing and trying him. But they paid dearly. Before he was caught, he killed sixteen of his assailants. When they had bound him, they tried him, found him guilty, and executed him by cutting off his hands, his feet, and his head! This occurred on the 10th of June.

In the interval between the 4th and the 10th, the whole of the troops at Cawnpore, and throughout Oude, had risen in revolt. Cawnpore demands a separate story, and we turn again to Oude.

There were five considerable stations. On the 8th the troops at every one became their own masters. The military station in the Bareytch division, north of Lucknow, was Seerora. The Commissioner of the Division, Mr. Wingfield, now Chief Commissioner of Oude, was at Seerora. Feeling that the two regiments and battery there would mutiny, the ladies and children were sent by the officers to Lucknow on the 7th, and were met halfway by a body of Sikhs and volunteer horse, and taken to the residency. Mr. Wingfield rode off to Gonda, determined to take refuge at Bulrampore. The next day all the remaining officers, except Lieutenant Bonham, started for Gonda, for the troops rose and bade them go. Lieutenant Bonham was protected by his men for a day. Then he, too, was obliged to leave, and he made his way across country to Lucknow. The Europeans at Gonda were now forced to retreat, and they were fortunate in finding shelter at Bulrampore, and they finally got into Gorruckpore, and were saved. But three officers, all in the civil service, retreating from Bareytch disguised as natives, were recognised at the main ferry over the Gogra, and all murdered, after they had made a gallant defence. The civil servants from Mullaon joined Captain Hearsey, of whom and whose fate we have already spoken.

The great division of Fyzabad lies to the south-east of Lucknow, and extends from the Ganges to the Gogra. The chief station was Fyzabad, a town on the left bank of the Gogra, just then notorious for the sharp quarrel which had occurred in the previous February between the Moslems and Hindoos. Here lay in gaol that moulvie who had traversed Hindostan preaching sedition, and whose daring had compelled the Government to employ force against him, and to put him in prison. There were two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and a horse battery at Fyzabad. These were known to be so disposed to mutiny that the civilians had sent their wives and children to Shahgunge, a fort belonging to Rajah Maun Sing, a powerful talookdar. Several other European women and children joined them, but some of the officers' wives remained. On the 8th it was clear that the dreaded moment was at hand. Mutineers were coming up the river from Gorruckpore and Azimghur, notably, the 17th Native Infantry, whose agents entered the lines at Fyzabad, and summoned the troops there to join. This they did on the night of the 8th. "They did not go through the form of pretending a grievance, but

said they were strong enough to turn us out of the country, and intended to do it." Nevertheless, these men would not murder their officers. They provided them with money and boats wherewith to descend the Gogra, and then, with horrible treachery, instigated the 17th to waylay the boats at Begumgunge, and kill the Europeans. Twenty officers and sergeants and one lady embarked in four boats. Of these only six escaped; for as the boats approached Begumgunge, the Sepoys of the 17th opened a heavy fire on the fugitives. Some fell wounded, others were killed. Two of the boats grounded, and the fugitives got ashore. Colonel Goldney, the commissioner, now told all who could to run off, remarking that he was too old to run. An ancient man, of long service and gallant bearing, when he was taken into the mutineer camp, he said, "I am an old man, will you disgrace yourselves by my murder?" They did disgrace themselves, for they shot him where he stood. Those who ran fell one by one, some from exhaustion; some were drowned crossing rivers, others were slain. Out of sixteen officers and sergeants, one of the latter, Mr. Busher, alone escaped, after a series of romantic adventures. He owed his safety to his strength, his courage, his perseverance, and the help of a solitary Sepoy, Teg Ally Khan, who followed the officers in their flight. At one time Busher had to run the gauntlet of an armed village, where all except himself and the Sepoy were slain; at another he was the guest of a Brahmin; then a captive of one whom he calls Bully Sing, and paraded about from village to village, and set in the stocks as an exhibition. But in the end the planters of Gorruckpore got him out of the hands of the heathen, and when he was in safety, Teg Ally Khan turned up with a whole skin. The other civilians and military men of the Fyzabad station, strangely enough, got safely down the Gogra, with their wives and children; some by the sole aid of their wits, others by the help of Maun Sing and other talookdars; but all suffered severely from labour, and anxiety, and want of food. Mrs. Mills, wife of Major Mills, with her three children, wandered eight days, from village to village, on foot, under a June sun. At length Maun Sing heard of her troubles, brought her relief, and sent her to Gorruckpore.

At Sultanpore were Fisher's Irregulars and two foot regiments. Colonel Fisher, the commandant, sent away the ladies and children, who, befriended by Madho Sing, reached Allahabad, plundered, but alive. But the Military Police shot Colonel Fisher, his own men, who "liked him," looking on. They slew Captain Gibbings, and ordered Lieutenant Tucker to be gone. This officer took refuge with Roostum Sah of Deyrah, where he was joined by other fugitives, all of whom were taken safely to Benares under a native escort sent up by Mr. Carre Tucker, commissioner. Mr. Block and Mr. Stroyan were also cruelly and treacherously murdered near Sultanpore. The British at Salone on the Sye, and Durriabad, north of the Goomtee, receiving protection from zemindars and talookdars, their lives were preserved. It was thus that, in ten days, all the native troops in Oude freed themselves from British control; and by a sort of common impulse directed their steps towards Newabgunge Bara Baukee, which became the point of concentration for the meditated attack on Lucknow. Here, about twenty miles from the handful of men under Sir Henry Lawrence, the Oude regiments gathered together, and in that quarter, at Chinhut, on the road to Newabgunge, we shall meet them again.

CHAPTER XLI.

March of the British on Delhi—Wilson's Meerut Brigade in the Field—Battles on the Hindun—Defeat of the Mutineers—Wilson joins General Barnard—Hodson again—Battle of Badlee Serai—Rout of the Sepoys—Arrival of the Guides: their Wonderful March—The British before Delhi—Danger in the Punjab—Revolt at Jhullundhur—Weakness of the Military Authorities—Sepoys escape—Mr. Ricketts at work on the Sutlej—Splendid little Action—Native Troops at Mooltan disarmed—Position before Delhi—The Sepoys assume the Offensive—Daily Actions—Plan to storm the City abandoned—The Sepoys reinforced—They attack the Rear—Combat of the 19th of June—Rebel Defeat—More Sepoy arrivals in Delhi—Fresh Actions—The British reinforced—State of the Siege at the end of June.

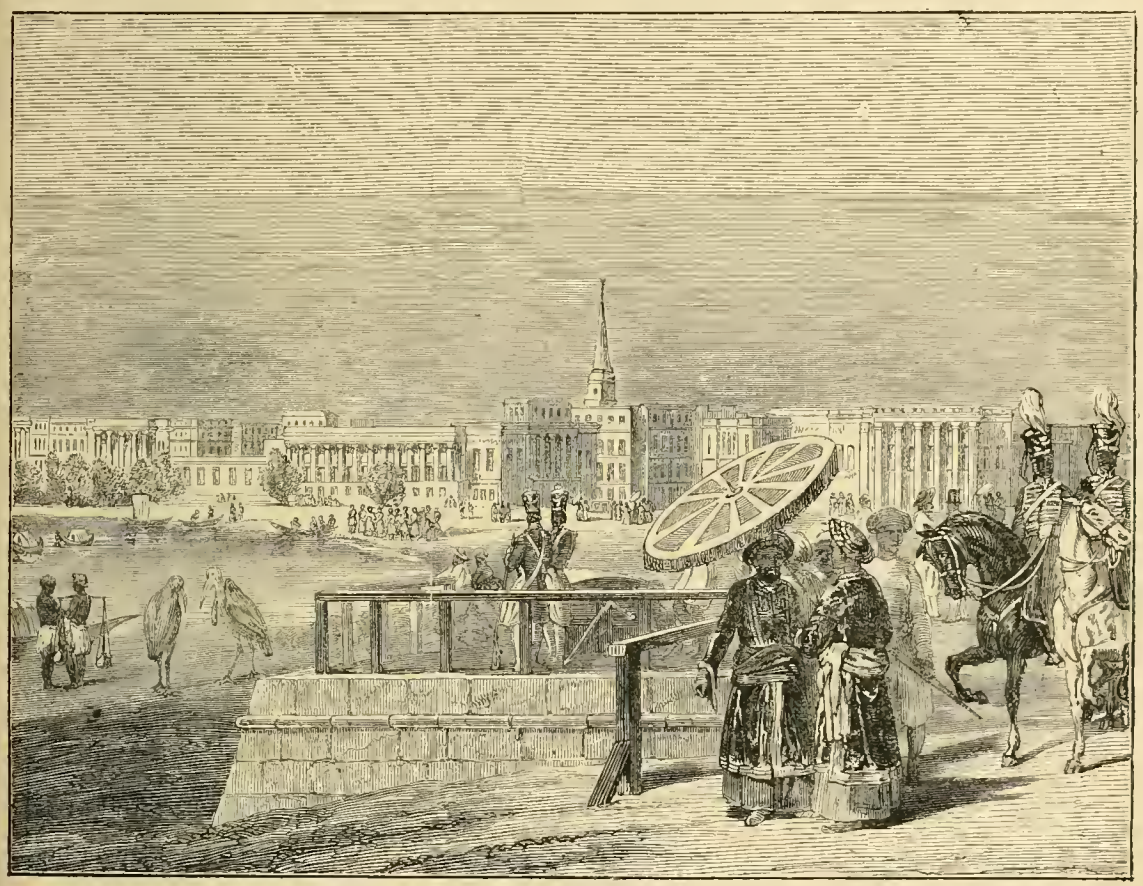
IT is necessary once more to return to Delhi, bring the British force well up before its walls, and show the Punjab authorities once more in action.

We left the troops under Sir Henry Barnard advancing slowly towards Delhi. Among them were the 60th Native Infantry; but instead of disarming them, he placed Colonel Thomas Seaton, an officer we shall meet again, at their head, and sent them to Rhotuck, in the vain hope that they would escape the contagion. Of course, in due time they mutinied, but did not kill their officers; and we may dismiss them here with the remark that the Sepoys swelled the rebel army, and the officers joined the British. Thanks to the journey made by Hodson, which we have recorded, the Meerut force were under orders to march on Bhagput, where there was a bridge over the Jumna. They were to reach this place and cross on the 1st of June. Accordingly, on the 27th of May, Colonel Archdale Wilson collected his little brigade. It consisted of half a battalion of the 60th Rifles, two batteries, and two squadrons of the Carabineers, with a few native sappers and troopers. The King of Delhi had got wind of this movement, and he sent out a body of mutineers to meet the column. Wilson's force encamped on the 30th on the Hindun, a feeder of the Jumna, crossed by an iron bridge at Ghazeeoodeen Nugger. The rebel force took up a position on their own side of the river. The warning of their proximity given by the outposts was followed by the fire of their cannon. Two heavy round shot were flung into the camp, wounding two bearers. In a moment the force was under arms. A company of the rifles took possession of the bridge. Major Tombs, with four guns and a troop of dragoons, dashed along the river and took the enemy in flank, while two 18-pounders, posted in front, soon shook the nerves of the rebel gunners over the river. Then, seeing their fire growing unsteady, the rifles on the bridge were reinforced, and, led by Colonel John Jones, they charged and captured five rebel guns. Thus, in a short time the mutineers were worsted in the first

pitched battle. They hurried away so fast that pursuit was impossible, and were so cowed that the very Goojurs despoiled their stragglers of arms and accoutrements. We lost one killed and thirty-one wounded. But fresh forces came out from Delhi to retrieve their lost military honour. Our advance was now over the bridge in a burnt village. The enemy, who came up on Whit-Sunday, the 31st of May, posted themselves on a ridge, with a village on their left. The fight began by a fire from their heavy guns, which were rapidly answered, by Tombs and Light, with nine and eighteen-pounders. For two hours the contest was one of artillery, during

Reid, came up from Meerut—a welcome addition to the brigade.

Marching towards the Jumna on the 4th, they crossed it on the 6th by the bridge of boats at Bhagput, which Hodson had taken care should be in order. On the 7th they joined the main body, which had arrived at Alipore. The force now numbered 2,400 infantry, 600 horsemen, and twenty-two field guns. The siege train from Philour, with 100 European artillerymen, strengthened the little army; and all was ready for grappling with the enemy. Very early on the 7th Hodson rode out, accompanied by a dozen native troopers. He went up to the very parade



VIEW IN CALCUTTA.

which the Carabineers were drawn up in the open ground to protect our guns. Then the rifles charged upon the village occupied by the enemy, and forced them out. The Sepoys, in this fight, kept as far as possible out of musketry range, and would not allow our soldiers a chance of coming to close quarters. As we moved on, although we were hundreds and they thousands, they fell back, and when we crowned the ridge, the discomfited army was seen in the distance hurrying along the Delhi road. Our loss was six killed in battle, three by sun-stroke, and twelve were wounded. After this fight, Wilson's force halted four days, during which 100 rifles and the Sirmoor battalion of Ghoorkas, under Major

ground before Delhi, scaring away the rebel vedettes, and reconnoitring the place so well that it was on his information the general based his plans. The infantry were divided into two brigades; one, consisting of the 75th and 1st Bengal Fusiliers, was under Colonel Showers; the second, consisting of the 60th Rifles, the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, and the Ghoorkas, under Brigadier Graves. With each brigade went some horse and guns; the remaining horse formed a cavalry brigade under Colonel Hope Grant, with two troops of horse artillery. These soldiers had come down from Umballa and Meerut, under a blazing sun of the Indian June, with the wind blowing, when it blew, in a current of

"Lquid fire." Cholera had stricken down officers and men. The soldiers were fretful, from impatience to fight. At every step of their way they had gathered up horrid proofs of the truculent spirit of the mutineers; sometimes receiving a family of toil-worn and half-naked fugitives; sometimes picking up tiny shoes, with the feet still in them; sometimes coming upon villages where officers had been murdered or women outraged; and in these last cases swift vengeance was executed. Once or twice the criminals boasted of their deeds, and wished for power to commit more. Then rumour swelled up the real stories to a frightful magnitude, and our men, with heated blood and burning brains, thirsted for an opportunity of closing with a foe who warred with women and children, and murdered officers by treachery. Few armies have ever marched to battle animated by so fiery a spirit of revenge.

Before daylight on the 8th the army began its forward movement. The Sepoys had taken a post of vantage a few miles north of Delhi. They formed across the great road at the serai of Badlee. A serai is a square walled enclosure, having a tower at each angle, one door, and a flat roof. It contains many small chambers for the use of travellers, and is loopholed all round. Thus, it is really a strong post. Badlee Serai lay a little to the west of the great road. Around it was the Sepoy camp; and in front of it, on a little hillock, having a command of the road, they had made a sandbag battery for four heavy guns, and an 8-inch howitzer for grape. On both sides of the road the ground is swampy, having pools here and there. The left flank of the Sepoys was covered by the Delhi canal, which ran parallel to the road, and was crossed by bridges not far from each other. This was the position which Hodson had looked at the day before. The plan of attack was simple. Sir Henry Barnard, with the main body, was to assail the front from the great road; while Hope Grant turned the left flank with three squadrons of the 9th Lancers, under Colonel Yule, fifty Jheend Horse, under Hodson, or 350 lances, and ten horse-artillery guns, under Tombs, Turner, and Bishop. This little force moved out of camp first, and crossed the canal near Alipore, with the intention of recrossing in rear of the Sepoys, thus cutting them off from Delhi. The main column, 1,900 infantry, 170 horse, and fourteen guns, marched later, but still in the dusk before dawn. A march of five miles brought them within sight of the Sepoy camps, where the lights were still burning. As our troops were moving down the road the enemy opened fire, and our guns coming rapidly into action, the battle began. The left brigade, under Graves, was still in the rear, when the 75th and 1st Fusiliers deployed to the right of the road, and soon felt the weight of the heavy shot from the sandbag battery, which our light guns could not silence. Time was precious, but men were more so, and it would never do to play at long bowls with the mutineers. Grant's horsemen were not in sight, but the left brigade were hurrying up, when Sir Henry Barnard ordered the 75th to carry the battery. The men eagerly obeyed. Moving on steadily over rough and watery ground, they were exposed to a fire so heavy that in a few minutes nearly a hundred fell. But without a halt they pressed on, and bringing down the bayonet to the charge, surged into the battery. The 1st Fusiliers had supported the 75th, and soon joined them, when the two regiments dashed at the serai and stormed it. The left brigade had now come up. Grant's cavalry, delayed by watercourses which obstructed the progress of the guns, debouched on the left rear of the rebels, and these scattering and fleeing, left our troops masters of their camp and the greater part of their guns.

The enemy had fled, but not yet into Delhi. They had halted on the ridge overlooking that city, and here seemed disposed to make a stand. Sir Henry Barnard, with one brigade and guns, moved to the left, upon the cantonment lines, while Brigadier Wilson, with the remainder, took the road to the Subzee Mundi, a suburb of Delhi, while Reid's Ghoorkas extended between the two. The march of the main body had to be performed under fire, which, as the troops were filing over a canal bridge, proved very galling. But they went on with a will, and emerging from the old lines, near the Flagstaff Tower, opened fire, and instantly silenced the enemy's guns. The 60th and the 2nd Fusiliers, charging, took the guns, and sweeping along the ridge, arrived at a building on the right extremity, called the Hindoo Rao's house, and destined to be famous in the siege. Here the whole force rallied, Wilson having cleared the Subzee Mundi, and captured a gun. All this time the Sepoys in Delhi cannonaded the British from the walls. It was now noon, and the troops withdrew behind the ridge to the camp, after posting pickets at the Hindoo Rao's house, and in the Flagstaff Tower. Thirteen guns had been captured. Our loss was fifty-one killed and 152 wounded; among the former was Colonel Chester, Adjutant-General. The loss of the enemy is supposed to have been about 400 killed and wounded. So far, a good beginning had been made; but instead of rushing into Delhi with the enemy, here was the little force obliged to sit down and begin a siege destined to last three months.

At length, then, behold Delhi. There lay the prize which might have been seized by a bold march from Meerut, on the night of the 10th of May, under an Edwardes or a Nicholson, but which now, swarming with the soldiers of sixteen or eighteen corps of our own training, having in its arsenal and magazine a practically inexhaustible supply of guns and ammunition, defied the gallant few who, after a month's delay, once more looked down upon the handsome walls and beautiful buildings. And trooping along from all points were mutineers hastening to rally round the Great Mogul, and dispute for empire with the pale faces.

Early on the morning of the 9th, there was a scene in camp well worth recording, because, in many respects, it illustrates forcibly the transition from the old to the new. There came into the camp squadrons of swarthy horsemen and dusky foot. An officer was out riding; suddenly horse and foot closed upon him, surrounding him, shouting, and "behaving like frantic creatures."

They seized his bridle, his dress, his hands, his feet; they threw themselves before his horse, and wept for joy, hailing him in their own tongue as "Great in Battle." The officer was Hodson, the warriors were the horse and foot of the Guide Corps, from whom he had been parted so long and so unjustly. We have seen them start, just three weeks before, from Hotee Murdan, beyond the Indus, 580 miles away. These real soldiers had crossed the Punjab and the Cis-Sutlej states, in twenty-one days, doing thirty miles a day, and halting only three days, and then by order. Three hours after they entered the camp, the Sepoys showed fight, and the Guides were at once to the front, engaging the enemy hand to hand, and coming out with one officer, Quentin Battye, mortally, and every other officer more or less, wounded. Recording this astonishing march, Colonel Herbert Edwardes, in his report on the Punjab mutinies, calls attention to "the characteristic features of this distinguished frontier corps, its mixed races and nominal uniform. These do not strike us now-a-days. In 1858, we have got well accustomed to them; but in 1846, to set Poorbeah Sepoys aside, and raise a corps of 'Shikarees' of all nations, and say they should neither be strapped down, nor braced up, nor button-strangled, but wear their own loose, dusky shirts, and wide pijamahs, and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans, and as few accoutrements as possible, was an invention, a stroke of real genius; and who conceived it? One who was as great a soldier as statesman; to whom such simple truths came by intuition; one who had served all his life with native soldiers, yet remained an Englishman, neither Hindooised nor Moslemised; one who knew and loved the native army well, yet had for years been lifting his voice to proclaim that it was a moribund body, which must have new life infused into it, or die; and who ended a life spent for others in nobly meeting the storm which he had foreseen. And now that 50,000 mixed irregulars have risen by acclamation out of the ruins of a pipe-clay Hindoostanee army, it is only just to remember that the Guide Corps, on which they have been modelled, was the thought of Sir Henry Lawrence. May the new native army long remain a monument of his prescience and wisdom." Such were the men who so strikingly marked the transition from old to new, from death to life. As we go on, the reader will see how India "moulted" her old bad army, and replaced herself with a new and good one. This was the work of the men of the Punjab, without whom we should have been swept back into Bengal.

While the British, the Ghoorkas, and the Guides were establishing themselves before Delhi, a fresh mutiny in the Punjab threatened for a moment the safety of the great road to Lahore. The Sepoys broke out at Jhullundhur. The reader will remember that here were the 36th and 61st Native Infantry and the 6th cavalry; that it was from this station the troops went out who secured Philour; and that here incipient mutiny, on the 12th of May, had been checked by menace and precaution. Brigadier Johnstone succeeded Colonel Hartley on the 17th of May, and from that time the effects of a feebler hand are discernible. The brigadier humoured the Sepoys, listened to the prayers of their colonels, who here, as elsewhere, were infatuated, and, on the plea of conciliation, gave in to their demands. He was exhorted to disarm Sepoys who could not be expected to resist the contagious example of their brothers, neither could he resist the reproaches and appeals of their officers. He had an ample European force. Captain Rothney halted his famous 4th Sikhs, and Charles Nicholson brought in the 2nd Punjab Cavalry, to aid in the disarming. The brigadier could not make up his mind; and these could stay no longer. At length, when it was too late, Brigadier Johnstone determined to do what he should have done before: too late, for the Sepoys took the initiative, rose on the 7th of June, led, as usual, by the Moslem cavalry, fired the station, and shot some of their officers. They called on the native gunners to join, but these replied with grapeshot, and would have given more such effective replies had not the brigadier stopped them. All was soon confusion. The Europeans were not allowed to act. The mutineers had it all their own way. For an hour and a half they burnt, plundered, and murdered, and then marched off, unpursued. About 200 remained stanch to their officers; and one whole company, kept in order by a subahdar, preserved the treasury, containing £10,000. The rest decamped, part going towards Loodiana, part taking the hill road, and striking the Sutlej higher up. The former got safely off, the latter met with unexpected resistance. They had reached Philour before Brigadier Johnstone could get his column off. At Philour they were joined by the 3rd Native Infantry, and hoped to cross the bridge of boats and reach Loodiana. But Mr. Thornton, a young civilian, forestalled them. Mr. Ricketts, ever prompt, hearing of the mutiny, not from Jhullundhur, but Umballa, at once collected a small force of Sikhs, and two guns belonging to the Nabha Rajah, and marched on the Sutlej. The rebels were at Philour. Mr. Ricketts crossed the river in a boat, and, walking down the river alone, reconnoitred the enemy. Finding that they were about to make for an unguarded ferry where there were a few boats, he promptly moved there. But the road was heavy with sand, and he did not arrive until dark with his little force. "When they reached the spot indicated, not a watchfire was to be seen not a sound heard, and they suspected treachery. However, on pushed Mr. Ricketts and Lieutenant Williams, at the head of the Sikhs, each firmly grasping the arm of a guide. Suddenly a 'challenge,' then a second and third, told them they had indeed come on the lair of the rebels. Without noticing the challenge of the pickets, they pushed on at a double, when the sentries began to fire upon them and fall back upon their supports. The guns were at once unlimbered, but the horses attached to the 6-pounder took fright, became unmanageable, and bolted, dragging after them tumbril and ammunition into the midst of the rebels, where they were soon cut to pieces. The 9-pounder, however, was safe, and quickly opened fire, sending a round of grape into the part where the rebels could be dimly seen in the clouded moonlight. They returned the fire with musketry, when

the Sikhs rushed up into line and delivered two splendid volleys. Now, however, it was clear that the struggle was to be maintained by themselves alone, for at the first volley the Nabha Rajah's cavalry and infantry bolted to a man. The gallant old commandant of the cavalry alone remained, and he bore himself bravely throughout, never, though severely wounded, leaving the post of danger." The mutineers had crossed to the number of 1,600. In the dim night they could not estimate the smallness of the force opposed to them. They felt the fire of the 9-pounder, which Mr. Ricketts worked himself, directing it first on one side and then on another; they felt the fire of the Sikhs in skirmishing order; but it was not until the fire grew less rapid, because the ammunition had become scarce—not until a passing flash of moonlight revealed the thin line of the gallant handful—that they essayed a charge. For two hours the Sikhs had fought. Now Williams, their leader, was wounded, and powder and shot failed, and they drew off towards Loodiana, carrying away their gun. And where was the European force from Jhullundhur? In camp near Philour, within hearing of the sound of Rickett's gun, yet forbidden to move by the brigadier, who thought them too fatigued! Had half the force marched up the river, and opened only on those mutineers who had not crossed, how different would have been the result? As it was, the mutineers were able to enter Loodiana, open the gaol, burn the church and the mission houses, try ineffectually to destroy the powder in the fort, and then fly in a panic across country towards Delhi. Had they moved down the great road, they would have swept everything before them. Let Mr. Montgomery describe the further proceedings of the brigadier:—"At nine a.m. on the 9th the advance of the Europeans started again in pursuit, crossed the river at two in the afternoon, and reached Loodiana by sunset; but the general did not arrive till an hour before midnight. At four a.m. of the 10th the advance left Loodiana, and reached the village of Daylou at 9.30, where they heard that the mutineers were still ten or twelve miles ahead at Malair Kotola. By this time the Europeans were exhausted, foot-sore, and dispirited. Their officers, too, saw that it was folly to proceed without supplies or support from the rear, neither of which could be obtained. The pursuit was therefore given up, and the troops returned to Loodiana the same night." A few days later Mr. Ricketts, having the passing aid of Coke's Punjabees, disarmed the town, seized and punished the ringleaders in the late riots, and inflicted a heavy fine on the community. Sir John Lawrence also felt the necessity of securing Umritsir, and thither he sent Nicholson with the movable column; while at the other extremity of the Punjab Crawford Chamberlain, acting on Sir John's orders, very deftly disarmed the native infantry and cavalry at Mooltan by the aid of two Punjab regiments and a European battery.

While these blows were parried in their rear, the army before Delhi had made good its position. It was strong and defensible. To the north of Delhi, some two miles, there is a sandstone ridge, running nearly parallel to the course of the Jumna—that is, north-north-east. The slope from the city walls is gradual, but somewhat broken. The plateau on the summit is tolerably flat, and along the whole course of the ridge, but well in rear—that is, north of it—lay the lines of the camp. The ridge, in fact, may be roughly described as the right bank of the Jumna, to which it approaches at its northern, and from which it recedes at its southern, end. This was the position of the besieging army. Its left rested on the ridge near the river; its centre was behind the Flagstaff Tower, so often mentioned; its right at the butt end of the ridge, where the ground fell rapidly towards the Subzee Mundi and Kishengunge, suburbs of Delhi, facing its western walls, and set in gardens and groves. At this end the ridge was crowned by a house formerly belonging to a Mahrattâ chief, and called the Hindoo Rao's house; and here we quickly established a battery, and made a strong post to defend that side. The grand trunk road to Loodiana and Lahore, going from the Cashmere Gate, ascended the ridge, and crossed it to the east of the Flagstaff, and a good road ran along the interior of the ridge parallel to it, thus tying together the position. From this ridge, but especially from the Hindoo Rao's house, Delhi was visible, standing up bold and distinct in the clear air, with its stout red walls and bastions, and white buildings embowered in trees. Between the ridge and the city the ground was rugged, and dotted all over with houses, mosques, tombs, and ruins, rising up among clumps of trees. Such was the base of our attack; for on the south, the whole of the country, as far as Agra, was in the hands of the enemy; the river protected the eastern face, and we had no choice but to assail the north.

As soon as the force settled down on the ridge, the enemy commenced a series of attacks, which may be described as incessant. This was good policy, for it harassed the besiegers, and kept the Sepoys in good heart, although they were invariably beaten. The first of these was on the 9th. They issued from the Lahore Gate on the west, covered by a cannonade from the Moree bastion, at the north-western angle, and, moving on the right flank of the position, strove to storm the ridge. But in vain. The Guides, coming up to support the Rifles and Ghoorkas, charged so vigorously, that the Sepoys were driven up to the very walls with great loss. It was here that Quentin Battye, in his first fight, received his death wound. Mourned by all, he expired four days afterwards, murmuring the words of the famous Roman poet—"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* (It is a sweet and becoming thing to die for one's country.") On the 10th and the 11th the mutineers sent up fresh men to turn and carry the right, and paid heavily for their temerity. The heavy guns were now in battery on a knoll forming part of the garden of the Hindoo Rao's house, but their fire was not sufficient to silence, barely to cope with, that of the enemy from his bastions. Our officers began to respect the rebel artillerymen, whose guns were so accurately laid, that some could only account for it by supposing that there were European deserters in

their ranks. On the 12th the enemy, tired of trying the right, fell adroitly and unexpectedly on the left. There in front and due east of the Flagstaff, stood the house and grounds of Sir T. Metcalfe, just where the fertile soil ended and the sands of the Jumna begin. The house had been wrecked and the grounds despoiled of their beauty by the Goojurs, but its trees and cover, and the ravines between it and the ridge, rendered it a good military post. Here the mutineers had established a garrison and a battery; and from this, on the morning of the 12th, they pushed out a large force, which by stealthy movements actually approached within musket-shot of the Flagstaff, without being detected. There were a few of the 75th and two guns in position. The Sepoys turned its flank, and, pressing vigorously forward, gained the ridge, and even crossed it. Captain Keith was killed. The guns were in danger. For a moment the whole of that side was in extreme peril; but the 75th soon rallied, and the guns began to play. Then supports came up—1st Fusiliers, Guides, Rifles. A steady charge was made, and the enemy, cut up and bayonetted, rolled down the hill. The charge became eager. The pursued went fast, but the pursuers were almost as speedy; and, seeing the opportunity, chased the men into and out of Metcalfe's house, and up to the walls of Delhi. Thus won, this advanced post was held and made the most of, completely barring the way to any force directed on our left, and placing us so far nearer Delhi. This sharp onset had no sooner been repulsed, than the enemy showed himself on the right. It was a clumsy attempt at a combined attack on both flanks. Issuing from the Subzee Mundi, on our right rear, the Sepoys made a fruitless effort to mount the hill. The Ghoorkas and Rifles on picket, and part of the 1st Fusiliers, met them, drove them back, and chased them out of the enclosures, killing a goodly number. No quarter was given. The loss inflicted on them in these fights was estimated at 400 killed.

On the 11th four young officers, Hodson, Wilberforce Greathed, Chesney, and Maunsell, were directed to sit in council, and draw up a plan showing how they would take Delhi out of hand. Their plan was simple enough. They proposed that all the infantry available, some 1,800 men, should move at midnight down to the walls, blow in two gates with powder bags, and, storming in, surprise and capture the place. The general took the plan, considered it, adopted it, and issued his orders. The thing was to be done on the night of the 12th, on the heels of the repulse inflicted that day. The young men were sanguine of success, and eager to try—none more so than Hodson. Part of the troops marched; they reached their stations, then halted and reconnoitred: all was still; but the remainder did not arrive; instead of the remainder, came an order to retire. Brigadier Graves had refused to believe that the general intended to leave the camp in charge of native troops and horsemen; and in place of sending his infantry, went himself to remonstrate with Sir Henry Barnard. The brigadier admitted readily that the city could be taken, but doubted whether it could be held. Sir Henry hesitated, time was lost, and so he gave way. The conduct of the brigadier is described both by Hodson and Norman as a "mistake of orders." This mistake was bitterly censured at the time, but we cannot help agreeing with those who are thankful for the delay, since even success would have saved no one from massacre, and would have sent a horde of armed ruffians pouring down the unprotected south road; whereas for three months Delhi served as a rallying place, and the Sepoys were kept together.

Unsuspicious of the danger hanging over them, the enemy were still full of fight, and encounters, more or less sharp, continued every day. The front and flanks of the position were now more strongly secured, as it was plain that Delhi could not be taken until large reinforcements of infantry, more guns, and especially more gunners, arrived. Major Reid held the Hindoo Rao's house with his Ghoorkas, commanding Kishengunge and protecting the batteries. Major Tombs had charge of a post to the right rear, over against the Subzee Mundi. The whole front was strengthened by entrenchments, and Hodson kept both eyes on the rear. Head of the intelligence department, he was served by a "one-eyed moulvie," once the confidential native secretary of Sir Henry Lawrence, and through Rujjub Ali, Hodson learnt what was done in the city as well as elsewhere; for the moulvie betook himself to Delhi, and thence every day, says Mr. Cave Browne, did he "daily forward, in a quill, a chupattie, the sole of a shoe, the fold of a turban, the matted hair of a Sikh, anywhere or anyhow, so as to escape detection—a slip of paper," containing the news of the day. Thus, our gallant handful kept watch and ward.

But they were not content to stand still and repel attacks. Few though they were, they could show their teeth on occasions. On the 17th the enemy, under cover of a very severe cannonade, threw a large force on to a hill near the Eedgah, a walled enclosure, and there began to work on a battery, which, when finished, would enfilade the position on the ridge. Sir Henry Barnard determined to stop this dangerous move; in the afternoon he formed two columns, one under Major Reid, the other under Major Tombs. Starting from our right flank, Reid pushed straight through Kishengunge, and emerged on the right of the new rebel battery, while Tombs, having made a detour, fell upon their left. The new battery was soon carried; the magazine blown up; the mutineers were hunted from garden to garden; the doors of four serais were destroyed, and one gun was carried off by the gallant Tombs. The enemy lost about 300 killed and wounded. Considering the nature of the country, our loss was trifling—three killed and twelve wounded.

The rebels, however, now received a large reinforcement. The brigade which had mutinied at Nusseerabad, in Scindia's country, on the 28th of May, entered Delhi on the 17th, and on the 19th they were sent out to fight their old masters. Their tactics were new. They resolved to operate strategically, and cut us off from the Punjab. With this object they marched out with much

ostentation at mid-day, filing bravely through the Lahore Gate, traversing Kishengunge, and disappearing from view to the westward. The movement had been, of course, observed by Reid and Tombs, and the whole force turned out, but they turned in again when the Sepoys vanished from view. But late in the afternoon news came in from the rear that the Sepoys had worked round, and were in position across the great road. This was most serious. Colonel Hope Grant could only oppose them with seven troops of British cavalry, and the Guides and twelve guns. Although the odds were so great against them—3,000 to about 350—Grant did not hesitate to attack. The guns, under Turner, Tombs, and Bishop, went rapidly into action. The cavalry, under Yule and Daly, of the Guides, charged with headlong gallantry as often as opportunities presented themselves. Right and left the mutineers were checked, by lance and sabre, and cannon, until night drew near. But the rebel infantry worked through the inclosures, and fired on our gunners, while their artillery, splendidly served, did considerable execution. Our cavalry and guns were obliged to fall back before the masses crowding in upon them on all sides, when 300 infantry from the camp reached the field. Yule had fallen dead; the Guides had brought off Daly wounded; two guns were in the hands of the Sepoys. At this moment our foot, Rifles and Fusiliers, went in with the bayonet, and in a few moments the tide of rebel success was arrested, and the guns won back. Night had fallen; the enemy retreated, covering himself with a random fire in the dark, and the action was over.

The next morning Colonel Grant rode on to the field with his horse, and found it abandoned; dead men and horses lying about, and a 9-pounder deserted, which he brought in. Soon came a fresh alarm. The enemy had returned to renew the combat. He brought up his guns—the famous Jellalabad battery, part of the "illustrious" garrison—and his round shot rolled through the camp. But his triumph was short. Sweeping down with every available bayonet, Brigadier Wilson closed with the rebels, and swiftly drove them away. They hurried off, carrying away their guns, and, having had enough of strategy, returned by a roundabout march to Delhi. It was a critical moment in the history of the siege. We were triumphant, but our little force was diminished by 100 men killed and wounded. Colonel Becher, Quartermaster-General, was among the wounded, and Hope Grant had his horse shot under him, and owed his life to two men of the Lancers and two orderly troopers of the 4th Irregular Cavalry. Precautions were now taken to guard the rear as effectually as the smallness of the force would permit. On the very day of the first attack, Captain M'Andrew, acting on a mere rumour of an attack, had drawn off the force guarding Bhagput Budge over the Jumna, and Hodson was obliged to ride thither and restore this line of communication with Meerut. M'Andrew was deservedly censured for running away without even seeing an enemy.

On the 21st, the Jhullundhur Brigade—the reader will remember how Mr. Ricketts fought with it on the Sutlej—augmented by the 3rd Native Infantry, picked up at Philour, entered Delhi. The rebels were now so numerous that they encamped outside the place, but out of our reach, and under their own guns. On the 23rd, 850 men, including Rothney's 4th Sikhs, arrived in the British camp. It was a timely succour. The 23rd of June was the anniversary of Plassey. For 100 years the British "raj" had endured. Now crazy, or wily, pundits and moulvies brought to light a prediction that, on the 23rd of June, 1857, British rule would end. So the Delhi garrison moved out in great excitement to fulfil the prophecy. They paid for it, and dearly. Crowding into the Subzee Mundi, and bringing guns up to the Eedgah, they raked the right flank with the latter, and skirmished up the slope with their infantry. These attacks were easily repulsed, but the artillery fire was very destructive; and Brigadier Showers begged Sir Henry Barnard to assume the offensive. He assented. The first attacks failed, with the loss of two officers and several men. Then the column was reinforced. The 4th Sikhs, and part of the 2nd Fusiliers, just in from a march of twenty-two miles, went gaily into action, and, using the bayonet very freely, rapidly cleared the Subzee Mundi, killing great numbers of of rebels, who had shut themselves up in a temple called the "Sammy House," and forcing the remainder to fly, galled by the fire of our batteries on the ridge. This action gave us the Subzee Mundi, which we occupied, connecting it by a breastwork with the ridge, thus securing the position on that side; but it cost us thirty-eight killed and 118 wounded to prove to the Sepoys that our "raj" had *not* yet come to an end.

Thus the position of the British before Delhi became gradually more extensive, stretching now from the Subzee Mundi to Metcalfe's house, and thus commanding both roads leading to our rear. Neville Chamberlain arrived to act as adjutant-general. "He," writes Hodson, "ought to be worth a thousand men to us." Then came further reinforcements: half the 8th Foot, a hundred European artillerymen, and many score old Sikh gunners who had served at Sobraon—raised by Mr. Barnes—a battery, and the 2nd Punjab Cavalry, bringing up the force present to about 6,690 men of all arms. This was the force destined to hold on to that ridge, and two months afterwards, when aided by John Nicholson, to rush into Delhi. But now we must leave these heroes for a time, to track the bloody steps of mutiny on the Ganges and Jumna.

CHAPTER XLII.

Calcutta—Position of Lord Canning—Havelock at Bombay—Lord Canning sends for Reinforcements to the Mauritius, Ceylon, and the Cape; also to Madras—Colonel Neill and his Fusiliers—Neill at Benares—Mutiny at Allahabad—European Officers and Sikhs hold the Fortress—Neill Arrives, and Conquers—Mutiny at Cawnpore—The British Entrench themselves—Nana Sahib appears on the Scene—His Perfidy—Azimoolah—The Sepoys start for Delhi—Nana Sahib brings them back—Siege of Cawnpore—Endurance of the Garrison—Their Sufferings—Their Valour—Ferocity of Nana Sahib—Hideous Massacres—

Incidents of the Siege—Capitulation—Massacre on the River banks—Escape and Fate of the Thirteen—Four only Survive—Immense Extent of the Mutiny—General View—Lucknow—Measures of Sir Henry Lawrence—Battle of Chinhut—Defeat of the British—They are besieged in Lucknow Residency—Death of Sir Henry Lawrence.

It cannot now be denied that at the outset of the mutiny the magnitude of the crisis was totally misapprehended at Calcutta. Lord Canning was new to India. He was a man of a powerful but a slow intellect. With time to think, he acted wisely. With ample and sound information, and some leisure for reflection, he could recognise the true importance of facts and their meaning. He could, indeed, look through them and beyond them, and so shape his measures as to give them permanent

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

effect. He never forgot, when he came to understand the mutiny, that he or his successors would have to govern India *after* the mutiny, and hence he seemed cold and passionless amid a world on fire, and indifferent to the fate of the white race in India. But on the first days of the mutiny the civil servants—the Grants, Beadons, Dorins, men of a stamp very different from the clear-sighted and determined statesmen of the Punjab—sadly misled him. They treated the mutiny in the army as a military *émeute*, which would soon be quelled. We have already described the condition into which the Government had reduced that army, and from that the reader will have inferred how the civil servants looked down on the military servants of the Company, and, from the height of their conceit, lived on in blessed ignorance of military affairs. To this we must trace the paltering way in which the Government dealt with the mutiny at the outset; and the severe rebuffs they administered to all—not of the Government—who offered either counsel or advice. It is true, the Governor-General had very few European troops under his hand—only the 53rd at Fort William, and the 84th at Barrackpore. But at an earlier, he ought to have done what he did at a later stage: he might have called in troops from Madras, from Ceylon, from the Mauritius, and the Cape. On the 10th of May, before he knew of the outburst at Meerut, Sir John Lawrence had telegraphed his opinion to Calcutta that the whole regular army was ready to break out. And then he gave this large-minded counsel:—"Send for troops from Persia. Intercept the force now on its way to China, and bring it to Calcutta. Every European soldier will be required to save the country if the whole of the native troops turn against us. This is the opinion of all leading minds here"—in the Punjab. But at Calcutta, had the civilians been as quick-sighted as Lawrence, this advice would have been needless, for the course it recommended would have been adopted in March, or, at least, in April. After Meerut, it was too late to prevent, though not to cure. Lord Elphinstone, indeed, at Bombay, saw what was coming; and as soon as he knew that peace had been made with Persia—that

is, in April—he pressed on General Outram the necessity of sending back to India the European troops at once. The Governor-General allowed him to act on his discretion, and Sir James, being discreet, complied with the urgent request of the Governor of Bombay. Yet General Havelock did not quit Mohumra, at the head of the Persian Gulf, until the 15th, nor did he land at Bombay until the 29th of May, when he was astounded by the news that Delhi was in the hands of mutinous Sepoys. He at once set out for Calcutta by sea; but being wrecked off Ceylon, he did not reach Calcutta until the 17th of June. With him went from Madras Sir Patrick Grant, who, on the death of Anson, was appointed Commander-in-Chief. By this time, as our readers know, the Bengal native army had practically "gone."

It was not until the middle of May that Lord Canning, getting some insight into the facts, sent to Ceylon, the Mauritius, and Madras for troops, and despatched a steamer to lie in wait for the regiments bound to China, and ordered the late army of Persia to come to Calcutta. The first to arrive were the Madras Fusiliers, under Colonel Neill, a man swift to see and to strike, and one who did not understand the system of paltering with mutiny. The Madras Europeans arrived on the 23rd of May, and were at once, with the 84th, despatched towards the north-west. An incident occurred at the departure of this regiment which illustrates the character of Neill. "When he arrived in Calcutta, at the head of the Madras Fusiliers," says the able author of the "Mutiny of the Bengal Army," "he was ordered up with a detachment by railway. The train was to start at a certain hour; but, owing to some delay on the part of the authorities in procuring boats, a portion of the detachment seemed likely to be a few seconds behind time. Colonel Neill had already arrived. The station-master, addressing him, stated that he was behind time, and could not wait for his men, and that the train should go without them. As he rose to execute this threat, Colonel Neill ordered his men to seize and detain him till the rest of the detachment should arrive. When they came up, the station-master was let go, the men got into the carriages, and the train started. A military man who could thus brave the civil power, was not likely to shrink before mutineers."

While Neill was hastening onwards towards Benares, and Allahabad, and Cawnpore, the native regiments at these and other stations had thrilled to the shock of the news from Delhi, and were prepared to imitate the example. There was one European regiment, the 10th Foot, and three native regiments, at Dinapore, near Patna, 130 miles from Benares; at Benares there were a Sikh regiment, and two Bengal regiments, and thirty European artillerymen; at Allahabad there were a few Sikhs under Brayshaw—a gallant soldier who had risen from the ranks—and the 6th Native Infantry. Benares, the sacred city, was the head-quarters of Hindooism. Its population, numbered at 300,000, mainly Hindoos, was turbulent. Within its walls lived many dethroned princes, from Nepaul, and Sattara, a branch of the Delhi family, and several Sikhs. Here, if anywhere, disaffection was certain to exist; and here were only thirty British soldiers and the civil servants. Among these civil servants was Mr. Frederic Gubbins, a very resolute man; and when news of the Meerut mutiny came, although he saw the peril, he determined to stand stiffly up against it, and resist. Such measures of precaution as could be taken were adopted, but the prospect was most discouraging. On the 3rd of June the vanguard of the Madras Fusiliers arrived—sixty men—and the question of at once using them and the Sikhs to disarm the 37th Native Infantry was debated. News came that the 17th Native Infantry at Azimghur had just mutinied, and it was resolved on the 4th to disarm the regiment the next day. At this crisis Colonel Neill came in. He saw no good in delay. "As soon as the 37th hear of the mutiny at Azimghur," he said, "they will rise. Do it at once." Brigadier Ponsonby yielded. The troops were paraded; the Sikhs and irregular cavalry on the left, the artillery on the right, of the 37th. The latter at once mutinied, and began firing. Two or three officers fell. The artillery opened fire. By some mistake, never explained, the Sikhs fired on their officers and on the Fusiliers. Then the guns opened on them, and all was confusion. Brigadier Ponsonby fell from sunstroke. Neill took command, and with his handful of thirty gunners and Fusiliers, routed the rebels. The whole district around for many miles rose in revolt at once; but such was the stern energy of Neill, the occult and long-acquired influence of Gubbins, the devotion of men like Venables and Chapman, indigo planters—"adventurers" in the estimation of the exclusives of the Company's servants—that not only was the city population held down, but in a very short time we regained our power in this country also. At this time gibbets were set up, and, for many months, traitors and mutineers of every caste and rank were mercilessly hanged thereon. This is one of the ghastliest features of the mutiny; but let those who would condemn hastily remember that the few Europeans in India were engaged in a contest for life, not only with the army, and those native chiefs who may have felt themselves aggrieved, but the bulk of the ruffian classes who abound in a land where murder has been elevated to the dignity of a religious faith!

The safety of Benares was important in a political point of view, and it was guarded by thirty European artillerymen. The safety of Allahabad was *essential* in a military point of view, and it did not contain a single European soldier. Its absolute masters were the 6th Native Infantry, a native battery, and part of the Ferozepore regiment of Sikhs. Yet what was Allahabad? It was not only a very strong fortress, commanding the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna; it was not only the point of passage over the Jumna into the Doab on one side, and thence to the north-west, and over the Ganges on the other into Oude and the valley of the Goomtee; it was the greatest arsenal in India—full of guns, stores, ammunition; our sole base of operations upwards towards Cawnpore and Lucknow. That the two great arsenals of Delhi and Allahabad should have

been left without a single European is a stupendous monument of the blindness and folly of men. The 6th Native Infantry were quite ready to mutiny. With the fort and treasure—£175,000—in their power, it is inexplicable that they did not. Perhaps it may be attributed to the fact that their officers were most devoted to them; but this explanation was refuted by another fact that, when they did break out, not one of those officers was warned. Fortunately, the Government, in a moment of alarm—for it had its moments of alarm as well as its moments of confidence—ordered up from Chunar some sixty European artillerymen, all invalids, yet fit for garrison duty. These arrived on the 23rd of May, and entered the fort. They saved this invaluable post. The 6th had volunteered to march on Delhi, and the Government was so delighted, that on the 5th its commander, Colonel Simpson, was directed by telegraph to thank the regiment, and tell them the order would appear in the next Gazette. On that very day came news of the mutiny at Benares, and on the 6th, twenty-four hours after it had been thanked for loyalty, the 6th rose, and the men shot nearly every one of their officers. The mutiny was characterised by the greatest treachery, carried on by the foulest murders, and pushed on to a climax of atrocity. But the reader is now familiar with the aspects of a military mutiny. Here all night flames licked up the lines; released felons and Sepoys hunted for Europeans, and hewed them and their wives and little ones in pieces. In the fort all was anxiety. The real nature of the contest raging in cantonments was not known until a fugitive officer, naked from a swim in the Jumna, ran in. Then, by the steadfastness and skill of Braysher, the Sikhs were induced to disarm the company of the 6th, and the fort was saved. But the rabble invested the fort! For five days this was permitted, and not a gun allowed to be fired. Colonel Neill, with forty men, came up on the 11th from Benares. The bridge of boats was in the hands of the rebels, but he got a boat and crossed below it. Then, without resting, he organised a plan for recovering the bridge; and early the next morning he executed it with vigour and promptitude. From that time he continued to regain the lost sway over the city. Reinforced by driblets from below, maintaining a constant fire on the city, now issuing out, now using a steamer laden with infantry, he so punished the insurgents in the town that in a week he was master of the situation so completely that he was able to organise a small flying column to clear the country between Allahabad and Benares, to levy a heavy fine on the city, and to seize and hang the ruffians who were captured and brought in day after day. Neill became a name of terror all along the banks of the Ganges, and by his wise as well as severe measures he made it possible for Havelock to avenge Cawnpore, of which it is now time to speak.

Cawnpore is a large station. Seated on the right bank of the Ganges, it is midway between Lucknow and Calpee and Agra and Allahabad. Thus, it was one of the most important stations in the Doab of the Ganges and Jumna —a central point whence troops might move on an enemy or intercept one on four great lines. There were three regiments of native infantry, the 1st, 53rd, and 56th, and one regiment of native cavalry, in the station. There were about sixty European artillerymen, and six guns. The commandant was Sir Hugh Wheeler, a soldier who had served under Lord Lake fifty-four years before, and who then and since had led Sepoys in battle in half a dozen great campaigns. There were at Cawnpore the wives and children of the men of the 32nd Foot; a number of ladies, wives of officers and civilians, and many merchants and traders and their families. Agitated by the earlier incidents of the mutiny, the natives were more deeply stirred by the outbreak at Meerut and Delhi, and General Wheeler felt that no trust could be placed in the men he commanded. But he was absolutely powerless. He had only sixty-one Europeans. He could not disarm the Cawnpore garrison. He could only wait and watch, and prepare some ark of refuge, however frail. Nor had he much time. News of the Delhi massacres arrived on the 14th of May. The troops gave no outward sign. A few days afterwards Mrs. Fraser entered the station. Her husband had been slain at Delhi, and she had travelled down 266 miles in safety. A native had undertaken to perform the journey, and he did. This lady was a real heroine, and in the dreadful days at hand, regardless of herself, she gave up everything to soothe and minister to the wounded.

On the 20th of May all communication with Delhi and Agra had ceased. Fires broke out in the native lines, and prophecies of evil were uttered. Sir Hugh Wheeler entrenched an old hospital—two brick buildings, one thatched, one roofed with stone. The entrenchment was so slight that an English horseman could have leaped in anywhere. In this enclosure the guns were placed, and the women and children were ordered to take up their quarters therein. Stores of food, but not sufficient, were laid up. Happily, ammunition was plentiful. There were nine guns in the work. Still no sign of mutiny. Nevertheless, as the treasure was exposed, Sir Hugh and Mr. Hillersden thought fit to request the Nana Sahib of Bithoor to supply a guard. He complied, bringing down troops of his own, and taking up his quarters in the civil lines. Who was the Nana Sahib? He was the son of a Brahmin living near Bombay. His name was Seereek Dhoondoo Punt. Bajee Rao, the last Peishwa, having no issue of his own, adopted this boy; and when, for his treachery, Bajee Rao was dethroned, the Government granted him a pension, and sent him to live at Bithoor, on the Ganges, a few miles above Cawnpore. When he died, the Nana, by forging a will, obtained his enormous wealth; but the Government refused to continue the pension allowed to the late Peishwa. That Nana Sahib never forgave. But he showed no sign of resentment. He lived a life of the lowest sensual indulgence in the splendid fort at Bithoor, wherein were rooms decorated in a style "unfit to meet any human eye." He was on the most friendly terms with the British officers, frequently entertaining them at Bithoor, but accepting no hospitality in return. He had for prime minister, or chief agent, one Azimoolah, originally a waiter, then teacher in the Government

schools at Cawnpore, then agent to Nana Sahib. Azimoolah was sent to London to pray the Board of Directors to grant the Nana his pension. He came in 1854, was a lion in society, much admired by the ladies, at one time nearly carrying off one to grace his harem. He returned to India by way of Constantinople, and was there in the depths of that dreary winter when our soldiers were holding the heights at so much cost. "Subtle, intriguing, unscrupulous, bloodthirsty, sleek, and wary as a tiger, this man," writes one who knew him, "betrayed no animosity to us until the outburst of the mutiny, and then he became the presiding genius of the assault on Cawnpore," the instigator of the massacres.

After the 20th the Sepoys took less care to conceal their feelings. They held nightly meetings; the character of those meetings was known from spies. The 2nd Cavalry, especially, displayed hostility; and when Sir Hugh sought to remove the treasure, the Sepoys would not part with it, and it had to be left under the joint care of them and Nana Sahib. On the 21st all the European residents, except one, Sir George Parker, cantonment magistrate, entered the entrenchment. "Of the scene in the barrack that night, descriptions have appeared from the pens of some of the actors in it. One of them, a gentle lady, wrote, 'There was an immense number of ladies and gentlemen assembled there; and oh! what an anxious night it was! The children added much to our distress and anxiety; it was some hours before I could get them to sleep. I did not lie down the whole night.' Another, a high-spirited and promising young officer, says, 'Nearly all the ladies in the station were, however, turned out of their houses, and hurried off to the barracks. The scene in the morning you can imagine. They were all huddled together in a small building, just as they had left their houses; on each side of this the guns were drawn up.' It seems strange now to read what follows: 'I still put all trust in our Sepoys, and shall do so until I see they are unworthy of it.' Such was the confidence engendered by long association and constant intercourse with their men, that even these sad events could not shake it."

The next day a company of the 32nd, under Captain Moore, arrived from Lucknow, lent by Sir Henry Lawrence. For a week there was dreadful suspense; then 160 men of the 84th Foot and Madras Fusiliers arrived, with the cheering news that more troops were on their way. On the 26th Sir Hugh thought he should soon be able to dispense with the 32nd men, and hold his own until troops came from Calcutta. But the mutinies at Benares and Allahabad put an end to the fulfilment of that hope. There is every reason to believe that at this time Nana Sahib was playing a double game, and that he found willing agents in the 2nd Cavalry. But up to the last moment the Sepoys affected loyalty, and actually gave up one man on a charge of spreading sedition. But the poison of mutiny had worked deeply into their hearts, and the day of disaster duly arrived.

Up to the 4th of June the officers had slept in the native lines. After that day Sir Hugh would not allow them to do so any more, and they found corners in the entrenchment. The signs of approaching mutiny were now plain. There were 210 soldiers of the artillery, the 32nd, the 84th, and the Madras Fusiliers, about a hundred officers, the same number of merchants and clerks, and forty drummers; giving a total of 450 fighting men, and nine guns. It has been well said that these could have fought their way out in any direction; but encumbered with 330 women and children, they could do nothing but remain and wait for succour. On the night of the 6th of June the 2nd Cavalry rose. Captain Thomson, one of the few survivors of the Cawnpore tragedy, thus describes the mutiny: "The men of the 2nd first set fire to the riding-master's bungalow, and then fled, carrying off with them horses, arms, colours, and the regimental treasure-chest. The old soubahdar-major of the regiment defended the colours and treasure, which were in the quarter-guard, as long as he could, and the poor old fellow was found in the morning severely wounded, and lying in his blood at his post. This was the only instance of any native belonging to that regiment who retained his fidelity. The old man remained with us, and was killed by a shell in the entrenchment. An hour or two after the flight of the cavalry, the 1st Native Infantry also bolted, leaving their officers untouched upon the parade-ground. The 56th Native Infantry followed the next morning. The 53rd remained till, by some error of the general, they were fired into. I am at an utter loss to account for this proceeding. The men were peacefully occupied in their lines, cooking; no signs of mutiny had appeared amidst their ranks; they had refused all the solicitations of the deserters to accompany them, and seemed quite steadfast, when Ashe's battery opened upon them, by Sir Hugh Wheeler's command, and they were literally driven from us by 9-pounders. The only signal that had preceded this step was the calling into the entrenchments of the native officers of the regiment. The whole of them cast in their lot with us, besides 150 privates, most of them belonging to the Grenadier company. The detachment of the 53rd posted at the treasury held their ground against the rebels about four hours. We could hear their musketry in the distance, but were not allowed to attempt their relief. The faithful little band that had joined our desperate fortunes was ordered to occupy the military hospital, about 600 yards to the east of our position, and they held it for nine days, when, in consequence of its being set on fire, they were compelled to evacuate. They applied for admission to enter the entrenchments, but were told that we had not food sufficient to allow of an increase to our number. Major Hillersden gave them a few rupees each, together with a certificate of their fidelity. Had it been possible to have received these men, they would have constituted a powerful addition to our force, just as the few gallant remnants of the native regiments at Lucknow did throughout the second edition of the Cawnpore siege, as it was enacted in the Oude capital."

The first impulse of the mutineers was to march on

Delhi. There, they rightly judged, the struggle would be fought out. They had laden elephants with treasure, and carts with ammunition and plunder. They had marched forward on the road, when Nana Sahib beset them with offers of service, and incitements to destroy their white masters. For some time they resisted; but the temptations offered proved to be too seductive, and they enlisted, as it were, under the flag of one who dreamed of restoring the Mahratta empire. So the whole force turned back towards Cawnpore, and sat down before the entrenchment. To please his new followers, Nana Sahib hoisted two standards—the Moslem and the Hindoo flag. To gratify his troops, he directed the sack of the European houses, and even those of wealthy natives, in Cawnpore. He took possession of the store of shot and shell; he mounted heavy guns. To give a colour of fairness to his conduct, he notified to Sir Hugh Wheeler by letter that he intended to attack him, and he followed up the threat by opening fire on the 8th. There were now two candidates for empire in India; there were soon to be three. The King of Delhi and the pretended Peishwa were in arms. We shall see a King of Oude spring up, and later, another aspirant for royal honours.

The little garrison of Cawnpore, thus beleaguered, held out for twenty days, and even then yielded honourably to famine, not arms. The sufferings of the garrison during this time can neither be imagined nor described. The mind cannot conceive, the pen cannot express the horrors of that interval. The entrenchment was about 250 yards square. The mud wall had been made by digging a trench and throwing the earth outwards. Thus, about five feet cover was obtained; but where the spaces were left for the guns, there was no cover at all. From the eastern side a little redan was made and armed, and at three other points there were small batteries. As muskets and ammunition abounded, five or six loaded muskets, with bayonets fixed, were placed near each man in the trenches, so as to ensure a rapid fire. In the centre of the entrenchment was a well. Near it were two buildings, each having only a single story, and one only a stone roof. They were intended to accommodate a company of a hundred men. Within them were stowed more than three hundred women and children, and the sick. The heat was so fierce that it was often impossible to hold a musket barrel, and once or twice muskets exploded from heat alone. Think, then, what those women and children must have suffered, crowded together in those barracks. As soon as the place was beleaguered, men drew water at the risk of their lives, and from the beginning of the siege not a drop could be spared for purposes of cleanliness. With scanty clothing, with meagre diet, flour and split peas; with water, often bought for its weight in silver from men who drew it, and measured out in drops; with cannon thundering all day and night, with shot and shell tearing through the buildings, with the sickness of hope deferred upon them, who can imagine the agonies of those weary hours? The men, all save one officer, went forth to fight, but the women could only watch and wait, and listen to the piteous cries of children, whose throats were parched, whose lips were baked with thirst. For the men there was the chance of a death-struggle, or death from shot or shell. Nothing but patience and long-suffering for the women. Some went mad; some sought death; but others behaved as angels may, with a courage, a fortitude, a forgetfulness of self, men may imitate but not excel.

This little enclosure was defended solely by the courage of the garrison. The Sepoys had seen how white men fight, how they dare danger in every shape, almost in sport, above all, how, in battle they stand by each other with never-failing confidence. The prestige of the British soldier never stood him in better stead than in this Indian mutiny. Driven to bay here with such slender defences as we have described, it is a fact that the surrounding multitudes never once charged home. In a very few days the original force of mutineers was tripled. There came up men of the 6th from Allahabad, and men of various regiments from Oude, and hordes of scoundrels from all the country side, until there were 10,000 armed men raging round the little force. They had three mortars and ten guns firing night and day, in addition to the musketry of the sepoys. The entrenchments were entirely commanded from two buildings, and all around there was plenty of cover; yet with all these numbers and advantages the cowards did not venture on a hand to hand fight. On the west of the fort was a series of unfinished barracks. They were connected with the entrenchment by a sort of covered way, made of carts; two or three of these were held by small detachments of fifteen or twenty men, one composed of railway engineers and platelayers. With nothing but musketry and this cover, these gallant fellows kept the enemy at bay, and inflicted on them great losses. On one occasion a host of Sepoys charged up with the seeming intention of getting in. The garrison of seventeen men killed eighteen assailants at pistol shot range, and drove them away. On another, Captain Moore, the soul of the defence, resolved to try a new trick; he and Lieutenant Delafosse, suddenly leaped out, calling in a loud voice, "Number 1 to the front!" The skulking mutineers thinking a company was about to charge, rose from their cover like a flock of sparrows, and gave the defenders an opportunity of pouring in a deadly volley. In the defence of these barracks, Captain Thomson, Lieutenant Delafosse, and Captain Jenkins, and Mr. Heberden, with his railway lads, were conspicuous for bravery where all were brave.

All this time the thermometer ranged from 128° to 138°. Tortured by this dreadful heat, grimed with dirt, devoured by myriads of flies, suffering agonies from thirst, enduring the severest pangs of hunger, exposed to death in every shape, our beleaguered countrymen and countrywomen still bore up against fate, with grim and steadfast determination. The Sepoys took every advantage; not a little child could stray out from the scanty shelter of shattered walls or holes in the trenches, without drawing upon itself the fire of 100 muskets. If any one went to the well, he was a mark

for big guns and bullets; and, even at night, the sound of the creaking wheels revealing the fact that men were drawing water, called forth a hail of shot. Yet men went out and endured this fate by day and night, to draw water for the women and the wounded. "My friend, John M'Killop, of the Civil Service," writes Captain Thomson, "greatly distinguished himself here; he became, self-constituted, Captain of the Well. He jocosely said that he was no fighting man, but would make himself useful where he could, and accordingly he took this post; drawing for the supply of the women and the children as often as he could. It was less than a week after he had undertaken this self-denying service, when his numerous escapes were followed by a grape shot wound in the groin, and speedy death. Disinterested even in death, his last words were an earnest entreaty that somebody would go and draw water for a lady to whom he had promised it."

TROOPS PREPARING FOR A MARCH IN INDIA.

Besides this well there was another near one of the unfinished barracks. "We drew no water there; it was our cemetery." Stealthily at night, the bodies of the dead were carried out, and thrown into this well; and in three weeks it was choked up with the remains of 250 persons!

In the meantime the rebel lines had been the scenes of tragedies, which, had they been known to Sir Hugh Wheeler, he would never have trusted to the oath of Nana Sahib. "On the 10th of June," says the author of the "Mutiny of the Bengal Army," "a lady with four children, travelling by post from the north-west to Calcutta, arrived, unsuspicious of evil, at Cawnpore. She was taken before the Nana, who at once ordered that she and her babes should be slaughtered. The innocent children, exposed to the sun, and unable to comprehend the scene, were crying to their mamma to take them into the bungalow, and give them food; but no one listened, and in a few minutes, tied hand to hand, and made to stand up in the plain, they were shot down by pistol bullets. On the following day another lady fell into the hands of these fiends, and experienced a like fate, her head being subsequently offered as a 'nuzzer,' or royal gift, to the Nana Sahib. On the 12th intelligence reached them that a large party of Europeans were coming from the north-west. Some cavalry and infantry were at once despatched to reconnoitre; and it was found that the advancing party were fugitives from Futtehghur, about 136 in number, most of them females. They had left Futtehghur with the intention of proceeding to Allahabad, thence to Calcutta by water, when, on passing Cawnpore, they were pounced upon by these rebels. Being brought before the Nana, and sentenced to death, one of them disdaining to sue for life, reproached him with his cruelty and the insensate folly of his proceedings; showing how futile it was to imagine that, by the slaughter of a few hundred women, he could exterminate the

English. She also warned him of the fate which, sooner or later, must inevitably overtake him. In reply to this spirited remonstrance, the ruffian ordered that her two hands should be filled with powder, and the powder exploded; the rest were ruthlessly shot down."

The day after this occurrence a great misfortune befell the garrison. One of the buildings in the entrenchments was used as a hospital. It had a thatched roof. On the evening of the 13th a shell or "carcase" set this on fire, and the whole building was soon in a blaze. By the light of the flames the Sepoys poured in a heavy fire on the women and children running out, and the men bearing off the wounded, some of whom perished there, while all the medicines and surgical instruments were destroyed! This moment of trial the enemy selected for an attack, hoping to find the garrison unprepared. They were deceived. Every man was on the alert. The mutineers were allowed to come close up, and then the guns opened with grape, and the infantry firing muskets, ready loaded, as fast as they could pick them up, drove off the yelling assailants, with great slaughter. At another time they approached, rolling before them bales of cotton, but these were speedily set on fire with shells, after which grape-shot soon thinned the ranks of the flying crew. These attacks were repeated in different ways, but always with the same result.

But a few details abridged from Captain Thomson's narrative of what he called the superficial horrors of the siege, will better enable the reader to conceive the agonies of those three weeks, than pages of general description. A group of soldiers' wives were sitting in the trenches. A shell fell among them, and killed and wounded seven. "Mrs. White, a private's wife, was walking with her husband, under cover, as they thought, of the wall, her twin children were one in each arm, when a single bullet passed through her husband,

MUTINEERS PURSUED BY ENGLISH CAVALRY.

killing him. It passed also through both her arms, breaking them, and close beside the breathless husband and father fell the widow and her babes; one of the latter being also severely wounded. I saw her afterwards in the main-guard, lying upon her back, with the two children, twins, laid one at each breast, while the mother's bosom refused not what her arms had no power to administer."

An ayah, nursing a baby, lost both legs from a cannon shot, while the infant was uninjured. Mrs. Evans was killed in the barrack by falling bricks brought down by a round shot. Mr. Hillersden, the collector, was talking to his wife, when he was cut in two by a round shot. Two days after a mass of falling

bricks killed his wife. Here are two other terrible pictures. In the unburnt, but not unbroken barrack, "Lieutenant G. R. Wheeler, son and aide-de-camp of the general, was sitting upon a sofa, fainting from a wound he had received in the trenches; his sister was fanning him, when a round shot entered the doorway, and left him a headless trunk. One sister at his feet, and father, mother, and another sister, in different parts of the same room, were witnesses of the appalling spectacle. Mr. Herberden, of the railway service, was handing one of the ladies some water, when a charge of grape entered the barrack, and a shot passed through both his hips, leaving an awful wound. He lay for a whole week upon his face, and was carried upon a mattrass down to the boats, where he died. The fortitude he had shown in active service did not forsake him during his extraordinary sufferings, for not a murmur escaped his lips."

Enough of these horrors. It is a relief to turn from them to the recorded acts of daring, of which let these two suffice. As Sir Hugh Wheeler was too old to take an active share in a defence, which he, nevertheless, helped to sustain, by his unconquerable spirit, Captain Moore, of the 32nd, was the real leader of the garrison. A genuine soldier, he conceived the idea of making a sortie by night, and spiking the Sepoy cannon. He was at the time suffering from a wound; yet, one night, he led out fifty men, spiked three guns near the church, killed several gunners, and spiked two 24-pounders at the mess-house, with the loss of one killed and four wounded. This illustrates the active valour of this garrison. It availed little, for fresh pieces were brought up the next day. Few acts of daring surpass this, which occured on the 21st of June, and which Captain Thomson relates of his friend, Lieutenant Delafosse: "A shot had entered the tumbril of a gun, blew it up, and ignited the wood work of the carriage, thus exposing the ammunition all around to destruction. The rebels having caught sight of the opportunity, directed their fire to this centre with redoubled fury; and how to extinguish the flames was a problem requiring no common skill to solve, when my friend, with the coolest self-possession imaginable, went to the burning gun, and lying down under the fiery mass, pulled away splinters of the wood, and scattered earth with both hands upon the flames. A couple of soldiers followed this courageous example with a bucket of water each, and with a degree of energy and science worthy of a London fireman, my comrades applied these also, until the danger was extinct. The character of this exploit will be better appreciated when I add that all the while six guns were playing their 18 and 24-pounders around the spot." Another incident deserves to be recorded: "A carcase [case of combustible stuff] fell on the top of a magazine; Jacobi, a coachmaker by trade, instantly clambered up and threw the missile over the wall of the entrenchment, an action the more to be valued, as he thought the object of his attention was a live shell." Such were the men who held Cawnpore against fate.

Aware that aid was approaching, though slowly, Nana Sahib now had recourse to a devilish expedient in order to get the garrison in his power. He had in his power a Mrs. Greenway, one of a family who had paid to the Nana £30,000 as a ransom, yet who were all slain. This poor woman, half naked, and carrying an infant, he sent with a message to the entrenchment. It was addressed "To the subjects of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria," and it ran as follows:—"All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and are willing to lay down their arms, shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad." At first Sir Hugh Wheeler was utterly opposed to any dealing with Nana Sahib; but he finally agreed to treat. Accordingly a negotiation was begun, and rapidly concluded, Nana Sahib signing a treaty of capitulation, to the effect that the garrison should march out under arms, with sixty rounds of ammunition per man, and should be sent, with the women and children, in boats to Allahabad. No precautions were neglected by Sir Hugh or Captain Moore. Their sole error was in placing any trust in Nana Sahib.

On the 27th the woe-begone and tattered procession set out for the ghaut or landing place. The women and children went on elephants and in palanquins, the men, except the sick and wounded, walked. When they found the boats—but they were all a-ground on sand-banks — every one, men, women, and children, had to wade knee-deep to embark. Suddenly, at the signal to start, the native boatmen, firing the thatched roofs of the boats, leaped into the water, and rushed to the shore. Then, first a dropping fire of carbines, succeeded by volleys of musketry, and round shot from four 9-pounders, opened on the fugitives. The banks were lined, the neighbouring houses were filled with assassins. Soon the boats were in flames, the water was full of women and children, and on these the shot was poured. Only two boats got off, and one was instantly sunk by a round shot. The other, crowded with survivors, some of whom had swum to her side, began to float down the stream, when guns opened on her from the Oude side. Her rudder was shot away, the oars were gone, but the current bore her on, now stranding her on a shoal, now drifting her off, aided by the use of a spar or two of wood. All day long this boat was chased, and one by one her occupants became fewer. Some fell overboard, some sank wounded to the bottom of the boat. At night she stranded, and the Sepoys fired lighted arrows at her to set her on fire. The next morning they were beset again; a boat full of armed Sepoys came down and grounded near, when the British at once charged through the water and slew their pursuers. A hurricane of rain and wind followed, and once more the boat with its starving and bleeding freight was afloat; but it soon stuck again in shoal water. Here Captain Thomson, Lieutenant Delafosse, Sergeant Grady, and eleven privates landed by order to drive away the Sepoys while the boat was eased off. The boat and its occupants they never saw again. They easily forced back the enemy, but could not find the boat on their return, and so they were forced to

retreat along the banks; pursued, they took refuge in a small temple, and held it against a host, until the enemy lighted brands at the door, and began to throw bags of gunpowder on them. The little band charged at once, and made for the river; seven out of thirteen reached it alive and plunged in; the number was quickly reduced to four. These swam on and on, six miles down stream, and, exhausting pursuit, went ashore. Here they found a protector in one whose name should be preserved—Diribijah Singh, of Moorar Mhow, in Oude. He saved their lives. At this time Thomson's clothing consisted of a flannel shirt; Delafosse wore a cloth round his waist; Murphy and Sullivan were naked. Every one except Delafosse was wounded. These were the sole survivors of the massacre at the Ghaut. About 130 of the women and children were taken out of the water and carried prisoners into Cawnpore. We shall hear of them again.

During this period mutiny had been making great progress elsewhere. Bombay had been saved by the energy of Lord Elphinstone and the prompt appearance of the 37th from the Mauritius, just as Madras had been quieted by the landing of a regiment from Ceylon. But in Central India not a station remained. The Europeans had been driven away from Indore, the residence of Holkar. At Mhow, near by, some officers were killed, but the others, with the women and children, took shelter in the fort. The Maharajah remained true, and they were saved. At Gwalior the contingent had mutinied, killing some officers, but the women and children got away to Agra; and Scindia, acting on the advice of his minister, Dinkur Rao, the ablest native in India, so managed the Contingent that they did not move until months afterwards. Mr. Colvin, at Agra, after paltering with mutiny, had been forced to disarm two regiments there on the 31st of May, and to prepare and occupy the fort; for the Kotah contingent mutinied, and there were no regular soldiers on whom dependence could be placed but the 3rd Europeans, a battery of artillery, thirty or forty volunteer horse, and the armed civilians. Such was the state of the country from the Himalayas to the Nerbudda, from the sand deserts of Bikaneer to the frontiers of Behar. Here and there, as at Saugor, Agra, Lucknow, there were little knots of beleaguered Britons, and all around them a raging sea of anarchy.

The reader will remember that the 8th of June was a day of disaster in the history of the Oude mutinies, and that from this day Lucknow alone remained in the hands of the British; and even this was held by a precarious tenure. Sir Henry Lawrence, seeing himself alone, and observing no signs of prompt support from any quarter, soon began to fortify the Residency. At first he contemplated the occupation of a larger position. He garrisoned and fortified the Muchee Bhowun, a strong fort commanding the iron bridge; and his military police held several parts of the town. At a later period he found how necessary it was that he should contract his lines, bring all his troops in from the cantonments, and make himself as strong as he could around the Residency. Before he came to that conclusion the work of preparation and provisioning went on with ardour under a burning sun. Day after day stores of food, fuel, forage, shot, shell, and powder were brought in. A large gateway, from the top of which the Residency enclosure was commanded, was blown down. Many lacs of rupees were buried, to save the trouble of guarding them. Spare clothing was brought in, and all the arms and ammunition that could be discovered. Upwards of 200 pieces of ordnance, many of large calibre, were found, and with great labour brought in. Neighbouring houses were cleared away or unroofed. Large bodies of coolies were kept at work upon the defences, which now began to assume shape and order and connection. The racket court was full of forage; the church was crammed with grain; the fuel, stacked in vast piles, formed a rampart in front of the Residency. The shot was piled. Immense quantities of powder were buried. Every day the volunteer cavalry were drilled, and the civilians, merchants, clerks, were organised, and posts were assigned them. The heat was almost insupportable. Cholera, small-pox, fever, broke out. Evil news came in day after day. Yet throughout all, the labours went on, and the improvised fortress grew up. Finally, the troops were withdrawn from the cantonments and placed in the Residency and Muchee Bhowun. All this time the courts had sat and business went on, malefactors, traitors, mutineers, were tried and executed, and order was maintained. Patrols went out on the road to Cawnpore and Fyzabad. The news of the massacres of the Futtehghur fugitives, and of the Cawnpore garrison, and of officers on all sides, came in; and Colonel Neill reported his arrival at Allahabad, and promised to move up as soon as he could. A price was set upon Nana Sahib—£10,000 were offered for him, dead or alive.

For three weeks the Oude mutineers had been gathering at Nawabgunge, on the Fyzabad road, about twenty-five miles from Lucknow. Sir Henry Lawrence thought it would be desirable to attack them when he heard they were marching on the city. Keeping his intention secret, he collected a force consisting of four European and six Oude guns and one 8-inch howitzer, the whole under Major Simons; thirty-six European and eighty Sikh horse; 300 of the 32nd Foot, and 220 Sepoys, the faithful few who had not mutinied. With these he marched, and his advance guard fell in with the enemy near Chinhut. They were in great strength, a complete army, having in the field cavalry, infantry, and artillery. The mutineers began the fray by a heavy fire of cannon, and then extending their wings, bore down on both flanks of the British. The volunteer cavalry charged boldly, but the Sikhs fled. The Oude gunners abandoned their pieces. The mutineers pressing on, turned our flank completely, and repulsed the 32nd in an attempt to drive them out of a village. The combat was now lost, and Sir Henry ordered a retreat. All fell back in confusion, leaving the howitzer behind. A body of horsemen tried to cut them off, but the volunteer cavalry, careless of odds, charged and routed them. Agonized with thirst, for the water-carriers had deserted, our little force fell back, turning and firing as often as they could,

covered by the gallant volunteer horse, and so reached the iron bridge, and filed over into the city. They had lost 200 men killed and wounded, of whom were 112 Europeans killed, and four guns. The pursuit was only checked by the fire of an 18-pounder from the redan, which commanded the iron bridge. The mutineers had brought into the field 5,000 infantry, 800 horse, and 160 gunners. As a sequel to this unhappy adventure, it may be stated that the military police and the companies of Oude regiments in the city at once mutinied. The troops from Chinhut crossed the river lower down, and at once invested the Residency entrenchment. It was then found that the detachments in the Muchee Bhowun would be required to defend the Residency. But the enemy were in force between the two. No messenger could pass. In this crisis, at great risk, for the enemy kept up a heavy fire, four officers rigged a telegraph on the roof of the Residency, and thus sent orders that the Muchee Bhowun should be evacuated and blown up. That night the feat was achieved. The garrison had just reached the Residency, and were filing in, when a tremendous explosion shook the earth—240 barrels of powder and 594,000 rounds of ammunition had destroyed the Muchee Bhowun.

The next day, July 2, Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded by a piece of shell, and died on the 4th. Shot and shell raining on the Residency, confusion all around, were the accompaniments of his last hours. He was not only an able man, but a good man, with a heart abounding in charity for all. Few men have left a brighter track on the dark stream of Indian history. Schools and asylums are as much his monuments as deeds of statecraft, and it may be that the Lawrence Asylum for European children, up in the hills of the North-west, will bear his name vividly to a posterity which will have only a faint idea of the early administration of the Punjab.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Havelock ordered to recover Cawnpore and relieve Lucknow—His March from Allahabad—Battle of Futtehpore, July 12th—Battles of Aong and Pandoo Naddy, July 14th—Battle of Cawnpore, July 16th—Brilliant Tactics—The Enemy utterly routed—Nana Sahib massacres all the Women and Children, his Prisoners, and flies into Oude—Havelock enters Cawnpore—The House of Massacre—The Well—Bithoor captured—Havelock crosses the Ganges on the 25th of July—Battles of Onao and Busseratgunge, July 29th—Retreat to Mungulwar: reasons thereof—Defeats the Rebels again at Busseratgunge, August 5th—Retreats again to Mungulwar—Third Advance to and third Victory at Busseratgunge, August 12th—Retreat to and passage of the Ganges: reasons thereof—Battle of Bithoor, August 19th—Havelock's ninth Action—Close of his Campaign—Outram appointed to command—Cause of Havelock's failure lies at Calcutta—Weakness of Government—Mutiny at Dinapore delays Reinforcements—The Revolted Sepoys besiege Arrah—Defeat of a Relieving Force from Dinapore—Splendid Defence of Mr Boyle's House—Vincent Eyre relieves Arrah—His March and Battle—Effects of the Dinapore Mutiny.

WE have seen the rebels assailed at Delhi, and subjected to a siege; we have seen them become the besiegers of the British at Lucknow, and triumphant by horrible treachery at Cawnpore. We left Colonel Neill at Allahabad preparing the way for Havelock; and it is now time to describe the marvellous career of that general from Allahabad to Cawnpore; trusting that the reader will bear in mind how all these separate actions were going on simultaneously, marking the period when we were fighting for existence from the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna to the frontier of the Punjab.

Havelock, as we have said heretofore, reached Calcutta on the 17th of June, and on the 20th he was appointed to command a movable column which was to be collected at Allahabad. Five days afterwards he quitted Calcutta, and on the 28th of June, one day after the bloody business at Cawnpore, he arrived at Benares. On the 30th he reached Allahabad. That very day, with the sanction of Sir Patrick Grant, Commander-in-Chief at Calcutta, the first detachment prepared by Neill marched for Cawnpore. It consisted of 400 Europeans, 420 natives, chiefly Sikhs, and two guns, the whole under Major Renaud. Havelock, soon after he arrived, sent 100 men in a steamer up the Ganges, to cover the right flank; but was obliged to wait, not only for carriage, but for troops, until the 7th, before he could start himself. On the 3rd he learned the fate of the Cawnpore garrison, and found that his duty, instead of saving them, would be first to recover Cawnpore, and then essay to relieve Lucknow. On the 7th of July he set out to join Renaud, taking with him about 1,000 bayonets, furnished by the 78th Highlanders, the 64th, the 84th, the Madras Fusiliers and Braysher's Sikhs, the bulk of whom were with Renaud. Havelock had also *eighteen* volunteer horsemen and six guns. Such was the force which, on the afternoon of the 7th of July, 1857, moved out of Allahabad to perform one of the most striking campaigns in the history of India.

Major Renaud had pushed onwards about seventy miles towards Cawnpore, and had halted, according to orders. For Havelock, by dint of a judicious use of money, had secured excellent information of the enemy's proceedings; and knowing that Nana Sahib was advancing on Renaud, intent on snapping him up, Havelock pushed on by forced marches, and joining him on the night of the 11th, both hastened forward to Belinda, a few miles from Futtehpore, the scene of Robert Tucker's heroism. Here the troops halted and proceeded to cook, while Colonel Tytler rode on to reconnoitre. Lo! the rebels were at Futtehpore. Thinking Tytler and his escort were only the head of Renaud's column, the rebels rushed to assail them, opening the ball with the fire of a 24-pounder. This roused our men, who stood to their arms, and presented to the rebels the unexpected array of a small army. The Sepoy horse stopped abruptly. It was now Havelock's turn. He resolved to force an action, although he had only 1,800 men and eight guns to match against their 3,500 and twelve guns.

The Sepoy mutineers were in position across the road. They occupied ground broken by swamps, groves, and hillocks, as a front line, with the enclosures of Futtehpore to fall back upon. The trunk road ran through the position, and formed the best line of advance. Havelock put his guns in the centre, and covered them with 100 riflemen. He disposed of his other troops in

columns preceded by skirmishers; and he put his handful of horse on the flanks. In this order he advanced. Some of the troops had Enfield rifles, and with these, deftly used, he struck the rebels at ranges which filled them with amazement. In ten minutes, says Havelock, the action was decided, so distressed were they at the fire of the rifle and Maude's artillery. The enemy at once abandoned three guns. "As we moved forward," writes the general, "the enemy's guns continued to fall into our hands, and then, in succession, they were driven from the garden enclosures, from a strong barricade on the road, from the town wall, into and through, out of, and beyond the town." Here they tried to stand; the 2nd Cavalry charged, and our irregulars fled leaving the volunteers alone; but the Rifles got into action, and the guns came up, and the rebels bolted altogether, leaving in our hands eleven guns. We actually did not lose a single man at the hands of the enemy, but twelve died of sunstroke. They had been afoot fourteen hours, had fought without food, and now sank exhausted. Havelock issued a stirring order of the day, in which he attributed the victory to the rapid fire of the guns, "to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands, to British pluck, that great quality which has survived the vicissitudes of the hour, and gained intensity from the crisis; and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause, the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and the good government of India."

Resting on the 13th, Havelock took three of the captured guns and added them to his train, and sent 100 Sikhs to guard his communications. On the 14th he marched and met no enemy, but at the halt found it desirable to disarm and dismount his native irregulars, and give their horses to his brave volunteer cavalry. These men had refrained from striking a blow in action, and had even allowed their commander, Lieutenant Palliser, to charge into the enemy almost alone. But it should be recorded that when Palliser was surrounded, and on the point of losing his life, the native captain, who had followed him, saved him by sacrificing himself. At daybreak on the 15th Havelock's force found itself again in front of the enemy. He had entrenched the great road in front of the village of Aong, and garnished his line with two guns. This was a strong outpost covering the main position of the rebels behind the stone bridge over the Pandoo Nuddy, a stream, now swollen by the rains, and flowing through a deep ravine. It was necessary to take Aong, and push on as fast as possible to the bridge.

General Havelock divided his little army into two parts. One part he placed under the orders of Colonel Tytler. This was destined to assail the enemy. With the other the general himself guarded his train and baggage from the enemy's horse. Tytler moved up, the Volunteer Cavalry, under the gallant Barrow, leading the way. The enemy's guns opened, and the Sepoys, intending to attack while the troops were forming, advanced with a confident air from their position to a village. Thereupon Major Renaud, with his Madras Fusiliers, pounced upon them like lightning, and drove them back; but in the combat he received a mortal wound. Then Tytler closed with the enemy, expelled him from gardens and buildings, and put him to flight, but could not reach his guns. Havelock, for his share, had beaten off repeated onsets of cavalry, and these now retired to rejoin their comrades.

Halting his men to cook, Havelock anxiously awaited reports from his spies, respecting the doings of the enemy on the Pandoo Nuddy. The news came. The enemy were engaged in strengthening their position on this river, by mining the bridge. The moment was critical. If they were permitted to succeed in this work, the march of the army would be arrested for several days. On the other hand, the troops had been on foot since midnight, and had not fed. But Havelock did not hesitate. He ordered his little band to march, and they willingly obeyed. There were six miles and a hot fight before them. But these men were animated by strong motives. They knew of the atrocities perpetrated by Nana Sahib, and they believed what was then true, that above 200 women and children were still in the power of this miscreant. They left their food, and stepped off without a murmur.

Two hours' march under a burning sun brought them to the bank of the river. The Sepoys were arrayed beyond the bridge; they were at work under one of the arches; and they had two 24-pounders, so planted that their fire swept the great road. The plan of attack was soon decided on. Eight guns were drawn up in positions which enabled them to concentrate their fire on the bridge. There was a bend in the river at this point, and the Madras Fusiliers, armed with the Enfield rifle, at once took advantage of this, by pushing up in open order above and below the bridge, and from the banks of the river pouring in a hail of bullets on the rebel artillerymen. This shook the steadiness of the enemy, the fire of our guns increased his alarm; and when the mine in the bridge was seen to explode, yet failed to injure the structure, the artillerymen lost heart. As the fire slackened, Major Stephenson gathered up his Fusiliers, and dashing at the bridge carried it with a rush, and seized the guns. Thereupon the mutineers took to their heels, and made off for Cawnpore. We lost twenty-five killed and wounded, and took in all four guns.

The soldiers were now quite "done up," to use their own expressive phrase. "During twelve hours our troops," writes Major North, "had been under arms, and twice engaged, and their endurance tested to the uttermost. [The Highlanders were in woollen clothes!] The scorching sun glared down its unpitying rays upon their arms, which glittered with intolerable radiance, till the brain reeled, and the eye-balls ached with the intensity of that dazzling sheen." The sun shot its steady rays also upon their heads, and many fell, some to die. They were now to rest for a few hours. Havelock wrote for reinforcements, for gun ammunition, for Enfield ammunition, for field artillery, for rum. With regard to the last, he said that unless supplies arrived, he should be obliged to put the men on half-rations, and that "would be a most trying deprivation to troops,

exposed to the fatigue and hardships that my men have endured." Some have thought it needful to apologise for this statement. But Havelock, though a friend to temperance, knew that his men were called upon to perform most unusual labours, and that under these circumstances a stimulant was needful.

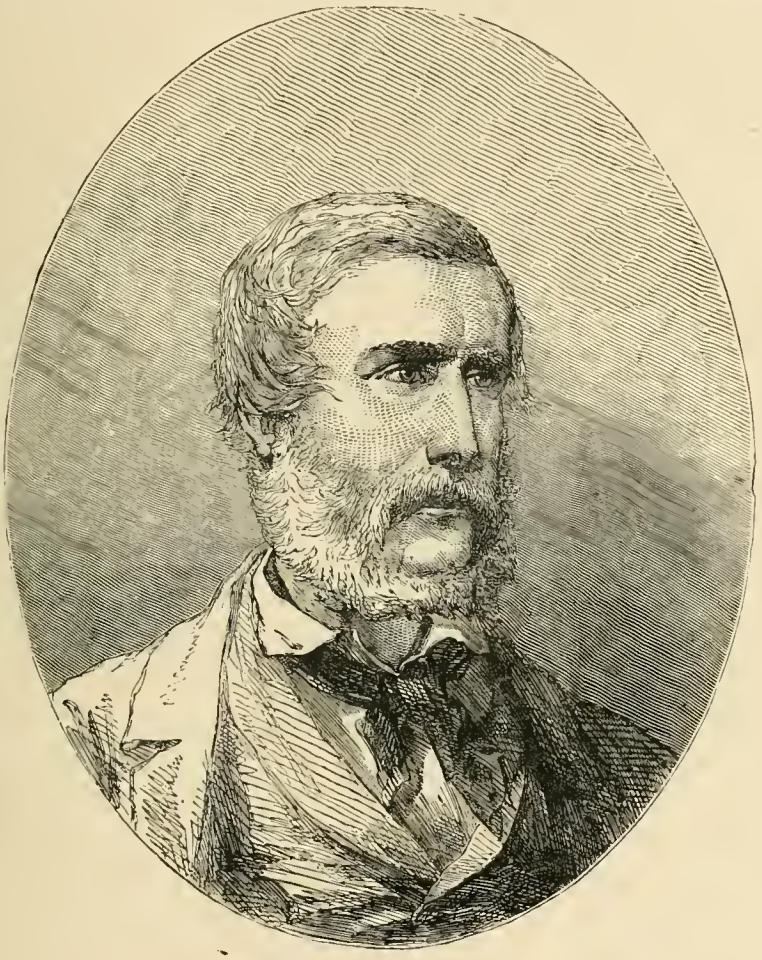
There was another battle before them. They marched the next morning, the 16th. Cawnpore was twenty-four miles away. Before them lay an arid road. The sun was more formidable than the foe. Nana Sahib, alarmed at the progress of Havelock, and enraged by the repeated defeats of the mutineers, had concentrated all his forces, about 5,000 men and eight guns, and had posted them a few miles from Cawnpore, determined there to give battle. Havelock marched his men sixteen miles, and then halted there for three hours, to give them time to cook, and to await the baggage. The troops eagerly swallowed a hasty meal, and then slept under the grateful shelter of the little groves near the village of Maharajpore, where the bivouac was. The indefatigable Volunteer Cavalry were out in the front keeping watch. These picked up two Sepoys who had remained faithful to the British, and had come down from Delhi. Having passed the night in the rebel camp, they were able to state the force and describe the position.

Inspired by this information, the general resumed his march at two o'clock, leaving his baggage under a guard in the village, and quickly came within sight of the enemy. The mutineer army had been posted with some skill. It was drawn up across two roads, one leading to the cantonments at Cawnpore, the other being the great trunk road to Delhi. Each flank rested on a native village; another village strengthened the centre. All were entrenched or walled. The Ganges was distant about a mile from the left, and on the right rose the half-finished embankment for the railway. The rebel infantry were drawn up in a concave line from flank to flank. Their horse were in a body on the left, and their guns were so disposed along the line as to sweep the two roads. About 1,200 yards from the centre of the line, the roads became one, that is, the cantonment road diverged at this point from the trunk road. Beyond the point of junction a fringe of wood ran towards the Ganges. In taking up this position the enemy had calculated on a front attack. He had measured out distances along the roads, and his gunners stood ready to fire as soon as the British came within range.

But he had to deal with a general versed in warfare. On coming within sight of the enemy, Havelock took steps to ascertain from the country folk the nature of the country on both flanks of the rebel host, for he had resolved to turn one or the other. He found that the enemy's left was the more assailable. A student of military history, he saw at a glance that he could repeat the manœuvre which made the great Frederick victor over superior numbers at Leuthen. He saw that those groves we have mentioned would conceal a flank march from Nana Sahib, as the hills had hidden the movement of Frederick from Marshal Daun. He at once called up the leading officers, and "standing in the midst of them, rapidly traced a rough diagram of the projected movements in the dust with the point of his scabbard." Having made all clear, he directed the infantry to wheel to the right in column of companies at deploying distance, with the guns in the intervals of the brigades, and half the Madras Fusiliers in skirmishing order on the left or inner flank of the column. Thus the force marched for about a mile and a half behind the screen of trees, while the little body of Volunteer Horse showed themselves on the trunk road, as if they were the forerunners of a front attack.

Suddenly the enemy became aware of the object of the manœuvre, as he caught glimpses, through breaks in the wood, of a column moving behind the trees. He opened fire. Our troops, without heeding shot and shell, moved silently on, until they arrived at a point perpendicular to the rebel position. Then they wheeled into line. The guns came up and opened fire, and the Madras riflemen once more spread out and made play with their splendid weapons. But Havelock was not the man to trifle with an advantage of position such as he had gained by his skilful march. He ordered an advance in *échelon* from the right. The Madras men went first in open order; the 78th Highlanders came next, then the 64th and 84th combined, and lastly the Sikhs. There were three 24-pounders on the enemy's left, well entrenched behind a village. The 78th were launched upon them. Moving up steadily under a fire of grape, until they were within eighty yards, their colonel, Hamilton, in front, the bagpipes playing in the rear, the Highlanders suddenly rent the air with a fierce shout, and, charging in, carried the village, and captured the guns, breaking the enemy's left into two parts, hurling one in confusion on the centre, and shouldering the other to the rear. In the meantime the 64th had come abreast of the Highlanders, and the Madras Fusiliers, on the other flank, had successfully encountered and defeated the rebel cavalry. Reforming the 78th, Havelock rode to the front, and pointing to the rally of the enemy on his centre round a howitzer, cried, "Now, Highlanders, another charge like that wins the day." The charge was made, and, with the aid of the 64th, the gun was captured. The Volunteer Horse, too, making a daring charge up the road, fell upon the enemy and slew many. The whole of the British force was now united again after its rough fight. The position of the enemy and several of his guns had been won, and our troops, emerging in the rear of it, reformed. The Sepoys had again rallied, with commendable promptitude, on Suktipore, a village between the two roads. From this he had to be driven. Havelock's voice was again heard animating his soldiers to renewed exertions, and again, this time unsupported by any artillery fire from our side, did those noble foot soldiers of Britain drive the foe before them. Yet again he rallied, so stubborn was he in this combat. Nana Sahib, present on the field, was seen to be encouraging his troops. He brought them up as the sun was setting, and prepared for a last effort. He still had a 24-pounder and two pieces of smaller calibre, and with these he commanded our men, now lying down, awaiting their artillery. The sun went

down. There were about 900 British soldiers, only waiting a signal from Havelock. His horse had just been shot under him, and, mounted on a hack, he rode into the hail of shot, the only man exposed to view. He says himself that the enemy showed a long line, and that, as the longer his men looked at it the less they would like it, he resolved on a charge. His piercing voice was heard, crying, "The line will advance," and then "forward!" And well the wearied men obeyed the call. "The final crisis," he writes, "had arrived. My artillery cattle, wearied by the length of the march, could not bring up the guns to my assistance; and the Madras Fusiliers, the 64th, 84th, and 78th detachments, formed in line, were exposed to a heavy fire from the 24-pounder on the road. I was resolved this state of things should not last; so, calling upon my men, who were lying down in line, to leap on their feet, I directed another steady advance. It was irresistible. The enemy sent round shot into our ranks, until we were within 300 yards, and then poured in grape with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed. But the 64th, led by Major Stirling and by my aide-de-camp, who had placed himself in their front, were not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewed with wounded; but on they steadily and silently came; then, with a cheer, charged and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valour. The enemy lost all heart, and after a hurried fire of musketry gave way in total rout. Four of my guns came up, and completed their discomfiture by a heavy cannonade; and as it grew dark, the roofless barracks of our artillery were dimly descried in advance, and it was evident that Cawnpore was once more in our possession."



GENERAL HAVELOCK.

The aide-de-camp referred to was his son, Henry Havelock, who led the regiment by riding straight upon the 24-pounder. The troops lay down behind their piled muskets, about two miles from Cawnpore. They had to wait for the baggage and the dawn, and moreover, after such a day, they needed the rest they had earned. "We had neither tents, rations, nor grog," says Major North, "but we had the commendation of the general." Havelock slept on his mackintosh; and, writes Mr. Marshman, "to be ready for any emergency that might arise during the night, he slept with his bridle on his arm, his horse standing ready saddled behind him. The bugler, who

had accompanied him on horseback through the perils of the day, lay near him. He belonged to the 78th Highlanders, and an anecdote regarding him is not undeserving of remembrance amidst the events of this day. As the enemy's first gun was fired, the general gave him his watch to mark the time. The bugler noted the moment before he put it into his pocket, and as the last shot was sent after the retreating enemy, took the watch out again, and coolly said, 'Two hours and forty-five minutes, sir!'"

The loss of the British in this battle was 105 men. Well might the general say to his men, in his stirring order of the day—"Soldiers! your general is satisfied and more than satisfied with you." They had, indeed, deserved this praise. In nine days they had marched 126 miles, and fought and won four actions. They now had Cawnpore at their feet.

The next morning spies brought in the dreadful news that Nana Sahib had retreated from Cawnpore after butchering all the prisoners. Havelock immediately sent forward an advanced guard to test the truth of this, and as they came up to the old cantonments, an explosion shook the earth. It was the old magazine which the troopers of the enemy's rear-guard had fired. The army now entered the place. It was a memorable day, the 17th of June, when Cawnpore was recovered, for the horrors it brought to light kindled to an intensity beyond conception the passions of the British soldiers.

For the first thing done was to visit the entrenchment, and the house in which the prisoners had been confined. At the sight thereof strong men wept, and a fierce thirst for vengeance seized them, and made them terrible in battle.

From subsequent inquiries, it appeared that Nana Sahib had preserved the lives of 47 of the women and children from Futtehghur, and 163 of the old Cawnpore garrison. These he kept prisoners. "The captives," writes Captain Thomson, "were fed with only one meal a-day of dhál and chupatties, and these of the meanest sort; they had to eat out of earthen pans, and the food was served by menials of the lowest caste (*mehter*) which in itself was the greatest indignity that Easterns could cast upon them. They had no furniture, no beds, not even straw to lie down upon, but only coarse bamboo matting of the roughest make. The house in which they were incarcerated had formerly been occupied as the dwelling of a native clerk; it comprised two principal rooms, each about twenty feet long and ten broad, and besides these, a number of dark closets rather than rooms, which had been originally intended for the use of native servants; in addition to these, a courtyard, about fifteen yards square presented the only accommodation for these 200 most wretched victims of a brutality in comparison with which hereafter the Black Hole of Calcutta, and its sharp but short agonies, must sink into insignificance. It is said that during the former part of their captivity, several of them went to the Nana, imploring some commiseration with their wretched state, but in vain; and they desisted altogether from such applications, in consequence of one of their number having been cruelly ill-treated by the brutal soldiery. Closely guarded by armed Sepoys, many of them suffering from wounds, all of them emaciated with scanty food, and deprived of all means of cleanliness, the deep, dark horrors of the prisoners in that dungeon must remain to their full extent unknown, and even unimagined."

After the defeat of his troops on the Pandoo Nuddy—that is, on the 15th of July—Nana Sahib ordered all the prisoners to be slain. It is said that Azimoolah, his chief adviser, the pet of Belgravia when he visited London, persuaded Nana Sahib that Havelock was only moving on Cawnpore in the hope of rescuing the women and children, and that, if they were slain, the British would leave India. But this is not a credible story. Nana Sahib and Azimoolah knew the English too well to believe that they would cease their exertions while Agra and Lucknow were beleaguered. It must have been anger and hate and a love of cruelty which prompted this dastardly act. When our troops arrived, Mr. Sherer, the newly appointed magistrate, began an investigation, from which we learn the facts as nearly as they can be known. "When Mr. Sherer," writes Captain Thomson, "entered the house of horrors, in which the slaughter of the women had been perpetrated, the rooms were covered with human gore; articles of clothing that had belonged to women and children—collars, combs, shoes, caps, and little round hats—were found steeped in blood; the walls were spattered with blood, the mats on the floor saturated; the plaster sides of the place were scored with sword cuts, and pieces of long hair were all about the room. No writing was upon the walls, and it is supposed that the inscriptions, which soon became numerous, were put there by the troops, to infuriate each other in the work of revenging the atrocities that had been perpetrated there. There is no doubt that the death of the unhappy victims was accomplished by the sword, and that their bodies, stripped of all clothing, were thrown into an adjacent well. A Bible was found that had belonged to Miss Blair, in which she had written; '27th June.—Went to the boats. 29th.—Taken out of boats. 30th.—Taken to Sevadah Kothi; fatal day.'" One officer who was present wrote: "I picked up a mutilated prayer-book; it had lost the cover, but on the fly-leaf is written, 'For dearest mamma, from her affectionate Louis, June, 1845.' It appears to me to have been opened on page 36 in the Litany, where, I have but little doubt, these poor dear creatures sought and found consolation in that beautiful supplication. It is here sprinkled with blood. The book has lost some pages at the end, and terminates with the 47th Psalm, in which David thanks the Almighty for his signal victories over his enemies."

Such was the scene which tore the hearts of our valiant soldiers, and the recital of which made all England shudder. It is related that the Highlanders, on coming to a body which had been barbarously exposed, and which was supposed to be that of Sir Hugh Wheeler's daughter, cut off the tresses, and counting the hairs, swore that for every hair a rebel should die. "Christian men," says one writer, "who had hitherto spared a flying

foe, came out of that house bearing a portion of a dress or some relic in their hands, and declaring that whenever they might feel disposed for mercy, they would look upon that and steel their hearts."

The reaction which followed his great successes, combined with the critical position in which he found himself, for a moment depressed the spirit of the undaunted Havelock. Here was this fearful massacre; here was news from Lucknow of the death of Henry Lawrence; from Delhi, of the death of General Barnard; from Agra, of a kind of defeat of the troops there; and from Bithoor, news that Nana Sahib had garrisoned that stronghold with 5,000 men. "If the worst comes to the worst," exclaimed Havelock to his son, "we can but die with our swords in our hands." But one night's brief repose restored to the general his wonted calmness. He took up a position west of Cawnpore, that no native army could have stormed. He bought up all the wine, beer, and spirits in the place, to save his soldiers from the effects of drunkenness, cholera, and dysentery. Getting news of the march of a reinforcement, under Neill, from Allahabad, he, on the 19th, selected a situation for a fort, commanding the passage of the Ganges; set several thousand natives to work upon it; directed a steamer to collect as many boats and boatmen as possible; picked out forty-one men from his infantry, and mounted them to act as irregular cavalry; and prepared all things for an attempt to cut his way to Lucknow. In the midst of these labours news reached him, from a sure source, that Nana Sahib, feeling insecure at Bithoor, had crossed into Oude. To test the truth of this, Major Stephenson was sent with a force to Bithoor. It was abandoned, and strewn with wrecks of the plunder of Cawnpore. Stephenson blew up the magazine, burnt the palace, and brought off twenty guns.

Neill came up on the 20th with 227 men. The small fort on the river's bank was in a good state of forwardness. A sufficient number of boats had been collected by Captain Spurgin, of the little Berhampooter. Havelock now determined on executing the daring task of invading Oude. The rain fell in torrents on the night of the 20th of July. Out into the midst of this Havelock rode with the first detachment, and saw them over the river. He had 1,500 men and ten guns for his enterprise. He left the sick and wounded, and 300 men under Neill to hold the Cawnpore fort, and reduce the place to order. On the 25th Havelock crossed, and sent a detachment to occupy Mungulwar, six miles from the river. Here on the 28th the whole force was assembled. It was a strong position, but Havelock's business was to fight, not to act on the defensive. He had received a plan of Lucknow from the place itself, and he had carefully considered the road. The moment was critical; for, learning the defeat of Nana Sahib, who himself was in Oude, the rebel attack on Lucknow had become more close and sustained.

On the 29th Havelock marched upon Onao. Here the rebels had occupied the ground with considerable skill. A deep swamp covered their right. Onao itself protected their left. In front was a village, and a garden entrenched like a bastion. In front of the village were enclosures. Thus the general found that he could not turn the position on either hand. He was forced to assail it in front. The order was given. With ready valour the Highlanders and Fusiliers drove the enemy out of the garden. They fell back on the village; their fire was hot; the 64th had to be brought up; and, all charging together, the village was stormed and the guns captured. This enabled Havelock to interpose his force between the enemy and Onao, towards which town they were hurrying. Firmly lodged on a piece of dry ground in the midst of swamps, and assailable only on a narrow front, Havelock saw his advantage, and allowing the enemy to come near, he shot them to pieces as they were crowded on the road. The Oude native artillery, which had been carefully drilled, behaved with great gallantry; many gunners served their pieces to the last, and fell beside them under the rifles of the Fusiliers and the bayonets of the British Linesmen. Havelock stood victor, and master of fifteen of the enemy's guns.

The troops, after a halt of three hours to rest and eat, once more marched. The rebels had rallied at Busserutgunge. This was a walled town. The gate facing our troops was entrenched, and mounted four guns, and was flanked by towers. The road to Lucknow, running through the place, emerged at the opposite gate, and then was carried on a causeway through one of those large pieces of water called jheels. Concentrating a fire of artillery on the gate, Havelock held the Fusiliers and Highlanders ready to storm it, while he detached the 64th to the left to turn the town and cut off the retreat of the enemy. While the guns were in action, the storming column lay down; but when the fire of the defence slackened, and the Sepoys, frightened at the flank movement, began to run, the Highlanders and Fusiliers, with stern shouts, sprang up and carried the gate at a bound. The enemy fled over the causeway—for the 64th had not come up—and the battle was won. Four more guns were captured. Havelock rode to the front to select his outposts. "As he returned to the causeway, the weary soldiers, who were grouped on it, leaning on their arms, suddenly caught a glimpse of him, and in an instant there was an enthusiastic shout through their ranks—'Clear the way for the general!' A bright smile stole over the stern features of the old chief, as he exclaimed—'You have done that *well* already, men.' This unexpected compliment electrified the troops, and as his form gradually disappeared, they cried, 'God bless the general!'"

In his order of the day, the general thanked the troops, but not *all;* for some, he said, fought as if the cholera had seized their minds as well as their bodies. But he praised Patrick Cavanagh, of the 64th, who "died gloriously, hacked to pieces by the enemy when setting a brilliant example to his comrades. Had he survived, he should have worn the Victoria Cross." He praised Lieutenant Bogle, who, in leading the way into a loop-holed house at Onao, was severely wounded; he applauded Major Stephenson, of the Fusiliers, "that regiment the rebels know and fear as the Blue Caps;"

and he said of Lieutenant Dangerfield, first to mount the barricade in the second action, he "has merited the cross reserved for the brave." By such means Havelock stimulated his men.

But he and they were destined to disappointment. A mutiny at Dinapore had prevented the arrival of the 5th and 90th regiments. He had lost nearly 100 men on the 29th; a third of his ammunition was expended; cholera, smiting down scores, was in his camp; he had little or no spare transport; so, with a bitter feeling, he fell back to Mungulwar. Here he received five more guns and 257 men, but was obliged to disarm his native gun Lascars. The enemy—mutineers from Oude and Saugor, in Central India—was now gathering in force at Bithoor, and Neill was apprehensive of an attack; but Havelock, determined to try once more, told Neill to hold his communications, and on the 4th marched to Onao, and on the 5th once more to Busserutgunge. Here the enemy were again. Knowing the ground better this time, the general, while he prepared to cannonade the front of the village, sent a force round their left flank. When this force emerged, he began the cannonade. The effect was almost instantaneous. Smitten by a point-blank fire of shot and shell, the rebels fled. The 64th and 84th dashed into the gate, while the Highlanders and Fusiliers and four of Meade's guns caught them as they streamed out on to the causeway. But, with great courage, the enemy rallied again in a village on both flanks. These were taken in brilliant style. The Sepoys carried off their cannon, but left 250 men on the field. Havelock could not improve his victories, because he had no cavalry. This was a fatal defect, as it gave the enemy time to rally. Our loss—so swift and able had been our movements—was only two killed and twenty-three wounded.

Yet even now Havelock could not go on. As the Oude folk defended every post, he felt that he could only reach Lucknow with a force too weak to break in, much less carry off the garrison. He heard also that the Gwalior Contingent was moving up to the Jumna, and he knew that Nana Sahib was not far off in Oude, and that the mutineers at Bithoor were growing every day stronger. Therefore he once more fell back to Mungulwar. The troops were indignant, but there is no doubt the general was right. His army was the only force we had between Behar and Delhi, and he was bound not to throw it away uselessly. He, therefore, drew up at Mungulwar, entrenched it, and made good his raft bridge over the Ganges, hoping reinforcements would arrive. In vain. Neill now urged him to send over aid to drive the enemy from Bithoor, who were meditating offensive operations. Havelock then resolved to abandon Oude altogether. He had begun to re-cross the river, when he learned that 5,000 men, with artillery, had occupied Busserutgunge. He saw that if he retreated under such a threat without striking a blow, he would lose much of that moral influence his daring actions had secured. So, before crossing, he turned upon his foe. Two marches brought him up to the position. Again the enemy had made a skilful choice of position; and again, by skill and courage, our troops thrust him out of it, with heavy loss to him and little to them. Thus they had been thrice beaten on this one battlefield. Having struck this heavy blow, Havelock retreated at once, and on the 13th crossed to the right bank of the Ganges; then the bridge was broken up, and the boats brought over to the Cawnpore side. Such was the first effort to relieve Lucknow. It failed; but it is impossible not to admire the devotion and resolution of the general and his men, who—in spite of such odds as were arrayed against them—in spite of the fervid heat and its effects, fever, cholera, lassitude—had eight times encountered victoriously the enemy on the field of battle.

On the 16th he went forth to his ninth action. The rebels at Bithoor were now to feel the weight of his hand. They were a "scratch pack," from five regiments, but they had a strong position, and many of them were very brave men. They were drawn up in fields of sugar-cane, with a village and an inclosure here and there, and behind a line of breastwork. Behind these was a stream crossed by a stone bridge. Instead of having this in their rear, the enemy should have had it in front. No doubt he relied on his numbers. After a march, under a cloudless August sun, the troops came up with the enemy, and speedily routed him out of his canebrakes, but not before, in some cases, men of the 42nd Native Infantry had crossed bayonets with the Madras Fusiliers. The real work had now to be done. Covered by his breastwork, the enemy fought with great obstinacy, keeping his great guns going, and maintaining a fire of musketry equal, so thought the general, to that of the Sikhs at Ferozeshah. Our artillery could not silence the Sepoy guns. There was nothing for it but the bayonet. Our infantry got the word they love so much, and charging in upon the enemy, lifted him clear over the bridge, captured his guns, and put him to flight. As Havelock rode along the line, after the action, the men cheered. "Don't cheer me, my men," he said; "you did it all yourselves." Havelock halted at Bithoor one night, and then returned to Cawnpore. Before he left he had cleared the town, and had blown up the remains of the Nana's buildings. The reason for retreating was that the defeated force might have doubled round upon Cawnpore, and sacked it in the absence of the troops.

This action terminated Havelock's first campaign. He now learned, to his chagrin, that Sir James Outram had been appointed to take command of the troops destined for the relief of Lucknow. Here we must quit for a time this noble soldier, whose services were precious—were inestimable. But before we return to Delhi, we must tell by what accumulation of stupidities the reinforcements destined for Havelock were delayed on the road.

The reasons lie in the defective resolution of the Calcutta Government. At an early stage in the mutiny, Jung Bahadoor, of Nepaul, had offered his assistance, and Major Ramsay, our agent at his capital, had transmitted the offer. He proposed to send six regiments of Nepaulese to Benares or Allahabad. The Government

did not like to acquiesce in this destination of the troops. Benares and Allahabad were too important to be held by any natives. The proposal was declined; but, after a lapse of some days, when our prospects grew every moment more gloomy, Jung Bahadoor's offer was accepted, but he was directed to move upon and occupy Gorruckpore. Here he might do good and could do little harm. In this opinion, not only the Calcutta Government, but Mr. Tucker at Benares, and Havelock at Cawnpore acquiesced, and the latter declared that he could not accept aid from Nepaulese, unless their women and children and sick were left in some place as a sort of hostages, so profound was the distrust at this time of any natives. Lord Canning has been censured with regard to his treatment of the Nepaulese, but we do not think wisely. His treatment of the Sepoys at Dinapore, however, does not admit of defence or excuse.

Dinapore is a military station, ten miles west of Patna, the capital of the province of Behar, inhabited by a turbulent population, numbering 300,000, a large proportion of whom were Mahomedans. Dependent on Patna, were Gyah, Arrah, and Dinprah, small civil stations without troops. In the whole of the province, there were only troops at three places: the 12th Irregulars, at Segowlie; a detachment from them, and Rattray's Sikhs, at Patna; and a brigade at Dinapore. This brigade consisted of the 10th Foot, the 7th, 8th, and 40th Native Infantry, and two companies of Artillery, one European, the other native; the commander was General Lloyd, a veteran of large service, and once a man of energy and ability; but he was now nearly seventy, and he believed in the fidelity of the Sepoys! Now, not only were the latter ripe for mutiny, but Patna itself was on the verge of revolt. In July, Mr. Tayler got the clue to a conspiracy, pounced upon, and forthwith hung a number of conspirators, and when the Mahomedans, persisting, rose in revolt, he crushed them at once with Rattray's Sikhs. Dr. Lyell, however, was slain; a Moulvie, the chief plotter, got off, and three of the worst criminals, reprieved for the moment were in the end released. Nevertheless, Mr. Tayler kept Patna down with an iron hand. There could be no security in the province, until the Dinapore regiments were disarmed.

Nothing would have been easier. In the middle of July, the 5th Foot, just landed from the Mauritius, and half the 37th Foot were on their way up the Ganges. On their arrival at Dinapore, these might have been landed, and in conjunction with the 10th Foot, every native might have been disarmed in an hour. But Lord Canning left it to General Lloyd to say whether the regiments should be disarmed, and General Lloyd had faith in the Sepoys. Moreover, Lord Canning refused to allow the 5th to land for an hour at Dinapore. The consequence of throwing the responsibility on Lloyd, and of refusing to detain the 5th, were very serious. General Lloyd thought it would be enough to take away from the Sepoys the percussion caps. This half-measure was executed on the 25th of July, just when Havelock was preparing to spring into Oude. On the morning of that day, the 10th were under arms, and two carts sent to the magazine; in these the caps were placed, and brought away. The Sepoys murmured, threatened, but for the moment were quieted, and the general, thinking all over, went to lunch on board a steamer. Suddenly shots were heard. It appeared that when the Sepoys were ordered to deliver up the caps in their pouches, they fired; thereupon the 10th marched upon their lines and opened fire. The Sepoys at once decamped; some ran to the Ganges and tried to cross, but a sharp fire from a steamer sunk their boats. The greater part made off, unpursued, towards Arrah. Their enterprise was not easy; they had the Soane to cross. A quick pursuit would have found them seeking boats on its right bank. No pursuit was made for three days, and in that time they had crossed the river and entered Arrah. Kour Singh, a large landowner, a man who exhibited a gun at the Great Exhibition in 1851, joined the mutineers, supplied boats, counsel, leadership. They marched on Arrah, intending to plunder the treasury, and crossing the Ganges at Buxar, enter Oude. They were frustrated by the bravery of a few civilians, who, in their turn, had to be relieved by the skill of a genuine soldier.

Early in June, on rumour of mutiny at Patna, the European residents at Arrah had sent the women and children to Dinapore. With them went many men, non-combatants; but there stayed behind eight men, resolved not to desert the station. These men kept up a very strict watch, and lived together. Moreover, they determined to select a house, render it defensive, and provision it. Mr. Boyle, railway engineer, possessed a two-storied building, intended for a billiard room. A verandah, resting on arches, ran round each story. Mr Boyle bricked up the arches of the lower altogether, except spaces for loopholes. On the upper floor he piled sand-bags between the pillars, leaving intervals for musketry fire. In this place provisions were stored—rice, grain, biscuits, water. This little fort was finished in June. In July fifty Sikhs came from Patna for treasure, and happily remained long enough to be of essential service.

For when the news of the Dinapore mutiny arrived, the little party of Europeans at once betook themselves to their fort. They were—Mr. Littledale, Mr. Wake, Mr. Coombe, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Halls, Mr. Colvin, Mr. Field, Mr. Cock, Mr. Anderson—names deserving to be remembered. There were also six half-castes, one native gentlemen, and fifty Sikhs. On the 26th of July, these gallant fellows bricked themselves up in their house; the next day the Dinapore mutineers, reinforced by the scum of Arrah and the retainers of Kour Singh, were around them. That very day they made a sort of charge on the frail building, which, says one of its defenders, they might have knocked down by their weight alone; but so hot was the fire from the loopholes that they fell back under shelter. For a week these gallant men were regularly besieged; the Sepoys brought up small cannon, and all day and night kept up a fire. But the defenders were as indefatigable as they were brave; they repaired

damages, strengthened the defences, dug a well when water ran short. The enemy mined, and they countermined, with tools stolen from the enemy. Such was the effect of their fire, that no Sepoy could show himself in safety. The foe was so near that one of them, at intervals, offered terms, which were scornfully refused: the heroes of Arrah had resolved to die where they stood rather than capitulate. The Sikhs proved to be true as steel.

Two efforts were made to relieve this illustrious garrison; one from Dinapore, one from an unexpected quarter. The general at Dinapore sent 400 men in steamers, up the Soane, under Captain Dunbar. These landed on the left bank, and, unfortunately, the officer in command was induced to march at night. He was led into a Sepoy ambuscade, planted close to the town, and there in the dark, he and his men were shot down by hundreds of Sepoys concealed in the groves lining the road. Unable to see the enemy, our men fired at random, and were forced back in confusion. Some rallied, and marched the next morning for the Soane, pursued all the way by the Sepoys even to the river. Out of 400 men there were only fifty unwounded, and out of fifteen officers only three. The garrison at Arrah heard the fight; a Sikh brought in news of the defeat, but happily he understated the magnitude of the disaster, and the intelligence did not shake the *morale* or quench the hope of Mr. Boyle and his comrades. Cheerfully they fought on, until aid came from Major Eyre.

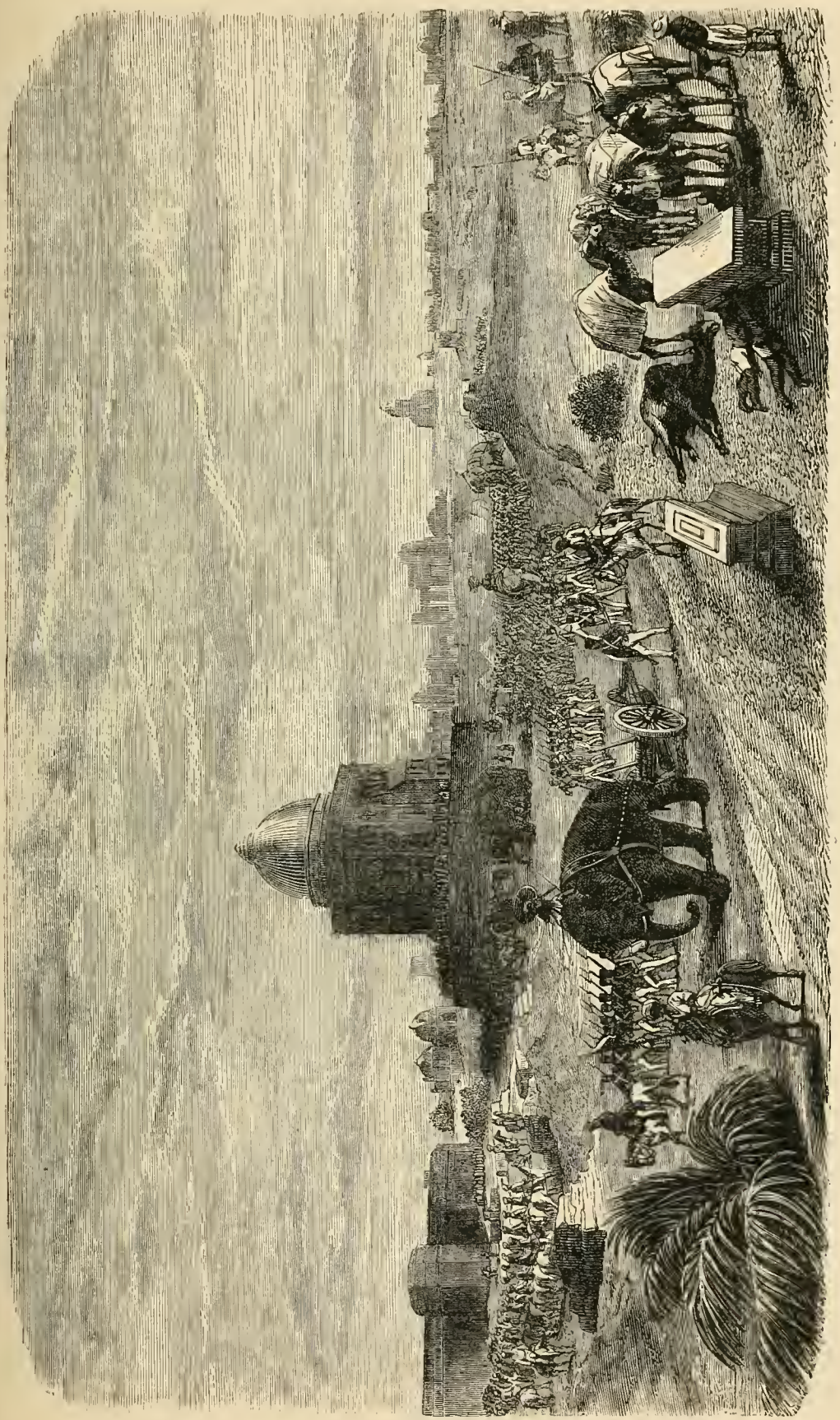
Vincent Eyre had already won a name in the annals of India. He was an officer of artillery, and at the end of July was steaming up the Ganges, in charge of three guns and half a company of European artillery. He reached Ghazeepore on the 28th, and there heard that the Dinapore mutineers were besieging Europeans in a house at Arrah. Eyre was at once eager to strike a blow for their relief. The authorities offered him twenty-five Highlanders, and with this addition to his force, making a total of *sixty* men, he was ready to undertake the enterprise. Thereupon, the head of the steamer was turned down stream, bound for Buxar on the right—that is, the Arrah—bank of the Ganges. Buxar was reached on the 30th, and there Major Eyre by good luck found 150 men of that very regiment, the 5th, which Lord Canning would not allow to be used in disarming the Dinapore brigade. Eyre took the 5th, sent back the Highlanders, accepted the services of volunteers from the Stud and Railway Department, and with 200 men and two guns, marched for Arrah on the 1st of August. He had fifty miles to traverse. That night he marched twenty-eight; here he heard of the defeat of the Dinapore troops, which we have already described. Far from discouraging him, this evil news only inspired him with new vigour. At two in the morning he was again on the road; but the march was slow, for there were several streams to cross, and he had to make the bridges passable. In the evening he reached a village nine miles from Arrah, and had the good fortune to find that a bridge over a deep stream had not been broken. Seizing the bridge, he halted in rear of it, and waited for daylight, to move on the enemy. Hearing of his approach, they had quitted the siege, leaving only a part of their force to blockade the house, and had taken up a position in the woods, on the road through which the relieving force was obliged to pass.

When Eyre moved out of his camp on the 3rd, he soon felt the enemy. But seeing that their front was weaker than their flanks, Eyre made for it, and the Sepoys, fearing the result, retreated from the groves, and fell back to an entrenched position. A river flowed in front of it, the mutineers had broken the bridge, and thus they were unassailable; but higher up the stream, a railway embankment crossed it, and Eyre resolved to master this point. So he turned to his right and moved off, covering his movement by the fire of his guns; thereupon the Sepoys marched out of their lines, and hurried along intent on seizing a clump of wood, which commanded the approach to the railway. There was now a race for this point, and the Sepoys won it, having better ground to traverse, and no guns. But Eyre would not be thus foiled. In spite of the gallant conduct of the Sepoys, he got up his guns, and shelled them in the woods; while his foot, in skirmishing order, kept up a musketry fire. Nevertheless, the Sepoys held fast to the groves, and even made some attempts to capture the guns. Finding he could not expel them with cannon, Eyre let loose his infantry. They had to cross 300 yards under fire; but led by Captain L'Estrange, cheered on by Captain Hastings and Mr. Kelly, who rode on the flanks, they charged in. The Sepoys did not wait the shock, but vanished at the sight of the cold steel. Pursuing the fugitives, our troops were unhappily stopped by another stream, and had to halt until a bridge could be made, over which to take the guns. This was a very brilliant action, in which 200 men, well led, defeated 2,500.

The broken host had streamed into Arrah before dawn, and then had vanished into the jungles. In the night the sentries in Mr. Boyle's house heard a voice saying, "Some news—don't fire." Assured of safety, two men came out and told the joyful tale of Eyre's victory. Thereupon a party sallied out—the enemy had fled. It was found, however, that the Sepoy mine was ready for explosion, and it was at once rendered harmless. Then came in two volunteers from Major Eyre, "waving their hats." The joyous garrison received them with uproarious cheers. Next came in the troops; and thus Arrah was relieved.

But Eyre's work was not over. The Sepoys had retired to Jugdespore, the dwelling-place of Kour Singh. Eyre thought it would be desirable to rout them out, and applied to Dinapore for a detachment of the 10th Foot. It was sent; and with these and his brave 5th Fusiliers, Eyre again defeated the mutineers in the jungle, and captured and burnt the village of Jugdespore and the palace of Kour Singh. Then he returned, and forthwith set out for Allahabad, where we may meet him again.

The effects of the Dinapore mutiny were felt all over Behar. The 12th Irregulars mutinied, cutting off the



ENVIRONS OF DELHI.

heads of Major and Mrs. Holmes; two companies of Sepoys at Hazareebagh broke out and burnt the station; magistrates and Europeans fled in all directions, and weeks elapsed, and a large display of force had to be made, before order was restored. Moreover, Kour Singh and the broken mutineers went to Nagode and raised the 50th Native Infantry; and several other regiments and parts of regiments took fire and exploded. These were the causes that arrested the march of reinforcements to Havelock, and frustrated his splendid efforts to reach Lucknow.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Delhi and the Punjab in July—New Proposal to assault Delhi abandoned—On the Defensive—Interior of Delhi—The Mutineers try to surprise a Convoy, and fail—Death of General Barnard—Bridges blown up—The Rohilcund Mutineers—Traitors in our Camp—Action of the 9th July—Gallant Conduct of Hills and Tombs—Action of the 14th—Chamberlain wounded—Hodson's Single Combat—The Jhansi Mutineers arrive—Showers and Seaton at Ludlow Castle—Wilson improves the state of the Camp—Sir John Lawrence—Proceedings of the Moveable Column—Nicholson disarms the 33rd and 35th Native Infantry—Lawrence disarms the 58th Native Infantry—Mutiny and Fight at Jhelum—Mutiny and Massacre at Sealkote—Nicholson at Umritsir; Disarms the 59th Native Infantry—Forced March on Gordaspore—Defeats and destroys the Sealkote Men at Trimmoo Ghat—Fresh Perils—Mutiny of the Disarmed 26th Native Infantry at Lahore—Mr. Cooper destroys them at Ujnalla—Mutiny of the 10th Cavalry at Ferozepore—Tragedy at Peshawur—Destruction of the 51st Native Infantry—These Operations set free the Moveable Column, which, with Siege Train, marches for Delhi—Progress of the Siege—Four Rebel Guns captured—The Moveable Column arrives—Hodson in the Saddle—Nicholson's Victory at Nujuffghur—End of August.

While Havelock had been striving so heroically to push on to Lucknow, the garrison in that city had been closely beset, and had valiantly defended itself; and up in the Punjab and around Delhi, whither we must now return, the mighty contest had raged without cessation, verging onward towards a climax, and characterised still by moments when the whole of the shaken fabric of British power tottered and seemed about to fall: for not only did the force within Delhi resist day by day, but the men of the Punjab had not yet finally settled accounts with armed and disarmed mutineers.

The reader may remember that at the beginning of July reinforcements from the Punjab had raised the British army before Delhi to 6,600 men. At the same time, however, five native regiments and a battery of artillery arrived on the left bank of the Jumna opposite Delhi from Rohilcund. This added upwards of 4,000 fresh men to the rebel army. With them came Mohamed Bukt Khan from Bareilly, formerly a subahdar of artillery, now a general of brigade, and, soon after his arrival, Commander-in-Chief of the Sepoy army. When they came up, the swollen river had broken the bridge of boats, and it was not re-established for two days. Our forces were so few that we were compelled to look on while the enemy performed this operation at leisure. During this time, also, it was found that we had traitors in our camp, and several Hindostanees in the Sikh regiments were disarmed; some were hanged, and one was shot by a Sikh whom he had endeavoured to corrupt. The arrival of our own reinforcements had also once more raised the hopes of the daring and impatient. Another project of assault was framed. "One column was to effect an entrance by blowing in the iron grating of the canal, near the Cabul Gate; another column to enter the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown in; a third column to escalade the Cashmere bastion; and a detachment, creeping round by the river side, was to effect an entrance in that direction." But, on reflection, it appeared to the cooler heads that success would depend on the completeness of the surprise; that a surprise was doubtful; and that, even on the assumption that the Sepoys could be taken unawares, the force we could employ would be inadequate to the work in hand; so the plan fell through.

In the mutineer camp, however, want of men could be no excuse for inactivity. It is true there was great dissension in the rebel city; that the generals boarded the old king in the council chamber, and rode their horses up the steps of his palace, and filled his zenana with intrigue; that the princes of his house were cruel, and profligate, and corrupt, and insubordinate; that the Mussulman quarrelled with the Hindoo; that there were frequent conflicts in the city; that the bazaars were plundered; that the native merchants were compelled to place themselves at the mercy of extortioners; and that the Sepoys lived at free quarters. All these things were duly reported by our spies; but there was still sufficient unity, the effect of dread of the British, to stimulate the Sepoys to fight. The old king, however, was even at this time thinking of surrender, on the basis of a guarantee of his personal safety, so doubtful had he become of success, or so disgusted with the mockery of rule with which he had been endued. Fond of composing couplets in Persian, he wrote about this time—

> "The army surrounds me; I have no peace nor quiet;
> My life alone remains, and that they will soon destroy."

He made a formal offer to betray the mutineers, provided he were restored to his former rank and emoluments. "Treat, but beware of treachery," was the answer of Lawrence; and we may say that it was one of his very few acts of weakness. The general did *not* treat; and the governor-general, when he heard of the proposal, objected to it altogether; but that was weeks after the affair had passed over without result. If the king was depressed, the Sepoys were not, for in the beginning of July the new arrivals so raised the spirits of the mutineers that they engaged in several desperate actions.

Their first operation was daring, and a dangerous one for us. The road to the Punjab, so vital to our safety, was entirely guarded by native troops, perfectly trustworthy, but in weak detachments, placed here and there to keep the road clear of marauders. It was along this road that our sick and wounded were sent to Umballa, and that our convoys of treasure and ammunition passed to the camp. The Sepoys, of course, knew this, and were moderately well-informed of the goings and comings of convoys. They had heard that a quantity of treasure was coming down, and that a number of sick were going up; they resolved to capture the first, and to

murder the second. So on the 3rd about 6,000 men of all arms, with several guns, moved out of the Lahore Gate, and went round our right. They were not unseen. All night they marched, making for Alipore, one march in the rear of our camp. Here they drove off the Sikh guard, but found neither sick nor treasure; the former had passed on the 2nd, the latter, delayed on the road, had not come up. The Sepoys, instead of pushing for Kurnaul, as they might have done, counter-marched on Delhi. Major Coke, with 1,100 men and 12 guns, had been sent out to intercept them. Hodson and his horse had been on the look-out, and gave Coke ample information. But although our troops got within cannon shot, and engaged the enemy, they did little except capture an ammunition wagon and a store cart, and recover the plunder of Alipore.

In order to check these attacks on our line of communications, it was resolved to blow up all the bridges over the canal except one, and also to destroy part of an aqueduct, one of the mighty works of the former Mahomedan rulers of Delhi. These enterprises were effected during the next week, and thus greater safety was secured for the rear, and the country folk were able to bring provisions into our markets without danger from the Sepoys.

On the day after the attack on Alipore, General Barnard sickened of cholera, and by night he was dead. Himself a distinguished soldier, and the son of a more distinguished soldier, Sir Andrew Barnard, he had found himself in a situation unsuited to his abilities; for having served in the Crimea as chief of the staff, he had only arrived in India a few months before the mutiny broke out. He was greatly respected and beloved in camp, but even his admirers lament his unfitness for the work in hand. He was succeeded by a seniority general of no mark, who in turn fell ill, and, going off on sick leave, left Brigadier Archdale Wilson in command of the troops before Delhi. The Sepoys said we had poisoned two generals and dismissed a third, because they had not been able to capture the city!

The work of blowing up the bridges—very arduous tasks, because, the waters being out, the marching through the flooded lands was most trying to the men and cattle—had just been effected, when, on the 9th of July, the newly-arrived Sepoys again sought to distinguish themselves by an assault upon our lines. Among the troops from Bareilly which had just entered Delhi were the troopers of the 8th Irregulars. A wing of the 9th was in our camp, and many men in it had friends in the mutinous 8th. The incidents of the day showed that these two regiments were in communication. "About ten o'clock" on the morning, writes Captain Norman, "the insurgents appeared to be increasing in numbers in the suburbs on our right, when suddenly a body of cavalry emerged from cover on the extreme right of our right flank, and charged into camp. There was a mound on our right on which was placed a battery of three 18-pounders, with an infantry picquet, all facing the Subzee Mundee suburb. To the right of the mound, on the low ground, was a picquet of two horse-artillery guns and a troop of dragoons, the guns being this day furnished by Major Tombs' troop, and commanded by Lieutenant Hills; the cavalry from the Carabineers, and commanded by Lieutenant Stillman. Still further to the right, at a faqueer's inclosure, was a native officer's picquet of the 9th Irregulars, from which two videttes were thrown forward some 200 yards on the trunk-road. These videttes could see down the road towards Delhi as far as our picquet at the serai—perhaps 700 or 800 yards, and up the road to the canal-cut, about 200 yards. Across the road were rather dense gardens. The place at which the videttes were posted was not visible from camp; and some horsemen in white advancing, attracted but little notice, their dress being the same as that of the 9th Irregulars, from which corps the faqueer's picquet was taken. Some alarm, however, arose, and the two horse-artillery guns at the picquet were got ready; but the leading cavalry insurgents, beckoning men in their rear, dashed on at a speed; and the troop of Carabineers, all very young, most of them untrained soldiers, and only thirty-two in number of all ranks, turned and broke, save the officer and two or three men, who nobly stood. Lieutenant Hills, commanding the guns, seeing the cavalry come on unopposed, alone charged the head of the horsemen, to give his guns time to unlimber, and cut down one or two of the sowars, while the main body of horsemen riding over and past the guns, followed up the Carabineers, and a confused mass of horsemen came streaming in at the right of camp. Major Tombs, whose tent was on the right, had heard the first alarm, and, calling for his horse to be brought after him, walked towards the picquet just as the cavalry came on. He was just in time to see his gallant subaltern down on the ground, with one of the enemy's sowars ready to kill him. From a distance of thirty yards he fired with his revolver, and dropped Hills's opponent. Hills got up and engaged a man on foot, who was cut down by Tombs, after Hills had received a severe sabre-cut on the head. Meanwhile great confusion had been caused by the inroad of the sowars, most of whom made for the guns of the native troop of horse artillery, which was on the right of camp, calling on the men to join them. The native horse artillerymen, however, behaved admirably, and called to Major Olpherts' European troop, which was then unlimbered close by, to fire through them at the mutineers. The latter, however, managed to secure and carry off some horses, and several followers were cut down in camp. Captain Fagan, of the artillery, rushing out of his tent, got together a few men, and followed up some of the sowars, who were then endeavouring to get away, and killed fifteen of them. More were killed by some men of the 1st Brigade, and all were driven out of the camp, some escaping by a bridge over the canal-cut in our rear. It is estimated that not more than 100 sowars were engaged in this enterprise, and about thirty-five were killed, including a native officer. All this time the cannonade from the city, and from many field-guns outside, raged fast and furious, and a heavy fire of musketry was kept up upon our batteries, and on the Subzee Mundee picquets from the enclosures and gardens

of the suburbs. A column was therefore formed to dislodge them, consisting of Major Scott's horse battery, the available men of the 8th and 61st Foot and 4th Sikh Infantry—in all about 700 infantry, and six guns, reinforced *en route* by the head-quarters and two companies of the 60th Rifles, under Lieutenant Colonel J. Jones; the infantry brigade being commanded by Brigadier W. Jones, C.B., and Brigadier-General Chamberlain directing the whole. As this column swept up through the Subzee Mundee, Major Reid was instructed to move down and co-operate with such infantry as could be spared from the main picquet. The insurgents were cleared out of the gardens without difficulty, though the denseness of the vegetation rendered the mere operation of passing through them a work of time. At some of the serais, however, a very obstinate resistance was made, and the insurgents were not dislodged without considerable loss. Eventually everything was effected that was desired, our success being greatly aided by the admirable and steady practice of Major Scott's battery under a heavy fire, eleven men being put *hors de combat* out of its small complement. By sunset the engagement was over, and the troops returned to camp, drenched through with rain, which, for several hours, had fallen at intervals with great violence. Our loss this day was one officer and 40 men killed, 8 officers and 163 men wounded, 11 men missing."

The personal encounters in which Hills and Tombs were engaged deserve a more particular narration, as both officers received the Cross of Valour for their daring on this day. In his account of the fight, Tombs omitted all reference to himself, and his Colonel, Mackenzie, therefore tore it up. Fortunately, a letter from Hills to a friend found its way into the *Times*, and from this we can see what a sharp affair this combat was. "The alarm went," he says, "and off I started with my two guns to a position laid down for them, when, to my astonishment, through an opening on my right, only fifty yards off, dashed a body of cavalry. Now I tried to get my guns into action, but only got one unlimbered when [his own men running away, unhappily] they [the enemy] were upon me. I thought that by charging them [alone] I might make a commotion, and give the gun time to load; so in I went at the front rank, cut down the first fellow, slashed the next across the face as hard as I could, when two sowars charged me. Both their horses crashed into mine at the same moment, and, of course, both horse and myself were sent flying. We went down at such a pace that I escaped the cuts made at me, one of them giving my jacket an awful slice just below the left arm; it only, however, cut the jacket. Well, I lay quite snug until all had passed over me, and then got up and looked about for my sword. I found it full ten yards off. I had hardly got hold of it, when three fellows returned, two on horseback. The first I wounded, and dropt him from his horse; the second charged me with a lance; I put it aside, and caught him an awful gash on the head and face. I thought I had killed him; apparently he must have clung to his horse, for he disappeared. The wounded man then came up, but got his skull split. Then came on the third man, a young active fellow. I found myself getting very weak from want of breath, the fall from my horse having pumped me considerably; and my cloak somehow or other had got tightly fixed round my throat, and was kindly choking me. I went, however, at the fellow, and cut him on the shoulder; but some 'kupra' (cloth) on it apparently turned the blow. He managed to seize the hilt of my sword, and twisted it out of my hand; and then we had a hand-to-hand fight, I punching his head with my fists, and he trying to cut me; but I was too close to him. Somehow or other I fell, and then was the time, fortunately for me, that Tombs came up and shot the fellow. I was so choked by my cloak that more I could not until I got it loosened. By-the-by, I forgot to say that I fired at this chap twice; but the pistol snapped, and I was so enraged I drove it at the fellow's head, missing him, however. Then, when I got up, Tombs was so eager to get up to a mound near us, that I only picked up my sword and followed him. After being there some time, we came down again to look after the unlimbered gun which was left behind. When we got down, I saw the very man Tombs had saved me from moving off with my pistol (he had only been wounded, and shammed dead). I told Tombs, and he went at him. After a little slashing and guarding at both sides, I rushed in at him, and thrust; he cleverly jumped aside and cut me on the head, knocking me down, not, however, stunning me; for I warded his next cut when down. Tombs, following him up, made him a pass, and up I jumped and had a slash at him, cutting him on the left wrist, nearly severing it. This made him turn round, and then Tombs ran him through. He very nearly knocked over Tombs, for he cut through his cap and pagrie, but, fortunately, did not cut the skin. I fancy I am indebted again to Tombs for my life; for although I might have got up and fought, still I was bleeding like a pig, and, of course, would have had a bad chance."

The heads of the army—really, at this time, Chamberlain and Norman—saw now that they must get rid of the irregulars; but instead of disarming them, they marched them off to the Punjab. Chamberlain had commanded the 9th, hence he dealt tenderly with them; while he disarmed the native artillerymen who had behaved so well, and sent them to work in the batteries!

Not content with the result of the 9th, the mutineers, on the 14th, renewed the attack. They moved, as usual, out of the Lahore Gate, and made for the Subzee Mundee. The position on this side, however, had been strengthened greatly since the inroad of the troopers on the 9th, and the Sepoys were easily repelled. The fight became one of artillery and musketry, each party availing himself of good cover. At length we had to put an end to it in the usual way. Brigadier Chamberlain formed a column, and led them against the enemy—literally so; for our troops, not liking the look of a wall lined with Sepoys, stopped short, instead of charging at it. Thereupon Chamberlain, spurring his horse, leaped clean over the wall into the midst of the enemy, daring his own men to follow. They did, but Chamberlain got hit in the

shoulder. Once on the move, our infantry kept the Sepoys going, and drove them from garden to garden and house to house up to the walls of Delhi. For this they paid heavily; for when they began to retire, the Sepoys took heart, and, issuing out, opened with musketry and grape. Luckily, Hodson, who had seen the column go in, followed with a few of his horse, and arrived at the moment of peril. Aided by some officers and the boldest spirits among the European and Guide Infantry, he stopped the enemy's cavalry, and then retired fighting, until two guns came up, and soon "drove the last living rebel into his pandemonium," as they called Delhi in those days. But we lost 15 killed, and had 150 wounded. Hodson himself had a narrow escape. "A rascally pandy," he writes, "made a thrust at my horse, which I parried, when he seized his 'tulwar' (sabre) in both hands, bringing it down like a sledge-hammer. It caught on the iron of my antigropelos legging, which it broke into the skin, cut through the stirrup-leather, and took a slice off my boot and stocking; and yet, wonderful to say, the sword did not penetrate into the skin. Both my horse and myself were staggered by the force of the blow; but I recovered myself quickly, and I don't think that pandy will ever raise his tulwar again."

During the remainder of July there were two more actions. The Jhansi regiments entered Delhi on the 16th; our spies in the city warned the general of an impending attack; and on the 18th the fresh regiments began what they boasted should be a four days' fight. There was nothing in the combat to distinguish it from so many of its predecessors. The alarm sounded, our troops turned out; the Sepoys, swarming among the ruins about the Subzee Mundee, retired as soon as they were assailed, and our men followed them as far as prudence dictated, and then drew off. The Sepoys did not keep their promise. One day's fighting seemed to have satisfied them. On the 23rd they sallied from the Cashmere Gate, and tried to establish a battery near the house called Ludlow Castle; but they were sharply assailed by a force under Brigadier Showers, and driven into the city. Unfortunately, in trying to take their guns the troops got too near the walls, and suffered accordingly. Showers, and Seaton, and Money, all excellent officers, were wounded. No other fighting of moment occurred for the rest of the month; but in the meantime there had been hot work in the Punjab.

General Wilson, looking for troops from the Punjab, had changed materially the system of warfare before Delhi. He resolved to make more secure the position on the ridge, and connected the isolated batteries with a continuous line of breastworks. He determined to confine himself as much as possible to a system of resistance, and not give the enemy the opportunities he appeared to covet of luring our columns under the fire of the walls. He established a system of reliefs, so that part of the force got some rest while the bulk was on duty. The result was that the discipline of the troops, which had been growing somewhat slack, was rendered more rigorous, and a higher tone was imparted to the whole body. Rest and food, at stated times, soon improved the health of the army. The great point was to stand fast until the remaining troops which could be spared from the Punjab should arrive. We have now to tell what detained them.

To all suggestions that the siege of Delhi should be abandoned, Sir John Lawrence had offered instant and peremptory resistance. He would rather have restored the Peshawur valley to the Affghans than have abandoned Delhi. As a measure of despair he had even contemplated and discussed the surrender of the valley. His wisest counsellers were vehemently opposed to the latter move; they would have preferred the raising of the siege. Happily neither measure was forced upon him. He was burthened with a vast responsibility, for by severing the electric wires the Sepoys had made him Governor-General of the Punjab and the North-west above Agra. Aided by men like Montgomery, and Edwardes, and Nicholson—supported by such unflinching lieutenants as Frederick Cooper, Reynell Taylor, Spaukie, Barnes, and Forsyth—he was able to quell his own mutineers, and pour down on Delhi those reinforcements which enabled Wilson to take it by storm.

That brilliant invention, the moveable column, had not been idle during the month of July. There were five regiments of infantry and two of cavalry still in arms. Six of these regiments were in stations where there was not a single European soldier. The problem was how to get their arms. It was resolved first to deal with the 58th Native Infantry at Rawul Pindee and the 14th at Jhelum. The first is a station between the Indus and the river Jhelum; the second is on the right bank of the stream whose name it bears, and is one of the most picturesque stations in India. Sir John Lawrence reduced the force of the 14th, by calling up two companies to Rawul Pindee, where he had the 24th Foot and six guns. At this time the moveable column, which had fallen to the able command of Nicholson, was at Philour. He had joined the column at Jullundhur. With it was the 35th Native Infantry, and Nicholson called up the 33rd Native Infantry, and then set out with these troops as if he were about to march for Delhi. There was amazement in the camp. March two Sepoy regiments to Delhi! It was madness. Nicholson had far other designs, but these he kept secret. By artful management he brought both under the guns of Philour, and into the presence of his European infantry; took them by surprise, ordered them, one after the other, to pile arms, and was obeyed! Had there been resistance, for this he was prepared; for Mr. Ricketts stood at the bridge of boats over the Sutlej, ready to break it at the sound of the first gun, and Bourchier stood by his battery, ready to follow the fugitives, and mow them down with grape.

This successful move had been completed, and the column was eager for a march on Delhi, when Nicholson, who was acting in concert with Sir John Lawrence, turned his back on the road to Delhi, and his face towards the north. On the march he deposited the disarmed regiments at stations where they could be watched

by Punjabee infantry, and thus freed, moved to Umritsir. In the meantime Sir John had planned that the disarmament of the 58th and 14th should be effected on the same day, July 7. He had little difficulty with the 58th. At first they seemed inclined to resist, but soon yielded. The two companies of the 14th, however, fled. They were pursued by mounted Punjabees, and those that escaped were brought in by the villagers. At Jhelum there was a battle. Sir John had sent 260 of the 24th Foot, three guns, and 150 police, all under Colonel Ellice, to disarm the 14th. These were followed by 700 Mooltanees, partly mounted, and the two bodies joined on the 6th. On the 7th Ellice sent part of the Mooltanee horse to guard the river, and with the rest marched towards the station. The 14th had been called under arms, and as soon as they saw the Europeans moving towards them, they began to load. Then there was a dropping fire. Presently the Sepoys broke, the Mooltanees charged, and did some execution, but the mutineers got into their quarters, and defied the horse. The Mooltanee foot came up. These were beaten off. The guns arrived, and opened. The Sepoys, well sheltered, would not budge. Colonel Ellice then arrived with the 24th Foot, and forming a small column, carried the lines with the bayonet. Ellice being wounded at the head of his men, Gerard took command. The Sepoys fled into a fortified village, and there stoutly resisted every onset. When night fell the troops were obliged to retire, leaving behind a howitzer, which was taken by the enemy. In the night they retreated, but did not escape. Out of 500 men only fifty were not "accounted for." No fewer than 150 fell in action, 180 were captured by the police, and 120, who reached Cashmere, were surrendered. But we suffered a loss of 44 killed, and 109 wounded, of whom one-half were Europeans.

Nor was this the worst loss. There were two native regiments at Sealkote—a few score miles distant east of the Chenab. They had long been suspected. They might have been disarmed in May, when there were European troops in the station. Brigadier Brind, the commandant, a brave old officer, remonstrated against the withdrawal of the 52nd Foot and Bourchier's European battery to form the moveable column. He did not like to be left with only Hindostanee troops. "He was requested," says Mr. Montgomery, "to remove the cause of alarm by disarming them. He did not see his way to do this, and the column marched on." Sir John Lawrence had directed the ladies of the station and the soldiers' wives and children to be sent to Lahore. The latter were marched to Lahore under escort; several of the former remained. Brigadier Brind kept up a show of confidence in the 46th Native Infantry and the wing of the 9th Cavalry in the station; but he knew they were mutinous in spirit. The wonder was they had not gone before. Perhaps they waited for a signal from Delhi, and there is some evidence that the signal reached the station simultaneously with the news of the fight at Jhelum on the 7th. Be that as it may, on the 9th all the native troops mutinied. The officers, roused from sleep, mounted and rode among the men, but found remonstrance useless. They all made for an old fort which Tej Singh, a Sikh chief, had placed at their disposal. But only some escaped. Brigadier Brind was shot in the back by a trooper. He was not killed outright, and some officers, rallying round him, conveyed him to the fort, where he died. Dr. Graham was shot by his daughter's side, as he was driving her to the fort. Dr. J. Graham was killed in his carriage among his children. The Rev. W. Hunter, his wife, and child, were slain by one of the gaol guard. Captain Bishop was driving his wife and children to the fort, when a trooper overtook him. To divert his attention, Bishop leaped out and plunged into the fort ditch, while his wife drove on to the gate. Regardless of a fire from the rampart, the trooper deliberately killed his victim. The cavalry always behaved with ferocity in these mutinies. Several infantry officers were warned by their men and hurried away; but only one trooper proved faithful. Those who reached the fort had to bear the pain of feeling helpless; while the mutineers and the felons and budmashes devastated and burnt the station. In the evening others arrived. Dr. Butler and his family had been preserved by a Sikh watchman. Colonel Caulfield and Captain Farquharson, prisoners in the quarter guard of the 46th, had been offered high pay and residence at a hill station if they would command the mutineers. They of course refused, and yet were allowed to escape.

The news reached Lahore in the dead of the night, and Mr. Montgomery, holding instant council, took prompt measures of precaution, and devised means of punishment. The 10th Cavalry, at Ferozepore, were deprived of their horses, lest they should join the mutineers; Major Tayler, at Kangra, was ordered to disarm the 4th Native Infantry; guns and Europeans were posted at the bridge of boats over the Ravee.

Nor was this all. The moveable column was at Umritsir. Here were the 59th Native Infantry. They had shown no symptoms of disaffection; but on the 8th General Nicholson heard of the fight at Jhelum. He saw at once the peril of the moment, and the duty. On the 9th he disarmed the 59th. It was only done just in time. On the evening of that day in came a messenger from Lahore, telling of the mutiny at Sealkote, and directing Nicholson to march on Gordaspore and intercept the Sealkote men. At the same time, in rode a band boy of the 46th Native Infantry. He had seized a pony on the parade-ground at Sealkote on the morning of the mutiny, and galloped off. "By dint of borrowing and seizing fresh ones in the villages as he passed through, he finished his ride of some eighty miles into Umritsir" in two days, and rode into head-quarters with the mail-cart from Lahore. The name of this gallant lad was Macdougal. Nicholson did not hesitate. Disarming and dismounting the men of the 9th Cavalry, who were at Umritsir, he set out on the night of the 10th for Gordaspore, and by daylight he had made twenty-six miles.

They had still eighteen miles before them. Witness the energy with which the work was done. "A halt

was called for a couple of hours," writes Colonel Bourchier, who was with the column; "bread and rum, with an abundance of milk, were served out. All were aware what a terrific sunning we might expect. None knew it better than Nicholson; but he knew also the value of the stake. It was in a difficulty of this kind that his valuable qualities shone forth in grasping the resources of the country. Two hundred pony carriages (*ekkas*), with all the ponies belonging to the grass-cutters of the 9th Cavalry, carried as many as possible of the 52nd; while the cavalry horses were made over to the Sikhs. Even with these appliances many fell

COLONEL HERBERT EDWARDES.

victims to the heat. When mounted, it was bad enough; but for an infantry soldier, with his musket and sixty rounds of ammunition in pouch, it was terrific. Yet, under these circumstances, trying as they were, the spirit of fun was not extinct. The artillery made extemporary awnings of branches of trees over their gun-carriages and wagons, giving them the appearance of carts 'got up' for a day at Hampstead. Officers crowned with wreaths of green leaves were 'chaffed' by their comrades for adopting headdresses *à la* Norma. Here might be seen a soldier on a rampant pony, desiring his companion, on a similar beast, 'to keep behind and be his edge-de-camp;' there, a hero, mindful, perhaps, of Epping on Easter Monday, bellowing out his inquiries as to 'who had seen the fox?' Privates never intended for the mounted branch here and there came to grief, and lay sprawling on mother earth; while ever and anon some mighty Jehu, in his ekha, dashed to the front at a pace a Roman charioteer would have envied. All things must have an end. The artillery arrived at Gordaspore at three p.m. on the 11th, having been eighteen hours on the road; the infantry did not arrive until three hours later. Three artillery horses were shot, and all were much knocked up; but the district was saved. The mutineers were only eight miles distant, on the banks of the Ravee, never dreaming but that the column was still at Umritsir."

The next morning, the 12th, certain information came that the mutineers had crossed the Ravee at Trimmoo Ghat, a ferry on the river. Nicholson moved out at once, and by noon sighted the rebel vedettes, men of the 9th Cavalry, "dancing about in their grey jackets." The whole had not got over, and some were still crossing. Covering his front with mounted Punjabee levies, mere recruits for Hodson's Horse, Nicholson moved up his guns and infantry. The Sepoys were behind a strip of deep water, passable only by a bridge. In their rear was the Ravee, growing wider and deeper every hour, for the snows were melting in the hills, and swelling all

the streams. As Bourchier's guns went over the bridge, down came the men of the 9th at the charge; the levies fled; the Sepoy skirmishers ran up and opened a steady fire; matters, says Bourchier, looked "ugly." But the ugly symptoms soon vanished. The Sepoys had no guns. They were not soldiers who could stand against the 52nd. In twenty minutes grapeshot, shrapnell, and rifle-balls silenced the fire of the rebel line. In half an hour the mutineers were in retreat, leaving three or four hundred killed and wounded on the field. Nicholson had no dragoons, or there the business would have ended. He caused his few Sikhs to pursue, and these captured all the baggage and stores which the enemy had brought to the left bank. In the river there was an island. Suddenly from this island a gun opened. It was the old signal gun of the Sealkote Station, which the rebels had dragged so far. To cross the river that night was impossible. A watch was set, and the troops lay down to rest.

In the night the river rose and caught the rebels in a trap. On the 11th they had been able to ford the stream; on the 13th it had risen several feet. The dawn found the enemy prisoners, with the swift flood of the Ravee rolling around them, and a relentless foe preparing the means of destroying them. Three days passed before boats could be procured. On the 16th all was ready. Guns were planted ostentatiously opposite the ford, in order to distract attention, while the 52nd were sent across in boats a mile and a quarter lower down the stream. The plan succeeded. Half our soldiers were over before the scheme of attack was discovered. The Sepoys were now thoroughly alarmed, and tried to turn their old Sikh gun in the new direction, and endeavoured in vain to depress the muzzle. Covered by the fire of seven guns on the other bank, and headed by Nicholson, the 52nd swept on in line, and in a few minutes the mutineers went in a crowd to the rear. A few resolute men died around the gun; others were overtaken in flight and slain; a mob ran to the end of the island, and those who escaped the bayonet, and swam over the river, were captured by the villagers. Not more than a hundred got away into Cashmere, and these we compelled the Maharajah to surrender. Thus did John Nicholson break in pieces this horde of mutineers, and save the Punjab between the Jhelum and the Sutlej. On the 22nd the column was again at Umritsir. Three days afterwards it was again on the march, *en route* for Delhi, in earnest this time, for now the Punjab had been made secure by the disarming of nearly every Hindostanee regiment, and the raising of new levies among the Punjabees.

But there were still days of peril between the Sutlej and the Indus, and over the Indus; and before carrying the reader with us to Delhi, to witness the final strife there, it will be as well to note in passing the tragic incidents at Lahore, Ujnalla, Ferozepore, and Peshawur.

The disarmed Hindostanees at Meean Meer, near Lahore, writhed under the degradation which it had been so necessary to inflict upon them. Frequent reports reached the brigadier that one or more of the regiments intended to break out and run away, but day after day passed, and there were no signs, and only the usual precautions were taken. At length, however, the 26th Native Infantry tried the experiment, and their fate proved an example to discourage the other regiments. On the 30th of July, at mid-day, they broke out. They caught up any weapon that came to hand, and rushed together, making the lines resound with yells. Major Spencer, unarmed, hurried up and tried to calm them. A Sepoy stole behind him, and cut him down with a hatchet; and others joining, he and the sergeant-major were hewn in pieces. Then the mutineers made for the officers' quarters, but these had fled; and finding no other victims, they rushed out of the station, screened from view amid the favouring clouds of a dust-storm. They fled up the left bank of the Ravee. After a march of six and twenty miles, they tried to cross; a Sikh official, with his villagers, stopped them, slaying many, and they plodded on. Fortunately, the deputy-commissioner at Umritsir was Mr. Frederick Cooper. As soon as he heard of the flight of the 26th, he got together some Punjabee horse and foot, and after a severe march struck the trail of the mutineers. He found them in sorry plight. They had swam the river, or floated over on pieces of wood, and were lodged on an island about a mile from the shore, "where they might be descried, crouching like a brood of wild fowl." Mr. Cooper at once took his measures. By stratagem he got them all from the island, and had them secured with cords. Then they were escorted to the police-station at Ujnalla, six miles distant, and before they arrived the Sikh infantry came up. There were 282 prisoners. Sending his Hindostanee troopers back to Umritsir, Mr. Cooper prepared to execute the whole. On the 1st of August they were led out in batches of ten; their names were taken down; they were marched to the place of execution. It was a dreadful spectacle. As each batch was brought up, the Sikh firing party shot them down. Two hundred and thirty-seven were so executed, and forty-five were found dead in the gaol. All the bodies were thrown into a dry well by men of the lowest caste, and the well goes by the name of the "Rebels' Hole" to this day. Within eight-and-forty hours of the period of the mutiny and murders of Meean Meer, nearly the whole of the 26th Native Infantry had ceased to exist. To read of this execution in cold blood makes one shudder; but those who have studied the state of the Punjab at that moment, will agree with Mr. Montgomery, that the punishment so sternly inflicted by Mr. Cooper was "just and necessary." Sir John Lawrence congratulated him on his success. Mr. Montgomery wrote at the time—"All honour to you for what you have done; and right well you did it;" and in 1859 solemnly reviewed and justified the execution. Lord Canning approved. At that moment the Lahore Government was literally in extremity. It had parted with every available European bayonet. It was "in the air, with no support either above or below, or on any side. The alternative was the execution of the 26th, or the mutiny

of every disarmed regiment, and even of the people. The mutineers were taken red-handed in murder and mutiny. Mr. Cooper had no means of guarding them as prisoners, much less of trying them. Had it been possible, they would have been tried; but had they been tried their sentence would have been death. Those who were captured separately suffered the same punishment." Such is the opinion of Mr. Montgomery, a just and righteous man as well as a statesman.

On the 19th of August the 10th Cavalry mutinied because their horses were to be taken away. Rising, they seized the guns, but from these they were quickly driven away; yet they managed to secure a good number of horses and ride off, unpursued, by way of Hansi, to Delhi.

The drama at Peshawur was more serious and bloody. In the middle of August there came a holy man, who sat himself down at the mouth of the Kyber Pass, hoisted the green flag, and preached what Colonel Edwardes calls a "crescentade." It so happened that the Affreedees, among whom he settled, had just made their peace with the British, and they told him to depart. He cursed them; but they were firm, and gave him five days of grace. During this period he sent his agents to every regiment in Peshawur, inviting them to join him. At the end of the five days the chief of the tribe "pulled up the pickets of his horses and camels, and even, reverently, shut up his flag; and he left the pass in a storm of Arabic." He found shelter in the homes of another tribe, "under blockade," that is, forbidden all access to the valley. But he found means to send letters to the native troops. "The most evident restlessness," writes Colonel Edwardes, in his report, "pervaded the disarmed regiments; arms were said to be finding their way into the lines in spite of all precautions, and symptoms of an organised rise began to appear; General Cotton, as usual, took the initiative. On the morning of the 28th of August he caused the lines of every native regiment to be simultaneously searched, the Sepoys being moved out into tents for that purpose; swords, hatchets, muskets, pistols, bayonets, powder, ball, and caps, were found stowed away in roofs, and floors, and bedding, and even drains; and, exasperated by the discovery of their plans, and by the taunts of the newly-raised Afreedee regiments, who were carrying out the search, the 51st Native Infantry rushed upon the piled arms of the 18th Punjab Infantry, and sent messengers to all the other Hindostanee regiments, to tell them of the rise. For a few minutes a desperate struggle ensued; the 51st Native Infantry had been one of the finest corps in the service, and they took the new irregulars altogether by surprise. They got possession of several stands of arms, and used them well. Captain Bartlett and the other officers were overpowered by numbers, and driven into a tank. But soon the Afreedee soldiers seized their arms, and then began that memorable fusilade which commenced on the parade ground at Peshawur and ended at Jumrood. General Cotton's military arrangements in the cantonment were perfect for meeting such emergencies—troops, horse and foot, were rapidly under arms and in pursuit of the mutineers. Every civil officer turned out with his *posse comitatûs* of levies or police, and in a quarter of an hour the whole country was covered with the chase." By these means the regiment was in thirty-six hours "accounted for." It was 871 strong. Of these 216 were killed by the European, Punjabee, and Mooltanee troops, the villagers, and the police; 439 were tried by drum-head court-martial, and shot on the 28th and 29th; 5 were killed up in the pass; 110 were imprisoned; 60 are supposed to have reached the hills; 33 were on duty; and only 8 could not be accounted for. The example sufficed. The disarmed regiments were paralysed by the sudden retribution. Peshawur was stronger than ever.

These operations and adventures, although so distant from Delhi, had a most material effect on its fate, and hence it has been necessary to break the narrative of the siege proper, to give an account of them. The reader will have seen that, cut off from Calcutta, from Agra even, and only communicating with Bombay through Mooltan, it was for the men of the Punjab to take Delhi with their own resources, or not at all. Sir John Lawrence and his able lieutenants, therefore, were forced to perform the double operation of holding the Punjab and reinforcing the army before Delhi. They performed both duties; the first, by crushing mutineers without mercy; the second, by raising a host of levies from tribes heretofore hostile, and pouring down upon Delhi the regiments already trained, and every European soldier that could be spared. It is the just boast of the Punjab men that they did this without allowing any interruption of ordinary business, for the magistrate and the collector performed their functions with as much coolness and constancy as if there had been perfect tranquillity.

At the beginning of August it had been resolved to make a supreme effort to dispose of Delhi. Nicholson's column, growing stronger at every step, we have already started from Umritsir. A first-class siege train was prepared in the arsenals of Philour and Ferozepore. It consisted of four 10-inch mortars, six 24-pounders, eight 18-pounders, and four 8-inch howitzers, with ample supplies of ammunition. "The whole," says one writer, "rolled on its ponderous length of gun-carriages, tumbrils, ammunition-carts extending over thirteen miles of road. The leading cart had reached the new camping ground before the last of that long line had started on its march." Thus there were *en route* for Delhi a powerful column and a splendid siege train. It was felt that a victory at Delhi was needed to confirm the loyalty of the Sikhs, whose faith in our "good fortune" was shaken by the protracted defence of the mutineers.

General Wilson's plan was to act on the defensive. He therefore confined himself to repelling attacks on our position, and to protecting his communications with Kurnaul. Twice or thrice the enemy tried to bridge the waterways covering the flank of the great road, and so get to Alipore, and clutch at convoys. But they failed. Three or four times during the month of August they assailed the ridge, but their failures were costly to them. On the 7th one of their magazines blew up, and

it is said that 500 men perished in the explosion. On the 8th they again tried to plant a battery at the house called Ludlow Castle, opposite our left front. General Wilson resolved to have it. At four in the morning of the 12th, Brigadier Showers led a strong column of infantry down from the ridge, and so well did he manage, that he surprised the enemy, overpowered him, killed several hundred, and captured and brought off four guns. But Showers was again wounded; one officer was killed and six wounded, and we lost about a hundred men. "The return to camp," writes Hodson, who was there by accident, was "worth witnessing; the soldiers bringing home in triumph the guns they had captured, a soldier, with musket and bayonet fixed, riding each horse, and brave young Owen (wounded) astride one gun, and dozens clinging to and pushing it, or rather *them*, along with might and main, and cheering like mad things." On the 13th Nicholson's column marched into camp. It consisted of the 52nd Foot, half the 61st Foot, the 2nd Punjab Infantry, and Bourchier's battery. There were on the way the 4th Punjab Infantry, half the 1st Belooch Battalion from Scinde, three companies of the 8th Foot, and several score recruits. Beside these, the general had to wait for the siege train. Sir John Lawrence could do no more. These were the last batches of troops he could spare. They mustered about 4,200 men, of whom 1,300 were Europeans.

The Sepoys were losing heart. They held councils, made strong vows to win or perish, but did neither. Mr. Cave Browne, in his narrative, illustrates their condition by the following anecdote:—"Behind the little army which was frowning defiance upon them beyond the ridge, they felt that there was a ruling power which they dreaded almost more than our bayonets, and that was Sir John Lawrence. It was not many years since he himself had been a magistrate in that city; his name was still well remembered; the indomitable will which now held the Punjab had made itself felt in the bazaars of Delhi and the surrounding district; and the very name made them quail. It has been well said that it was worth a brigade. Many, it is believed, were the plots vainly concocted in Delhi for his assassination; but he still lived. So they resorted to the following device:—Some luckless Cashmeree, with almost European fairness, was caught in the city, dressed up in English clothes, handcuffed and shackled, and paraded through the streets as the veritable Sir John Lawrence, a prisoner, to give confidence to the rebels!"

Towards the middle of August the turbulent Moslem tribes living on the south of the road from Delhi to Kurnaul, incited and reinforced by troopers from Delhi, showed signs of mischievous intentions. Hodson was sent to look after them with 350 of his own Horse and Guides. He started on the 16th, fell in with a body of troopers on the same day, routed them, and himself slew a mutineer ressaldar, or captain, recently decorated with the Order of Merit. Hearing that Rhotuck was the head-quarters of the rebels, he moved thither the next day. He found the enemy in force, drove them into the town, but could not force it with horse alone. He therefore made his bivouac hard by. While here, he writes, "The representatives of the better-disposed part of the population came out to me, and amply provided us with supplies for both man and beast. The rest were to have made their 'amende' in the morning; but a disaffected Rangur went off early, and brought up 300 irregular horsemen of the mutineers—1st, 13th, 14th, and other rebels; and having collected about 1,000 armed rascals on foot, came out to attack my little party of barely 300 sabres and six officers. The Sowars dashed at a gallop up the road, and came boldly enough up to our camp. I had a few minutes before, fortunately, received notice of their intention, and as I had kept the horses ready saddled, we were out and at them in a few seconds. To drive them scattering back to the town was the work of only as many more; and I then, seeing their numbers, and the quantity of matchlocks brought against us from gardens and embrasures, determined to draw them out into the open country; and the 'ruse' was eminently successful." Drawing his men off troop by troop into the open plain, he had all the appearance of being engaged in a retreat. To use his own familiar language —"The enemy thought we were bolting, and came on in crowds, firing and yelling, and the Sowars brandishing their swords as if we were already in their hands, when suddenly I gave the order—'Threes about and at them.' The men obeyed with a cheer; the effect was electrical; never was such a scatter. I launched five parties at them, each under an officer, and in they went, cutting and firing into the very thick of them. The ground was very wet, and a ditch favoured them, but we cut down upwards of fifty in as many seconds." Hodson could not complete his victory because he wanted ammunition. The enemy completed it for him. They fled in the night. The next day he was joined by a party of Jheend Horse, promptly and voluntarily supplied by the trusty rajah of that ilk. But the work was done; the rebels were terribly smitten; Rhotuck was relieved; and having struck this smart blow, Hodson was again in the camp before Delhi on the 24th.

In the meantime, alarmed by news of the coming siege-train, the mutineers sent out 6,000 men and 16 guns, under Bukt Khan, of Rohilcund, to capture the train. Hearing this, Nicholson girded himself up for a stroke at them. They moved out on the 24th; he started on the 25th, with 1,600 infantry, 500 horse, and 16 guns. In order to overtake the enemy, and bring them to action, General Nicholson had to leave the Trunk road, and go across country by such tracks as he could find. The enemy had marched to Nujuffghur by the Rhotuck road. They had reached the canal there, and had crossed it on the 24th; but had not marched further, fearing, perhaps, the very danger that hung over them. Nicholson was moving on a line which struck the Rhotuck road at Nujuffghur, and he thus came full upon their bivouac. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe had ridden out with the force as a volunteer, and he now proved a valuable guide. Riding ahead of the column, on the look-out for a deep watercourse, he came in sight of it, and of the enemy's camp on the other side at the same

time. Sepoy vedettes were on our side of the watercourse, and they tried to catch the scouting party, but failed. Having actual knowledge of the position of the enemy, Nicholson deposited his baggage with a guard, pushed up to and over the watercourse under a heavy fire, and forming his plans on the instant—it was late in the afternoon, and time was precious—he proceeded at once to put them in execution.

The Sepoy position consisted of a serai in their left centre, where they had four guns; two villages in rear on either flank; a third village, and the town of Nujuffghur. In their rear ran a canal, crossed by a single bridge, over which they had come from Delhi. Nicholson determined to carry the serai, thus breaking the left centre of the line; then swinging round his right, to sweep the enemy's line of guns, and, if possible, cut him off from the bridge. This plan was energetically carried out. Detaching the 1st Punjab Infantry, under Lieutenant Lumsden, to drive the enemy out of Nujuffghur, and Blunt to watch the left, Nicholson arrayed the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, the 61st Foot, and the 2nd Punjabees against the serai. Its front was covered by a low ridge, and on this Tombs planted his guns. During the brief cannonade our men lay down, and Nicholson rode up and delivered a short speech to this effect:—"Men of the 61st, you remember what Sir Colin Campbell said at Chillianwallah, and you have heard that he said the same to his gallant Highland Brigade at the Alma. I have the same request to make to you and to the men of the 1st Fusiliers. Hold your fire till within twenty or thirty yards; then fire and charge, and the serai is yours." The signal soon came; the line rose, topped the little ridge, and went steadily on through the swamp at its foot, disregarding the fire of grape and musketry. Within a few yards came the order, "Fire a volley and charge!" There was a crash of musketry, down came the bayonets, and with a fierce cheer on dashed the line. Lieutenant Gabbett, of the 61st, sprang forward, but just as he reached the guns he slipped and fell, and a Sepoy killed him with the bayonet, but was instantly shot by Captain Trench. The Sepoys fought well, and some crossed bayonets with our men; yet they could not stand against the impetuous onset, and the serai and guns were won. Changing his front, Nicholson now turned the line of the remaining guns of the enemy, and advanced. The Sepoys, although strongly posted, seeing the bridge in danger, made for it at full speed, and crowded over, pursued by the fire of our artillery. They succeeded in getting away with three guns, leaving thirteen in our possession, captured on the field. We also took their camp and baggage, and horses and camels, and seventeen full wagons of ammunition. In the meantime Lumsden had cleared the rebels out of Nujuffghur, and was moving up to join the main body, when he was ordered to drive a band of Sepoys out of a village into which they had thrown themselves when cut off from the bridge. Having no retreat, these men fought desperately. Lumsden was shot dead, and his men recoiled with heavy loss. The 61st were sent up, but these, too, suffered heavily before the village was taken. Halting near the bridge, the sappers blew it up—an important service—and the troops, who had been afoot all day, slept on the ground without food. This was very trying, but they bore it bravely, and the next day they marched back, entering the camp before Delhi in the evening. They had lost sixty killed and wounded; but they had killed 800 of the enemy, taken thirteen guns, and marched five and thirty miles, all within forty hours. By such an exploit did Nicholson signalise his arrival before Delhi.

The fate of Delhi was drawing nigh. The old king, after he learned the truth—a long time kept from him—about the battle of Nujuffghur, suffered alike from impotent anger and impotent despair. He felt that we must win; and he felt rightly. The last reinforcements came up in the first week of September, and with them the siege train. There was now no time to lose. Cholera and ague were rife in our camp. Not only the malaria from the swamps, but the fetid odours from dead cattle were more fatal than the shot of the enemy. Out of 11,000 men, more than a fourth were sick. Everything—the feverish state of the Punjab, the unhealthiness of the camp—made it imperative on General Wilson to take Delhi. He had powerful assistants. Baird Smith was there to direct the engineering operations; Nicholson to impel and guide; Hodson, and Chamberlain, and Norman to apply the spur, if it were needed. At the back of all, the commanding voice of Sir John Lawrence could be heard from the Punjab. Delhi must be taken out of hand.

Thus the month of August closed, and September began the fourth of the mutiny and the third of the siege. The crowning act is a little story by itself, and must have a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XLV.

Crisis in the Siege of Delhi—Defect of the Fortifications—Surveying under Fire—Sites for Batteries selected—Trenches opened—Exciting Night Scenes—Bombardment began—Ludlow Castle, Siege Batteries there—Effect of Fire—The Engineers—Inspecting the Breaches—Medley's Adventure—Breaches found to be practicable—Assault ordered—Plan of Attack—The Stormers—Nicholson at the Cashmere Bastion—Blowing in of the Cashmere Gate—Splendid Exploit—Hawthorn's Bugle—Rush of the 52nd Foot—The whole Line carried by Assault—Brigadier Campbell's daring March to the Great Street—Nicholson's Movement on the Moree—Nicholson mortally wounded: but the Army is firmly established in Delhi—Reid's Attack on Kishengunge fails—The Cavalry under Fire—Hodson of Hodson's Horse—Wilson's hesitation happily overruled—Capture of the Magazine, and of the Palace—Hodson captures the King, and slays his Sons—The Sikhs—Death of John Nicholson—Complete Occupation of Delhi—Who did it—Greathed's March down the Doab—Agra in Danger—Battle of Agra, and Route of the Mutineers—Part of the Army of the Punjab in Cawnpore.

THE crisis in the siege of Delhi had now arrived. The last soldier Sir John Lawrence could spare from the Punjab had reached the camp with the siege train. Nicholson's victory had filled the chiefs of the mutineers with alarm, and Nicholson's presence with still greater dread, for his military renown was strong in the rebel army. But they were far from anticipating the kind of tempest which was about to burst over their stronghold.

Although the Sepoys had shown some skill and some enterprise in defence of Delhi, our engineers, scanning the place, had long seen that they had committed a capital fault. We were forced to assail the north front of the city, because we were tied to the plateau and the ridge, by the fact that our line of communications lay in rear of the ridge, and because we could not establish any base of supplies in any other quarter. Now, the fortifications on this side consisted, starting from the Jumna, on our left, of the Water Bastion, the Cashmere Bastion, and the Moree Bastion. A curtain wall, loop-holed for musketry, but not pierced or prepared for guns, connected each bastion with the other. The consequence was that guns were mounted only on the bastions, and not on the curtains; and the effect of this was that we were enabled to erect a line of batteries strong enough to silence the guns on the bastions and breach the curtain walls. Had the mutineers possessed an engineer of ordinary faculty, he would have seen the use to which the curtains could have been put. He would have caused a thick rampart of earth to be piled up behind the curtains. On these he would have mounted guns drawn from the magazine—there were 200 new pieces in store—and thus the whole of the north front, from the Moree to the Water Bastion, would have been one bristling line of batteries. Fortunately for us the enemy did not find this out until it was too late. It was not likely that an engineer so accomplished as Colonel Baird Smith would overlook the capital defect of the enemy. He did not; and his plan of attack, executed by Captain Taylor, took ample advantage of the opportunity afforded by the negligence of the foe.

Before the siege train arrived the engineers had set to work training the Muzbee Sikhs, sent down by Sir John Lawrence, to act as sappers and pioneers. There were in the camp a few trained sappers belonging to the old army. They had been disarmed at Roorkee when their brethren mutinied; had been re-armed and marched to Delhi; and faithful fellows they proved to be. By these and the Muzbees, under the direction of Lieutenant Brownlow, siege materials were prepared. Working parties of sappers were practised at making field powder magazines and platforms for siege guns, and in rehearsing the operations of loading and unloading, and the art of throwing up batteries. Besides these men, Colonel Smith hired many hundreds of labourers, who, for a little pay, worked steadily and cheerfully under fire. When the siege train was known to be near, it was resolved to begin the first battery. The site for this was selected by two engineers, who went out, accompanied by a few Ghoorkas, to survey and reconnoitre the front. "It was on an isolated plateau," says Captain Medley, who has written a spirited account of the last days of the siege, "900 yards from the Moree Bastion," the left of the north front of Delhi. "It was made for six light guns, and was connected by a trench with the Sammoy House," a Hindoo temple, overlooking the Subzee Mundee, and held as an outpost. This was a preliminary step. Next, Medley and another officer, with sixty Ghoorkas, descended from the ridge to survey a "nullah," or ravine, which had attracted the notice of our engineers, who thought, and justly, that it would serve the purpose of a first parallel. "We crept down into the nullah," writes Medley, "and, dividing the work amongst us, commenced surveying and plotting away at a great pace, our movements being considerably accelerated by the knowledge that we were 700 yards from our own line of pickets, and that the ground was not very favourable for running. We had very nearly completed our work, and would very likely have got off unobserved, when some pandy grass-cutters spied us out, and ran off to the Cashmere Gate. The enemy sallied out in great force, and commenced to fire from a long distance, until they had thoroughly ascertained how small our party was, when they got more bold, and, sneaking through the long grass in swarms, tried to get round and cut us off, keeping up a teasing fire. The Ghoorkas were ordered not to fire, and fell back very steadily, while we went on surveying, resolved to finish our work in spite of all the pandies in creation. I was comfortably seated under a small tree, which formed a sort of protection, and was busy taking angles, when a puff of smoke rose from the Cashmere Bastion, and a shower of grape came just over us, tearing the tree to pieces all around. This was rather too close to be pleasant, and a second shot immediately afterwards, which threw the dust and stones right over us as it ploughed up the ground, made us execute a rapid 'flank' movement, which took us out of range of the gun. We had done our work, and walked quietly towards Hindoo Rao's; but pandy knew he should get a chance as we went up the slope of the hill, and let drive with a round shot by way of a parting hint. Their skirmishers followed up pretty close, when the Ghoorkas prayed to be allowed to have just one shot before the fun was over; and, on receiving permission from Captain T——, threw themselves into the grass, and commenced a file firing, which caused pandy to beat a precipitate retreat, and it was with some difficulty we prevented the Ghoorkas from following them up. As we were nearly home, I asked the little native officer, who was with us, if any of his men were hit. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'one was hit.' 'Where was he?' 'Oh, he was coming along all right.' And so he was, too, with a little help, yet the man was shot through the groin, and died the same night; another man was hit in the thigh, but not badly; these were our only two casualties. On arriving at Hindoo Rao's, we found General Wilson and some of his staff, who had been watching our proceedings rather anxiously."

The active operations of the siege began on the 7th of September. That night it was resolved that the right battery, No. 1, should be completed and armed. It was an immense undertaking. The engineers, with a few sappers, had to trace the outline in the dark; the battery was constructed and the guns and ammunition brought in. Let the reader imagine the scene. There were the engineers busy with tape, and the pickets only 700 yards from the Moree. It was their business to define the battery, or rather batteries; for one, the right,

ASSAULT OF THE CASHMERE GATE.

looked straight at the left half of the Moree; this was for six guns, and was intended to smash the guns and beat the embrasures of that bastion into ruin; the other, the left, for four guns, was directed against the Cashmere Bastion, in order that its fire might be kept down and prevented from hindering the construction of the batteries in its front. Down into the ravine, or nullah, in rear of the batteries, marched the covering party, and quickly ascending its southern bank, spread themselves out in silence along the front. Then came long strings of camels laden with gabions and fascines. These—viz., baskets and faggots—were needed to furnish cover, as the rocky ground yielded no earth. The camels roared and moaned as they were relieved of their burdens, and many a listener to the uncouth sounds prayed that the Sepoys might not hear. The moon rose in a cloudless sky. The Sepoys, for some time, neither heard nor saw. The ravine was alive with men and beasts; the ridge above was crowned by a busy multitude, planting gabions and piling fascines, and finishing the whole with a crest of sandbags to form the sides of the embrasures. Some were thus engaged, others were building the magazines, others connecting the two batteries by a trench, or covered way. Suddenly the men in the Moree grew suspicious. There was a flash, a roar of exploding powder, a crash of grape in the work, and several men were hurt. Then came another. Had the Sepoys really divined what was going on? No; for their well-aimed fire ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The work went on, and approached completion. Morning also was approaching, and with daylight would come destruction. With a steady rush, without hurry, the labour continued. Down came the carts with ammunition; down came the guns, each drawn by twenty bullocks. The ammunition was hastily stored in the magazines, the guns were dragged into the batteries. By dint of unceasing exertions the bullocks and carts were got back to the ridge, and just before day broke the bulk of the working party followed, for to have crossed in daylight the space between the camp and the battery would have been destruction to them. With all this exertion only one gun was ready to open fire.

As soon as it was light, the mutineers in the Moree and along the curtain beheld with indignant astonishment the newly-built battery, and opened upon it with a destructive fire, under which it had to be finished, gun after gun opening as it was got into its place. The effect of their fire was soon manifest, for by the afternoon of the 8th the Moree was a silent heap of ruins. Nevertheless, at intervals throughout the bombardment, the enemy sticking to the Moree, now and then opened fire from a gun until it was knocked over.

On the same day, the 7th, a strong force had surprised and occupied Ludlow Castle, and the Koodsia Bagh, a garden to the left of it, and under the Water Bastion. It was in this quarter that the real siege batteries were to be constructed, and the work had been commenced on the right with the double object of crushing the Moree, and drawing off the attention of the enemy from the Cashmere Gate and Bastion. On this side four batteries were speedily made, all under a heavy fire, for they were within musketry range, and the broken ground between the batteries and the place afforded excellent cover. There were two batteries in front of Ludlow Castle, an array of eighteen guns; a mortar battery in line with them, but further to the left; and a fourth battery near the custom-house, within 150 yards of the Water Bastion. Until all was ready the embrasures were masked with gabions, and when the time came to open fire, these were removed by volunteers, who for the time were exposed to the enemy's shot. These were great and successful operations, and without native labour could not have been accomplished. But the natives worked well for pay, and readily plied the spade and pick under a searching fire. The losses were heavy, but the work was urgent.

The mortars had been in steady play from sunset on the 10th, and on the 11th the breaching battery of eighteen guns opened with such effect on the Cashmere Bastion, and the curtain between it and the Water Bastion, that the guns on the former ceased to reply, and the latter came clattering down in huge cantles. The shot shook down the wall, the shells tore open the parapets. Hour by hour the breach grew wider. The right of the Cashmere Bastion and the left of the Water Bastion were crumbling away under the ceaseless blows. But these were not given without a sharp return of fire. The mutineers covered their whole front with a trench, and lined it with infantry. They brought light guns on to the ramparts. They skilfully planted a battery to the left of the Moree in such a position that it took the right and centre batteries in flank, and could not itself be seen by any gun of ours; while across the Jumna there was a second battery, which enfiladed the left, though with less effect. In spite of all this, our troops worked their guns with unfaltering steadiness. Here is a sketch from the pen of Captain Medley:—"The heat was very great, but the excitement of the scene almost prevented its being felt. The men's dinner and beer came into the batteries, and were heartily enjoyed; and in the evening, sundry scared figures in white came running into the place, one by one, and proved to be our khidmatgars, bringing the officers' dinners. And it is only fair to this much abused class of servants to record how bravely they behaved in this respect. There were very few who, even when their masters' posts were the most dangerous, ever hesitated to bring them their dinners as regularly as clockwork. The bheestees were another class of servants that behaved equally well. In the many conflicts that took place outside the walls of Delhi, these men, with their water-bags, always kept up with the European troops, and were ready with their cooling draught in the heat of battle, and many of them lost their lives or their limbs on these occasions. The European soldiers duly appreciated this pluck. When it was war to the knife with every other pandy, the rebel bheestees were spared, out of compliment to their fraternity; and many a windfall of loot from the bodies of the slain did our regimental bheestees get hold of by

the favour of the Europeans. After discussing our dinners, pipes were lighted, and the officer commanding in the battery made arrangements for a mild sort of firing to be kept up through the night; while the artillery, in general, lay down to sleep away their day's fatigue. So thoroughly did one get accustomed to the row, and so great was the fatigue, that the regular discharge of guns fired through the night, within ten feet of the sleeper, could not disturb his repose."

For three days this went on incessantly; the big guns firing by day, the mortars shelling the breaches and parapets all night. On the 13th there were two great breaches in the walls. If these were practicable, it was determined that the place should be assaulted forthwith, as the Sepoys were at length engaged in piling up earth behind the curtain connecting the Moree and Cashmere Bastions, in order that they might line the wall with heavy guns. The engineers—no officers were called upon to do more, or answered the call better, than the officers of this corps—were ordered to examine the breaches. That the reader may form some idea of the nature of this service, we again quote Captain Medley's account of his adventure.

He decided to do it at night. Leaving the batteries with six riflemen, and a stronger supporting party, he advanced through a garden and jungle to within sixty yards of the breach near the Cashmere Bastion. "Creeping quietly through the garden mentioned above, we quickly found ourselves under a large tree on the edge of the cover, and here we halted for a moment, conversing only in whispers. The enemy's skirmishers were firing away on our right, some thirty yards from us, and the flashes of their muskets lit up the air as if they had been fire-flies. The shells and rockets of the enemy at one moment illumined the space around, as they sailed over our heads, and then left us in total darkness. We now left the rifle officer, Lieutenant H——, and his twenty men in support, and, with the six men who were to accompany us, L—— and I emerged into the open, and pushed straight for the breach. In five minutes we found ourselves on the edge of the ditch, the dark mass of the Cashmere Bastion immediately on the other side, and the breach distinctly discernible. Not a soul was in sight. The counterscarp was sixteen feet deep, and steep. L—— slid down first; I passed down the ladder, and, taking two men out of the six, descended after him, leaving the other four on the top to cover our retreat. Two minutes more and we should have been at the top of the breach; but, quiet as we had been, the enemy was on the watch, and we heard several men running from the left towards the breach. We therefore re-ascended, though with some difficulty, and throwing ourselves down on the grass, waited in silence for what was to happen. A number of figures immediately appeared on the top of the breach, their forms clearly discernible against the bright sky, and not twenty yards distant. We, however, were in the deep shade, and they could not, apparently, see us. They conversed in a low tone, and presently we heard the ring of their steel ramrods as they loaded. We waited quietly, hoping they would go away, when another attempt might be made. Meanwhile we could see that the breach was a good one, the slope easy of ascent, and that there were no guns in the flank. We know by experience, too, that the ditch was easy of descent. It was, however, desirable, if possible, to get to the top, but the sentries would not move. At one time the thought occurred to me of attempting the ascent by force. We might have shot two or three of them from where we lay, and in the surprise the rest might have run; and we could have been to the top and back before they had seen how small our party was. But the extreme hazard of the attempt, and the utter impossibility of rescuing any one that might be wounded in the ditch, made me abandon the idea, when I further reflected that we had in reality gained all the needful information. After waiting, therefore, some minutes longer, I gave a signal; the whole of us jumped up at once, and ran back towards our own ground. Directly we were discovered a volley was sent after us. The balls came whizzing about our ears, but no one was touched. We reached our support in safety, and all quietly retreated to the Koodsia Bagh by the same road we had come. L—— went off to the batteries, to tell them they might open fire again, and I got on to my horse and galloped back to camp as hard as I could, to make my report to the chief engineer; the roar of the batteries, as I rode off, showing that they had once more opened fire on the breach. I found the chief engineer in his office; drew out my report on paper, with a sketch of the breach, which I reported practicable for immediate assault."

The general had already drawn up his plan of assault. The chief engineer advised that it should be delivered at daybreak the next morning. His advice was adopted, and accordingly the welcome order went through the camp, and roused the soldiers for an encounter they so sternly desired.

In order to capture the city, the general formed five columns. Of these, the first, under Nicholson, consisted of the 75th Foot, the 1st Fusiliers, and the 2nd Punjabees. It was to break in at the Cashmere Bastion, through the breach. The second, under Brigadier Jones, consisted of the 8th Foot, the 2nd Fusiliers, and the 4th Sikhs. This column was directed to enter the Water Bastion breach. The third column, under Colonel Campbell, of the 52nd, consisted of the 52nd Foot, the Kumaon Battalion, and the 1st Punjabees. To them was entrusted the duty of rushing in at the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown open. The fourth column, under Major Reid, the constant and gallant defender of Hindoo Rao's house, was formed of a detachment of British, his own Ghoorkas, and part of the Cashmere Contingent. They were to carry the suburb of Kishengunge, the enfilading battery under the Moree, and, if possible, the Lahore Gate. The fifth column, under Brigadier Longfield, formed the reserve. The whole force did not exceed 5,000 men.

Before daybreak the three first columns and the reserve moved down from the ridge towards Ludlow

Castle and the Koodsia Bagh. Just before reaching the former, Nicholson marched to the left and Campbell to the right of Ludlow Castle, while Jones led his men into the jungles of the Koodsia Bagh. The whole then lay down under cover, while the 60th Rifles in advance took post in open order within musket-shot of the walls, their duty being to fire on the mutineers on the parapets of the curtain flanking the breaches. It was now seen that the enemy had improvised defences in the breaches during the night, and the batteries once more opened on them to clear away the obstructions, and to shake the courage of the Sepoys. The Rifles springing up with a cheer, and moving forward, was to be the signal for the batteries to cease firing, and for the columns to go in simultaneously.

Presently the dark forms of the 60th rose from their cover; their cheering shouts were followed by the crack of their rifles; a burst of musketry from the walls replied with a steady vigour; the columns emerged, and each went as straight at the object before them as the ground would permit. With throbbing pulses, but firm, quick tramp, they swept along. The British were inspired by a desire to avenge barbarous massacres, punish shameful mutiny, and restore the empire of their race. The Sikhs were animated by a belief that they were fulfilling the prophecies of their holy men. The Ghoorkas loved the combat, and hated the Poorbeahs—the men from the eastern plains. All loved plunder and prize. So the columns closed with the enemy who had kept them at bay four months.

Nicholson's column, headed by the ladder party, which was led by the engineers, Medley, Lang, and Bingham, rushed towards the breach. But the mutineers shot closely and fast, and the party were so smitten on the edge of the ditch, that minutes elapsed before the ladders could be got down: at length the thing was done. Then the leaders and the stormers slid down the slope, planted the ladders against the scarp below the breach, and began to ascend. The enemy fought furiously and yelled furiously, and rolled down stones and sustained a terrific fire, and dared our men to come on. They got a speedy answer. Up went Lieutenant Fitzgerald, of the 75th, the first to mount, but he was instantly shot dead. But others followed fast, and, seeing how resolute their assailants were, the enemy fled, and the breach was won. Swarming in, the column poured down the ramp into the main guard. They had assailed the proper right of the bastion. On the proper left was the famous Cashmere Gate, and here an exploit had been performed which, for daring, ranks among the choicest exploits recorded in the history of war.

That exploit was the blowing in of the gate in broad daylight. The men ordered to perform this feat were the engineer officers, Lieutenants Home and Salkeld; the sapper sergeants, Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith, and Havildar Madhoo, with seven native sappers to carry powder-bags. With them went Robert Hawthorn, bugler of the 52nd, whose duty it was to sound the advance when the gate was blown in. Campbell's column, as we have seen, was lying down awaiting the signal. As soon as it was given, the explosion party started on their dreadful errand. Captain Medley has described the scene that ensued so well, that we again must quote from his pages. There was an outer barrier gate, which was found open. Through this went Home. Before him stretched a broken drawbridge spanning the ditch. Over its shattered timbers, accompanied by four natives, each carrying a bag of twenty-five pounds of powder, he went, and placed them at the foot of the great double gate. "So utterly paralysed were the enemy at the audacity of the proceeding, that they only fired a few straggling shots, and made haste to close the wicket, with every appearance of alarm, so that Lieutenant Home, after laying his bags, jumped into the ditch unhurt. It was now Salkeld's turn. He also advanced with four other bags of powder, and a lighted port-fire. But the enemy had now recovered from their consternation, and had seen the smallness of the party, and the object of their approach. A deadly fire was poured upon the little band from the top of the gateway from both flanks, and from the open wicket not ten feet distant. Salkeld laid his bags, but was shot through the arm and leg, and fell back on the bridge, handing the port-fire to Sergeant Burgess, bidding him light the fusee. Burgess was instantly shot dead in the attempt. Sergeant Carmichael then advanced, took up the port-fire, and succeeded in the attempt; but immediately fell mortally wounded. Sergeant Smith, seeing him fall, advanced at a run; but, finding that the fusee was already burning, threw himself down into the ditch, where the bugler had already conveyed poor Salkeld. In another moment a terrific explosion shattered the massive gate."

Ere the roar of the powder had died away, the bugle of the steadfast Hawthorn rang out the well-known notes, which told his comrades to come on. Campbell gave the word, and the column, headed by the noble old 52nd, started forward. First went Captain Bayley and a company of the 52nd. These, rushing over the drawbridge and through the gate, were quickly followed by fifty men from each battalion, and these by the whole force of the column. There was no resistance. The exploding powder had killed all the defenders of the gate but one, and he was soon dispatched. As the men were forming afresh for work, down came Nicholson's column from the other side. So far the work had been well and quickly done. The second column, in its advance on the Water Bastion breach, had suffered great losses, three-fourths of the ladder-party falling, together with Greathed and Hovenden, the engineers. Part of the column, however, got in at the breach; but a large number straggled off to the right, and followed the track of Nicholson.

Once inside, Campbell and Nicholson got their men into order. The work of the first was to clear the buildings near the Cashmere gate, and then march straight forward upon the Chandnee Chowk, having for object the possession of that High Street of Delhi, and the strong and lofty Jumma Musjid, which rose up just beyond it. The second undertook to sweep along the ramparts, capturing in succession the Moree,

Cabul, Burun, and Lahore Bastions, giving admission to Reid's column, if it carried the suburbs, and, connecting with Campbell in the Chandnee Chowk, press on to the Ajmere Gate. We must follow each column in turn.

Colonel Campbell's column, before it started inwards, cleared the cutchery, the church, and several houses, and sent a company into the Water Bastion, where the enemy still lingered. Then gathering up his men, and guided by Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who knew every inch of the city, he made his way through the streets and gardens towards the Chandnee Chowk. On the road the detached company, which had cleared the Water Bastion, rejoined the main body, having worked its way through the narrow streets from the water-side. The column met with little opposition, except on one spot. A gun was seen looking down a street. The colonel, with Metcalfe at his elbow, sent a body of men to turn the position of the gun; but before they could arrive, Lieutenant Bradshaw, carried away by ardour, led some of the 52nd straight at the gun. It was taken, but Bradshaw was killed—the only man who fell under its fire. Working through the Begum Bagh, the column found the gate closed; but an adventurous native policeman, and half a dozen 52nd men, speedily broke open the gate, and the force emerged into the Chandnee Chowk, and at once occupied the Kotwallee, or police-station. Then they tried the Jumma Musjid; but the enemy had closed the gate and bricked up the side arches. He had swarmed into the houses on each side, and his cavalry, even, were galloping about the streets. As Colonel Campbell had neither powder-bags nor guns, he could do nothing; so he fell back into the Begum Bagh under a smart fire. Here he waited some time, in the hope of seeing Reid's and Nicholson's men sweep up the Chandnee Chowk from the Lahore Gate. They did not come; and he therefore relinquished the ground won, and fell back upon the church.

In the meantime, Nicholson had led his men along the Rampart Road, which runs the whole circuit of the city within the wall. He rapidly seized the Moree Bastion and the Cabul Gate, and was pressing on for the Lahore Gate, when the column met with a check. They had gone some distance, the 75th Foot in front, writes Mr. Cave Browne, when, "at a curve in the road, a gun in the Burun Bastion opened fire upon them. In the lane, too, was a slight breastwork with a brass gun to dispute the road; but this was soon withdrawn before the brisk fire of the 75th. Unhappily, no rush was made to capture it. The men in advance hesitated, and fell back to the Cabul Gate, with three officers—Captain Freer (of the 27th), Wadeson, and Darrell—wounded. Here Nicholson, who had mounted the Moree Bastion to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy outside, joined them, and found the aspect of affairs suddenly changed. In the lane, which had before been comparatively clear, one of the guns (originally placed at the Lahore Gate to sweep the Chandnee Chowk) had now been run some distance down the lane, and another placed at the entrance to support it. The windows and roofs of the low houses on the left were also now swarming with riflemen; and where a short time before a vigorous rush might have cleared the almost empty lane, and taken the gun and carried the Lahore Gate in flank, with probably but little loss, now every inch of ground had to be fought, and the advance made in the face of a deadly fire from the field-piece, through the lane alive with a concealed foe. Nicholson saw the emergency, and resolved on recovering, if possible, the lost ground. He pushed on the 1st Fusiliers, who answered to his call right gallantly. One gun was taken and spiked; twice they rushed at the second. The grape ploughed through the lane, bullets poured down like hail from the walls and houses. Major Jobson fell mortally wounded at the head of his men; Captain Speke, and Captain Greville, were disabled; the men were falling fast—there was hesitation. Nicholson sprang forward, and while in the act of waving his sword to urge the men on once more—alas for the column, alas for the army, for India!—he fell back mortally wounded, shot through the chest by a rebel from a house window close by, and was carried off by two of the 1st Fusiliers. The command of the column devolved on Major Brookes, of the 75th Regiment, who, on Colonel Herbert's retiring wounded at the glacis, had taken command of that regiment. They now fell back on the Cabul Gate, which was for some time to be our advanced position. The delay had lost us the Lahore Gate and Nicholson."

It was this check which, as we have seen, compelled the retreat of Campbell from the Begum Bagh, and of Ramsay, with his Ghoorkas, from the Kotwallee, in the Chandnee Chowk, a post he had held for five hours. By this time the reserve had entered the city, and Bourchier was bringing in his guns, when the aspect of affairs outside directed attention to that quarter.

The attempt to reach the Lahore Gate, by carrying the suburb in front of it, had failed. The Sepoys, who, as we have remarked, were not wanting in some military qualities, had prepared for an attack on Kishengunge. Indeed, one reason for hurrying on the assault of Delhi was that they were known to be making a battery for seventeen guns in this quarter, with which to take in flank our whole line of batteries. So that when Major Reid, starting from the ridge, led his weak column from the Subzee Mundee towards the Kishengunge suburb, he found the gardens and houses full of troops, two or three breastworks in his path, plenty of guns, and several squadrons of horsemen hovering about on the watch for a chance. His troops were under the fire of the western bastions of the city, and artillerymen were so scarce that the three guns with him were under-manned. The column moved on, and came in contact with the enemy. The Cashmere Contingent, forming the right of the line, rushed prematurely into action, and ran as prematurely out of it. Their conduct obliged the handful of Rifles and Ghoorkas to precipitate their attack, and in the first onset they stormed the first line of the enemy's defences. But at this crisis, Major Reid, who had escaped scot free in twenty-five actions, fell severely wounded in this his

twenty-sixth; and the enemy, developing an immense force of all arms, Captain Muter, of the Rifles, who succeeded to the command, withdrew the whole column, covered by the fire of the ridge batteries.

This was a moment of real peril. If the victorious foe wheeled to his right, he might have swept along the line of the siege batteries, and fallen on the flank and rear of the assaulting columns. Or he might have tried to capture the ridge and camp. To prevent this the cavalry performed a rare exploit in war. Brigadier Hope Grant, whose horsemen had been in the saddle since three in the morning, descended from the ridge with 600 sabres and lances and a few guns, led by the gallant Tombs, and rode under the city walls, so as to interpose between the assaulting troops and the enemy. Let Hodson, who was there, describe the scene; we have already explained why the horse were required. "In an instant," writes Hodson, "horse artillery and cavalry were ordered to the front, and we went there at the gallop, bang through our own batteries, the gunners cheering us as we leapt over the sand-bags, &c., and halted under the Moree Bastion, under as heavy a fire of round-shot, grape, and canister, as I have ever been under in my life. Our artillery dashed to the front, unlimbered, and opened upon the enemy; and at it they both went, 'hammer and tongs.' Now, you must understand we had no infantry with us. All the infantry were fighting in the city. They sent out large bodies of infantry and cavalry against us, and then began the fire of musketry. It was tremendous. There we were—9th Lancers, 1st, 2nd, 4th Sikhs, Guide Cavalry, and Hodson's Horse—protecting the artillery, who were threatened by their infantry and cavalry. And fancy what a pleasant position we were in, under this infernal fire, and never returning a shot. Our artillery blazed away, of course, but we had to sit in our saddles and be knocked over. However, I am happy to say we saved the guns. The front we kept was so steady as to keep them back until some of the Guide Infantry came down and went at them. I have been in a good many fights now, but always, under such a heavy fire as this, with my own regiment, and then there is always excitement, cheering on your men who are replying to the enemy's fire; but here we were in front of a lot of gardens, perfectly impracticable for cavalry, under a fire of musketry, which I have seldom seen equalled, the enemy quite concealed, and here we had to sit for three hours. Had we retired, they would at once have taken our guns. Had the guns retired with us, we should have lost the position. No infantry could be spared to assist us, so we had to sit there. Men and horses were knocked over every minute. We suffered terribly. With my usual good luck I was never touched. Well, all things must have an end. Some infantry came down and cleared the gardens in our front; and, as their cavalry never showed, and we had no opportunity of charging, we fell back, and (the fire being over in that quarter) halted and dismounted."

An officer who was present has left a description of Hodson which is worth preserving. "I found him," he says, "for admiration of Hodson, who sat like a man carved in stone, and as calm and apparently unconcerned as the sentries at the Horse Guards; and only by his eyes and his ready hand, whenever occasion offered, could you have told that he was in deadly peril, and the balls flying amongst us as thick as hail."

When the evening of the 14th arrived, we had made a lodgement in Delhi. We held the ramparts from the Cabul Gate, along the north front, to the Jumna. We held the church and the college, and several houses. The palace, the magazine, the Selimghur, the great gardens, the Jumma Musjid—four-fifths of the city—were still in the hands of the enemy. To win what we had won had cost the little army 66 officers and 1,104 men killed and wounded—nearly a third of the whole force engaged! The position gained was fortified, and preparations were made for pushing on the work next day. But, unhappily, the troops found plenteous stores of liquor, and, demoralised by prolonged labour, with systems exhausted by the burning climate, they drank without stint, and on the night of the 14th and the morning of the 15th the Sepoys might have driven the helpless host out of the place. General Wilson was so alarmed that he talked of retreating to the ridge! Happily there were firmer minds about him, and he had sense enough to take their advice, and hold on. Nicholson's voice pealed up from his death-bed against the madness of the thought, the bare mention of which raised a storm of anger in our lines. To put a stop to intoxication, General Wilson sent a party into the warehouses to destroy every bottle of beer, wine, or spirits that could be found. It was done, and the army was saved at the expense of the sick and wounded, who needed the stimulants poured out in waste in the cellars of Delhi.

Once rescued from drunkenness, the troops steadily carried out their arduous enterprise, and at the end of six days Delhi was theirs. On the 16th the walls of the magazine were breached, and the 4th Punjabees and Beloochees, going in with the bayonet, drove out or killed the defenders. The enemy, losing courage, withdrew from Kishengunge, and the Ghoorkas replaced them. On the 17th the Delhi Bank House was carried, and a mortar battery planted to bombard the palace. At this time the enemy kept up a heavy fire from every point of vantage; but this did not prevent us from making progress. On the 18th the Burun Bastion was taken by surprise, and the Rifles had sapped their way through the houses up to the palace, the main gate of which was now exposed to a severe cannonade. The people and the Sepoys were now hurrying out of the city on all sides. Hosts of women had passed through our lines towards our camp, guarded by our soldiers, for we did not make war on women. There were signs that the palace had been deserted, and, rushing in the troops found only a few fanatics inside, and those soon received the death they sought. On the 20th we were in entire possession of the city, every large building and fortified post having been taken or abandoned.

But the King of Delhi, the descendant of Timur—the

man around whom insurrection would gather its thousands—had not been taken. With the blood-stained princes of his house, he had taken refuge in the Tomb of Humayoun, and the ruins of old Delhi. Hodson, who always saw into the heart of the business in hand, saw now that without the capture of the king, the capture of Delhi would be shorn of half its fruit. The old man was thoroughly tired of a tumultuous existence. His favourite wife, Zenat Mahal, and her

THE KING OF DELHI.

father-in-law, were disinclined to run the risk attending the leadership of a wandering rebellious army. Hodson learned that they were ready to surrender on conditions. The conditions were such as could not be granted; but Hodson felt that it was for the conquerors to impose conditions. He therefore implored the general to allow him to take a body of his horse, and bring in the king, on the sole condition that his life should be spared if he surrendered. Wilson was obdurate. He did not want to be "bothered" with the king and the princes. He could not spare European troops, and so on. Neville Chamberlain threw the weight of his counsel into Hodson's scale, and again the words of Nicholson were forthcoming on the same side. The general gave way. He gave Hodson authority to spare the life of the king, but he declined to be responsible for the enterprise. Hodson selected fifty troopers from his Horse. He rode through the ruins of old Delhi, accompanied by his escort and the one-eyed Moulvie, Rujub Ali. The ruins were swarming with townspeople and the followers of the king. The peril was very great. Here was one white man; he had fifty faithful swordsmen with him; around him were a host of natives, chiefly Moslems. But he did not hesitate. Posting his men as well as he could, he sent Rujub Ali into the tomb. Two hours passed, hours of awful suspense—the longest hours in Hodson's life. At length the agents came out. The king would surrender to Hodson only on condition that with his own lips the

Briton promised that the king's life should be spared. "Captain Hodson," says an authentic account of this incident, "then went out into the middle of the road, in front of the gateway, and said that he was ready to receive his captives and renew the promise. You may picture to yourself the scene before that magnificent gateway, with the milk-white domes of the tombs towering up from within. One white man among a host of natives, yet determined to secure his prisoner or perish in the attempt. Soon a procession began to come slowly out. First Zenat Mahal, in one of the close native conveyances used for women. Her name was announced as she passed by the moulvie. Then came the king in a palkee, on which Captain Hodson rode forward and demanded his arms. Before giving them up, the king asked whether he was 'Hodson Bahadoor,' and if he would repeat the promise made by the herald? Captain Hodson answered that he would, and repeated that the Government had been graciously pleased to promise him his life, and that of Zenat Mahal's son, on condition of his yielding himself prisoner quietly; adding very emphatically, that if any attempt was made at a rescue, he would shoot the king down on the spot like a dog. The old man then gave up his arms, which Captain Hodson handed to his orderly, still keeping his own sword drawn in his hand. The same ceremony was then gone through with the boy (Jumma Bukh), and the march towards the city began—the longest five miles, as Captain Hodson said, that he ever rode; for of course the palkees only went at a foot pace, with his handful of men around them, followed by thousands, any one of whom could have shot him down in a moment. His orderly told me that it was wonderful to see the influence which his calm and undaunted look had on the crowd. They seemed perfectly paralysed at the fact of one white man (for they thought nothing of his fifty black Sowars) carrying off their king alone. Gradually as they approached the city the crowd slunk away, and very few followed up to the Lahore Gate. Then Captain Hodson rode on a few paces, and ordered the gate to be opened. The officer on duty asked simply, as he passed, what he had got in his palkees? 'Only the King of Delhi,' was the answer; on which the officer's enthusiastic exclamation was more emphatic and hearty than polite. The guard were for turning out to greet him with a cheer, and could only be repressed on being told that the king would take the honour to himself. They passed up that magnificent deserted street to the palace gate, where Captain Hodson met the civil officer (Mr. Saunders), and formally delivered over his royal prisoners to him. His remark was amusing. 'By Jove, Hodson! they ought to make you Commander-in-Chief for this.' On proceeding to the general's quarters to report his successful return, and hand over the royal arms, he was received with the characteristic speech—'Well, I'm glad you have got him; but I never expected to see either him or you again!' while the other officers in the room were loud in their congratulations and applause. He was requested to select for himself from the royal arms what he chose, and has, therefore, two magnificent swords; one with the name of 'Nadir Shah,' and the other the seal of Jehan Gire engraved upon it, which he intends to present to the Queen."

Alas! he did not live to fulfil his intention. His life was cut short, as we shall see, in the palaces of Lucknow.

This adventure was followed by one still more striking, more tragic—the capture and summary execution of the felon princes. Again the general had to be entreated earnestly to permit their capture. Having obtained permission, he called up his lieutenant, Macdowell, and ordered him to bring a hundred men. They set out about eight in the morning of the 21st, and arriving at the Tomb, the troopers were so posted as to invest the huge building, in which were several thousands of armed men. "We halted," writes Macdowell, recounting the story to a friend, "half a mile from the place, and sent in to say the princes must give themselves up unconditionally, or take the consequences. A long half hour elapsed, when a messenger came out to say the princes wished to know if their lives would be promised them if they came out. 'Unconditional surrender,' was the answer. Again we waited. It was a most anxious time. We dared not take them by force, or all would have been lost, and we doubted their coming. We heard the shouts of the fanatics (as we found out afterwards), begging the princes to lead them on against us. And we had only 100 men, and were six miles from Delhi. At length, I suppose, imagining that sooner or later they must be taken, they resolved to give themselves up unconditionally, fancying, I suppose, as we had spared the king, we would spare them. So the messenger was sent to say they were coming. We sent ten men to meet them; and by Hodson's order, I drew the troop up across the road, ready to receive them, and shoot them at once if there was any attempt at a rescue. Soon they appeared in a small 'ruth,' or Hindostanee cart, drawn by bullocks, five troopers on each side. Behind them thronged about 2,000 or 3,000 (I am not exaggerating) Mussulmans. We met them, and at once Hodson and I rode up, leaving the men a little in the rear. They bowed as we came up, and Hodson bowing, ordered the driver to move on. This was the minute. The crowd behind made a movement. Hodson waved them back; I beckoned to the troop, which came up, and in an instant formed them up between the crowd and the cart. By Hodson's order I advanced at a walk on the people, who fell back sullenly and slowly at our approach. It was touch and go. Meanwhile Hodson galloped back, and told the Sowars (ten), to hurry the princes on along the road, while we showed a front, and kept back the mob. They retired on Humayoun's Tomb, and step by step we followed them. Inside they went up the steps, and formed up in the immense garden inside. The entrance to this was through an arch, up steps. Leaving the men outside, Hodson and myself (I stuck to him throughout), with four men, rode up the steps into the arch, when he called out to them to lay down their arms. There was a murmur. He reiterated

the command, and (God knows why, I never could understand it) they commenced doing so. Now, you see, we didn't want their arms, and under ordinary circumstances would not have risked our lives in so rash a way, but what we wanted was to gain time to get the princes away, for we could have done nothing had they attacked us, but cut our way back, and with very little chance of doing even this successfully. Well, there we stayed for two hours, collecting their arms; and I assure you I thought every moment they would rush upon us. I said nothing, but smoked all the time, to show I was unconcerned; but at last, when it was all done, and all the arms collected, put in a cart, and started, Hodson turned to me, and said, 'We'll go now.' Very slowly we mounted, formed up the troop, and cautiously departed, followed by the crowd. We rode along quietly. You will say, 'Why did we not charge them?' I merely say, we were 100 men, and they were fully 6,000. I am not exaggerating; the official reports will show you it is all true. As we got about a mile off, Hodson turned to me and said, 'Well, Mac, we've got them at last;' and we both gave a sigh of relief. Never in my life, under the heaviest fire, have I been in such imminent danger. Everybody says it is the most dashing and daring thing that has been done for years (not on my part, for I merely obeyed orders; but on Hodson's, who planned and carried it out). Well, I must finish my story. We came up to the princes, now about five miles from where we had taken them, and close to Delhi. The increasing crowd pressed close on the horses of the Sowars, and assumed every moment a more hostile appearance. 'What shall we do with them?' said Hodson to me. 'I think we had better shoot them here; we shall never get them in.' We had identified them by means of a nephew of the king's whom we had with us, and who turned king's evidence. Besides, they acknowledged themselves to be the men. Their names were Mirza Mogul, the king's nephew, and head of the whole business; Mirza Kishere Sultamet, who was also one of the principal rebels, and had made himself notorious by murdering women and children; and Abu Bukt, the commander-in-chief nominally, and heir-apparent to the throne. This was the young fiend who had stripped women in the open street, and cutting off little children's arms and legs, poured the blood into their mothers' mouths. This is literally the case. There was no time to be lost; we halted the troop, put five troopers across the road, behind and in front. Hodson ordered the princes to strip (that is, to take off their upper garments), and get again into the cart; he then shot them with his own hand. So ended the career of the chiefs of the revolt, and of the greatest villains that ever shamed humanity. Before they were shot, Hodson addressed our men, explaining who they were, and why they were to suffer death. The effect was marvellous—the Mussulmans seemed struck with a wholesome idea of retribution, and the Sikhs shouted with delight, while the mass moved off slowly and silently. One of the Sowars pointed out to me a man running rapidly across a piece of cultivated ground, with arms gleaming in the sunlight. I and the Sowar rode after him, when I discovered it was the king's favourite eunuch, of whose atrocities we had heard so much. The Sowar cut him down instantly, and we returned, well satisfied that we had rid the world of such a monster".

The bodies were taken into the city, and thrown down in the Chandnee Chouk, in front of the Kotwallee, the very place where, four months before, they had exposed the bodies of our countrywomen whom they had slain! Our soldiers looked on this as poetical justice. To the Sikhs it had a deeper significance. Two hundred years before, the great King Aurungzebe, a fanatical Moslem, as intolerant as an inquisitor, had cut off the head of the Sikh prophet, Tej Singh, and had caused his body to be thrown on that very spot. Here, also, had come retribution for them, and the awful fulfilment of one of their cherished prophecies. There lay three scions of the hated house of Timour, on the public way. Hodson, who had fulfilled their desire of vengeance, and who had done rough justice at the same time, at once rose tenfold in their estimation.

In the midst of these great successes—this fall of Delhi, this capture of the king, this stern but just execution of the scoundrel princes of his house—John Nicholson died. He lingered nine days on his bed of pain. He expired on the 23rd, in his thirty-fifth year. This was our greatest loss. He was a born general. From his earliest youth he had shown very high capacity. His career in India had been one long proof that those who looked to him for great actions were not mistaken. When the Affghans stormed Ghuznee, Nicholson, then quite a stripling, says Mr. Kaye, "drove them thrice back beyond the walls, at the point of the bayonet, before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms: he at length obeyed, and gave up his sword with bitter tears." In later years the savages of Bunnoo, whom he reduced to order and peace, declared that the good Mahometans of the historic age must have been "just like Nikkul Seyn." "If you visit the fields of Geejerat or Chillianwallah," writes Herbert Edwardes, "the country people begin their story of the battles thus—'Nikkul Seyn stood just *there*.'" "A brotherhood of fakirs in Huzara," says the same accomplished soldier, "abandoned all forms of Asiatic monachism, and commenced the worship of Nikkul Seyn, which they still continue. Repeatedly they have met John Nicholson since, and fallen at his feet as their Geeroo (spiritual guide). He has flogged them soundly on every occasion, and sometimes imprisoned them; but the sect of the Nikkul Seynees remains as devoted as ever." Lord Dalhousie said of Nicholson that his name was "a tower of strength." We have seen how strong and skilful and brave he was, and may imagine how those mourned his death who knew him so well. His remains were buried close to Delhi, and an inscription on a marble slab tells how and where he fell. Nor was his the only loss. On the 19th, Mr. Hervey Greathed was seized with cholera in Delhi, and died in a few hours. His grave is by the side of that where the corpse of Nicholson lies.

Delhi captured, the king in captivity, the Sepoy army routed, broken, demoralised—and all without any aid from England—the back of the mutiny in the North-west was broken. This was the work of Lawrence, and Edwardes, and Montgomery, and the able men who were their assistants. That Delhi did not fall a moment too soon is shown by the fact that, contemporaneously with its fall, a rebellion broke out in Gogaira, the country between Mooltan and Lahore, a wilderness inhabited by predatory tribes. Nearly two months were occupied in quenching this fresh flame; but long before that the road to Mooltan was cleared. The incident itself showed what combustible material was scattered over the Punjab. Had Delhi not been taken, there would have been, perhaps, a general revolt. As it was, the "good fortune" of the British filled the people with awe and admiration, for nothing succeeds like success, especially in Asia. The name of Sir John Lawrence, always powerful in the Punjab, was now more powerful than ever. All doubt of our might disappeared, and recruits to any amount were forthcoming at the slightest hint that men were wanted.

But this supremacy had not been reasserted without measures of extreme severity. No mercy was shown anywhere to mutineers or rebels. All caught in the act were hung or blown from guns. The only justification for this sweeping destruction of life is the old one—necessity. It was their lives or ours. Sometimes, no doubt, men were killed who may have been innocent, but on the whole, considering the peril of the hour, justice was done. The country people were powerful helps, and worked heartily with the Europeans; but the strain on their loyalty was great, and happily it was not protracted too far. To describe what was done in the Punjab during those four months would require a volume; and we are called to other fields. But one fact cannot be passed over. Throughout the period the civil business went on as quietly as if there had been no mutiny. The law and criminal courts were open; the revenue was collected as of old. No European showed any symptom of alarm. But if danger appeared, if the state were threatened, the civilian girded on his arms, and wrought at its suppression with all the ardour of the soldier. Nor must we overlook the other significant fact, that as the mutiny deprived us of one army, so it was the means of furnishing us with another; for, within five months after the outbreak at Meerut, the Punjab Government had raised nearly 30,000 men, upwards of 12,000 of whom were regular soldiers. This fact alone testifies to the energy and wisdom of these men. And they were admirably aided by the civil and military men beyond the Sutlej; for these, with the help of the friendly rajahs, who stood fast to us in our day of trial, battled day and night with turbulent tribes, whose main object was plunder, and who robbed and murdered both sides alike. In these enterprises, so honourable and useful to the common cause, let us remember the names of Ricketts, and Spankie, and Wallace, Dunlop, Barnes, Forsyth, Plowden, as representatives of England, who held up the good old name. Beside theirs, we are in duty bound to place those of the Rajahs of Jheend, Nabha, and Kuppoorthulla, and of the Maharajah of Puttiala, without whom the work done would have been impossible. *The* characteristic of this terrible period of trial is, the white man, often alone, standing up stout and grim in the midst of thousands of another race, and working his will, and making them work his will, by dint of sheer moral superiority, and nothing more. Humanly speaking, it was the moral ascendancy of the Western over the Eastern which saved us from an ignominious expulsion from India.

Once established in Delhi, it became of the utmost importance to clear the Doab, or country between the Jumna and Ganges, as far as Agra, and reopen communications with Calcutta by way of Cawnpore. Mahometans, and Goojurs, and fugitive Sepoys swarmed in this region. It was reported everywhere that we had been foiled at Delhi, and that the Padshah was still a great king. Ocular and tangible proof of the contrary was required, and on the 22nd a column 2,790 strong, with sixteen guns, traversed Delhi, crossed the Jumna, and emerged into the purer air of the open country. The troops consisted of 930 Europeans, of whom 450 were furnished by the 8th and 75th Foot, and 300 by the 9th Lancers. The remainder were artillerymen. The native force included 400 horsemen. The whole were under Colonel Greathed. Crossing the Hindun by the suspension bridge, the scene of Wilson's first successes, the force swept round to the right, and marched on Bolundshuhur. The rebel chief in these parts was one Walidad Khan, who held his authority from the King of Delhi. He had his head-quarters in the strong fort of Malaghur, about five miles from Boluudshuhur, and he maintained himself by plundering the country side. The appearance of our troops was, therefore, welcomed by the people. The enemy were found in position in front of Bolundshuhur. Here a smart action ensued; but in three hours the enemy was routed, pushed through the town, and his guns were captured. Crossing the Kalee Nuddee, it was found that Walidad Khan had fled from Malaghur across the Ganges. The fort was blown up, but in that operation Lieutenant Home, who had earned the Victoria Cross by his exploits at the Cashmere Gate of Delhi, was accidentally killed. Marching on, the column did justice on the road upon well-known and flagrant offenders, and had passed Allyghur, when expresses came from Agra demanding instant help. Bukht Khan, with the wreck of the Bareilly Brigade and Sepoys of many regiments, was threatening Agra, and the folks in the strong fort of Akbar were in fear. In July the European garrison had sallied out to attack the Neemuch mutineers and the Kotah contingent, which had joined them. The Europeans were only 500 strong, with D'Oyley's battery. The enemy had 2,000 men and eleven guns. The attack does not seem to have been well managed, for the infantry were held back so long that, when they charged, they had to halt and retire, because not only their ammunition but that of the

artillery was almost exhausted. The gallant D'Oyley was mortally wounded. He would not give in, but lying on a gun-carriage, commanded his battery. At length, finding his strength failing, he said, "They have done for me now; put a stone over my grave, and say I died fighting my guns." The troops withdrew to the fort, and the enemy burnt the cantonments and civil lines, and plundered the place, and marched to Delhi. From that time the Europeans, and native Christians, and servants still faithful, lived in the fort. Now they were in great alarm, and hence, as soon as Greathed came within hail, they vehemently demanded his aid, for 10,000 mutineers from Delhi and elsewhere were moving from Dholpore upon Agra, and Colonel Fraser, who had succeeded Mr. Colvin, had got alarmed beyond measure.

Greathed put his troops in motion at once, and on the 10th, after two forced marches, filed over the Jumna, passed through Agra, and pitched his camp on the other side. His wearied soldiers little thought they were on the very threshold of a battle. He had been told that the enemy had retreated. So much for the intelligence of Colonel Fraser. A crowd of sight-seers followed the soldiers to the Native Infantry parade ground, a fine open plain. Many of the troops went to sleep immediately, and officers rode off to see friends in the fort. Few tents were up, the baggage was coming in, when suddenly a round shot crashed through the camp; then another, and finally a salvo from twelve guns. The sight-seers fled at the first gun; but the war-worn and war-trained troops sprang to arms with admirable alacrity, turning out with such clothes as they had on. The enemy had surprised the camp, but he was surprised in turn, for our artillery soon answered his fire; our infantry and horse were soon in motion—there was no hesitation. The whole force closed with the enemy, and delivered such stunning blows that he fled nine miles, almost without a halt to breathe. On his track, swift and sharp, were the horse batteries and cavalry. "For seven miles," says Colonel Bourchier, "the road was one continued line of carts, guns, ammunition, wagons, camels rushing about without their drivers, and baggage of every description, all of which fell into our hands. Not a gun or cart recrossed" the Kalee Nuddee, so decisive was the pursuit. Thirteen guns were captured, and the enemy's camp was burnt. "The force returned to camp about seven o'clock, having marched sixty-six miles, and fought a general action, in thirty-nine hours; nine miles of the route had been done by the cavalry and artillery, at a trot through high crops and ploughed fields."

This splendid little action relieved Agra. After resting three days, a rest well deserved, the column, now under Hope Grant, moved out for Cawnpore, which it reached on the 26th of October. The Punjab army had thus sent help towards, instead of receiving aid from Calcutta! Matters had greatly changed in this quarter since we left Havelock a victor at Bithoor in August; and how the change had been brought about we must now narrate.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Lucknow—Situation of the Garrison after Chinhut—Position of the Residency described—The Garrison beleaguered—Immense Numbers of the Besiegers: they begin to mine, and the besieged to countermine—Assault of July 20th: its Failure—More mining—Part of the Defences blown down—Assault of the 10th of August—Fierce Onslaught repelled—Another Mine is sprung—Defeat of the Foe—Sufferings and Endurance of the Garrison: described by Brigadier Inglis—Hopes of Relief—Sir Colin Campbell arrives in India—Havelock asks for Aid—Outram is appointed to command—His Schemes—Position of Havelock—Reinforcements on the way: delayed—Outram's magnificent Self-denial—He resolves to serve under Havelock—Marches up the Doab—Vincent Eyre's Exploit—Junction of Outram and Havelock—Passage of the Ganges—Combat of Mungulwar—Battle of Alumbagh—Attack on Lucknow—Capture of the Charbagh Bridge—The Highlanders—Sound of Firing heard in Lucknow—Havelock advances—The Garrison sees his Soldiers—Havelock captures the Chutter Munzil, and storms through the Streets into the Residency—Death of Neill—Lucknow relieved—Joy of the Garrison—Misfortunes of the Wounded—Outram in command—Shut up in Lucknow—Sir Colin Campbell collects an Army—Leaves Windham at Cawnpore, and marches on Lucknow—Capture of the Delkoosha; of the Secunder Bagh—Awful Slaughter of Sepoys—Peel and his Sailors—Outram breaks out, and Sir Colin breaks in—Evacuation of Lucknow—March towards Cawnpore—Death of Havelock.

THE reader will remember that we left the small garrison of Lucknow beleaguered in its extemporised lines by the rebel force of Oude; and that we narrated the first campaign of Havelock to relieve the garrison, and its failure. The result of that campaign simply enabled us to recover Cawnpore, and to show the mutineers that we had still power to rout them in the open field; and this was an immense gain at that time. We have now to recount, as briefly as possible, the story of the defence of the Lucknow Residency and its various outposts, and then to show how the noble garrison was first succoured by Havelock and Outram, and finally rescued by Sir Colin Campbell.

The defeat of the British forces at Chinhut, the abandonment of the Muchee Bowun, the defection of all but a few hundreds of the native troops, the suddenness of the disaster, created great confusion. The position occupied consisted of a number of buildings around the Residency. The defences begun early in June were still incomplete. There were large gaps at vital points. The engineers had been permitted to level only a few of the surrounding houses, and this only on the north side facing the river. Hence the enemy, as soon as he closed around, was able to occupy the near houses, and from these, as well as from the more distant buildings, the vast palaces and stronger houses, to open at once, and maintain almost without intermission, a terrible fire of shot, shell, and musketry. Consequently, the defences had to be completed under fire; and had the enemy shown the least courage, he might at once have stormed in at more than one point; but, strong in numbers, he was weak in bravery, and he feared to grapple at close quarters, even with the few hundreds encircled by his fire.

The position occupied was a piece of table land, on the crown of which stood the Residency. The ground fell sharply towards the river, and all along the northern face ran a low rampart, eked out with sandbags, and having a ditch in front. The north-eastern and eastern fronts consisted of lines of buildings connected by barricades and banks of earth. Here were the hospital, the

Treasury, the Bailey Guard, a strong gateway, well-banked up with earth, Dr. Fayer's house and enclosures, the Financial Garrison House and wall, Sago's house, and Anderson's house, which was entrenched, and formed the south-eastern angle of the position. Then, looking south, came the Cawnpore Battery, so named because it swept the Cawnpore Road. From this point the line of available buildings trended in a westerly direction, until the house

but a good deal had been done by natives hired and paid every day. After the place was invested the natives deserted in large numbers, and very few officers retained their servants. This added greatly to the sufferings of the garrison. Every post had its allotted defenders, while the women and children, the fugitive ladies and their little ones, the sick and wounded, were stowed away in the large underground rooms of the Residency and

GENERAL WILSON.

of Mr. Gubbins was reached. This was made by that energetic civil servant into a very strong post at the eleventh hour. The western face of the position was the series of houses connected with the north face by an entrenchment running along the brow of the high land on that side. Within the outer line were inner posts, some of which commanded those in front, and at suitable points batteries were constructed and armed with guns. The labour of creating these defences was most trying,

other buildings. Nevertheless, it was soon found that there were few spots into which the projectiles of the enemy did not make way. In fact, the whole position was encircled by hosts of foes, who from batteries placed within a hundred yards, from houses still nearer, from the roofs and upper stories of the lofty and more distant palaces on the east, kept up an incessant hail of shot.

The garrison consisted of the men of the 32nd Foot, under Brigadier Inglis, portions of the 13th and 48th

Native Infantry, some Sikhs of the 71st, many officers of the mutinied regiments, the civil servants of the East India Company, and several merchants: in all 1,692 men, of whom 765 were natives. The force of the assailants varied in numbers. Always formidable, never less than 30,000 men, the nucleus of whom were the Oude Sepoys, the number sometimes rose to 100,000. Chiefs came in from the country districts, bringing their retainers, stayed as long as they deemed expedient, and went away. Then

walls of the larger buildings, and the bullets fell in every part of the place like rain. It was only by keeping close under shelter that any one escaped. In some spots the balls fell so thick that soldiers and officers crossing the space on duty were obliged to run at speed. Many refused to run, and of these not a few fell, sacrificed to an excessive spirit of honour. It was this perpetual fire, and not the assaults of the enemy, that caused the greatest losses. The brave men among the besiegers

BRIGADIER INGLIS.

Havelock's advance drew off a portion of the investing force for a long period. Nevertheless, the active operations of the siege went on without cessation for nearly four months. The investment all this time was so strictly maintained that until after the arrival of Outram and Havelock in September, only one messenger, Ungud by name, was able to go out with dispatches and return.

Within the first week of the siege the enemy had established batteries on every side. He had also manned the houses. The round shot and shell brought down the

were few. They would lead an assault and fall, and then, instead of pressing the charge home, their companions would run back to the first cover. Strict watch had to be kept night and day, and the sentries would often fire at anything mistaken for a dark form. At night the garrison were compelled, not only to repair damages, but to bury the dead, and not only the dead bodies of their comrades, and of women and children, but of the cattle and horses—the latter at first numerous—which fell under the enemy's fire. They had to cook their own

food, for there were few servants in the lines, and their food soon became scanty. Fortunately, they had an abundance of guns, and an immense supply of ammunition. They had, also, the one thing needful—a stoutness of heart which never failed, a determination to perish rather than yield. Even the sick soldiers came out of hospital of their own accord, looking like ghosts of men, and when reproved and ordered back again, nobly replied, "Well, sir, in these times a man must do his best." The ladies and women shared in the labours and the dangers, ready to cook for the strong, and to attend on the sick; and the virtues of the tender sex never shone out more brightly than in this siege.

Up to the 20th of July the enemy contented himself with keeping up an incessant fire of cannon and musketry, to which with musketry and cannon we replied. They had been busy underground. They had begun to mine. Their first effort was against the Redan. On the morning of the 20th they sprung their mine, but it did no harm. "As soon as the smoke had cleared away," writes Brigadier Inglis in his famous report, "the enemy boldly advanced under cover of a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry, with the object of storming the Redan; but they were received with such a heavy fire that, after a short struggle, they fell back with much loss. A strong column advanced at the same time to attack Innes' post, and came on to within ten yards of the palisades, affording to Lieutenant Loughnan—13th Native Infantry, who commanded the position, and his brave garrison, composed of gentlemen of the uncovenanted service, a few of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot and the 13th Native Infantry—an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, which they were not slow to avail themselves of, and the enemy were driven back with great slaughter. The insurgents made minor attacks at almost every outpost, but were invariably defeated; and at two p.m. they ceased their attempts to storm the place, although their musketry fire and cannonading continued to harass us unceasingly as usual."

The action thus described was a very severe one. The enemy, in more than one place, got close under the defences, and some among our volunteers, especially the half-castes, engaged in a war of insults with the enemy, in which our own Sepoys joined. The defenders were few, the assailants many, but in no place did the latter penetrate the lines. After this struggle the old state of things recurred. A ceaseless cannonade and fusilade, constant deaths and wounds, sleepless watchfulness. Day after day passed with a horrible monotony, varied only by the deaths of friends. Still the garrison kept up its courage, and stood ever ready to fight. The besiegers were again at work underground, and we had begun to countermine, doing considerable damage to the works of the enemy. But on the 10th of August they fired a mine on the south side, which entirely destroyed the defences of the place for the space of twenty feet, and blew in a wall, forming a breach "through which a regiment could have advanced in perfect order." Another mine was sprung on the east side, and a general attack commenced. A few went gallantly up to the first breach, but fell under a flank fire. On the eastern side some ran up under the walls, and laid hold of the bayonets through the loopholes; these were soon shot down. Another party attacked the Cawnpore Battery. They rushed on with fixed bayonets and trailed arms. They dashed through the stockade, and reached the mound in front of the inner ditch; but no farther; the fire in front and flank was too sharp and telling; the leading men all fell. Again and again the chiefs cried, "Come on, the place is taken!" but those who obeyed were soon driven back. About a hundred got under the Cawnpore Battery, carrying ladders; but a few hand grenades, dropped among them, sent them flying. "At intervals," says Captain Anderson, "I heard the cry of 'More men this way!' and off would rush two or three here and there; and then the same cry was repeated in an opposite direction, and again the men had to rush to support their comrades who were more hotly pressed." The wounded left the hospitals, and those wounded in the legs threw away their crutches, and kneeling down, fired out of the loopholes; while those who could do nothing else loaded muskets. "In my garrison," writes Captain Anderson, and the extract will give a good idea of the style of fighting, "the truly brave and heroic Mr. Capper and a subaltern officer kept the volunteers at their loopholes; and every man did good service during the attacks by keeping up a constant and rapid fire on the enemy. Monsieur Geoffroi heard one of the chiefs say, 'Come on, brothers, there's nobody here;' upon which he replied, in a loud voice, 'There are plenty of us here, you rascal!' And, as a further proof of his assertion, he shot the leader dead, and followed up by sending a bullet into another man, who was close behind him. Our good old friend, Signor Barsottelli, got very excited as the enemy rushed past the stockade. He said to the Frenchman, '*Son dentro, per Dio*' in Italian! (They are in, by G——.') However, he did as he had always done before; he placed himself in a good, commanding position, and then asked the officer in command if he should fire; his expression generally was, 'Here we dominate; shall I strike?' All this time he was, probably, standing at a loophole, with his eye fixed on the right of his musket, and his body in such an attitude that any one could see he was full of determination."

In these encounters the enemy lost immense numbers, the killed alone on the 10th amounting to 470 men, by the admission of the natives themselves. "On the 18th of August," says the brigadier's report, "the enemy sprung another mine in front of the Sikh lines, with very fatal effect. Captain Orr, Lieutenants Mecham and Soppitt, who commanded the small body of drummers composing the garrison, were blown into the air; but providentially returned to earth with no further injury than a severe shaking. The garrison, however, were not so fortunate. No less than eleven men were buried alive under the ruins, from whence it was impossible to extricate them, owing to the tremendous fire kept up by the enemy from houses situated not ten yards in

front of the breach. The explosion was followed by a general assault of a less determined nature than the two former efforts, and the enemy were consequently repulsed without much difficulty. But they succeeded, under cover of the breach, in establishing themselves in one of the houses in our position, from which they were driven in the evening by the bayonets of Her Majesty's 32nd and 84th Foot."

The enemy made one more serious assault, this time on the 5th of September. He sprung two mines in succession, and strove to storm into the place. He brought up scaling ladders, and tried to mount, but could not stand against the fire of musketry and the explosion of hand grenades. On this, as on other occasions, he was routed with immense slaughter.

But these actions were not what the garrison had most to dread. The glory of the defence did not lie in these fierce combats, but in the unfaltering fortitude which enabled all to bear the incessant fire; the daily losses; the horrid stench; the ever-present dread of mines; the absence of the common conveniences of life; the want of a knowledge of the events occurring in the outer world; the fear lest all the natives should desert. The unceasing cannonade knocked down the walls, and tore through and through some of the buildings. It seemed as if, by sheer force of heavy shot, the enemy would level the defences in one common ruin. But it is astonishing what an amount of cannonading a clump of well-built houses will bear. The enemy, fortunately, did not possess a good supply of shells, so that the arrival of these destructive missiles was comparatively rare. We had shells, but no howitzer to fire them from, and to supply this want, Lieutenant Bonham ingeniously rigged a carriage for a mortar. It was called "the ship," and did good service in horizontal shell firing.

The history of the mining operations is not the least remarkable. The enemy was ever employed in digging and mining all round the place, and hence we were compelled to countermine. Shafts were sunk and galleries run out in the direction of the enemy's mines, that direction being discovered by close observation above, and intense listening under-ground. In this work, very severe, the Sikhs and Hindostanees behaved extremely well. As there was more skill in the garrison than in the rebel army, so the former were more fortunate in their mines. But the eloquent report of Brigadier Inglis contains at once the most authentic and most touching account of the sufferings and endurance of this illustrious garrison, and we cannot do better than quote it. Had it not been, he says, "for the most untiring vigilance on our part, in watching and blowing up their mines before they were completed, the assaults would probably have been much more numerous, and might, perhaps, have ended in the capture of the place. But by countermining in all directions, we succeeded in detecting and destroying no less than four of the enemy's subterraneous advances towards important positions, two of which operations were eminently successful, as on one occasion not less than eighty of them were blown into the air, and twenty suffered a similar fate on the second explosion. The labour, however, which devolved upon us in making those countermines, in the absence of a body of skilled miners, was very heavy. The Right Honourable the Governor-General, in Council, will feel that it would be impossible to crowd within the limits of a dispatch even the principal events, much more the individual acts of gallantry, which have marked this protracted struggle. But I can conscientiously declare my conviction, that few troops have ever undergone greater hardships, exposed as they have been to a never-ceasing musketry fire and cannonade. They have also experienced the alternate vicissitudes of extreme wet and intense heat, and that, too, with very insufficient shelter from either, and in many places without any shelter at all. In addition to having to repel real attacks, they have been exposed night and day to the hardly less harassing false alarms which the enemy have been constantly raising. The insurgents have frequently fired very heavily, sounded the advance, and shouted for several hours together, though not a man could be seen, with the view, of course, of harassing our small and exhausted force, in which object they succeeded; for no post has been strong enough to allow of a portion only of the garrison being prepared in the event of a false attack being turned into a real one. All, therefore, had to stand to their arms, and to remain at their posts until the demonstration had ceased; and such attacks were of almost nightly occurrence. The whole of the officers and men have been on duty night and day during the eighty-seven days which the siege had lasted up to the arrival of Sir J. Outram, G. C. B. In addition to this incessant military duty, the force has been nightly employed in repairing defences, in moving guns, in burying dead animals, in conveying ammunition and commissariat stores from one place to another, and in fatigue duties too numerous and too trivial to enumerate here. I feel, however, that any words of mine will fail to convey any adequate idea of what our fatigue and labours have been—labours in which all ranks and all classes, civilians, officers, and soldiers, have all borne an equally noble part. All have together descended into the mine; all have together handled the shovel for the interment of the putrid bullock; and all, accoutred with musket and bayonet, have relieved each other on sentry without regard to the distinctions of rank, civil or military. Notwithstanding all these hardships, the garrison has made no less than five sorties, in which they spiked two of the enemy's heaviest guns, and blew up several of the houses from which they had kept up the most harassing fire. Owing to the extreme paucity of our numbers, each man was taught to feel that on his own individual efforts alone depended in no small measure the safety of the entire position. This consciousness incited every officer, soldier, and man to defend the post assigned to him with such desperate tenacity, and fight for the lives which Providence had intrusted to his care with such dauntless determination, that the enemy, despite their constant attacks, their heavy mines, their

overwhelming numbers, and their incessant fire, could never succeed in gaining one inch of ground within the bounds of this straggling position, which was so feebly fortified that had they once obtained a footing in any of the outposts, the whole place must inevitably have fallen. If further proof be wanting of the desperate nature of the struggle which we have, under God's blessing, so long and so successfully waged, I would point to the roofless and ruined houses, to the crumbled walls, to the exploded mines, to the open breaches, to the shattered and disabled guns and defences, and lastly to the long and melancholy list of the brave and devoted officers and men who have fallen. These silent witnesses bear sad and solemn testimony to the way in which this feeble position has been defended. During the early part of these vicissitudes, we were left without any information whatever regarding the posture of affairs outside. An occasional spy did, indeed, come in, with the object of inducing our Sepoys and servants to desert; but the intelligence derived from such sources was, of course, entirely untrustworthy. We sent our messengers daily, calling for aid and asking for information, none of whom ever returned, until the twenty-sixth day of the siege, when a pensioner, named Ungud, came back, with a letter from General Havelock's camp, informing us that they were advancing with a force sufficient to bear down all opposition, and would be with us in five or six days. A messenger was immediately dispatched, requesting that on the evening of their arrival on the outskirts of the city, two rockets might be sent up, in order that we might take the necessary measures for assisting them in forcing their way in. The sixth day, however, expired, and they came not; but for many evenings after officers and men watched for the ascension of the expected rockets, with hopes such as make the heart sick. We knew not then, nor did we learn until the 29th of August, or thirty-five days later, that the relieving force, after having fought most nobly to effect our deliverance, had been obliged to fall back for reinforcements; and this was the last communication we received until two days before the arrival of Sir James Outram on September 25th. Besides heavy visitations of cholera and small-pox, we have also had to contend against a sickness which has almost universally pervaded the garrison. Commencing with a very painful eruption, it has merged into a low fever, combined with diarrhœa; and although few or no men have actually died from its effects, it leaves behind a weakness and lassitude which, in the absence of all material sustenance, save coarse beef and still coarser flour, none have been able entirely to get over. The mortality among the women and children, and especially among the latter, from these diseases and from other causes, has been, perhaps, the most characteristic of the siege. The want of native servants has also been a source of much privation. Owing to the suddenness with which we were besieged, many of these people, who might perhaps have otherwise proved faithful to their employers, but who were outside of the defences at the time, were altogether excluded. Very many more deserted, and several families were consequently left without the services of a single domestic. Several ladies have had to tend their children, and even to wash their own clothes, as well as to cook their scanty meals, entirely unaided. Combined with the absence of servants, the want of proper accommodation has probably been the cause of much of the disease with which we have been afflicted. I cannot refrain from bringing to the prominent notice of his Lordship in Council the patient endurance and the Christian resignation which have been evinced by the women of this garrison. They have animated us by their example. Many, alas! have been made widows and their children fatherless, in this cruel struggle. But all such seem resigned to the will of Providence, and many—among whom may be mentioned the honoured names of Birch, of Polehampton, of Barbor, and of Gall—have, after the example of Miss Nightingale, constituted themselves the tender and solicitous nurses of the wounded and dying soldiers in the hospital."

It was on the 22nd of September that the garrison got news of the coming relieving force. On that evening the faithful and intrepid Ungud arrived with a letter from Sir James Outram, announcing that he had crossed the Ganges on the 19th, and would soon be in Lucknow. To account for the appearance of this army, we must go back to the period when we left Havelock after his victory over the mutineers at Bithoor in August.

Sir Colin Campbell had just arrived in Calcutta. When the news of General Anson's death reached London, the name of only one man occurred to the Duke of Cambridge, as that of a soldier fit to restore to us an empire in the East. By a sort of instinct, in moments of real peril, nations select their commanders; and when the Duke of Cambridge sent for Sir Colin Campbell, he only anticipated the national choice of a fit leader. The scene at the Horse Guards was characteristic. The Duke offered the command of the Indian army to the veteran, who but a few months before was simply a colonel. Sir Colin accepted the appointment, and when he was asked how soon he would be ready to start, he replied—in four-and-twenty hours. He was as good as his word, and embarking for India at once, arrived in Calcutta on the 13th of August, two months and a half after the death of Anson. But the army he was to command was slowly steaming and sailing round the Cape of Good Hope. The French Emperor had offered to our Government free passage for troops through France, but we had not become so humiliated as a nation as to be in a position to accept that offer. Many persons urged the Government to send the Indian reinforcements through Egypt, as if Egypt were our own. Had the Government done so, an evil precedent would have been set; for the French would have been only too happy to avail themselves of an example which would have made Egypt a sort of neutral highway; and which might have been used to serve ambitious purposes, and have led to the occupation of Egypt by a French army, which it would have required a war to expel. Therefore the Government wisely sent the troops by the sea route.

As soon as he heard of Sir Colin's arrival, Havelock

reported to him, and begged that he might be reinforced. The Indian Government, however, had taken the unusual step of superseding Havelock by Sir James Outram, and left the former to learn his supersession from the columns of the *Calcutta Gazette*. Havelock felt this keenly, but he was a good soldier, and did not complain. His friends supplied the required amount of indignation, and his biographers, from excusable motives, have not failed to censure the Government. It cannot, however, be contended that there was anything unfit in placing over Havelock the man under whom he had so recently served in Persia.

The position of Havelock at Cawnpore was one of great peril; enemies were accumulating all around him. There was a mutinous force at Futtehpore, above; the Gwalior contingent, kept inactive by the skill of Sciudia and his able minister, Dinkur Rao, nevertheless threatened to move on Calpee. The Oude insurgents had occupied the abandoned position at Mungulwar, and scouring the left bank of the Ganges, threatened to strike at his line of communications with Allahabad. Agra, it must be remembered, was beset. Delhi, it should be borne in mind, had not been taken; indeed, Nicholson had only just entered the camp with the moveable column. Central India was ablaze with mutiny. To hold Cawnpore we had not more than 1,000 men. Deducting the force required to guard an entrenched position covering the point of passage over the river, and a hundred men sent down the Ganges in a steamer to destroy the boats collected on the Oude bank for an inroad into the Doab at Futtehpore, Havelock could only muster 685 Europeans. Thus it was impossible that he could act in the field. Indeed, at the end of August he was forced to contemplate the fatal step of retreating on Allahabad, unless he were speedily reinforced. These views he laid before Sir Colin, for the telegraph enabled them to hold a rapid correspondence. Now, there were troops in Behar, the 5th and 90th; but the civil authorities had got hold of these, and had kept them for their own protection at various points between Benares and Allahabad. Sir Colin saw the folly of splitting up these regiments into detachments; but so eager was every civil servant for a company of Britons, that it required the most energetic efforts on the part of the Commander-in-Chief to employ his army as he thought fit. He succeeded, and Havelock learned, to his great delight, that the 5th and 90th Foot had been ordered to proceed at once to Allahabad. Thus set at rest on this vital point, Havelock began to prepare for a march into Oude, equipping a powerful train of artillery, but being obliged to draw on his infantry both for gunners and for horsemen.

But these reinforcements did not arrive very quickly. As soon as he assumed command, Sir Colin Campbell requested General Outram to push on the 5th and 90th to Allahabad, together with all the detachments available, as fast as possible. The 90th had no sooner started than the civilians called them back. Then Koer Singh reappeared in the field, and part of the troops destined for Cawnpore had to be detained to watch and counteract him. Moreover, Sir James Outram conceived a new plan of campaign—a march up the Gogra or Goomtee, combined with the advance of Havelock from Cawnpore, instead of the dash of a single column from Cawnpore on Lucknow. To this both Sir Colin and Lord Canning were opposed, and when Sir James Outram heard that Havelock could not hold Cawnpore unless reinforced, he gave up his own views at once, and set his face towards Cawnpore. At the same time he apprised Havelock of his approach, and told his old comrade in arms that he would not supersede him. "I shall join you with reinforcements," so ran his message; "but to you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already struggled so much. I shall accompany you as civil commissioner, placing my military service at your disposal, should you please [to accept it], serving under you as a volunteer." On the 1st of September Outram had reached Allahabad; but, as all his soldiers had not come up, he could not start until the 5th, when he led 1,450 men forward on the road to Cawnpore. Intending to move rapidly—for the danger at Lucknow, he had been assured, was most pressing—he made a forced march; but so many soldiers sank down on the way, that he reduced the length of each day's journey, in order that he might bring in his men fresh and well.

Outram's column had reached Aong, the scene of one of Havelock's victories, when news arrived that a force from Oude had crossed the Ganges, the forerunner of a regular irruption, intent on intercepting our communications. Sir James saw at once how necessary it would be to put a stop to that, and he detached Major Eyre, already known to us, at the head of 150 men, two guns, and forty native troopers, under Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Charles Havelock, to attack and destroy the invaders. Eyre put his infantry on elephants, and, making a rapid march, came upon the enemy at daybreak. Detaching his horsemen, to keep them in play, and urging on his elephants, he found, on arriving, that the enemy had fled to his boats, and that the cavalry were gallantly engaging him, and holding him to the shore. The infantry went briskly into action, and the guns were brought to bear. The Oude men were smitten with terror, and bundling into the river, tried to escape by swimming. So deadly was the fire of grape and musketry that only three men out of the host succeeded in recrossing the Ganges. This was a deadly blow, and left a deep impression. Another body had come over, four miles above, and Eyre at once turned upon them; but they had got news of the slaughter of their comrades, and before Eyre could strike them, they had swept back into Oude. Eyre then made a forced march, and joined Sir James at Futtehpore.

To this swift and sharp blow the Lower Doab was indebted for future security. The Oude borderers did not again get within reach by attempting to molest the roads in our rear. Sir James Outram reached Cawnpore on the evening of the 15th, and with him came the last of the reinforcements. The two chiefs now had all the men they could possibly obtain. Brigadier Inglis had named the 21st of September as the day he could hold

out to. There was no time to be lost. Indeed, Havelock had already began to take measures for the reconstruction of his bridge of boats, a work intrusted to the skilful hands of Captain Crommelin.

Hitherto Sir James had only privately notified his intention not to deprive Havelock of his command. Now, on the 16th of September, in a general order, become famous, Sir James Outram told his soldiers that the honour of relieving Lucknow was due to Brigadier-General Havelock, and, "therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops," he, Sir James Outram, would cheerfully waive his rank, and serve as a volunteer until Lucknow was relieved. Well might Sir Colin Campbell say, "Seldom, perhaps never, has it occurred to a Commander-in-Chief to publish and confirm such an order." All the civilised world thrilled with admiration of the conduct of Outram; but those who knew the man, rightly called the Bayard of India, expected from him nothing less than this act of disinterested generosity. Outram and Havelock were old friends, not likely to deprive each other of glory. But the incident is not the less touching and rare. It is the most brilliant, because the purest, act in the eventful story of 1857; so full of heroism, so abounding in noble instances of valour, fortitude, and self-sacrifice.

The bridge was established in three days, the enemy watching the operation supinely from Mungulwar. Leaving 400 men to guard the entrenchment at Cawnpore, Havelock crossed the river on the 19th, with 2,388 infantry, 109 volunteer cavalry, and 282 artillerymen, all Europeans. There were, besides, 341 Sikh soldiers, and 59 native troopers. The European infantry was made up of six regiments—the 64th, 84th, 78th, 5th, 90th, and the Madras Fusiliers. The artillery consisted of two 9-pounder batteries, under Maude and Olpherts, and a heavy battery—to wit, four 24-pounders, and two 8-inch howitzers, 18 guns—under Vincent Eyre. This force had been got together from Burmah, Ceylon, Madras, Bombay, and the Mauritius, one regiment, the 90th, being part of the force intended for operations in China. These details show the straits to which we were put in 1857. Thus Havelock crossed the Ganges with 3,179 men and 18 guns, confident that, if he arrived in time, he should save the noble Lucknow garrison.

The heavy guns and stores for thirteen days were carried over the bridge on the 20th, and on the 21st the army began its march in two brigades, the first under General Neill, the second under Colonel Hamilton, of the 78th. The progress of the force was far more rapid than that of Havelock when he first crossed into Oude. Moving upon Mungulwar, he found the enemy posted there with six guns. Mindful of former defeats, the enemy made no stand, and being started from cover by the infantry and guns, were chased by Outram with the volunteer horse as far as Busherutgunge, where two guns, much ammunition, and a standard were captured. The whole force came up the same night, and slept on the scene of Havelock's three brilliant combats. The next day the troops marched fifteen miles. They found the bridge over the Sye unbroken, and they encamped on the opposite bank. On the 23rd, ten miles from the Sye, they found the enemy in position at Alumbagh. This was a large park or garden, devised as a pleasaunce for one of the favourite wives of a former King of Oude. The park was enclosed by a wall, with turrets at each angle; it was entered by a handsome gateway, and contained a large palace.

The enemy had brought up 10,000 men, including 1,500 horse from Lucknow, and supported them with many guns. Part of his front was covered by a morass, his centre stood across the road, and his left was in the Alumbagh. In order to get at him, the whole column had to move along his front under fire, having the water of the swamp between it and the foe. But when once this obstacle was surmounted, and it became possible to open with heavy guns, both artillery and cavalry fell away to the rear in some confusion. One gun alone remained. Its gunners were gallant, well-trained regulars, and they went through their work without flinching. Suddenly a little band of horse swept down upon them, and closing in, cut them down. It was Lieutenant Johnson and his native irregulars. He was now more than half a mile in front of our line, and of course could not keep the gun, but the enemy did not go near it again. However he put two pieces into the Alumbagh, making holes in the wall, to serve as embrasures. This stood him in no stead, for the 5th Foot charged him, and drove him out of the garden and palace. We captured five guns, and pressed the enemy back upon Lucknow, with the Volunteer Horse at his heels. The troops prepared to bivouac and wait for their baggage; and had just taken up position, when Sir James Outram informed them that, on the 14th, the British had broken into Delhi—cheering news, which our soldiers received with loud shouts.

Havelock was now in actual contact with the assailants of the garrison in Lucknow. He was within sight of the goal he had done so much to reach. It had been comparatively easy to defeat the enemy in the open field. The task of breaking into Lucknow, through its tortuous lanes and mighty buildings, was far more arduous. It had to be undertaken with resolution, but also with circumspection: it was needful to temper daring with craft. On the night of the 23rd, for instance, the general had posted his men on a ridge, a little in advance of the left front of Alumbagh, because the high ground was drier than the low ground, and for two nights the rain had fallen in torrents. But at dawn it was found that the ridge was within range of guns hidden in the trees which fringe the suburbs of the city; and so precise was the fire of the enemy that the whole line had to be withdrawn, and formed a thousand yards to the rear on the interior slope. The pickets were posted in an enclosure a mile in front of the line, which faced down the road to the Charbagh Bridge, over a canal which covers the south and south-east front of the city. Havelock determined to rest his men on the 24th, and to their great comfort tents were pitched in the forenoon. But they had scarcely been set up ere a dashing body of

mutineer cavalry, 1,500 strong, crept stealthily into the rear, and charged the long baggage train just arriving at the camp. Mistaken for our own irregulars, the baggage guard had allowed them to come too near, and when they charged with horrid shouts, the drovers and camp followers were so terrified that they fled swift and far, their flight resembling "the sound of a rushing storm sweeping over the plain." The guard were soon on the alert, and the horsemen were driven off, but not before they had killed an officer and several men. The round shot from Lucknow suburbs still rolled through

PURSUIT OF MUTINEERS BY COLONEL GREATHED.

the camp, but the baggage was put out of harm's way in the Alumbagh.

The 24th was spent by the generals in devising a plan of attack. First, it was wisely proposed to hold the Alumbagh, which thus served as an intermediate base of operations. It was highly defensible, and plentifully supplied with water. All the baggage was to be deposited here, and a garrison of 250 men, under Colonel M'Intyre, was intrusted with the defence. The next step—the choice of a route into Lucknow—was more difficult. One plan was to force the Charbagh Bridge, and to cut a passage to the Residency along the Cawnpore road. This plan was at once abandoned, because the route which the column would have to take lay through the heart of the city, and because every yard presented an obstacle. Another plan was to move the whole column to the right, seize the Delkoosha Palace and park, and, under cover of its excellent defences, bridge the Goomtee, throw the column over, and sweeping up the left bank of the river, capture the iron bridge, and so release the garrisen. The actual plan adopted was a compromise between the two. It was resolved that the Charbagh Bridge should be carried, but that, instead of pushing forward into the city, the column should wheel to the right, and fight its way through the palaces and large houses lying to the east of the Residency. There is reason to believe that the second plan would have been adopted, as the safer, and less costly in life, but it would have taken some days to execute it, and the latest communications from Brigadier Inglis painted the dangers of the garrison from mines, and the possible defection of the native troops, in such colours, that the idea was abandoned, and the deadlier project adopted. Havelock determined to take with him his heavy guns, and well it was that he did so. Therefore, leaving in

Alumbagh, including the sick and wounded, about 400 men, the force paraded on the 25th to fight its way into Lucknow.

The men were war-worn, but as eager to fight as ever—more eager, as they were so close to their beleaguered countrymen, and those of whom they thought more, their countrywomen. But one spirit animated the whole mass, and their looks filled their leaders with abounding confidence in the issue. The troops moved off between eight and nine. First went a brigade of infantry, followed by the guns, under Sir James Outram; then the remainder of the infantry, under Havelock himself. As soon as the skirmishers had passed the picket the column came under fire. It was poured in upon them like hail from the road in front, and on both flanks from the enclosures and a large house painted yellow. Three guns raked the column. But, in spite of this fire, on it swept; and, led by Captain Maude, the artillery got through, but with the loss of a third of the men. On the right was a large garden, called the Charbagh; on the left clusters of enclosures; in front the bridge over the canal. The enemy had planted a battery of six guns to defend the bridge, and had filled all the neighbouring houses with infantry. Meeting the storm of shot at a turn in the road, the troops were ordered to lie down until the guns could be got into position. But the narrowness of the road did not enable our artillery captains to place more than two upon it, and with these two Maude contended with six. In order to bring a flank fire to bear on the bridge, Outram led a body of infantry into the Charbagh. The unequal artillery combat continued. Maude's gunners fell rapidly; infantry soldiers replaced them. General Neill, now leading the first brigade, listened anxiously for the sound of Outram's musketry. All was silent in the Charbagh. Feeling that this protracted artillery duel would not help them into Lucknow, Neill resolved to carry the bridge with the bayonet. The word had scarcely been given ere Lieutenant Arnold and a few of the Madras Fusiliers charged on to the bridge. With them went Colonel Tytler and Lieutenant Henry Havelock. The first blast of the enemy's grape swept them all down, Havelock excepted. For a moment he was seen standing alone on the bridge, a target for scores of muskets, waving his sword, and calling to the Madras Fusiliers. The next moment they were with him. With a loud cheer the Fusiliers dashed over the bridge, and bayoneted the gunners at their pieces before they had time to load again. Thus was the bridge of the Charbagh won. Sir James Outram and his men appeared on the bank of the canal just as the guns were captured.

Now the whole column rolled over the bridge. As if they were about to storm along the Cawnpore road, the 78th moved up the street, contending with the enemy in the houses, and occupied its outlet. But this was only a feint. To the surprise of the Sepoys the main column wheeled to the right, and disappeared from view. The baggage followed in a steady stream. Enraged at being thus foiled, the enemy, seeing the Highlanders without support, turned upon them. For three hours the gallant 78th kept the street against all odds. They held the houses at a point where two roads met. When the enemy became too audacious, they sallied out and scared him away. When he brought up two guns, the 78th dashed out of the houses and captured the guns, a feat which won for Captain M'Pherson the Victoria Cross. The surgeon of the regiment, M'Master, was to be seen nobly doing his humane duties under the hottest fire, and a cross was granted to him also. At length, the last wagon crossed the bridge. Young Havelock, who had been charged with the safety of the convoy, was now shot in the arm, just as he had ordered the 78th to withdraw.

Once through that fiery passage of the Charbagh Bridge, the column went on between the canal and the city with comparative ease, for the enemy's defences had been turned. Within the Residency lines there was eager expectation. Distant firing had been heard on the two preceding days; unusual agitation was visible in the city; but no news came in until about ten o'clock, when the faithful Ungud brought a letter from Outram, announcing that he was about to cross the Ganges. The bearer had been nine days on the road. However, he told Brigadier Inglis that Outram was that morning at Alumbagh. Still, the progress of the fight, as indicated by artillery fire, was perplexing, for about eleven, "nearly all sound of firing had ceased," writes an eager listener. We know why. The firing ceased when the 78th, quitting their post near the bridge, followed the main column. An hour later there were sounds and sights which cheered the heart—"the sound of musketry was heard, and the smoke of guns was distinctly perceived *within* the limits of the city." What a moment for the glorious garrison!

The interval of comparative quiet, when the sounds of combat did not reach the ears of listeners in the Residency lines, was the hour occupied by the march of the main column from the bridge through the tortuous lanes as far as the building known as the Motee Munzil. On approaching this, the column moved to the left, facing westward towards the Residency; and the enemy, massed in the Kaiserbagh, a vast palace of the Kings of Oude, and in the houses, catching sight of our troops, opened a tremendous fire. Eyre brought his heavy guns to bear on the enemy's battery at the gate of the Kaiserbagh, and twice compelled the gunners to flee within the gate; while our troops and trains got under cover in the walled passages and buildings. Halting for a time, to wait for the 78th and the volunteer horse, the force moved once more, and crossing a narrow bridge partially under fire, they plunged into the Chuttur Munzil and Furhut Buksh Palaces, out of the storm.

In the meantime the 78th and the horsemen, guided by the sound of the guns, had, on reaching a point where two roads met, quitted the track of the main body, and boldly advanced along a cross lane leading directly to the gate of the Kaiserbagh. Here they came suddenly on the flank of the enemy's battery, which they stormed at once, driving the foe into the palace. Spiking the

largest gun, they pressed on and came up with the main body in the palaces above-mentioned. Here they found the whole body in great confusion, and here for a moment there was a pause.

For the generals were debating the important question whether they should rest there for the night, or push on. Outram was for halting; Havelock for completing the work that night. The soldiers, at first glad of repose, soon grew weary of it, and loudly expressed their desire to go on. Young Havelock—Charles, the son of William who fell at Ramnuggur, in the Sikh wars—forgetting discipline in the fiery excitement of the moment, suddenly exclaimed, "For God's sake, sir, let us go on!" Little more than a quarter of a mile intervened between the troops and the Bailey Guard. The garrison were eagerly expecting them, for the watchers had seen officers in shooting jackets and men in sola topées, and European soldiers coming towards them, and trembled with the near prospect of deliverance.

The distance, though so short, was every inch under fire. But at length Outram consented. The troops formed up, the generals rode forth at their head, the Highlanders and Sikhs leading the column; and giving a loud cheer, they dashed through an archway into the main street which led to the Bailey Guard Gate. The enemy occupied the windows and roofs of the houses on either side, and poured forth a torrent of fire. The road was cut by deep trenches, so that the artillery had to seek another road, but neither musketry nor trenches could stop that column. It was while seeing that the rear was properly brought up that Neill was shot by a party of the enemy through the ceiling of the archway under which the whole column had passed. No man who fell was more regretted. But the work had been done. Lucknow was relieved.

The garrison had seen the advance of that noble column; seen the Highlanders and Sikhs charge up the main street at a rapid pace, loading, shouting, firing as they stormed along; and almost before a cheer could be raised, Outram rode up, and dismounted at the embrasure of Aitken's Battery, near the Bailey Guard Gate. "Once fairly *seen*," writes the staff officer, whose diary of the siege is so admirable, "all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended. And then the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery, from behind the sandbags piled on shattered houses, from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer, even from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten." To make a road into the lines, the gate of the Bailey Guard, long blocked up with earth, was opened, and the soldiers streamed in. "Nothing," writes Mr. Gubbins, "could exceed their enthusiasm. The Highlanders stopped every one they met, and with repeated questions and exclamations of 'Are you one of them?'—'God bless you!'—'We thought to have found only your bones,' bore them back towards Dr. Fayrer's house, into which the general had entered. Here a scene of thrilling interest presented itself. The ladies of that garrison, with their children, had assembled in the most intense anxiety and excitement under the porch outside, when the Highlanders approached. Rushing forward, the rough and bearded warriors shook the ladies by the hand, amidst loud and repeated gratulations. They took the children up in their arms, and fondly caressing them, passed them from one to another to be caressed in turn; and then, when the first burst of enthusiasm and excitement was over, they mournfully turned to speak among themselves of the heavy loss which they had suffered, and to inquire the names of the numerous comrades who had fallen on the way. It is quite impossible to describe the scene within the entrenchment that evening. We had received no post, nor any but the smallest scrap of news, for 113 days since the date of the outbreak at Cawnpore. All had relatives and friends to inquire after, whose fate they were ignorant of, and were eager to learn. Many had brothers, friends, or relatives in the relieving force, whom they were anxiously seeking. Every one wished for news of the outer world, of Delhi, Agra, Calcutta, and of England. Everybody was on foot. All the thoroughfares were thronged; and new faces were every moment appearing of friends which one had least expected to see."

It was the Sikhs and Highlanders who had carved out a road to the Residency by the main street. The remainder of the column, with all the guns except two, were guided by Lieutenant Moorsom—a brave and accomplished young soldier—along streets and lanes which turned some of the Sepoy defences, and brought them to the place with little loss. At the same time, Lieutenant Aitken, with some of the faithful Sepoys of the 13th Native Infantry, sallying forth, materially aided the progress of the guns, and secured a parallel route to the Chutter Munzil.

Unhappily, the wounded, two guns, and the spare ammunition, had been left in the Motee Munzil, under a guard of the 90th, nor could they be rescued during the 26th. Surrounded by the enemy, with one gun exposed in the road and out of reach, they remained all day, assailed and blockaded. Reinforcements were, however, sent to them; and when the sun set, preparations were made for carrying off the convoy. To obtain the gun, private Duffy, a volunteer, crept out, and attached two drag-ropes to the trail of the gun. These were fastened to the limber, the bullocks were yoked, and the gun drawn in. Then, guided by Moorsom, the guns and wagons were put in motion, and actually passed the posts of the enemy unseen. The wounded met with a different fate. Mr. Thornhill, a young civilian, who had married a niece of Havelock's, volunteered to guide the train; but Thornhill lost his way. The wounded and the escort came into the thick of the enemy. Some were carried through, but many were left by the bearers in a square, and these were slain by the foe. Dr. Home, with eight unwounded, and five wounded officers and men, were cut off. They sought

shelter in a house, and defended themselves so heroically that to four of them, when rescued—namely, to Dr. Home, and Privates Ryan, M'Manus, and Hollowell—General Outram gave the Victoria Cross. "One of our number," says Dr. Home, who gave Mr. Gubbins an account of this adventure, "Private Ryan (Madras Fusiliers) was in a sad way about the fate of Captain Arnold, of his regiment, who was lying wounded in one of the doolies near. He called for a volunteer to assist him in removing the wounded officer. Private M'Manus (5th Fusiliers) instantly came forward, though wounded in the foot. We removed our barricade, and the two rushed across the gateway, through the terrible musketry fire, and into the square, when they tried to lift the dooly, but found it beyond their strength. They then took Captain Arnold out of the dooly, and carried him through the same heavy fire into the house. The ground was torn by musket balls about them, but they effected their return in safety, though Captain Arnold received a second wound through the thigh while in their arms. A wounded soldier was also brought in in this way, and he also, poor fellow, received two mortal wounds while being carried in, the men who carried him miraculously escaping." Just as they had given up all hope of being rescued, distant firing was heard; it came nearer. "Oh, boys, them's our chaps!" cried the gallant Ryan. He was right. Moorsom soon appeared, and carried them all off.

The loss of Havelock's force, since it crossed the Ganges on the 19th of September, was 535 killed and wounded. Of these, 196 were killed, and 339 were wounded. Ten officers were killed, including General Neill and Colonel Bazely, of the Bengal Artillery; and thirty were wounded. Sir James Outram was hit, and young Henry Havelock was wounded a second time in the same arm. Thus Lucknow was relieved at the cost of a sixth of the little band which had started from Cawnpore.

It was anticipated that Sir James Outram, who now assumed command, would carry off the garrison. This was not found to be practicable, except at great risk and heavy cost of life. On making due inquiry, it was found that, with the supplies brought in, there was abundance of provisions for several weeks. Sir James, therefore, determined to remain. He divided his force into two parts. Colonel Inglis was left in command of the lines he had so long defended. Havelock was directed to take the remaining troops, and establish himself in the palaces and buildings to the east, on the road through which the troops had come in. This was done in three days. The soldiers now made themselves at home in the luxurious palaces of Lucknow. They were in comparative comfort and safety, but shut out from the rest of India: comparative, for the enemy renewed his mining operations; directing them now against the buildings under Havelock's charge. But at this work he was foiled by the skill and science of Colonel Robert Napier and Captain Crommelin. Guarding against these tricks of the enemy, enduring a fire of guns and musketry less severe and less deadly, and poorly fed, our men, without a murmur, held on for eight more weeks, when the Commander-in-Chief himself arrived, and snatched them, as it were, from the jaws of death.

The Government of India had now become fully aware of the character of the mutiny, which in Oude, Rohilcund, and Central India, had been supplemented by an insurrection. In Oude we have seen how strong was the spirit of hostility; and although many talookdars held aloof from the rebels, they did not join the Europeans. In Rohilcund and Central India the insurrectionary forces were masters of the field from the Ganges to the frontiers of Oude, from the Nerbudda to the Jumna. In Bombay there were intermittent signs of disaffection, and sharp remedies had to be promptly applied. Lord Elphinstone ruled with an iron hand—clad in a velvet glove, it is true, but none the less effective for that. He had his own difficulties to contend against—hostility in Kolapore, and Sattara, and Kandeish: mutiny also in some recently-raised regiments—but all these he overcame. Madras was quiet, and as Bombay sent troops to the Nerbudda Valley and Rajpootana, so Madras sent a column to cover the frontier of Nagpore, and reinforcements to Bengal—European infantry, whom we have seen in battle, and native infantry and native guns, which did good service.

Except during the spring, neither the Indian nor the Home Government underrated the magnitude of the struggle, and the thousands of troops embarked in the summer began to pour into Calcutta by battalions at the end of September. The China troops had all been intercepted before that time, and had been sent up the country. The sailors of the Pearl and the Shannon had been landed with some of their heavy guns, and had been sent up the Ganges—the Pearl men going into the Gorruckpore and Azimghur country, to support the Ghoorkas already there; and Captain William Peel, with a sailor brigade, forming a part of the army rapidly gathering at Allahabad and Cawnpore. For as soon as it became certain that Outram and Havelock could not bring off the Lucknow garrison, treasure, women and children, guns and ammunition, Sir Colin began to organise a force for their relief and rescue. Throughout the month of October this force was being collected at Cawnpore. Except the China regiments, all the troops employed were those already in India. They consisted of the 93rd Highlanders, in full strength, and parts of the 5th, 23rd, 64th, 82nd, 90th, and Madras Fusiliers; of the 8th, 53rd, and 75th Foot, together with the 9th Lancers, Hodson's Horse, and some Sikh cavalry, and two regiments of Sikh infantry. The whole strength was about 4,550 men, with forty-nine guns, including Peel's eight heavy pieces, manned by his gallant tars. This force, gradually collected, was completed by the arrival of Greathed's force from Delhi, which, we have already stated, arrived at Cawnpore on the 26th of October.

As soon as he heard of Greathed's arrival, Sir Colin Campbell quitted Calcutta, and "travelling like a courier," reached Cawnpore on the 5th of November. Part of the troops had already gone on, with large con-

voys, to the Alumbagh, which, it will be remembered, was held by part of Outram's force, now under the orders of Brigadier Hope Grant, who arrived in time to repel a smart attack made by the enemy. The troops had commenced the passage on the 30th of October, and the bulk of the troops were near Alumbagh by the 5th of November. On the 9th Sir Colin reached that place, and on the 11th he reviewed his army. As the Gwalior Contingent—a force of all arms, the nucleus of a large native army—had come up to Calpee, it was not without some apprehensions that Sir Colin left General Windham, of Redan renown, with about 500 men, to guard the small entrenchment which protected the bridge over the Ganges. Nevertheless, as he knew Windham would be reinforced by the troops coming daily up the Ganges from Calcutta, and as it was imperative that Lucknow should be relieved, he left Windham to do his best, and gathered up his strength for a deadly blow at the Oude insurrection.

As soon as General Outram was informed of the early approach of Sir Colin Campbell, he sent plans of the city and its approaches to the Alumbagh, and arranged with Brigadier Grant a code of signals to be worked by means of the old semaphore. It is a remarkable fact that all the necessary particulars for establishing this means of communication were obtained from the article headed "Telegraph" in a copy of the "Penny Cyclopædia" belonging to Mr. Gubbins. The garrison also sent a guide. Fired with the desire of winning the Victoria Cross, Mr. Kavanagh, of the uncovenanted service, volunteered to join the Commander-in-Chief. The offer was accepted. Staining his face, shoulders, and hands with lampblack, putting on the gay dress, and carrying the simple arms of an irregular mutineer, Kavanagh, guided by a native scout, forded the Goomtee at night, dressed on the opposite bank, walked up the river, and recrossing at the iron bridge, made his way through the heart of the city of Lucknow. Emerging in the open country through the enemy's pickets, he pushed on and reached Sir Colin's camp. This is one of the most daring acts ever done in India, since James Outram made his way from Affghanistan to Bombay disguised as a groom. And Kavanagh had his reward, obtaining not only the Victoria Cross in due time, but a reward of £2,000 and admission into the regular civil service. The telegraph soon told not only that Kavanagh had come in safely, but that on the 14th Sir Colin would march on Lucknow.

At nine o'clock on the 14th the army was in motion. Passing to the rear of the Alumbagh, Sir Colin directed his columns upon the Delkoosha Palace and Park, and a fantastic building a little to the west of it, called the Martinière. This side of Lucknow was a mass of groves, gardens, enclosures, and palaces, with stretches of greensward and cultivated patches between. By sweeping so far to the eastward Sir Colin avoided the defences which the Sepoy mutineers and their allies had accumulated on the canal, and about the bridge stormed by Havelock. They had dammed the canal, in order to deepen the water above, and thus outwitted themselves, for they left it dry below, and easy of passage even for heavy guns. After a brief march, the skirmishers came under fire, but pressing on, they chased the enemy through and out of the park, and entered the palace. Then, turning half left, the troops made for the Martinière. Here there was a smarter defence, for the enemy had begun to comprehend the drift of Sir Colin's manœuvre. A number of guns opened on both sides, and the rattle of musketry shook the air; but the infantry leaped over the wall, and with the bayonet soon cleared the building and the enclosure, while the horsemen, dashing through, hunted the enemy over the canal into the suburb on the other side. The troops were now in position from the canal on the right to the Delkoosha Park wall on the left. To cover that flank and protect the road to the Alumbagh, Brigadier Russell seized two villages in front of the left and garrisoned them with Sikhs.

Thus posted, the troops prepared to pass the night, when suddenly the enemy assailed the whole position. The troops turned out rapidly and drove them back with great slaughter, and to guard against a similar occurrence, a strong force of all arms bivouacked on the canal. The next day the troops rested in position, and completed the arrangements essential for the safety of the baggage and the line of communications. The garrison of Lucknow were disappointed, and looked on with apprehension; but on the evening of the 15th they were rejoiced to see the telegraph at work, and to read off the signal, "advance to-morrow." For they had prepared the means of making a diversion in favour of the assailants, and the powder in the mines was getting damp during this delay.

Sir Colin Campbell, although he might have slept in a house, passed the night in the open air, "from sheer love of doing exactly what the troops did," says the gallant Bourchier. Early on the 16th the guns and infantry, except the Sikhs, were withdrawn from the left, and the columns were formed to attack the enemy's position. This consisted of the Secunderbagh across the canal, and near to the Goomtee. Sweeping to the right, the troops moved on, and about mid-day reached the front of the enemy's lines. The Secunderbagh was surrounded by a high wall, loopholed on all sides, and flanked by towers. Within was a house of two stories. Thus the enemy showed a triple line of muskets. The gates were barricaded. Opposite the south side—that is, opposite our left—was a serai, and on either flank were clusters of native houses. The whole formed a formidable front, as each group of buildings was supported by another. Nevertheless, the exterior defences were rapidly carried. The guns dashed up under a cross fire and opened on the villages, and the infantry, in open order, closing with the defenders, expelled them. The bulk of the leading brigade then turned upon the Secunderbagh, while the skirmishers stretched away to the left, sweeping the foe before them, and seizing each post of vantage. In the meantime two 18-pounders had been engaged breaching the main wall of the garden. They had broken down a part of the wall, a small hole through which three or four men could enter abreast.

Sir Colin thought his men could carry it, and he started the 93rd and 53rd and 4th Punjabees at the place. They bounded in with a cheer. The houses and the garden were full of Sepoys. Four regiments, upwards of 3,000 men, were caught in this trap. Burning with rage, our troops plied the bayonet with such good will that the enclosure, 120 yards square, became a mere pile of carcases. Nearly 3,000 were slain in that place. "There never was a bolder feat of arms," wrote Sir Colin; and rarely, perhaps never, such a horrible slaughter. Still on went the column. The work was not over. Several strong places intervened between the assailants and their friends inside. A little farther on was the Shah Nujeef. This is a domed mosque, says Sir Colin's report, with a garden. The walls of the enclosure were pierced by a double tier of loopholes, the entrance was covered with traverses, the top crowned by a parapet. The enemy defended it with great resolution. Guns were brought up and opened, with the hope of making a breach. Two hours passed and the shot produced no effect on the massive walls. Then Peel brought up a 24-pounder. It was dragged up by the sailors and the men of the 93rd, and with its muzzle almost touching the wall, it was fired. "The dust and smoke," writes Mr. Gubbins, "were so great that it was almost impossible to see what was the effect of this cannonade, unexampled, except in naval warfare. A breach was made in the outer wall, but there was yet an inner wall, which seemed to present a serious obstacle; and the enemy from the elevated terrace still maintained a fire of musketry, which could not be effectually kept down by the rifles of the 93rd. There was a tree standing at the corner of the Shah Nujeef, close to the building, and at this juncture, Captain Peel offered the Victoria Cross to any of his men who would climb it. Three men immediately ascended the tree up to the level of the terrace, and from this position fired on the enemy. Their names are—Harrison, leading seaman, Lieutenant N. Salmon, and Lieutenant Southwell; the last named fell killed, and both the others were wounded. By this time, however, the enemy, alarmed by the progress of the attack, began to desert the place. Their fire slackened, the Highlanders rushed in at the breach, and the Shah Nujeef was taken." Here was another feat of arms. "Captain Peel," says, Sir Colin, "led up his guns, with extraordinary gallantry, within a few yards of the building, to batter the massive stone walls. The withering fire of the Highlanders effectually covered the naval brigade from great loss. But it was an action almost unexampled in war; Captain Peel behaved very much as if he had been laying the Shannon alongside an enemy's frigate." This terminated the operations of the day. Indeed, the closing scenes were acted in darkness, illumined only by the fire of the guns, the rockets, and the shells. Thus far had Sir Colin penetrated towards the Chutter Munzil. Between him and it lay the Motee Munzil, to reach which he must come under the guns and musketry of the Kaiserbagh. During this contest outside Havelock and Outram had not been idle. By dint of mine and battery they had so wrought that, not only had they cleared a part of the road between them and their friends, but had materially assisted in engaging the Kaiserbagh and other buildings full of men and guns. They had made a desperate sortie, and wrought a passage by powder, bayonet, and torch. From the top of the Chutter Munzil the whole scene—domes, minarets, noble palaces, groves and gardens, all alive with combatants, and mantled in smoke—was visible, and there, aloft, Outram and others, under fire from the other side of the Goomtee, watched the progress of Sir Colin, till night fell.

The next day the first step of Sir Colin Campbell was to make his left rear and line of communications more secure, and with that view he caused a body of troops to occupy a large building near the canal, called Banks's House, and a series of bungalows on the south of the lanes leading to the Delkoosha Park. When this was accomplished, he turned his attention to the Mess House of the 32nd, and the Observatory, which stood on the flank of his road into the Residency. Determined to use his guns as much as possible, Sir Colin directed them upon the Mess House, while Outram caused Eyre's Battery in our lines to join in the fire. Then the place was stormed, and found to have been abandoned; but the fire from the Observatory was so heavy, that the flag of the 90th, planted by Captain Wolseley, was twice shot away. Wherefore the troops turned furiously upon the Observatory, drove out the enemy, and set it on fire. Only the Motee Munzil remained, and the obstacles here offered were soon overcome. Pouring into this palace under fire from the Kaiserbagh, the troops rapidly filled it; the sappers broke through into other buildings, and the lines of the Residency were won. Forth from them came Lieutenant Moorsom, of the 52nd, ever foremost, and greeted the army of rescue. The troops emerge, Outram and Havelock issue forth, and Sir Colin has the "inexpressible gratification" of greeting them before the fighting is quite at an end. Thus the relief of the besieged garrison was accomplished, and great was the rejoicing among the battered walls, and broken minarets, and gorgeous palaces of Lucknow.

The chiefs of the relieved garrison, ignorant of the state of affairs on the Jumna and in the Doab, thought that Sir Colin would immediately complete the conquest of the city. Sir Colin knew better. Nothing but imperative necessity led him to advance on Lucknow before he had defeated the Gwalior Contingent. He did not know but that, at the very moment when he entered the Chutter Munzil, the enemy might not have fallen upon Windham, and driven him from Cawnpore. To withdraw the garrison and treasure was therefore his first care and his first duty. He had no secure base of operations. His army was, indeed, scattered about in groups, and every man for a week had been constantly on duty. He therefore set himself to devise a plan of taking all away with him as soon as possible. This was no easy task. At first he hoped to take such buildings in his way as commanded the best road, but he found that this would cost too many men; and, moreover, by dint of careful surveying, it was found that the sandy

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, COMMANDING IN-CHIEF.

lanes, less under fire, might be made to answer his purpose.

His plan was very simple, yet very ingenious. He directed his heavy guns to breach the Kaiserbagh, in order that the enemy might suppose he meant to storm it. Then he ordered the whole force, the women and children, and the trains, to file through his pickets on the night of the 22nd of November. The guns that could not be brought off were burst. The women made their little packages; transport was scarce, and many had to walk; and all going out during daylight, were more or less under fire. Before the troops moved, the sick and wounded, the women and children, the stores of grain, and the large mass of treasure, were safely got through to the Delkoosha. The greatest care and pains were taken to prevent loss, and loss was prevented. Then the troops moved off. "Each exterior line came gradually retiring through its supports, until at length nothing remained," writes Sir Colin, "but the last line of infantry and the guns, with which I was myself to crush the enemy if he had dared to follow up the pickets." So silently and regularly did all this come to pass, that at dawn, when the army was at Delkoosha, the enemy began firing at the old positions, now happily empty. Only one officer had remained behind. The poor man, worn out with fatigue, had gone to sleep. No one had awakened him. Roused by the daylight, he found himself alone. Terrified at his isolation, he hurried through the houses and the lanes, and had the good fortune to arrive with a whole skin, but a shaken nervous system, at Delkoosha; a singular proof of the perfection of Sir Colin's measures for the withdrawal of everything and everybody from the old lines.

Halting one night in the Delkoosha Park, the army, with its enormous train, marched off and halted at the Alumbagh, without having been molested at any point by the enemy, who had a wholesome dread of the splendid cavalry which covered the operation. All arrived safely at the Alumbagh, and Sir Colin, on the 27th of November, leaving a strong force there under Sir James Outram—3,000 men and 18 guns—started off with the rest of the troops to escort a train, ten miles long, to Cawnpore.

But before the Commander-in-Chief marched away, the army had suffered a heavy loss: General Havelock had passed away. He died at the climax of an arduous military career, winning endless fame at the time when most men look for repose. Just as he had become the pride of England, he died. The reader has seen how he brought back victory to our standards in the country watered by the Ganges and the Jumna. The reader may be old enough to remember how the nation exulted when there came news of Havelock's glorious campaign in the Doab, and his determined efforts to reach Lucknow. The Queen at once conferred on him the order of Knight Commander of the Bath; and Sir Colin, when he entered Lucknow, astonished his old comrade by calling him Sir Henry. But Havelock only heard five days before he died that this honour had been bestowed on him. The labour, the anxiety, perhaps the foul atmosphere of Lucknow, proved too much for his strength. On the 20th of September signs of cholera appeared. He was instantly moved out of the city to the Delkeosha Park. From day to day he grew worse, and himself felt assured, though his friends did not, that his end was near. Here in the park Mr. Gubbins went to see him, and found him in a soldier's tent. "Entering it," he writes, "I found the general's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Hargood, and his medical attendant, Dr. Collinson, lying down. They whispered to me, in mournful accents, the grievous news that Sir Henry's case was worse, and pointed to where he lay. It was in a dooly, which had been brought inside the tent and served as a bed. The curtain was down on my side. I approached and found young Havelock seated on the farther side by his dying father. His wounded arm still hung in a sling; but with his other he supplied all his father's wants. They told me that the general would allow no one to render him any attendance but his son. I saw that to speak was impossible, and sorrowfully withdrew." Lying on this bed, tended by his son, surrounded by the affection of the army, Havelock declared he should die happy and contented. "I have for forty years so ruled my life," he said to Outram, "that when death came I might face it without fear." He passed a less restless night, but at nine on the morning of the 24th he quietly passed away, dying as became a noble Christian soldier. He was in his sixty-third year. The troops went on that day to Alumbagh, bearing the body of their beloved captain with them. "On the low plain by the Alumbagh," says one writer, "they made his humble grave; and Campbell and Outram, and Inglis, and many a stout soldier who had followed him in all his headlong marches, and through the long fatal street, were gathered there to perform the last rites to one of England's noblest dead." No man has been more thoroughly appreciated in England, and few have deserved more fully the love and esteem of their countrymen.

We have said that the Commander-in-Chief, with half his force, marched off for Cawnpore on the 27th. That day he moved to Bunnee, seventeen miles, and there at eventide he heard the sound of heavy guns towards the Ganges. What was it? The evil apprehended had occurred. Windham was beset by the Gwalior Contingent, and the bridge of boats was in danger. Sir Colin, indeed every practised soldier, knew there was menace of peril in that muffled roar, and at sunrise the whole camp was in motion, intent on marching to the Ganges, without a halt. And they marched to the muttered accompaniment of this distant cannonade.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Windham at Cawnpore: his position—The Gwalior Contingent advances from Calpee—Windham's hesitation: he resolves to attack: delays: defeats part of the enemy, and is surprised in his Camp—First Battle of Cawnpore—Defeat of Windham—He retires into the Fort to cover the Bridge—Sir Colin hears the Cannon; his opportune Arrival; he saves Windham—Passage of the Oude Convoy—Second Battle of

Cawnpore—Utter Rout of the Gwalior Contingent—Seaton's Campaign in the Doab—Combats of Gungaree and Puttiala—Hodson's daring Ride and narrow Escape—Sir Colin advances on Futtehghur, and takes it—He is joined by Seaton and a vast Convoy.

It was rather a misfortune for Sir Colin that he had been obliged to leave at Cawnpore, not a Neill or a Havelock, but General Windham, who owed his military good fortune, not to especial or eminent military qualities, but to the place he occupied in correspondence from the Crimea, and to the part he played—that of a brave soldier—in the last attack on the Redan. His position at Cawnpore was an arduous one, too arduous for an officer who was simply brave. Enemies were gathering round him. He had to preserve the bridge over the Ganges into Oude, to keep up the communication with Allahabad, to watch night and day the hostile force at Calpee, of which the famous Gwalior Contingent formed the nucleus, and to improve his defences. He had general instructions, and of course he was ordered not to assume the offensive unless compelled. But these instructions supplied guides to his discretion; they did not fetter it.

At first only 500 men, the troops at Cawnpore gradually increased until they approached 2,000. The Gwalior Contingent, knowing that Sir Colin had passed into Oude, crossed the Jumna themselves in the middle of November, and approached Cawnpore. They moved slowly, and spread themselves out as if they intended to attack the place on all sides, and overwhelm the defenders by sheer weight of numbers. Had they moved rapidly they might have done so; but had Windham possessed Havelock's military skill and resolution, he would have cut them up in detail before they could reach him in masses. Unfortunately, he deemed it necessary to submit every plan to the Commander-in-Chief, and even when he found that the road from Cawnpore to Lucknow was closed by roving parties of the enemy, he still deemed it his duty to wait for an answer. But it is of the essence of success in war to be swift, if you mean to surprise your enemy and beat him in detail. Windham not only delayed, but fearing that Sir Colin might be in difficulties himself—as if Sir Colin Campbell with 5,000 good troops was likely to get into a scrape—Windham parted with a body of Native Infantry from Madras, and sent them to Bunnee in Oude. Thus cut off from Campbell, he was cut off from the instructions he sought, and delaying to act with vigour until it was too late, he allowed the enemy to approach him in full force.

Fortunately for him, although no doubt acting on a sound principle in striking at Cawnpore, the enemy was timid in his approaches, and a long time making up his mind. Thus the hesitation was tolerably equal on both sides. In the meantime four regiments from Oude joined the enemy, and he seemed disposed to join issue. Windham, gaining some confidence as his numbers increased, encamped outside the city, with the canal covering his front. The enemy had pushed up his advanced guard within three miles. There were 3,000 men with several guns on the banks of the Pandoo Nuddee now the mere bed of a stream. On the 26th Windham moved out with 1,500 men and eight guns, and falling briskly upon them, routed them in a short time, and captured three cannon. Our loss was fourteen killed and seventy-eight wounded. Although the troops defeated were not the Gwalior men, the result of this action showed the advantage of a prompt and judicious offensive. But that enterprising mode of warfare had been adopted too late. When he had carried the enemy's position, Windham saw, from a hill, the main body of the enemy not far distant, and he returned to Cawnpore with the certainty that he should be attacked. All his thoughts now were how he could best act on the defensive, and save the city and stores from pillage. To this strait he had been reduced, because he had shown a want of decision and enterprise. With an army larger than Havelock's famous little host, he found himself driven to bay.

Yet even now he did not give the enemy credit for audacity greater than his own. He thought they had been checked by the stroke he had just delivered. So he went into camp among some hillocks and brick-kilns on the Calpee Road outside the town. Thus the town was in his rear. When he rose on the 27th there was no sign of the foe. The Gwalior men were playing a fine game They intended a surprise, and they succeeded, for Windham does not seem to have known how to get intelligence —a great defect in a general. In broad daylight, at ten a.m., while he was reconnoitring, the enemy, who had moved up unobserved, opened fire in front and flank, and took the general by surprise. They had advanced with much boldness, crossed the Delhi Road and the Bithoor Road, and thus showed a front extending from the canal on their right nearly to the Ganges. Windham met them in front with the 88th and the Rifles, and on the right flank with the 34th and 82nd. There were ten guns in action on our side, the enemy had forty. Then ensued a most unsatisfactory combat, the exact "rights" of which no one, perhaps, will ever know. Assailed in front and flank, Windham's troops resisted for five hours. All that time the enemy confined himself to a cannonade. But he was creeping up on both flanks; and, greatly alarmed for his bridge, Windham gave orders to retreat. As the camp followers and drivers had fled, he had to abandon his standing camp to the foe. Thus he retired in the face of an enemy who had not courage sufficient to molest him in retreat!

Windham now disposed his troops in position where they could cover the entrenchment, and spent an anxious night, not knowing well what to do. He had forwarded alarming letters to Sir Colin Campbell, and three of these in succession were delivered to the Commander-in-Chief, as he was marching from Bunnee towards the cannonade. All that day, the 28th, as Campbell's immense train was working through the dusty roads of Oude, Windham was fighting for his post. On the left, Walpole, with the Rifles and four guns, successfully defended that flank, and actually captured two pieces of cannon. But Colonel Woodford was killed. On the right the enemy came on in greater force, swarming down the Bithoor Road, hoping to carry the entrench-

ment, or at least to take positions which would give them the control of the bridge of boats. Brigadier Wilson, a zealous officer, led part of the 64th against four guns, and captured them at the cost of his life; but when taken, they could not be held. The enemy came on like a tide, rolling nearer and nearer every hour, except on the left, where Walpole kept him at a distance. On the right front of the entrenchment were a church, a chapel, and the assembly rooms. These were all defensible posts, but at dark Brigadier Carthew deemed it expedient to withdraw. It was at this moment the leading troops under Hope Grant, with Peel's naval guns, arrived in sight of the bridge, and found that it was under the fire of the enemy's cannon. Staff officers, with eager looks, rushed over to inquire for Sir Colin. He had crossed the bridge, after ordering the naval brigade to post their guns on the left bank to answer and extinguish the fire of the enemy. Sir Colin's presence rescued Windham from the plight into which he had got himself from an undue fear of responsibility. His force was diminished by upwards of 300 men.

Sir Colin at once took measures to secure the bridge. He pushed Hope's infantry, with the cavalry and some field guns, across, and during the night brought over the wounded, and women and children. The infantry and horse had, in the meantime, occupied positions covering the road to Allahabad; and under cover of these, and the fire from the left bank and from the fort, the huge convoy from Lucknow moved day by day over the bridge. It was not until the 30th that the last cart came across, and not until the 3rd of December that the convoy with the women and children had been dispatched under escort for Allahabad. Two more days were consumed in caring for the wounded. All this time Sir Colin was obliged to permit the enemy to remain in Cawnpore, and to maintain a desultory skirmish, using guns when the mutineers showed any audacity. Free from his encumbrances, Sir Colin at once struck a heavy blow.

His plan of action was based on the position of the enemy. He observed that the town of Cawnpore separated the right from the left; that on the right was the camp of the Gwalior Contingent, and behind the right the road to Calpee, the line of the enemy's advance and his line of retreat. Sir Colin saw that by falling with his whole force on the right, he could smash the enemy in detail. He therefore, on the morning of the 6th, drew up his troops under cover of some old buildings on the Allahabad Road, and ordered Windham to open a heavy fire from the entrenchment, to deceive the enemy into the belief that the attack was coming from that side. The camp was struck and the baggage put under a guard near the river. Then Windham opened fire about nine, and at eleven o'clock Sir Colin deployed his infantry and attacked the enemy. For a brief time the guns on either side were engaged; then the infantry columns dashed over the bridge of a canal which covered the enemy's front, Captain Peel and a soldier of the 53rd, named Hannaford, leading over one of them with a heavy gun. The whole line, filing over, reformed on the other side, covered by Punjab infantry in skirmishing order, and then went steadily into the heart of the enemy's right. The attack was irresistible. The enemy gave way at all points, and in two hours our troops were in his camp, and his men were flying in disorder along the Calpee Road. The cavalry had been sent to the left, in order that they might get well in the rear, but badly guided, they went too far to the left, and came up late, but still in time. Without losing a moment, Sir Colin sent them, with Bourchier's light guns, in hot pursuit, supporting them with infantry. On reaching the enemy's camp he had detached General Mansfield, his accomplished chief of the staff, with a strong column, to the right, to assail the enemy's left, now gathering round a tank, called the Soubahdar's Tank. The pursuing column, headed by the artillery, followed the fugitives closely, Bourchier's Battery going two miles without a check and alone, and coming four times into action in that distance. Then the battery halted until the cavalry came up, and the pursuit was renewed. "The cavalry spread like lightning over the plain in skirmishing order. Sir Colin takes the lead. The pursuit is continued to the fourteenth milestone" on the banks of the Pandoo Nuddee. Here it ceased. Not a cart, not an enemy was visible. So the column returned, taking with it in triumph thousands of fine bullocks, and every gun in that part of the enemy's position. In the meantime Mansfield had routed the enemy on the Bithoor Road, and driven them off in that direction. The next day Hope Grant followed them with a strong force. He made a forced march of five-and-twenty miles, and coming upon the enemy as they were crossing the Ganges, took all their guns and ammunition.

Thus was the defeat of Windham retrieved, and the Gwalior Contingent, with its auxiliary bands, crushed and deprived of nearly all its guns. Out of forty brought by them to Cawnpore, five were taken by Windham's troops, and thirty-two by Sir Colin Campbell; so that they only got away with three. The loss on our side was insignificant, that of the enemy very great. But the chief gain to us was the destruction of this formidable force, and the capture of its guns. One characteristic of this action we must not omit—the use Peel made of the naval brigade. "On this occasion," writes Sir Colin, "there was the sight beheld," and a novel sight it was, "of 24-pounder guns advancing with the first line of skirmishers!" Such was the admirable mode in which Sir Colin Campbell first rescued the glorious garrison of Lucknow, and then saved the unhappy force under Windham at Cawnpore.

There was now no hostile force of any magnitude in the Doab, except that which the Nawab of Furruckabad had collected round him, and with which he domineered over the country between the Ganges and Jumna as far to the north-west as Allyghur, and to the south-east as Etawah. Before dealing with the enemy who swarmed in the regions north of the Ganges, from Gorruckpore to Rampoor, it was necessary to clear the whole of the Doab, restore and secure complete communication between Allahabad and Delhi, by way of Agra, and procure from the north-west ample supplies

of transport. In order to accomplish this, a vast convoy had been collected at Delhi, and a column organised under the orders of Colonel Thomas Seaton, to escort it to Cawnpore. The plan was for Seaton to take his convoy to Allyghur, leave it there under the guns of the fort, defeat the enemy, whose bands made the roads insecure, and then join Sir Colin, whose force, divided into two columns, was, when united and reinforced by Seaton, to concentrate on Futtehghur, the fort which commanded Furruckabad and the passage of the Ganges. By these means it was thought the whole of the Doab would be cleared of the enemy; and the means proved to be equal to the end. At the same time, the engineer brigade and some Muzbee sappers, with guns and ammunition, were sent from Agra to Allyghur, there to meet Seaton.

The latter force reached Allyghur on the 10th, and on the 11th Seaton's column and convoy came in from Delhi. His train was fifteen miles long—a procession of grain carts, camels, elephants, horses—and his column about 1,500 strong. Allyghur is on the Grand Trunk Road, at a point where it is crossed by the road from Meerut to Agra. Near it stands a fort, which the Mahrattas had built and French engineers had improved in the times when Bussy and Dupleix strove with us for empire in India. Leaving his convoy under the guns of the fort, Seaton at once began active operations against the enemy, and fought a brief, spirited, and important campaign in the Doab. He had with him two regiments of infantry, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers and the 7th Punjabees, a squadron of Carabineers, and Hodson's Horse, under Hodson himself, and eight guns. At daybreak on the 12th he marched out in search of the enemy, and was not long in finding him.

Crossing the Ganges canal a few miles from Allyghur, Seaton halted for the night at Jullalee, and the next day moved on to Gungaree. Here the troops arrived about eight o'clock. The camp was pitched, and all prepared to rest for the day as usual. Suddenly the pickets began firing. Instead of waiting to be attacked in their lines at Khasgunge, the enemy, 5,000 strong, had become the assailant. This somewhat astonished the officers, and they only understood the reason later. It appears that the enemy, acting on false information, had moved out, hoping to surprise a weak detachment of the Poleech Battalion. Hence their boldness. They came on with some spirit, but were shocked to find themselves in front of a strong force of all arms. In a moment our guns dashed to the front and opened fire. The Carabineers charged the enemy's battery and took their guns, but lost three out of four officers. At the same time Macdowell, commanding Hodson's Horse, seeing the Carabineers attacking, shouted "Charge!" and rode into the foe with such good-will that he scattered them in all directions. The pursuit was kept up by the artillery and horsemen for five miles, and the enemy utterly routed. Our infantry had not time to fire a shot.

The next day the troops marched to Khasgunge, Hodson leading, and on the 16th pushed on to Suhawun. Here they heard that the enemy had rallied at Puttiala, where they had entrenched themselves, resolved to fight. On the 17th the column moved out, and the advanced guard under Hodson found the enemy in position in front of a fortified village, his right resting on a ravine, his centre across the road, covered by slight entrenchments, and his left "in the air," as the military phrase is, resting on nothing, and entirely dependent on a mass of cavalry for protection. Colonel Seaton at once determined to attack the left. Our infantry were moved out to that flank, and Hodson's Horse held in readiness. The Carabineers and four guns made a demonstration on the other wing. The artillery shook the cavalry by a smart fire of shell, and then advancing, got into position, which enabled them to rake the whole line. Hodson had followed the guns, and seeing the enemy waver, called on his men to charge. They willingly obeyed, dashing into the camp and through the village, and down upon the enemy flying in disorder towards Furruckabad. The cavalry pursued eight miles. They met with no resistance, and slew hundreds of the enemy. We lost but one man killed and one wounded. Our officers felt pity for the poor wretches duty compelled them to destroy. And well they might. The enemy were country folk, ignorant and misled, with no heart in the cause, and no discipline. We took that day fourteen guns and all the ammunition. The leader of the beaten army had fled at the first sound of our guns.

After halting three days at Puttiala, the column, having thus effectually scared the enemy, returned to Gungaree, to cross the Kalee Nuddee there, and then striking across country, fell into the trunk road again at Etah. The Rajah of Mynpoorie had collected a force wherewith to dispute the road, and Seaton bent his steps towards him. There on the 27th he attacked the rajah and his men, and routed him out of hand, taking six guns, and following the fugitives for many miles. Thus the road down the Doab was cleared by Seaton's column, and the convoys from Agra and Allyghur began to move down towards Cawnpore. Seaton was made a brigadier, and elevated to the dignity of Knight Commander of the Bath.

In the meantime Brigadier Walpole, with a small column, had marched from Cawnpore on the 18th of December, had cleared the left bank of the Jumna, and reached Etawah on the 29th. Sir Colin Campbell, with the main body, had moved up from Cawnpore towards Futtehghur. On the 29th news reached the camp of Seaton, at Mynpoorie, that Campbell was at Goorsaigunge, about thirty-eight miles distant, and Hodson at once volunteered to ride over, and open communication between the two columns. On the 30th, accompanied by Macdowell and seventy-five of his Horse, he started. Halting at Bewar to feed, he left fifty men there, and pushed on with the rest to Chibberamow. Here he left the remaining twenty-five, and with Macdowell rode off for the camp of the chief. But when he arrived at Goorsaigunge, he found that the camp was fifteen miles farther off. Nevertheless thither he went, and there he found Sir Colin, who made him heartily welcome. After dinner, Hodson and his friend set off on their long ride,

fifty-four miles. A few miles short of Chibberamow, where part of the escort had been left, a native stopped them and related how the enemy had swooped down on Chibberamow, and slain or driven off all the troopers. "This," says the gallant Macdowell, "was pleasant news—twenty miles from the Commander-in-Chief's camp, thirty from our own—time, midnight; scene, an open road; *dramatis personæ*, two officers armed with swords and revolvers, and a howling enemy supposed to be close at hand. We deliberated what we should do, and Hodson decided we should ride on at all risks. 'At the worst,' he said, 'we can gallop back, but we'll try and push through.' The native came with us, and we started. I have seen a few adventures in my time, but must confess this was the most trying one I had ever engaged in. It was a piercingly cold night, with a bright moon and a wintry sky, and a cold wind every now and then sweeping by, and chilling us to the very marrow. Taking our horses off the hard road on to the side where it was soft, so that the noise of their footfalls could be less distinctly heard, we silently went on our way, anxiously listening for every sound that fell upon our ears, and straining our sight to see if, behind the dark trees dotted along the road, we could discern the forms of the enemy, waiting in ambush to seize us. It was indeed an anxious time. We proceeded till close to Chibberamow. 'They are there,' said our guide, in a whisper, pointing to a garden in a clump of trees to our right front. Distinctly we heard a faint hum in the distance—whether it was the enemy, or whether our imagination conjured up the sound, I know not. We slowly and silently passed through the village, in the main street of which we saw the dead body of one of our men lying stark and stiff and ghastly in the moonlight; and on emerging from the other side dismissed our faithful guide, with directions to come to our camp, and then, putting spurs to our horses, we galloped for the dear life to Bewar, breathing more freely as every stride bore us away from the danger now happily past. We reached Bewar at about two o'clock a.m., and found a party of our men sent out to look for us. Our troopers had ridden in to say they had been attacked and driven back, and that we had gone on alone, and all concluded we must fall into the hands of the enemy. We flung ourselves down on charpoys and slept till daylight, when our column marched in, and we received the hearty congratulations of all on our escape." This was a daring feat, and such feats made Hodson famous among all soldiers, and adored by his own. The enemy they had escaped consisted of a force driven by Walpole out of Etawah. They had seen the troopers ride in, and thinking they were an advanced guard, had made off; but on learning the smallness of the force they had returned, and snapped them up. Seaton now brought down his convoy, Walpole came in from Etawah, passing Mynpoorie, and overtaking Seaton at Bewar on the 3rd of January. That day Sir Colin had reached the Kalee Nuddee. His engineers were engaged in repairing the suspension bridge, when the Nawab of Futtehghur brought up all his force and attacked the working party. Thus assailed, Sir Colin fell upon him, and in a short time routed him off the field, and took all his guns. The same day he moved close up to Futtehghur. The nawab blew up his palace, and escaped into Oude; but Nazir Ali Khan, chief instigator of the massacres which had taken place there, was captured and hanged. The fort had been abandoned, and thus was Futtehghur recovered. It was an important place. Here was the depôt of the Gun Carriage Agency, and here were stores of clothing. Strange to say, Sir Colin found the invaluable stock of timber of the former, and all the bales of clothing, untouched! Seaton and Walpole, having come in, headquarters were established at Futtehghur.

Here we will leave the Commander-in-Chief meditating important schemes, while we lead the reader into fresh fields, and bring up a long arrear in our narrative, to pave the way for the splendid campaign of Sir Hugh Rose in the burning plains of Central India.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Condition of Central India—Lord Elphinstone—Mutiny at Aurungabad—General Woodburn's weakness—Brigadier Stuart relieves Mhow; marches into Malwa; takes Dhar; defeats the Mahidpore Contingent—Combats near Mundasore—Relief of Neemuch—Return to Indore—Sir Hugh Rose arrives at Indore.

THE reader may remember how, in a former part of this narrative, we described the downfall of British authority in Central India; the mutiny of native contingents and regiments of the Bengal army from the frontiers of Rewah to the deserts of Bikaneer; the outrages at Saugor and Neemuch, at Indore and Gwalior, at Nowgong and Nusseerabad, and the terrible tragedy of Jhansi. The tempest that broke over Bengal and the north-west swept away every atom of our authority in Central India, except at Saugor and at Mhow, the hill fort near Indore. From the middle of June we had no representatives in the districts between the Nerbudda and the Jumna. The shock had reverberated, though faintly, in Madras and Bombay, having been counteracted in the latter presidency by the energy of Lord Elphinstone, and having only slightly affected the mounted force of the latter. But it had been felt in the Deccan, over which rules the Nizam, who, like the Guicowar, in Guzerat, derived his authority originally from the Great Mogul, and who now subsists, as a native prince, by virtue of British forbearance, and the dictates of good policy, if not of justice. The task of restoring British authority in Central India devolved upon the Bombay and Madras Governments, but especially on the former; and Lord Elphinstone was not found wanting in the hour of trial.

He was not satisfied with the repression of mutiny and signs of mutiny in the territory under his rule. He sought aid from Ceylon; he intercepted the Chusa force; he urged the instant return of the troops from Persia; and he organised a movable column at Aurungabad to march upon Mhow. On the 13th of June the 1st Cavalry of the Hyderabad Contingent—that is, the force supplied by the Nizam, refused to obey orders, but

did not break into open mutiny. On the 23rd the movable column, under General Woodburn, entered the station; and acting on the suggestion of Captain Abbott, the commander of the refractory troopers, went to the cavalry lines to disarm the bad men. Obedient to order, they fell in on foot, and Abbott called on the faithful men to fall out. They did so, and Abbott was addressing the mutineers, when one of the non-commissioned officers gave him the lie. Abbott was about to shoot him, when General Woodburn stopped him with the foolish remark that he should not shoot his own men, not even when one of them called him a liar. Seeing this, the native

The column marched from Aurungabad on the 12th of July; on the 21st it crossed the Taptee; on the 29th, after being joined by all the cavalry of the Hyderabad Contingent, under Captain S. Orr, the force effected the passage of the Nerbudda, then rapidly rising from the rains in the Vindaya Mountains; and on the 2nd of August the troops entered Mhow, which, rejoicing to be "relieved," fired a salute. Here they remained for two months, their progress stayed by the rains; and during this period they re-constructed the fort, making it larger and more easily defensible.

It has been seen that neither Holkar nor Scindia,

GENERAL OUTRAM.

repeated the offensive epithet, and ordered his men to "prime and fire." They drew their pistols; but instead of firing, ran to their horses. Captain Woolcomb, standing at his guns, was about to fire; the general would not permit it. The troopers reached their horses, mounted, and got away; and when they were well off, the general ordered the artillery to open, and the 14th Light Dragoons to charge. It was too late. Three prisoners were taken, and of these two were shot, and one blown from a gun. Happily, the remainder of the Contingent were faithful, and did excellent service, but it was not the fault of General Woodburn. He shortly after obtained leave on sick certificate, and Colonel Stuart, of the 14th, took command.

although they were powerful princes, could restrain their troops from mutiny. To the west of Mhow is the little state of Dhar; and when the greater princes could not control their mercenaries, it was not to be expected that the lesser should succeed in so doing. The Dhar troops (they were not numerous) revolted; the Bheels and Budmashes joined them; the rajah was powerless. They seized the fort of Dhar, and harried the country side. In the middle of October the brigade set out to drive them from Dhar, and to restore order in the Malwa country. The force arrived in front of Dhar on the 22nd of October. The enemy, with more valour than prudence, left their stronghold to fight a battle. They were charged and routed by the 25th Bombay

Native Infantry, their three guns were captured, and they were driven into the fort. On the 24th the siege train came in after a fatiguing march through heavy roads; and Brigadier Stuart immediately laid siege to the fort. The place was invested; batteries were thrown up; and the wall in one place was breached. The enemy, who had made a good defence, now pretended to parley. On the 29th they sent in a letter asking for terms. The answer was unconditional surrender. Whereupon they said, "Very good; we don't care; you are only destroying the Rajah of Dhar's property, not ours." Nevertheless, they began to flee, letting themselves down from the walls in baskets; and the next day they hoisted a white flag. Firing was suspended; and while we parleyed with them, they examined the breach, and they rejected all terms, asserting that they could only treat with the rajah! The next day the sappers inspected the breach, and reported it practicable. The stormers rushed in, and found the place empty. The enemy had got through the cavalry outposts unobserved. In Dhar our troops took an immense booty. It was the property of the infant rajah, who was not in arms against us, but himself a sufferer; and, contrary to all justice, we declared it prize, and divided it among the brigade. More than this, Dhar was annexed, and has not been restored to this day.

The enemy, flying from Dhar, went to Mahidpore, and there were joined by the contingent of that little state. The palace and fort of Dhar were blown up and burned—a most unjustifiable proceeding. Leaving this ruin behind them, the column moved north-west towards Mundasore, with the legitimate object of punishing the Mahidpore Contingent, and rescuing the fertile plains of Malwa from men who were no better than robbers and marauders. They were burning villages, beating the inhabitants, and carrying off the women. On the 14th of November Captain Orr, who had closely followed the enemy, surprised him in his camp at Rawul. Giving them no time to recover their equanimity, and without waiting for reinforcements, the Hyderabad Horse, Abbott leading, charged the guns, regardless of the shower of grape they poured forth, and fought with such good will that the enemy was utterly routed and the guns taken. The enemy, chiefly Arabs, fought bravely, and we lost a hundred killed and wounded. The column pursued, passing through Jacra, where they were joined by the Nawab, who had remained faithful, and thence onward toward Mundasore, the head-quarters of the enemy, now mustering 5,000 strong. Crossing the Chumbul without opposition, the column halted a day to try and execute seventy-six mutineers, all of whom were shot for the murder of their European officers and non-commissioned officers. On the 21st the force was before Mundasore.

Here the enemy fought a battle. Their right rested on a village, their left on Mundasore, their centre stood across the parade ground. Our troops drew up opposite, the cavalry being held in readiness to charge. The combat, however, was short. Plied by a heavy fire of artillery the enemy soon showed symptoms of weakness; and as our infantry dashed into the village, the whole of the natives began to run. Then the cavalry went forward, and drove them headlong into Mundasore. It was not Brigadier Stuart's object then to assault the town. He desired to reach Neemuch and rescue the Europeans, who, since the mutiny of the 3rd of June, had been shut up in a fort, surrounded by enemies. He therefore crossed the Sore river, and made a flank march past Mundasore on the 22nd, in order to reach Neemuch, which lay to the north-west of the rebel stronghold.

The enemy in Mundasore made a sally, which was easily repelled, and the column took up the route for Neemuch, eager to be there, for the heroic garrison was reduced to the last straits for food. Hearing of the approach of the column, the enemy quitted Neemuch, and drew up across the road. Here they were found on the 23rd, posted among the tall waving crops, behind deep watercourses, full of water. After disposing of his baggage, Stuart brought up his guns, and, under cover of their fire, formed his line, infantry in the centre and cavalry on the flanks. Then ensued a very severe fight. In spite of the fire of our cannon, the enemy became the assailant, but found the 25th Bombay regiment too much for him, while the cavalry charged and captured the guns. The enemy now fell back fighting, inflicting considerable loss upon us; while his friends from Mundasore attacked the baggage, but were driven off by the dragoons. Routed from the field and thrown into disorder at all points, a strong body established themselves in a village, and here defied the whole army. The place was set on fire with shells, but the Rohillas would not give in, and night fell, leaving them in full possession. The next day the cannonade was resumed, and continued until the village was burnt to a mere shell; yet still these brave fellows held on. A little later about 200 surrendered, and then our infantry took the place by storm. They found that the village had no street. "The houses led from each other into little yards and gullies, like a rabbit warren."

This action relieved Neemuch effectually. The pent-up Europeans came forth to tell how many desperate attacks they had beaten off, and how grateful they were for their rescue. The column marched back upon Mundasore, and found that the enemy had fled on learning the issue of the combat on the 23rd. Leaving the Hyderabad Contingent in Mundasore, and breaching the wall of the fort to make it untenable, Brigadier Stuart led his column back to Indore, by way of Mahidpore and Oojein. The object of this march was to disarm Holkar's refractory troops, who did not submit to his will until they saw the head of Stuart's column moving upon the town. Holkar thus recovered his power, and we ours. Sir Robert Hamilton, a most able man, succeeded the somewhat imperious and brusque Durand, as Political Agent, and on the 16th Sir Hugh Rose arrived to take command of the army. The campaign in Malwa had thus ended, and it was not until January, 1858, that General Rose set out on his brilliant campaign in Central India. Before describing that, we must return to the head-quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, and track his course until

Lucknow and Bareilly have been rescued from the enemy. The mere struggle for existence had long been over. The work of regaining empire was about to begin. Nearly 30,000 men had come out from England, and the remaining part of our story will show how they were employed, and how the work was done.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Canning—Oude or Rohilcund?—Lord Canning insists on the Capture of Lucknow—Combat at Shumshabad—The Army moves from Futtehghur to Cawnpore—Preparations to invade Oude—Waiting for Jung Bahadoor—Franks on the Goomtee—His Victories—Sir Colin crosses into Oude—Defences of Lucknow—How Sir Colin dealt with them—Seizes the Delkoosha—Franks arrives—Outram crosses the Goomtee, and takes the Rebel lines in reverse—Capture of the Martinière and of the Rebel first line—Arrival of Jung Bahadoor—Outram's Successes—Capture of the Begum Kothie—Death of Hodson—Capture of the Kaiserbagh—Sack of the Palaces—The Enemy driven out of Lucknow—Lord Canning's Proclamation—Campaign Continued—Walpole's March—Sir Colin moves on Rohilcund by Cawnpore and Futtehghur—Marches on Bareilly—Battle of the 5th of May—The Moalvie Attacks Shahjehanpore—Jones sent to relieve it—Sir Colin returns to Futtehghur—End of the Campaign.

We left the Commander-in-Chief encamped at Futtehghur in the beginning of January, 1858. Here he remained for the rest of the month; his troops engaged in watching the enemy on the opposite shore of the Ganges, and himself occupied in an important correspondence with Lord Canning with regard to the next step in the war. The problem to be solved was whether the army, now augmenting daily, should be used against Lucknow or Bareilly, whether Oude or Rohilcund should be first conquered. It was an exceedingly difficult question. The whole country from the mountains to the Ganges as far as Allahabad swarmed with enemies. The two centres were Bareilly in Rohilcund and Lucknow in Oude. In both there was some form of government—that is, natives had set themselves up as rulers. The larger number and the better forces were in Oude; the more active and threatening, so far as the upper and central parts of the Doab were concerned, the districts of Meerut and Saharunpore, were in Rohilcund. To crush the latter first, and thus remove all chance of an irruption on the great trunk road, and into any part of the country on the right bank of the Ganges, seemed to Sir Colin the wiser plan; but Lord Canning thought differently. He saw less political danger from the new-born royalty of Khan Bahadoor at Bareilly than from the resuscitated royal government at Lucknow; for one of the wives of the late king had set her son on the throne, had organised a sort of government, and was exerting every kind of pressure upon the more reluctant talookdars, like Maun Singh, to make them cast in their fortunes with hers. The Governor-General probably feared the effect upon Jung Bahadoor—now leading 9,000 of his Ghoorkas from the hills to operate in Gorruckpore—of leaving the rebels in Oude untouched, while Sir Colin cleared Rohilcund; and he may also have apprehended that an attempt would be made by Oude men to break into the fertile provinces on the left bank of the Lower Ganges. It was at best a choice of evils which lay before the soldier and the statesman; and it may be presumed that, in a military point of view, the former was right; while, from the political point of view, the balance of reason was on the side of Lord Canning. And as he had supreme authority, and did not fear responsibility, so he prevailed. Sir Colin had been too long accustomed to the soldier's first duty, obedience, to throw any obstacles in the way of the Queen's representative. Thus the campaign in Rohilcund was postponed until Lucknow had been wrested from the rebels; but, judging after the event, one is inclined to think that the soldier was right, and that the better plan would have been to clear Rohilcund, and then swoop down on Lucknow.

In the meantime Sir Colin kept a sharp watch upon parties of the enemy who were known to have assembled both above and below Futtehghur, intent on breaking into the Doab and plundering. Walpole watched the fords below and Hodson above. Adventurous parties of the Rohilcund forces crossed the Ganges at Soorajpore, about twenty miles up the river, and a large body prepared to follow. Well informed of their movements, Sir Colin waited until they crossed, and approached near enough to be within reach. They numbered about 9,000, and came on very confidently, and, giving out that they intended to attack Furruckabad, they encamped at Shumshabad, and were fairly in the trap. Keeping his own counsel, knowing well the value of secrecy, Sir Colin, on the night of the 26th, organised a column, and placing it under the command of Adrian Hope, ordered him to attack the enemy. Hope came up with their camp at daybreak. Hodson being in advance with about 200 men, found himself in presence of a large body of rebel horse. He was escorting Remington's Battery, and as soon as the guns opened on the foe, their horsemen, old irregulars, boldly made a dash at the guns. To save them, Hodson was obliged to charge. This he did in his usual style, and beat the enemy, although they were, he says, superior to his men in number, and individually so as horsemen and swordsmen. Macdowell was mortally, and Hodson severely wounded. "It was the hardest thing of the kind," he says, "in which I was ever engaged." The guns having shaken the enemy, the 9th Lancers went in to support and disengage Hodson; and the whole line advancing, the enemy were beaten, pursued, and driven over the Ganges. Their guns and ammunition, as usual, were captured. This action ended, Sir Colin left Walpole with a small force at Futtehghur, and marched for Cawnpore. The Governor-General had come up to Allahabad, in order to be nearer the scene of action, and thither Sir Colin went to settle, in a personal interview, the more important details of the campaign. They understood each other so well that they worked in harmony throughout the whole period of the war. The stories of their quarrels, current at the time, were baseless.

The result of this interview was the completion of an extensive plan for the reduction of Lucknow, and the dispersion of the armed mob who held it. Sir Colin Campbell, with the main body, 18,000 strong, with 180 guns, was to march from Cawnpore; while General

Franks, with 2,500 European troops, and as many Ghoorkas from Jung Bahadoor's army, now in Gorruckpore, as he could obtain, was to move up the Goomtee. At the same time General Penny and General Chamberlain were to invade Rohilcund, while the Ghoorkas at Nynee Tal were to descend into the plains. Sir Hugh Rose also was afoot, marching from Indore upon Saugor; and General Whitlock, with a Madras force, was to move from Jubbulpore on Banda. Other columns were on the move from Bombay into Rajpootana, where our troops had not only relieved Neemuch, as already recorded, but had recovered Ajmere and Nusseerabad. In this quarter the Rajahs of Tonk and Bikaneer were our fast friends. Thus at the beginning of 1858 the numerous troops sent from England began to tell, and from all quarters the rebels and mutineers were threatened with certain destruction.

The main body under Sir Colin had been in great part pushed across the river from Cawnpore, and occupied camps on the road to Lucknow, Onao, which the reader knows, Nawabgunge, deeper into Oude, Bunnee, where there is a bridge over the Sye, Jellalabad, a fort near the Alumbagh, and finally the Alumbagh itself, where Outram had held his own so long in front of the insurgent army. Sir Colin was ready to march early in February; but he had to wait, until his patience was quite exhausted, for the march of Jung Bahadoor up the Goomtee. Lord Canning hoped to produce a great moral effect upon the mind of the Hindoos by showing them so stout a Hindoo as Jung Bahadoor as his ally. But the Nepaul chief moved slowly. He did not bring with him the men of the fighting caste of Nepaul. He brought the scum of the hills, and these worthies plundered every rood of ground over which they passed. Lord Canning had no sooner got them from the hills than he wished them back again; but as they were there, and as their chief was burning for military distinction, he was obliged to let them go on, and even to stay the march of his own Commander-in-Chief, lest Lucknow should be taken without the aid of the Nepaulese. Therefore Sir Colin made all his arrangements for moving on Lucknow, and so disposed his troops that he could concentrate them at the Alumbagh, as soon as it was plain that Jung Bahadoor was near at hand, or that he could be stayed for no longer.

In the meantime Brigadier General Franks, who had been warring successfully near Allahabad and Jounpore, had collected a column 5,700 strong, 2,000 of whom were Europeans, the rest being Ghoorkas, with twenty-four guns at Sigramow on the road from Benares to Lucknow. His orders were to march up the right bank of the Goomtee, and arrive within one march of Lucknow by the 1st of March. The population were hostile; there were 30,000 men in arms on the line of operations; the roads were in many places unbridged, in others almost impassable; the distance to be traversed was about 130 miles. On the 15th Franks was at Sigramow. In his front were two bodies of the enemy, 8,000 at Chanda and 10,000 more eight miles distant. General Franks designed to beat them in detail. He therefore gave out that he should march on the 20th. The rebel chief ordered his troops to concentrate on the 19th. But Franks moved on the 19th himself; before noon he had beaten the 8,000 at Chanda; and resting his men, turned at eventide on the 10,000 coming up on his left flank, and routed them also. The enemy were thus skilfully driven off the road to Lucknow with a loss on our side of only eleven men; and seizing the moment, Franks pushed his column, with its immense baggage train, through the defile of Budhayan, without the loss of a cart or a man. This was a fine piece of work.

The enemy, making a wide detour—which, as Franks was so encumbered, he was unable to do—reappeared on the Lucknow road two miles beyond Sultanpore. Here were collected 25,000 men, of whom 1,100 were horse and 5,000 Sepoys, with 25 guns. They occupied a compact position, showing a line a mile and a half long, the front being covered by a ravine, the left resting on the Goomtee and the right on a serai. The road to Lucknow ran through the position at right angles, and was commanded by five heavy guns at the point where it crossed the ravine. There were six guns on the right, the remaining fourteen being distributed along the front. Franks marched from Budhayan on the 23rd; and, feeling the enemy, he approached him in order of battle, brought up his troops in columns, the British Brigade in front, the Ghoorkas in rear, and making a show of assaulting the position in front, rode up with his cavalry, sixty horse, and a few score riflemen, and drove the enemy's pickets over the ravine. His design was to impress the enemy with the belief that he was about to assault their centre; and to prevent them from discovering his real intentions, he kept the horsemen close to the ravine. Riding off to the left, he hoped to find a point where he could cross the Nullah, and turn their right. This he found. Then swiftly and secretly marching the British Brigade to the left, while he kept the Ghoorkas on the road, he turned the enemy's right so completely that he forced his way on to the Lucknow road, captured the guns, and pushed the enemy into the ravine. The Ghoorkas charged upon the front, and finished the action. By these skilful movements, showing real soldiership, Franks, at the cost of eleven men, turned the enemy's position, killed and wounded 1,800 men, dispersed an army, and captured twenty-one guns. This was a great exploit. The fruit of it was an open road to Lucknow, by which he marched to join Sir Colin Campbell.

That chief had become impatient of further delay. He knew that Jung Bahadoor was on the Gogra on the 24th, and that Franks had thrashed the enemy on the 23rd; and as he knew Franks would be up to time, and as he could do without Jung, he determined to cross into Oude. The troops, as we have said, were in camp on the road to Lucknow. The enemy, growing suspicious of all these preparations, resolved to assume the offensive. The Sepoys, horse and foot, came out of Lucknow, and assaulted Outram's camp on several occasions. They had promised the Queen mother to drive them away, and no doubt they did their best. But sometimes they only came within grape or musket range, fired a little, and ran away. At others they showed more daring, approached

closer in front and on both flanks; brought up scaling ladders wherewith to storm the fort; but could not stand the grape fired at 200 yards. In the last attack they had been allowed to come nearer, as we had some cavalry; then they were pounded with grape, and the Military Train (used as cavalry) and Hodson's Horse were let loose, and did great execution. On the 27th the head-quarters crossed the Ganges, and on the 1st Sir Colin was at Buntera, ready for work. All the men were drawn together. The engineering preparations were complete. A cask-bridge had been made, whereon to cross the Goomtee. The heavy guns were up. Franks was close at hand, and Jung Bahadoor over the Gogra. The drama was about to begin.

Lucknow was defended by about 130,000 men of all sorts, from the regular Sepoy to the matchlock man following his chief; from the matchlock man to the Paisie with his bow and arrows. It was against this vast force, holding strong entrenchments, and having a city at its back full of defensible buildings, that Sir Colin had to contend, and which he had to overcome.

Leaving his heavy guns at Buntera, Sir Colin, on the 2nd, marched, with a strong force of all arms, to seize the Delkoosha palace and park, in order that he might make this the base of his operations against the city. He took the post with little resistance from the enemy, and established his head-quarters at Bibiapore, on the Goomtee, east of the park. On the 3rd the siege train arrived, and on the morning of the 4th General Franks marched in and joined the grand army. The same evening the siege began.

The reader will remember that the east front of Lucknow is covered by a deep canal, that this canal runs into the Goomtee, and that the road from Alumbagh, or the Cawnpore Road, crosses it at the Charbagh Bridge, and goes through the city to the Residency. Havelock, it also will be remembered, entered the city by storming this bridge; and Campbell, in his first attack, struck the canal lower down, where it was then dry, having been dammed up near the bridge. Between the Cawnpore road and the Goomtee stand all the great buildings, which served as forts for the defenders. As Havelock and Campbell had both entered the city from the east side, the enemy expected that Sir Colin would repeat the movement; therefore, the waters had again been allowed to flow in the canal. A line of earthworks, well flanked at intervals with round bastions, was thrown up on the inner bank of the canal, from the Charbagh Bridge to the Goomtee. In support of this line the enemy had manned Banks's House on the right, a mosque a little in its left rear, and behind them the Begum's Kothie—a large palace and gardens—and the Huzrut Gnage, another large building. Then came a second line. Starting from the Imambara—a temple close to the Begum's Kothie—the line of earthworks, flanked at intervals like the first, ran in front of the Moss House and the Motee Mahal to the river. Behind all, in support of the right, was the Kaiserbagh, the front of which was strongly entrenched. Such were the defences of the place, full of men, and abundantly supplied with guns. The advanced posts of the enemy were over the canal, the principal outpost being the Martinière, on the left front. This was a fantastic building, erected by Claude Martin, a Frenchman some time resident in Lucknow, founder of the Martinière School. It was a huge clump, of strange shape, covered all over with statues, and standing on its own grounds. On the north bank of the Goomtee the enemy occupied some of the few buildings and the suburb; but he had no works on that side. This was a strong position, but it had a great defect, and of this defect Sir Colin Campbell took full advantage. As the enemy's entrenched line rested on the Goomtee, and as the other bank was not defended, by crossing the river Sir Colin saw that he could take each of the enemy's lines in reverse, and so render them untenable. He wished to capture the place with as little loss as possible, and to make his artillery do the work. Therefore he gave Outram a strong force of all arms, and directed him to cross the Goomtee at Bibiapore, march up the left bank, establish his batteries, and force the enemy out of his lines.

On the night of the 14th the bridge over the river was commenced. A great deal of skirmishing had gone on in front of the Delkoosha palace and park, and the rifles in front were engaged in a constant duel with the enemy, who now and then brought his guns into play. On one of these occasions Colonel Horsford had a duel with a black-skinned fellow dressed in bright yellow, and called by us the Yellow Eunuch. He was using his rifle in the Martinière. Horsford fired with a soldier's Enfield, and drove his rival away. One bridge was finished on the night of the 4th, and a party of infantry was sent over to cover the party building the second. The enemy now scented danger, brought down troopers and guns, and opened on the bridge. But the picket of infantry scared the cavalry by a random volley, and our guns, replying to the enemy, soon made him withdraw. He was now too late. The second bridge was finished, and the column ready to cross.

On the morning of the 6th, Outram's column of all arms marched through the woods to the Goomtee, and began to cross. Sir Colin was there to see, and Outram was smoking and watching the column defile. Then the chief rode to the Delkoosha, and Outram rode after his column. He led it at once up the Goomtee. The enemy, becoming aware of the movement too late, hurried out to oppose him. From the Delkoosha our officers could mark his progress by the clouds of dust above the trees, coming nearer and nearer; then the rush of fugitives in white; then the clearing of the cloud by the Queen's Bays in scarlet uniform, riding with flashing sabres; finally, the Horse Artillery coming out at a bound, and trying in vain to overtake, with shot and shell, the bulk of the enemy. Outram had routed him with ease, and he encamped for the night on what was once the Lucknow race-course.

This being done successfully, Sir Colin threw up batteries in his front to batter the Martinière, to keep down the fire of the enemy's line, and to attract his attention from Outram. Captain William Peel, disdaining the

enemy as his wont was, took his naval guns into his battery across the open ground, the sailors conducting their guns with a coolness equal to that of their famous leader. Although a considerable impression was made on the fantastic Martinière, the enemy held on to it, and one gun seemed quite beyond our reach, for none of ours could touch it, or reduce it to silence. But another enemy was coming on them. Outram, who had been attacked on the 8th—an attack which he easily repelled—became the assailant himself on the 9th, and pushing everything before him, closed with the Goomtee, and bringing up a mass of guns, ploughed up the rear of the first line of hostile trenches. At the same time the batteries in front of the Delkoosha, especially Peel's, were rapidly smashing the Martinière; and Sir Colin, seeing how matters were going—how effective the fire was, both from his own and Outram's guns, directed the assault of the Martinière. All this morning the luxurious gentlemen of Oude had been flying kites for their amusement from the top of the Kaiserbagh, while the big guns thundered an accompaniment below! The weather was lovely, the scene magnificent, war in all its pomp and all its horror. The Martinière was very easily taken. The leading regiments were the 42d and 4th Punjabees; the supports were the 38th, 53rd, 90th, and 93rd. The storming party was to use the bayonet only. The guns were to cover the attack. The whole force was under Lugard, who drew them up behind the Delkoosha. Dr. Russell, who witnessed this scene, has left an animated account of it. At two o'clock came the word "Forward!" "As the leading files of the Highlanders appeared on the flank of the Delkoosha, the guns at once ceased. The enemy understood the whole thing in a moment. Ere the smoke had cleared away from the front of our batteries, we could see them 'sloping along' their advanced trenches towards the zig-zags leading to the rear; deserting their rifle-pits, crowding into the main passages, and then flowing in white-crested streams, bobbing up and down in little waves towards the Martinière. But few of them fired as they fled. The moment the leading company of the Highlanders deployed into line, and the Sikhs on their flank began to double, the Sepoys made a rush out of their hiding-places. White figures flew down the steps of the Martinière, passed the open doorway, flitted along the corridors. It was a regular race between Sikhs and Highlanders, to catch the enemy. As they streamed out, the dooly-bearers of the regiments came trudging in close columns after them. Poor fellows! the fire of the enemy's guns, which was opened from the ditch of the canal, as soon as they discovered our attack, was too late to touch our men, who were already screened from it by the Martinière Park; but the round shot plumped among the doolies, and more than one of the bearers dropped, mutilated and quivering lumps of flesh, in the dust. Just at that moment the 53rd appeared, marching in great order in columns of companies right for the line of the enemy's fire. Sir Colin, who had come up from the court, was very wroth. 'See that fellow, Mansfield! Just look how he's taking his regiment into that fire! Here, sir; go down and tell the commanding officer to deploy them at once, and advance in skirmishing order. How men can be such fools!' Well, there must be fools in all professions, and accidents in every operation. See! there is a prodigious dust in the midst of that troop of artillery, which is galloping in the flank of our attacking column. A gun has gone over in the uneven ground bodily, horses and all, and there it lies with the carriage and wheels up in the air. This is but of little moment, for our men are already in the enemy's trenches. There they go, leaping into the rifle-pits. Hurrah! they're in the Martinière itself. There they go, up the steps! 'Here, Mr. Russell,' said Sir Colin Campbell, handing me his glass, 'I'll make you aide-de-camp for the time; your eyes are better than mine. Just look through the trees on the right of the Martinière, and tell me who are the people you see there.' 'They are the Highlanders and Sikhs, sir; I can see them clearly. They are firing through the trees, and advancing very rapidly.' 'Then, we'll go over to the Martinière.'"

Outram had been most successful. He had pushed his conquering column up to and within the walls of the Badshahbagh, and his heavy guns had so raked the enemy's lines in front of Campbell that they appeared to be deserted. An officer volunteered to cross the Goomtee, and see. Plunging in, he swam over. "Suddenly," writes Dr. Russell, who was in the Martinière, "we saw a figure rising out of the waters of the Goomtee, and scrambling up the canal parapet, which just terminates at this place. He gets up, stands upright, and waves his hand. 'What is he?' 'He must be one of our fellows, sir; he has blue trousers and red stripe.' And so it was—Butler, of the Bengal Fusiliers," had done this exploit. The Highlanders and Sikhs now dashed at the line, and were soon in possession of the extreme left, and the portion in front of the Martinière. All this time our guns were pounding the city on our left; and such was the effect of Outram's flank movement, that the enemy abandoned Banks's House and the whole line, and our troops took secure possession. On the 10th we were occupied on both sides of the river in battering the place, and preparing for the next move. By the incessant exertions of Lieutenant Patrick Stewart, the telegraphic wire followed the Commander-in-Chief everywhere, so that he was in direct communication with Calcutta every morning, and with Outram also, for Stewart carried a branch line over the Goomtee.

On the 11th both forces made great progress. Jung Bahadoor brought his army into camp, and was sent to hold the left on the canal. Outram made a vast stride forward. Dividing his force into two columns, he sent one to the iron bridge and one to the stone bridge. The troops advanced, literally chasing the enemy before them, and slaying hundreds. Both bridges were taken, but it was not deemed expedient to hold the stone bridge, and the right column returned to a position in a Musjid west of the Badshahbagh. But the iron bridge was held by a strong force. All day Outram's batteries had been

BRITISH TROOPS APPROACHING AGRA.

firing steadily into the huge buildings on the other bank, especially into the Kaiserbagh, and were enfilading the enemy's second line with effect. Nor were Sir Colin's batteries idle. They were breaching the Begum Kothie. When the breach was practicable, the Highlanders, this time the 93rd, and a Sikh regiment, went at this place, and carried it with a rush. Adrian Hope led the column. Mounting to a window by the aid of his men, he tumbled through among a crowd of Sepoys, who fled at "the apparition of the huge red Celt, sword, and pistol in hand." The men followed, carrying everything before them at the point of the bayonet, until the place was cleared of all except skulkers, who were even found next day, and who from dark holes slew some of our men. On the right the 53rd had carried the Secundera-bagh without opposition, and even the Shah Nujeef; Captain Medley, with a handful of native sappers, gallantly holding it all night. This brought the Commander-in-Chief into direct communication with Outram over the river. The mortar batteries were at once turned upon the Kaiserbagh and the Imambara, and up towards the latter Robert Napier, a most accomplished soldier, was pushing a sap by the aid of his engineers. Thus a great day's work had been done. The Kaiserbagh and the Mess House alone remained in the enemy's hands, but the former was strong. While Mansfield was superintending the capture of the Begum Kothie, Sir Colin had to go through the disagreeable duty of receiving Jung Bahadoor. The reputation of the Nepaulese was of ill savour; and it was not pleasant to a frank soldier like Colin Campbell to take the hand of a man who had murdered his kindred.

The work of the 11th was most satisfactory; but in the storming of the Begum's Kothie, as in the assault on Delhi, England suffered a great loss. At the latter fell Nicholson, at the former Hodson was mortally wounded. On his way to select a camping-ground for his horse, he heard firing, and, riding up, found Brigadier Napier directing the attack on the Begum's Kothie. With a cheery smile, he said to the friend he admired so much, "I am come to take care of you; you have no business to go to work without me to look after you." With the assaulting column, beside Robert Napier, he went into the place. It was taken; but Sepoys were still in hiding, and the soldiers were looking for them. Turning to his orderly, he said, "I wonder if any of the rascals are in there." He looked into a dark room—it was full of Sepoys; a shot was fired, and, staggering back, Hodson fell. A bullet had gone clean through him. The Highlanders rushed in, and killed every man in the room; while poor Hodson's orderly, a large, powerful Sikh, carried his master out of danger. He was taken to Banks's House, and there the next day he died, in the presence of Napier and his faithful orderly, who hung over the corpse crying like a child. In his last moments—as Napier records in a letter to Mrs. Hodson—he said—"'It is hard to leave the world just now, when success is so near; but God's will be done.' 'Bear witness for me that I have tried to do my duty to man. May God forgive my sins for Christ's sake. I go to my Father.' 'My love to my wife. Tell her my last thoughts were of her.' 'Lord receive my soul.' These were his last words; and without a sigh or a struggle, his pure spirit took its flight." He was buried on the 13th, Sir Colin Campbell and a host of officers attending his funeral, to mark his regret and esteem for "the most brilliant soldier" under his command. "When the part of the service came where the body is lowered into the grave, all the old warrior's courage and self-possession could no longer control the tears—undeniable evidence of what he felt. 'I have lost one of the finest officers in the army,' was his remark to General Napier." And it was true. No man in the army was more universally regretted, and no man deserved it more.

The work of sapping up to the Imambara, the next place to be taken, now went briskly on. Napier's sappers were engaged in opening wide communications to the rear, and in breaking through the houses in front, so that heavy guns might be brought up to breach the walls. Into the enemy's posts poured an incessant fire of shell from the batteries of Outram, as well as those of Sir Colin; and the rattle of musketry never ceased while there was daylight. The army was now extended from the Badshahbagh, on the right, over the Goomtee to the front of the Imambara; and the moment had now arrived when this building could be breached with effect. They were placed behind a wall thirty yards from the building, and their huge shot were crashing through the massive structure, breaking down several walls at each blow. From the house-tops and the windows and loopholes the enemy fired heavily at random, and did little harm. Then came the order to assault; and in went the 10th Foot and Brayshe's Sikhs with a rush. The enemy, as usual, fled; and being pursued with great eagerness, our troops emerged through the great gateway into the main road, to find that they had turned the whole of the second line of defence. On went the eager soldiers, down the road, through the houses, the enemy giving ground, and they pursuing, growing mad with the heat, the dust, the uproar, the excitement of the chase. The intention had been only to storm the Imambara itself. Fortune gave them the whole second line; and now, lo! they were in rear of the third. They had pushed up to the Kaiserbagh itself, having broken into the rear of the entrenchments covering the great gate. Seizing the opportunity, heavy supports were brought up from the right, and Franks and Napier determined to take the palace itself. The order was given, and the soldiers dashing in, the whole of the vast buildings fell easily into our hands, so thoroughly broken was the spirit of the enemy.

Sir Colin had expected a fierce resistance—a siege—great loss, perhaps; and here, while he was at breakfast, in came Norman with the news that the Kaiserbagh had fallen. Sir Colin rode up, amid the cheering of the troops, while our soldiers were still routing out the enemy from the recesses of this wonderful palace. Dr. Russell, the most daring of correspondents, went too.

d penetrated into the Kaiserbagh before the fray was er. "It was," he writes, "one of the strangest and ost distressing sights that could be seen; but it was so most exciting. Discipline may hold soldiers together ll the fight, but it assuredly does not exist for a oment after an assault has been delivered, or a storm as taken place. Imagine courts as large as the Temple ardens, surrounded with ranges of palaces, or, at least, ith buildings well stuccoed and gilded, with fresco aintings here and there on the blind-windows, and ith green jalousies and Venetian blinds closing the pertures, which pierce the walls in double rows. In he body of the court are statues, lines of lamp-posts, ountains, orange groves, aqueducts, and kiosks with urnished domes of polished metal. Through these, ither and thither, with loud cries, dart European and ative soldiery, firing at the windows, from which come ow and then dropping shots, or hisses a musket ball. At every door there is an eager crowd smashing the anels with the stocks of their firelocks, or breaking the astenings by discharges of their weapons. The buildngs which surround the courts are irregular in form, for here and there the lines of the quadrangle are broken by columned fronts and lofty porticoes before the mansions of the ministry, or of the great officers of the royal household, which are resplendent with richly-gilt roofs and domes. Here and there the invaders have forced their way into the long corridors, and you hear the musketry rattling inside, the crash of glass, the shouts and yells of the combatants, and little jets of smoke curl out of the closed lattices. Lying amid the orange groves are dead and dying Sepoys; and the white statues are reddened with blood. Leaning against a smiling Venus is a British soldier, shot through the neck, gasping, and at every gasp bleeding to death! Here and there officers are running to and fro after their men, persuading or threatening in vain. From the broken portals issue soldiers laden with loot or plunder; shawls, rich tapestry, gold and silver brocade, caskets of jewels, arms, splendid dresses. The men are wild with fury and lust of gold—literally drunk with plunder. Some come out with china vases or mirrors, dash them to pieces on the ground, and return to seek more valuable booty. Others are busy gouging out the precious stones from the stems of pipes, from saddle-cloths, or the hilts of swords, or butts of pistols or fire-arms. Some swathe their bodies in stuffs crusted with precious metals and gems; others carry off useless lumber, brass pots, pictures, or vases of jade and china. Court after court the scene is still the same. These courts open one to the other by lofty gateways, ornamented with the double fish of the royal family of Oude, or by arched passages, in which lie the dead Sepoys, their clothes smouldering on their flesh. The scene of pluuder," he continues, "was indescribable. The soldiers had broken up several of the store-rooms, and pitched the contents into the court, which was lumbered with cases, with embroidered clothes, gold and silver brocade, silver vessels, arms, banners, drums, shawls, scarfs, musical instruments, mirrors, pictures, books, accounts, medicine bottles, gorgeous standards, shields, spears, and a heap of things, the enumeration of which would make this sheet of paper like a catalogue of a broker's sale. Through these moved the men, wild with excitement, 'drunk with plunder.' I had often heard the phrase, but never saw the thing itself before. They smashed to pieces the fowling-pieces and pistols to get at the gold mountings and the stones set in the stocks. They burned in a fire, which they made in the centre of the court, brocades and embroidered shawls for the sake of the gold and silver. China, glass, and jade they dashed to pieces in pure wantonness; pictures they ripped up or tossed on the flames; furniture shared the same fate."

Such was the capture and sack of the Kaiserbagh. Rarely had such a scene of plunder been before, and many grew rich out of the "loot." In a military point of view, the capture of this palace was a piece of great good fortune, as it virtually gave us the command of the city. There were now only the houses and buildings towards the old Residency; and with Outram on their flank, they could easily be taken, and taken at leisure.

Yet, the action on the 13th might have been more successful. When the Kaiserbagh fell, the troops on the right swept forward from the Shah Nujeef nearly up to the old Residency, and the 20th Foot caught a host of Sepoys in the Engine-house, and slew nearly every man. At this time Sir James Outram was ready to burst across the iron bridge. His column was prepared, his men were eager. Lieutenant Wynne, with some sappers, had gallantly thrown down the breastwork across the end of the bridge—a service which won for him the Victoria cross. But Outram did not advance. His orders were precise, and he construed them literally. He was to advance; but on the condition that he could do so without the loss of a *single* man. Seeing a gun bearing down the long street which led to the bridge, a gun steadily fired, Outram knew that if he charged across, he must lose at least one man, perhaps many. He obeyed the conditional order, and the Sepoys escaped. But had he crossed at the moment the Kaiserbagh fell, he must have inflicted a terrible loss upon the enemy, though suffering some loss himself.

Virtually Lucknow was now taken, but much still remained to be done. The troops rested on the 14th, except the gunners, who were rarely or never quiet. On the 15th Sir James Outram, leaving a force near the iron bridge, crossed the Goomtee, and a general attack was made on the buildings west of the Kaiserbagh. A great deal of irregular fighting ensued, but the enemy stood nowhere. Outram's column worked up through the old battered Residency to the iron bridge; and as the enemy fled in disorder over the stone bridge higher up, our guns on the iron bridge kept up a heavy fire. That night we occupied the Muchee Bowun, and by the 18th every place was captured, except the Moosabagh, out in the country; the city itself was occupied, and direct communication established with the Alumbagh. Prize agents had now been appointed to secure the plunder; but order was not restored, and every street and house had its horrible scenes. The place was full of powder; our

men were careless, and explosions were frequent, in one of which Captain Clark, Lieutenant Brownlow, and thirty men were killed. On the 19th a concerted attack was made on the Moosabagh. Here were the resolute Moulvie, stout and cunning; the courageous and undaunted Begum, who had been the soul of the defence, her cowardly paramour Munnoo Khan, her son, the titular King of Oude, and some 8,000 men. The object was to catch them, but the combination failed. Somehow the cavalry sent out to cut off the fugitives lost their way. The enemy stayed just long enough to see the approach of the infantry and guns: then their hearts failed them, and they fled. There was one more desperate skirmish in the city with a band of budmashes; that was the last fight, and the capital of Oude was recovered, after being so many months in the possession of the enemy. We took 120 guns, tons of ammunition, and much treasure; and so splendidly was the work done that our loss did not exceed 700 men killed and wounded!

The Governor-General now issued a proclamation, which, after setting forth the wickedness of the rebellion, and rewarding some talookdars by granting them a hereditary right to their lands, declared that, with these exceptions, the proprietory right in the soil of Oude was confiscated to the British Government. To those who made immediate submission life and honour were promised, but nothing more. Those who had murdered Europeans were to expect no mercy. This proclamation created a great ferment in India and in England. It was held to be monstrous that Lord Canning should confiscate a province. Sir James Outram resigned rather than carry out the scheme; and Mr. Montgomery, who succeeded him, obtained full permission to deal with each case on its merits. In England, Lord Ellenborough, then at the Board of Control, was so angry that he wrote a most insolent dispatch to Lord Canning, on mere newspaper report; and, not satisfied with this, he published it before he posted the document to Lord Canning. It was an uncourteous and an ungentlemanly act; and Lord Ellenborough had to resign his seat to save the Derby Cabinet from censure. The fact is the proclamation was completely misunderstood. The confiscation was not permanent deprivation. It enabled the Government to take a position in Oude calculated to restore men to their real rights—to reward the faithful and punish the wrong-doers; and, above all, under the settlement made by Mr. Montgomery, and his successor, Mr. Wingfield, all those proprietors held from the Crown. In the end the measure worked well, and was essentially just and politic; and, in a long dispatch, Lord Canning fully refuted the melodramatic impertinences of Lord Ellenborough.

But in the spring of 1858, not only Oude but Rohilcund had to be reconquered. For a time, the proclamation was a dead letter; the army had still to be employed; and in April, Sir Colin, after an interview with Lord Canning at Allahabad, broke up his force and proceeded to the work of conquest. General Walpole started, on the 7th, with a fine brigade towards Rohilcund. Sir Edward Lugard, with another, set out eastward towards Gorruckpore, where Koer Singh and a host of enemies were afoot. A garrison was left in Lucknow, which was to be strongly fortified, and the remaining troops marched for Cawnpore on the 13th, to move up the Doab and enter Rohilcund from Futtehghur.

The plan of campaign now was this: Sir Colin was to effect a junction with Walpole on the Ramgunge, opposite Futtehghur, and thence march on Bareilly by Shahjehanpore; while General Penny, with a brigade collected at Roorkee, and Brigadier Jones, from Moradabad, crossed the Ganges, and also made for Bareilly. Walpole marched his column by Sundeela. Near Rhedamow he came upon a mud fort in the jungle, occupied by a force under Nirput Singh. These mud forts are strong defensive posts; a high embankment and a deep ditch make them formidable. The place was reconnoitred, and the cavalry reported that it could be easily assailed in the rear; but Walpole thought he could take it by rushing at the front. He did not even use his heavy guns, but sent the 42nd and 93rd against the rampart. They were driven back by the fire of the enemy. Many men fell killed and wounded; but the greatest loss was Adrian Hope, the pride of his brigade. The Highlanders were on the verge of mutiny, and the officers were savage with this unskilful mode of warfare. In the night Nirput Singh, knowing his own weakness, ran away, and then it was seen how easily the place might have been taken. Walpole marched on towards the Ramgunge. On his way he heard that a body of the enemy were guarding a bridge of boats over that stream; and dashing on with cavalry and guns, he surprised and routed them with heavy loss. Sir Colin, marching by Cawnpore and Futtehghur, crossed the Ganges on the 27th, and joined Walpole at Tingree. In the meantime, that gallant sailor and hope of the British navy, Sir William Peel, had died of small-pox at Cawnpore. Weakened by a wound at Lucknow, he could not bear up against the fatal disease; and, after a brilliant career, he died in his bed, deplored by all his countrymen. Henry Lawrence, Nicholson, Hodson, Peel—these were the first of men; perhaps the greatest losses we suffered in India.

Sir Colin entered Shahjehanpore on the 30th of April, without meeting any resistance. Here he learned that Penny, leading his column through Budaon, misled by a civilian, who trusted to native information, got into an ambuscade and lost his life. His troops carried the position occupied by the enemy, and marched on. Jones also had made progress, and was approaching Bareilly from Moradabad. On the 2nd of May Sir Colin moved out of Shahjehanpore, leaving behind a small force with four guns to hold the gaol. He had not gone far before the energetic Moulvie, bringing a great body of all arms, fell upon Shahjehanpore; and although he failed to take it out of hand, he invested it, and put the little garrison in peril. Sir Colin got news of this, but he was then near Bareilly, and had a large army in his front whom it was necessary to fight.

Disregarding the Moulvie, and his skilful onslaught on the rear, Sir Colin pursued his march to Bareilly.

where Khan Bahadoor Khan had 40,000 or 50,000 men of all arms, and forty guns. Here, in front of Bareilly, on the 5th of May he engaged the enemy. Penny's force had already joined him; Brigadier Jones was on the other side of the city. While Sir Colin attacked the enemy on the east, Jones broke into the place from the west. The enemy were defeated, but managed to escape in a disordered and broken state, some flying for the Ganges and some for Oude. During this action, a body of Ghazees—fanatic Moslems—made a dash on the 93rd and 42nd. They were powerful men with grizzly beards; they wore green turbans, and came on, brandishing their sabres with their heads down behind their shields. Sir Colin was near the Highlanders, but the Ghazees came on so rapidly that he had only time to call on his men to stand firm, and bayonet them as they came on, before the dare-devils were in their midst. The men fired, and then used the bayonet, after knocking their foes down. A number of them got round the flank of the 42nd, dragged Colonel Cameron from his horse, and cut General Walpole over the head. Both were saved by the Highlanders. "Sir Colin had a narrow escape. As he was riding from one company to another, his eye caught that of a quasi-dead Ghazee, who was lying, tulwar in hand, just before him. The chief guessed the *ruse* in a moment. 'Bayonet that man!' he called to a soldier. The Highlander made a thrust at him, but the point would not enter the thick cotton quilting of the Ghazee's tunic; and the dead man was rising to his legs, when a Sikh, who happened to be near, with a whirling stroke of his sabre, cut off the Ghazee's head at one blow, as if it had been the bulb of a poppy!" The enemy's troopers also got round the rear, and, charging the baggage and ambulances, did considerable mischief before they were driven off. We lost nearly as many men from apoplexy as from the fire of the enemy.

But Bareilly was captured, and the enemy dispersed. Sir Colin's first thought was for the safety of Shahjehanpore. He sent off Brigadier Jones with his brigade to relieve Colonel Hale; and, having established a garrison in Bareilly, followed himself. Jones easily drove off the Moulvie's troops on the 11th, and covered the place. Sir Colin himself marched from Bareilly on the 15th. Arriving at Shahjehanpore on the 18th, he marched through the town, and drew up on the eastern side. There the Moulvie had made a demonstration with an immense force of horsemen. The action, however, was almost wholly carried on by the artillery. When the infantry were deployed and developed, the enemy retired. Sir Colin now handed the army over to the command of Brigadier John Jones, and with a weak escort set off suddenly for Futtehghur. Jones marched on Mohumdee, the last stronghold of the rebels on the eastern frontier of Rohilcund; but the enemy would not wait for him. They evacuated the place, and rode off. Thus the Moulvie and the Begum escaped once more. This ended the campaign for the summer in Oude and Rohilcund. While the Commander-in-Chief had been thus engaged, Sir Hope Grant, with a flying column from Lucknow, had scoured the country towards Fyzabad, and had surprised and defeated the enemy at Nawabgunge. Sir Edward Lugard had relieved Azimghur, and, following up Koer Singh, had passed the Ganges, driven the valiant old chief into the jungle, and restored confidence in Behar. The troops were put under cover as far as possible, but there was still considerable fighting at different points in the Doab, and north and south of Allahabad; while Colonel Rowcroft, with some infantry, and Sotheby's naval brigade, were keeping down the rebel element on the north of Gorruckpore, and facilitating the march of Jung Bahadoor and his plunder back to the mountains of Nepaul.

Such, at the end of May, was the state of things in the valley of the Ganges. The Doab, though not free from incursions, had been made dangerous for our enemies, and tolerably secure; the enemy had no footing therein. Lucknow had been re-captured; Rohilcund had been swept clear of foes; the country round Meerut and Delhi contained no enemies in any force; Gorruckpore and Azimghur were occupied in strength; Behar had been relieved from a daring, mischievous, and skilful leader, who, if he had been younger, might have been a head to the rebellion. Yet during this very time, when we were obtaining successes every day, two more native regiments mutinied, and thrice Calcutta was wild with panic! The regiments were pursued and cut up chiefly by the energy of the planters, and Calcutta regained its equanimity. But we must now turn to Central India, and trace the brilliant path of Hugh Rose.

CHAPTER L.

The Central Indian Campaign—Its Objects—Means employed—Lines of Operation—Rose marches upon Saugor—Siege and Capture of Ratghur—Relief of Saugor—Capture of Gurrakota—Preparations for a March on Jhansi—Battle of Mudanpore—Sir Hugh forces the Pass, and crosses the Betwa—Stuart captures Chandaree—Joins Sir Hugh, and both march on Jhansi—Siege and Battle of Jhansi—Tantia Topee—Jhansi taken by Storm—Sufferings from Heat—Battle of Koouch—March upon Calpee—Battle of Gowlowlee—Capture of Calpee—Tantia Topee marches on Gwalior—Dethrones Scindia—Rose follows—Brigadier Smith moves up from Goona—A Brigade starts from Agra—Action before Gwalior—Defeat of the Rebels—Scindia restored—Rose goes to Bombay—Other Operations in Central India.

Sir Hugh Rose, it will be remembered, arrived at Indore on the 16th of December, and assumed command of the Central India field force, mustering 6,000 men, of whom nearly one-half were Europeans. He had a severe task to accomplish with these means. The whole country north of the Vindaya range of mountains was in the hands of the enemy. Bands of mutinous Sepoys were established at various points between the Chumbul and the Saone. They held forts and passes, or went hither and thither preying on the villagers. The only British post was Saugor, where several hundred Europeans were shut up in the fort, and where, strange to state, the 31st Native Infantry and part of the 42nd were faithful. Deeper in the country, towards the Jumna, the bold Ranee of Jhansi held the town and district of that name, and kept up communication with the disaffected subjects of Scindia, the remains of the

Gwalior Contingent, reorganising itself at Calpee, and the rebel bands who wandered up and down the Jumna, and made dashes into the Doab, from Allahabad to Agra. Sir Hugh Rose was entrusted with the duty, first, of relieving Saugor, then, of capturing Jhansi, and finally, of making his way to Calpee. He was to be supported on his left by another column from Bombay, under General Roberts, which was collected at Nusscerabad, in Rajpootana; and, on his right, by a Madras column, under General Whitlock, whose starting point was Jubbulpore, on the higher waters of the Nerbudda. Thus, while Rose swept the country between the Sinde and the Beas, and Whitlock marched on his right between the Beas and the Soane, his object being Banda, Roberts was to march eastward by Kotah, then in the hands of the rebels and mutineers, into the Gwalior country.

Sir Hugh Rose divided his force into two columns or brigades. The first, under Brigadier Stuart, was formed at Indore; the second was collected at Sehore, about ninety miles to the north-east, on the road to Bhopal. The first was ordered to march on Chandaree, a very strong place on the left bank of the Betwa. The second, or right brigade, with which Rose himself marched, was directed from Sehore upon Ratghur and Saugor. Stuart's brigade was not to leave Indore until Rose had started for Bhopal, so that the two columns, although separated by a wide interval, might march in parallel lines, and then converge to a point north of Chandaree. Stuart's course lay down the left bank of the Betwa, and he had no serious hostility to apprehend until he approached Chandaree.

Rose's column was joined on the 15th of January, 1858, by the siege-train from Sehore. After executing 149 mutineers of the Bhopal Contingent—part of which, obeying the Begum, had remained loyal—Rose started on the 16th, and marched to the beautiful town of Bhopal, the capital of a "pattern principality," fertile, well cultivated, wisely governed. There was even a small steamer on the lake near the town, commanded by a native. On the 21st the column entered Scindia's territory, and encamped at Bilsah, famous for tobacco. Three more marches brought the brigade in front of Ratghur, the first obstacle to be overcome on the road to Saugor; for the enemy had occupied the fort, and showed a readiness to bar the road. On the 24th Rose drove in the outposts of the enemy, and invested the place. Ratghur had been a strong fort. It stood on the spur of a hill, and overlooked the country around. The river Biena, running east and west, covered the east and south faces, the rock being scarped above the river. The west face, where the gate was, overlooked the town and Saugor road. The north face was on the hill side; the approach to it was through dense jungle, and it was strengthened by a deep ditch and an outwork. Thus, only one side—that on the north—afforded any facilities for attack. Against this side Sir Hugh directed his efforts.

Having disposed his troops around the place, keeping a good look-out towards Saugor, whence interruption might come, he pushed his siege guns, under a sufficient escort, up the hill and through the jungle, making a road for the heavy pieces as he advanced. All this time the troops around the town were engaged in constant skirmishes against irregular forces on the outside. By dint of perseverance these were driven off, and the town was occupied. Then the heavy guns were mounted in a battery, made by the Madras Sappers, most efficient soldiers, on the north hill, within 300 yards of the north wall, and opened fire, while other guns shelled the fort from the plain, and the Enfields were busy duelling with the matchlock-men. On the 28th a body of Sepoys, in red coats, some wearing medals, made a show of attacking the rear by advancing through the jungles on the hill. But they had not the heart to attack; and driven off by shell, were cut up by the horse. This was an attempt to relieve the place, and the enemy within knew it. The breach had been examined, and declared to be practicable. It was supposed that it would be stormed on the 29th; but when that day dawned, two enterprising officers, suspecting the quiet, climbed up the breach, and found that the enemy had fled. The garrison had scrambled down a precipice, women and all, and had got away through the lines of the Bhopal Contingent, who were supposed to be guarding that side. The cavalry went in pursuit, but were not able to catch the fugitives: indeed, the latter halted eight miles distant. Sir Hugh went out to attack them, and defeated them, yet could not take their guns. But the effect of these actions was that the roads to Saugor and Indore were freed from the enemy; and, on the 3rd of February, the Europeans shut up so long in Saugor were liberated by the arrival of Sir Hugh. They drove out to meet him, "looking pale and careworn," as it was natural they should look after eight months' imprisonment.

The next obstacle to be removed was a body of mutineers, men of several regiments, who had thrown themselves into the fort of Gurrakota, which fifty years before had defied an European army. This fort lies over the Beas, east of Saugor, and until it was taken Rose could not move on Jhansi, nor Whitlock on Banda. The Sepoys entrenched the road into the fort from the south. But the troops advanced from the west. The horse artillery ranged up and opened fire in this unexpected quarter. Whereupon the Sepoys, greatly to their credit, sounded the advance, and moving boldly out, seemed disposed to charge the guns. Upon this, the 3rd Europeans came into play, and drove them back. Not satisfied yet, the enemy reformed, and came up with great steadiness and obstinacy, and were not broken and routed until they were close upon the guns. When they fled, the Hyderabad horsemen were soon among them, and their charge split them in two, one body hurrying into the fort, the other rushing off to the south, and suffering loss at every step.

Batteries were at once erected to breach the west face. The enemy worked their guns with vigour and coolness, but they were soon silenced, all but one, and this one was finally knocked over by Lieutenant Smith, of the

Bombay Artillery. On the 13th of February the enemy were seen escaping from the fort, and the infantry, hastening in upon them, found that nearly all had gone. The fugitives were pursued five-and-twenty miles by the Hyderabad Horse. In the fort were found great stores of provisions, and quantities of plunder taken from Europeans in the mutiny. Provided for a long siege, the Sepoys had been ousted in three days, and such of the provisions as could not be carried away were given to the starving villagers whom they had so long oppressed. Gurrakota was blown up by the sappers. The troops returned to Saugor on the 17th, and halted

The troops rested ten days, Sir Hugh Rose marching for Jhansi at two a.m. on the 27th, the time when Sir Colin crossed the Ganges into Oude. The road lay nearly north through the slopes of the Vindaya range. No sooner had they quitted Saugor than a shower of rockets shot up out of that town, and burst in a sparkle of evanescent stars in the dark sky. Here was brilliant evidence that the enemy had friends in the city. The column defiled through a pass, and halted at Raneepore. The next morning, when the column started, rockets again were seen, but this time in front; and as the troops proceeded, beacon after beacon blazed out upon

CAPTAIN SIR WILLIAM PEEL.

until they could be adequately furnished for a long march through Central India.

Sir Hugh obtained vast supplies; beer in great quantities; boots, as many as could be got; sheep and goats, oxen and elephants, grain and flour, tea and soda-water for the wounded; full supplies of ammunition, and several additional guns and mortars from the arsenal of Saugor. The Europeans got lighter clothing, and were thus better prepared to endure the severities of the Indian hot season. A military train, established in Bombay, was to follow the force, and complete its means and appliances. Practically, Sir Hugh was about to enter an enemy's country, and he had to go forth fitted like a conqueror.

the hills on both flanks, and in front. By these means, the enemy, who had assembled in the passes leading into the plains, were apprised of every movement of the force. There were two—the Pass of Malthon, and the Pass of Mudanpore. Malthon was the northern outlet, and stood directly in front of the line of march followed by the column. Here the enemy were supposed to be encamped, and, indeed, it was soon found that they held the fort of Barodia as an outpost. From this they were rapidly expelled by a few shells. A heavy storm came on, and the force detached against Barodia had much difficulty in making their way back to the camp. A body of Khoonds and a few Sappers were placed in the fort, which was to be held as a post station. This also

helped the purpose of Sir Hugh, which was to deceive the enemy, and make them believe that he intended to storm the Malthon Pass, while he really turned it by Mudanpore.

But the enemy were not wholly deceived, for they occupied both passes. Leaving a small party of all arms to attack Malthon, or rather keep the enemy occupied, Sir Hugh, with the bulk of the brigade, went south along the foot of the hills through the pathless jungle. He then turned towards the gorge, and at once came under fire. The Rajah of Shahghur, in whose territory the pass was situated, headed the enemy, and his general, late a Sepoy sergeant, had occupied the hills on both sides of the pass. Thence he opened such a storm of cannon shot and musketry, that he brought our men to a halt, and even obliged Sir Hugh, whose horse was shot under him, to withdraw the guns farther to the rear. The check was only momentary. Keeping up a hot fire, Sir Hugh directed his infantry upon the flanks of the pass, and Europeans and Hyderabad natives went with shouts into the jungle. This was more than the enemy could endure; and without waiting for the assailants, they ran down the hills into the pass and through it, carrying off their guns. Our troops followed towards the town. The enemy endeavoured to stand once more, but his heart soon failed him. Nevertheless, he got away with his guns, and the only capture of note made was the astrologer of the Rajah of Shahghur. Encamping near the fort of Soorai, the troops halted while this fort was destroyed. On the 6th, the brigade moved on Murowa, seized the fort, and declared the territory of the rebel Rajah to be annexed to the British possessions. While here, the detachment sent against Malthon came into camp. They had marched through with little opposition, as the men who were to hold it grew alarmed when they heard the cannon at Mudanpore, and alarm becoming panic, they ran away.

In order to protect the friendly ruler of Tehree, Sir Hugh sent thither the Hyderabad Contingent, and marched himself upon Baunpore, where he came within hearing of the cannonade directed by his 1st Brigade against Chandaree. This brigade had laid siege to the strong fort in due form, and was reducing it with heavy guns. Quitting Baunpore, Sir Hugh, having determined to clear his right effectually, marched upon Tal Behut, from which the Hyderabad Contingent, that most active force, had driven the enemy. He arrived on the 14th of March. The fort had been abandoned, luckily for him, as it was a place of very great strength, and might have been defended for weeks. Having opened communication with the 1st Brigade, and having learned that it was making good progress, Sir Hugh detached the Sappers and Contingent to secure the fords of the Betwa; then, turning westward, he marched the whole column to the river, and crossed it on the 17th of March. That day the 86th Foot and the 25th Bombay Infantry had carried Chandaree by storm; the 86th, an Irish regiment, fighting none the worse because it was St. Patrick's Day.

Having heard of the fall of Chandaree, Sir Hugh Rose marched at once upon Jhansi. "By this time," says Mr. Thomas Lowe, one of the surgeons with the force, "the heat was becoming intense. Every day we found hotter than the preceding one, and the marches began to tell perceptibly upon the troops and cattle, while the whole face of nature appeared to put on the seared and barren garb of winter. The roads were dusty, the wells almost dry, the grass bleached and withered away; the dry, yellow leaves rustled beneath the jungle trees, and the branches above were naked and bleached, the cattle creeping in vain beneath these for shade. The winds began to blow as though they had just escaped from the hitherto closed doors of Pandemonium, and they swept over us, scorching up every pore of the body, and making the eyes feel as though they had been blistered. The thermometer stood in the shade of our tent at 110 degrees; in the open at 130 degrees! Nothing was cool. The chairs we sat on felt as though they had just been baked; the tables and tent poles were too hot to touch without necessity; cold water was a luxury, and the necessity of having one's beer cooled for the evening became one of the great and momentous objects of our existence. Each bottle was carefully enveloped in a wet cloth, and assiduously fanned by a servant until required; or, when a breeze blew, was hung up, and constant evaporation encouraged. By this means we generally had a *cold* drink at night after the heat of the day. The heat, indeed, was so great that even the hair of the head became a burden; and many of the officers placed themselves in the hands of the barber, and came out cropped to the scalp—a sort of stubble-field pate, deliciously cool, and favourable to the constant immersions we were now obliged to practice, and bad colds in the head, which were soon to come. This gave a very comic air to the *personnel*, but then brushing and combing were dispensed with—a great consideration on the march; while it became a very easy thing to water the pate, and allow evaporation to go on steadily. Indeed, anything and everything was done to counteract the heat and its effects upon the body, but to very little purpose; for as the month sped, so the thermometer gradually and alarmingly rose; and the hospitals began to fill with sick with abdominal complaints, affections of the liver, and derangements of the head."

It was in a country like this, and in weather like this, that our troops and their general had to march and fight. On the 19th the brigade halted, while cavalry and guns reconnoitered Jhansi, and on the 21st the whole force set out and halted before that place. Jhansi, the reader will remember, was the scene of one of the bloodiest tragedies in India; the scene of a foul massacre, accomplished by treachery, and only exceeded in magnitude by that at Cawnpore. The brave but vicious Ranee was like the Begum of Oude, determined to hold her own. Since she had been in full possession, she had repaired the strong walls which surround the city, mounted guns upon them and on the flanking bastions, cleared out the ditches, erected outworks well devised and well built; and even when the British encamped before her strong-

hold, her willing subjects were still hard at work throwing up fresh defences. She had been aided by Tantia Topee, a retainer of Nana Sahib. This remarkable man had served in the Bengal Artillery. He was a weaver by trade—hence his name, which means the weaver artilleryman. After leaving the British service he entered that of Nana Sahib at Bithoor, and when the latter struck for empire, the talents of his artilleryman soon came into play. Tantia Topee had the brain of a soldier without the heart. He could plan, and scheme, and raise armies, and direct their movements, but he could not lead them. An avowed coward, the natives regarded his cowardice as an infirmity, and were willing to accept his services without demanding from him qualities he did not possess. As Sir Hugh Rose appeared before Jhansi, Tantia Topee rode off to Calpee, there to organise a relieving army around the wreck of the famous Gwalior Contingent.

The British troops encamped on a plain without shelter of any kind, for, with great judgment, the Ranee had caused the trees to be destroyed. There were some groves near the wall of the town, but the fortress on its granite rock stood up in the midst of an arid plain. The troops depended upon Scindia and the Ranee of Tehree for supplies of firewood, forage, and vegetables. As soon as he encamped, Sir Hugh Rose surveyed the place thoroughly, riding all day in the burning sun, and seeing everything for himself. Thus he was enabled to direct the investment of Jhansi with his cavalry, a work which was completed on the 22nd. That night the first battery was constructed, about 300 yards from the town wall. It was done silently and effectually. But daylight disclosed the work, and the enemy began to pound it, soon getting the range; and to raise a counter battery intended to enfilade it. By the 24th four batteries were constructed and in action. Their shot silenced several guns and demolished the works of the enemy, and their shells set fire to the town; while the infantry, spread out in front, skirmished with the Sepoys in the cottages and enclosures. The force was now strengthened by the arrival of the 1st Brigade from Chandaree, and Sir Hugh immediately extended his front of attack, and established batteries on his left.

For the next five days the bombardment continued. The enemy fought his guns admirably, and showed great determination. Our troops grew excited with the work. They were eager to storm and sack a city infamous for the murder of so many of their countrymen and countrywomen, and they laboured in the summer heat with a cheerfulness and constancy which must have made glad the heart of Sir Hugh Rose. The infantry, the gunners, and the cavalry of the Hyderabad Contingent rivalled the Europeans. As the walls came tumbling down, as flames blazed up in the city, when an explosion occurred in the fort, the men cheered lustily, and laboured with redoubled ardour. The pluck of the enemy was manifest, and our men could not fail to respect it; but they grew more grim and earnest, and more resolute to win.

On the 31st a new danger, not wholly unforeseen, appeared. Sir Hugh, anticipating a movement of the rebel army at Calpee, had established a telegraph on the hills to the east, worked with flags. On the 31st the flags waved saying, "Here come the enemy in great force from the north." Sir Hugh was not at all disconcerted. He had expected that an effort would be made to relieve the place, and he had meditated on the best mode of thwarting it. As soon as he heard, therefore, that Tantia Topee had brought 20,000 men from Calpee, and placed them on his right flank, close to the city, he knew what to do. It was evening when the news came. Knowing where the enemy was, the general prepared a surprise for them. He determined to fight the enemy and continue the siege—one of the hardiest resolutions ever taken by any general, especially when we consider the fact that he had only 1,200 men available for battle.

But his plan was masterly. As soon as it was dark he caused his 1st Brigade to strike tents, and then he marched them silently into a position on the left flank of the foe. Then he reinforced it by two 24-pounders, so placed that they swept the road to the city. The enemy were the more elated because they saw but few tents in our camp, and they halted at dusk close on the front of the 2nd Brigade, and made merry. But morning showed them another sight. At daylight we opened on them with artillery, cutting up their left flank. Our infantry were lying down, our horse held ready for a charge. The unexpected fire of the 1st Brigade guns soon shook them; and, swiftly discerning symptoms of unsteadiness, our cavalry went in with a crash, Rose leading one body, Prettyjohn another. The flank was rolled up in a moment, and the infantry following the cavalry, the enemy was driven back with great slaughter. Then the infantry, moving across the battle field, fell upon the opposite flank, cut the rebels off from the city, and followed them up with vigour. Tantia Topee had prepared a second line, but Rose left him no time to use it. Bursting in on both flanks, our troops forced the enemy to retreat upon the Betwa, and pursued so sharply that they drove the rebels over the river with the loss of *every* gun brought into the field. Thus did 1,200 men, of whom only 500 were Europeans, defeat 20,000, while their comrades carried on the siege with unrelenting vigour. This battle was fought on the 1st of April; on the 3rd it was resolved that Jhansi should be taken by storm. From the right batteries the walls were to be carried by escalade; on the left the stormers were to sweep in through a breach; the signal was to be the opening of guns on the west face, as though an attack were to be made there.

The moon shone brightly as the columns marched out of their camps to appointed places. The Sappers, the 3rd Europeans, and the Hyderabad Infantry were to scale the walls; the 86th Foot and the 25th Native Infantry were to go in at the breach. The signal was given, and the men emerged from cover into the broad moonlight. The enemy were on the alert, and met the columns with a storm of shot. "We had upwards of 200 yards to march through this fiendish fire," writes Mr. Lowe, who, as medical officer to the Sappers, accom-

panied the right column, "and we did it. The Sappers planted the ladders against the wall in three places for the stormers to ascend; but the fire of the enemy waxed stronger, and amid the chaos of sounds, of volleys of musketry, and roaring of cannon, and hissing and bursting of rockets, stink-pots, infernal machines, huge stones, blocks of wood, and trees, all hurled upon their devoted heads—the men wavered for a moment, and sheltered themselves behind stones. But the ladders were there, and there the Sappers, animated by the heroism of their officers, keeping firm hold until a wound or death struck them down beneath the walls. It seemed as though Pluto and the furies had been loosed upon us; and inside bugles were sounding, and tom-toms beating madly, while the cannon and the musket were booming and rattling, and carrying death among us fast. At this instant, on our right, three of the ladders broke under the weight of men, and a bugle sounded on our right also for the Europeans to retire! A brief pause, and again the stormers rushed to the ladders, led on by the engineer officers. In a few moments Lieutenant Dick (Bombay Engineers) was at the top, fighting bravely, and calling on the 3rd Europeans to follow him; Lieutenant Meiklejohns (Bombay Engineers) had gained the summit of another ladder, and boldly leaped over the wall into the midst of the enemy; Lieutenant Bonus (Bombay Engineers) was upon another. In a few seconds more Lieutenant Dick fell from the wall, bayoneted, and shot dead; Lieutenant Bonus was hurled down, struck by a log of wood or stone in the face, and Lieutenant Fox (Madras Sappers) was shot through the neck; but the British soldiery pushed on, and in streams from some eight ladders at length gained a footing upon the ramparts, dealing death among the enemy, who still contested every point of the attack in overwhelming numbers."

As soon as they were in they heard the shouts of the left column, who had broken in at the breach, and came rushing along the ramparts. The two columns joined and dashed into the town. No quarter was given. The city and its people were held to be accursed. Our men had too keen a remembrance of the massacre to show any mercy, except to women and children. There were fights in every street, almost in every house; and in the palace, in the stables, battle and slaughter and conflagration. The Ranee, who had fled into the fort, kept up a fire on the palace. Part of the town was in flames. In the midst of this uproar, the men were hunting on all sides for enemies and slaying them. The Sepoys and rebels were surrounded in the town and out of it, and very few escaped who stayed to bear the shock of fight. This went on all the 3rd and 4th, and on the 5th, Lieutenant Baigrie, of the 3rd Europeans, found the fort had been abandoned. Our loss in this storm of Jhansi was 300 killed and wounded.

Much property that had belonged to victims of the mutiny and the Ranee's treachery was found in the palace and other buildings, and sad relics of the slaughter. The burial service was read over the pit into which the bodies of the murdered had been thrown.

The weather was now so hot, and the force so exhausted, that Sir Hugh found himself obliged to give the troops some rest, and also to replenish his stores. He halted three weeks, and then, after leaving a garrison in the place, resumed active operations. The 1st Brigade marched for Calpee on the 25th; the 2nd a few days afterwards. The sufferings of the troops on the march were dreadful, chiefly from want of water—a want which the transport animals, even the camels, felt keenly. On the 5th of May the two brigades, reinforced by the 71st Highlanders, united. The enemy made a stand at Koonch, and was routed, with the loss of eight guns. The battle of Koonch would have been more disastrous for the enemy had not Brigadier Stuart held back his brigade. The sun killed more on our side than the enemy; and Sir Hugh Rose himself was prostrated three times with the heat.

The enemy, weakened and disheartened, drew up at Calpee. Here were the Ranee of Jhansi, the Nawab of Banda—driven off by Whitlock's column, which had slowly, and without adventure, worked its way as far as Banda—and Tantia Topee. Here they drew up among the tombs and ravines on the south side of Calpee. But Sir Hugh Rose swept round to the east, and encamping on the Jumna, entered into communication with Colonel Maxwell, who held his brigade on the opposite bank of the river. It was now the 15th of May. The strong front of the enemy's position had been turned, but he found in the ravines that ran between Sir Hugh's camp and Calpee endless facilities for attack; and every day until the 22nd the enemy made repeated attacks. On the 20th Maxwell sent over a few troops, and on the 21st his artillery shelled the town. On the 22nd the enemy came out in great force, and attacked Sir Hugh in position at Gowlowlee. This combat was, perhaps, the sharpest in which Sir Hugh had been engaged. The enemy, in thousands, not only attacked the front with great resolution, but repeatedly tried to turn the left flank. Several times his infantry charged up to the guns. For some time, so numerous were the assailants, it was with the greatest difficulty that our soldiers held their ground; and had not the right been promptly reinforced it must have been overpowered. But Sir Hugh Rose, at the right moment, assaulted the enemy's right with a vigour that was irresistible; and then, advancing the whole line, drove the enemy in disorder from the field. He retired to Calpee; but on the 23rd he was driven out without much trouble, pursued by the cavalry, and relieved of all his guns.

Such seemed to be the natural termination of this astonishing campaign in the hot season. The troops had traversed Central India from Indore to Calpee; had been four months in the sun, and were now literally exhausted. Thinking his labours were at an end, and dreaming of some rest for himself and his men, Sir Hugh issued a parting order to his force, which well deserves a place in our narrative. "Soldiers!" wrote the general, in manly language, "you have marched more than a thousand miles, and taken more than a hundred guns; you have forced your way through mountain passes and

intricate jungles, and over rivers; you have captured the strongest forts, and beat the enemy, no matter what the odds, wherever you met him; you have restored extensive districts to the Government, and peace and order now reign where before, for twelve months, were tyranny and rebellion; you have done all this, and you have never had a check. I thank you with all my sincerity for your bravery, your devotion, and your discipline. When you first marched I told you that you, as British soldiers, had more than enough of courage for the work which was before you, but that courage without discipline was of no avail; and I exhorted you to let discipline be your watchword. You have attended to my orders. In hardships, in temptations, and in dangers you have obeyed your general, and you never left your ranks. You have fought against the strong, and you have protected the rights of the weak and defenceless, of foes as well as of friends. I have seen you in the ardour of the combat preserve and place children out of harm's way. This is the discipline of Christian soldiers, and this it is which has brought you triumphant from the shores of Western India to the waters of the Jumna, and establishes, without doubt, that you will find no place to equal the glory of our arms!" This noble address was issued on the 1st of June. Sir Hugh was ill. Five times in the battle of Gowlowlee had he been stricken down by the sun, and at one moment he directed the battle sitting under a tree, with his head swathed in wet cloths. Nearly all his staff were exhausted. He himself was about to go on leave, having obtained a sick certificate. But now came startling news. Gwalior was in the hands of the rebels, and the Maharajah Scindia a fugitive at Agra!

Defeated at Gowlowlee, driven out of Calpee, Tantia Topee and his shattered troops hurried off towards Gwalior. It was a bold stroke, worthy of the subtle brain of the ablest leader of the Hindoos. Scindia had not befriended the native cause: nay, he and his sagacious minister, Dinkur Rao, had helped the Europeans in every way; yet the Gwalior people were hostile to the British. Why not, then, dethrone Scindia, and seizing Gwalior, hoist the Mahratta flag in the capital of that great Mahratta state? Tantia Topee was equal to the emergency. Preceding the army by forced marches, he secretly entered Gwalior, and began to intrigue with the leaders of the disaffected. The fruits were soon seen. Hearing of the approach of the rebel force, Scindia marched out to attack them on the 30th of May. But when the combat began, half his army threw down their arms and fled. The Maharajah's body-guard of horse alone fought, charging the enemy repeatedly, and only retiring when two-thirds were slain. Then the faithful remnant hurried their chief out of the field. They took the direction of Agra, and falling in with a troop of British horse, Scindia entered Agra a fugitive on the 3rd of June. Tantia Topee entered Gwalior in triumph, and proclaimed Nana Sahib Peishwa of the Mahrattas. It was the news of this that brought Sir Hugh Rose from his sick bed, and set his weary brigades in motion. They marched at once, one from Calpee, the other from Jaloum, to unite at Indoorkee.

A great movement of concentration on Gwalior was in progress. A body of Europeans marched out of Agra. Orders were sent to Brigadier Smith, operating in the heart of Scindia's country, to hasten on to Gwalior from Goena. It was needful that a severe blow should be struck, and struck at once, lest Tantia Topee should succeed in raising the whole country south of the Jumna, and in spreading the contagion to the Deccan, where the Nizam's minister, Salar Jung, another able Hindoo, held down the disaffected with difficulty. Therefore the troops marched with rapidity under the scorching sun. Sir Hugh pushed up close to Gwalior, and then waited for Scindia, whose presence with the army gave it a moral weight, and it was hoped would save the city from plunder. On the 17th Brigadier Smith, issuing from the Pass of Antree, south of the town, found himself in front of the rebel army. It was led by the Ranee of Jhansi, who, it is said, was dressed like a man, and who fought like one. Brigadier Smith, after surveying the enemy's position, drove off their cavalry, by a charge of the 8th Hussars, who had to ford a ravine full of water before they could get at the enemy. Then the infantry went in, and, fighting and marching all day, expelled the enemy from his position, and drove him back upon Gwalior. Smith encamped within range of the enemy's guns, and they pounded him at intervals, although the troops were not allowed to light fires. The next day Sir Hugh Rose arrived, and the two columns, united, assailed the enemy with such fury, on the 19th, that, after a sharp combat of five hours, they drove him away. Tantia Topee fled to the west, pursued by the British cavalry. The Ranee of Jhansi, mortally wounded on the 17th, was carried from the field, and, it is said, made her bed on a funeral pyre, lighted by her own hand! All night the fort fired guns at intervals; but, in the morning, when the troops entered, it was found that this was the work of eleven fanatics, only two of whom knew how to load and fire a gun.

As soon as Gwalior fell, the Agra brigade came up, and Scindia was ceremoniously restored to his throne by Sir Hugh Rose. Thus, within the space of three weeks, the Mahratta prince had been worsted in battle, and driven from his capital by men of his own race and religion; and they in turn had been routed from the field, and he had been restored by the white men from the western world. A great danger had been met with energy, and overcome. The lesson was not lost on the native princes far and near. It made our hold on the neighbouring Doab more secure, and it relieved the mind of Sir Colin Campbell of any apprehension he might have felt touching an irruption on his flank and rear from the south of the Jumna. On the 28th Sir Hugh Rose, having done his work, and being really ill, resigned his command and started for Bombay. His campaign in Central India showed him as a competent commander, won him the confidence of the public, the

approval of military men, and secured him the affection of the soldiers. Thenceforward he was a man of high mark, none the less because it was known that he was a statesman as well as a soldier. He obtained the dignity of G.C.B., and, in after years, the high post of Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army.

The reader will be naturally solicitous to know how Brigadier Smith came to be at Goona, and thus in a position to give aid to Rose in the vital operation of recovering Gwalior. The brigadier's column had come from the west. Lord Elphinstone's first care had been to recover Indore, and reassure Holkar; because thereby he not only gave a helping hand to a loyal native prince who deserved it, but he covered the fords of the Nerbudda and the Taptee, and consequently the northern frontiers of the Deccan and Candeish, which it was all important to preserve from the contagion of insurrection. This was effected by the troops Rose had collected at Mhow and Indore, and by Stuart's campaign in Malwa. Lord Elphinstone's next care was to assemble troops in Western Rajpootana, in order to recover that country, keep the enemy out of Guzerat, and, by a forward movement to the east, defeat the mutineers and rebellious chieftains between the Sinde river and the Chumbul. As reinforcements arrived from England, they were sent into Rajpootana. Camps were formed in the winter of 1857-8; and when Rose moved from Saugor, General Roberts, who commanded in Rajpootana, marched upon Kotah. On the 30th of March, the day he attacked the place, he was joined by 1,500 horsemen, who had marched from Cutch. The town was carried by the infantry, but the enemy escaped; and by some mistake, the horse, eager for the fight, were kept waiting on the river, and not allowed to take any part in the pursuit. When the enemy had got a good start, a flying column was sent after them; and although they started so late, yet they managed to come up with them, and capture seven guns. Having dispersed these rebels, the division under Roberts broke up, and engaged in diverse harassing expeditions during the whole of the year. Part of the force (Smith's brigade) marched over the Chumbul into the Gwalior country; and those who desire to read a detail of the endless duties of British cavalry during 1858 will find a full but somewhat tedious record in Mrs. Duberly's "Campaigning Experiences." When Sir Hugh Rose had captured Jhansi, the rebels, pressed from the west by Roberts, assembled in detached bodies in Rose's rear, and Smith's brigade was occupied in marching and fighting, and dispersing the enemy. It was thus that, in June, he was at Goona, and was called up to drive Tantia Topee out of Gwalior city.

After that defeat the rebel chief hurried westward, struck and defeated again, with the loss of his remaining guns, and followed by Sir Robert Napier, who succeeded Rose in command of the Central India field force. But although the weaver-artilleryman attracted towards himself a host of enemies—Napier from Gwalior, Showers from Agra, Roberts from Nusseerabad—he managed to slip through their hands; to raise fresh armies as often as his soldiery were surprised and broken; to steal artillery from native rajahs; to fight and fly, and fly and fight, and to keep all the troops between the Jumna and Nerbudda constantly employed for six months. His great object was to reach the Deccan or Candeish; and to accomplish this he made incredible efforts. But the story of his wanderings and adventures belongs to a later stage in the history of this revolt.

CHAPTER LI.

Proceedings in the Punjab—The Trial of the King of Delhi; his Guilt proved; his Sentence—Execution of the Rajah of Bullubghur and Nawab of Jhujjur—The Naval Brigade in Gorruckpore—Hope Grant's Summer Campaign in Oude—Defeats the Begum at Nawabgunge—Succours Maun Singh—Horsford at Sultanpore—The last Rebels in Oude.

WHILE Campbell had been capturing Lucknow and Bareilly, and Rose had marched and fought from Indore to Gwalior, by way of Calpee, the great force which held down the north-west, and made the Punjab a tower of strength, had not ceased to exert itself for the weal of the empire. Mr. Montgomery had issued an order in the very midst of our troubles, declaring that the system of caste could no longer be permitted to rule in our service; that soldiers and Government servants should be entertained irrespective of class, caste, or creed, and inviting native Christians to seek our service, promising to appoint those who were properly qualified. This was a great step; not taken before it was needed. Moreover, the Punjab Government determined that all loyal natives who had suffered in consequence of the acts of mutineers should be compensated by contributions levied in the offending districts—thus rewarding the faithful at the expense of the malcontents. Then, in the thick of the great struggle, Sir John Lawrence, as we have seen, raised a vast army in the Punjab, increasing his forces from 19,000 to 46,000; and affording invaluable aid to Sir Colin Campbell from the fall of Delhi onwards. More than this: in the summer of 1858 he was able to organise a plan for relieving himself of the huge army of disarmed Sepoys. He separated the faithful from the faithless. He sent off all the latter to their homes, passing them on in small batches of twenty a day, under escort, until they reached their native states, and then turned them adrift. Only two regiments, those at Mooltan, resisted, and they met with terrible punishment. Three regiments and one wing of a fourth were re-armed. Another body, faithful men from several regiments, was formed into a new regiment, to be known in future as the *Wuffadar Pultun*, or Faithful Regiment; while the 21st, which had been armed all along, which had resisted every appeal from its fellows, and the Khelat-i-Ghilies, were all that remained untouched in any way of the 41,000 Bengal Sepoys who in May, 1857, were in the Punjab and the Upper Doab!

During the spring of 1858 the King of Delhi had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to banishment. It was clearly proved that he was guilty of rebellion and

CAPTURE OF REBEL GUNS BY THE CAVALRY OF ROBERTS' BRIGADE.

murder. The rebellion was patent: he had proclaimed himself Emperor of India. The murders were proved: it was shown that he gave express permission for the massacre of the forty-nine women and children whom he had in confinement, and that one of his sons took an active part in the foul work. The proof was read out of the royal diary:—"The king held his court in the hall of audience; forty-nine English were prisoners, and the army demanded that they should be given over to them for slaughter. The king delivered them up, saying—'*The army may do as they please*,' and the prisoners were *consequently* put to the sword." The old man was fairly tried; had not Hodson, with the sanction of General Wilson, promised him life, he would have been hanged. As it was, he was banished to Burmah. Thus Mohamed Bahadoor Shah, the last of the Moguls, terminated the dynasty of Timour; and, in the words of the Advocate-General, he was degraded by his crimes to a felon, and the long glories of a dynasty were effaced in a day.

Before the trial of the king had come to an end, the rebel Nawab of Jhujjur and the rebel Rajah of Bullubghur had been hanged; both having been proved to be accomplices of the king, and participators in the rebellion. At the same time the Maharajah of Puttiala, the Rajahs of Jheend, Nabha, and Kuppoorthulla—all of whom had given unhesitating aid in men, money, and provisions, and who had taken the field in person—were amply rewarded by an increase of dignity and territory. Besides these, several minor chiefs in the same district also received acknowledgments for their services. Thus, justice and political equity and expediency were alike satisfied. We showed those chiefs that in trusting to us they trusted not only to the strong, but to the just. By able and judicious measures Sir John Lawrence rapidly organised the territories over which he exercised unquestioned sway, and turned all the strength at his disposal to the promotion of the imperial cause.

In another quarter the work to be done was of a different kind. The presence of such large masses of rebels in Oude led to great disturbance on the eastern frontier of that country. The marches and battles of Franks, and the progress of Jung Bahadoor had not crushed opposition, nor had the capture of Lucknow reduced Oude. There were thousands of enemies on both banks of the Gogra, and between the Gogra and the Gunduck. It was in this extensive district that Colonel Rowcroft, with a small force of European and Ghoorka infantry, and Sotheby's Naval Brigade, chiefly sailors of the Pearl, and a mere handful of Bengal yeomanry cavalry, made head against an enemy who outnumbered them ten to one. It was to their exertions, aided by detachments from Dinapore, that Sarun was saved from invasion, and that the rebels could gain no footing in Azimghur and Gorruckpore. Sometimes acting together; sometimes working in detachments; now repelling with heavy loss an attack; now beating up the enemy's quarters and shattering his masses, this energetic and much-enduring force did most admirable service; but the space at our disposal does not permit of details. Throughout the year, and with unvarying fortune, our soldiers and sailors continued the combat, shielding the eastern provinces of Bengal, north of the Ganges.

During the hot months, also, Sir Hope Grant, justly styled indefatigable, had moved about Oude with a flying column, to prevent the enemy from establishing himself too strongly at any point. In the earlier months he was actively engaged between the Ganges and the Goomtee. The weather was intensely hot, the losses from sun strokes were greater than those inflicted by the enemy, the sufferings of the troops were intense; but the moral effect of those trying marches was great, and proved to the natives that the heat of their country would not protect them. In June Sir Hope returned to Lucknow, from one of these expeditions. He had received information that the Begum had collected an army at Nawabgunge Bara Bankee, the place selected for a rendezvous by the Oude regiments at the outbreak of the mutiny, and whence they advanced upon Chinhut, and finally to Lucknow. Now Sir Hope Grant determined to attack them. He, also, like Sir Henry Lawrence, marched upon Chinhut; but under how different circumstances! Sir Henry had a weak and discontented force, composed chiefly of native troops, who played him false. Sir Hope Grant was at the head of a powerful army, not indeed as to numbers, but powerful because it was composed of tried troops, British and Punjabee. He had with him about 4,000 men and eighteen guns. The enemy mustered 20,000 men, and an unknown quantity of guns. He was posted behind a streamlet near Nawabgunge, on the road to Fyzabad, and his artillery commanded the point of passage. Sir Hope Grant did not hesitate to attack the enemy, in spite of his numerical superiority. He carried the bridge over the stream in the teeth of the guns, with little loss, and assailed the centre of the position. "At one time," says a participator in the combat, "our small force was completely surrounded, and the fight raged in every direction." But the only serious opposition encountered was on a hill, where a body of fanatics gathered round a green flag. This was charged by two companies of the Rifles; and for a moment there was a confused and hand to hand fight. In the end the banner went down and the fanatics fled. The guns were captured, and the 7th Hussars, charging home, slew many scores. The enemy was routed from the field with the loss of 600 killed. The action produced a great moral effect in the country north of the Goomtee. The cause of the Oude rebels had grown desperate. They had lost their ablest leader, the famous Moulvie, who fell in a fight before a contemptible mud fort; and now, their largest force beaten at Nawabgunge, they began to see that they had little, indeed no, hope of winning the game. Yet, with a good deal of fortitude, the Oude chiefs held out, and there was yet to be a cold weather campaign before the conquest of Oude was complete. Hope Grant marched from his camp at Nawabgunge in July to Fyzabad, and drove off a body of the enemy who were besieging Maun Singh, the most powerful talookdar in those parts, and

who now unhesitatingly rallied to our side. From Fyzabad he detached Brigadier Horsford, an excellent soldier, to Sultaupore, where he defeated the enemy; and, being reinforced by Grant himself, drove him from all his works, and secured that part of the country. Thus the summer campaign ended. There were only two Oude armies of any strength at large. The Begum was on the north-east of the Gogra, between that river and the Raptee; and Bainie Madho, of Amethie, held Roy Bareilly and the country around south of the Goomtee, and between that river and the Sye. The Begum had an open line of retreat to the hills. Bainie Madho was supposed to be surrounded by our posts. When these two were defeated Oude would be again in our possession.

CHAPTER LII.

England does her Duty—The East India Company's Dominion ceases—Proclamation of the Queen—Lord Clyde's Campaign in Oude—Takes Amethie, Shunkerpore, and Dhondiakera—Drives the Rebels over the Gogra—Crosses that River—Defeats the Begum—Night March on Mejidiah—Surprise of the Enemy—The Hussars on the Raptee—Flight of Nana Sahib—The Enemy driven into the Terai—Close of the Campaign—Central India: Remarkable Career of Tantia Topee—His Rapid Marches—His Capture and Death—End of the Struggle—Its Effects on the Government and Policy of India—Local Europeans Mutiny—Local Europeans absorbed in the Queen's Army—British and Native Force in India—Great Changes of Policy—Reflections and Conclusion.

ENGLAND had not forgotten India. In 1857 she sent out thousands of troops, as in duty bound, to suppress the mutiny, and her patriot sons and daughters subscribed tens of thousands of pounds to relieve the sufferings of those who had fallen a prey to the merciless Sepoys. For the dead nothing could be done; for the living much—and much was done. England had been filled with horror, and her horror was succeeded by a rage which, for a time, overpowered every other feeling. In 1858 she sent more troops—nearly 30,000; but she did more. Her Legislature effected a great reform in the government of India. An Act was passed which abolished the rule of the East India Company, and transferred the government of India to the Crown. Thenceforth, instead of a Board of Directors and a Board of Control, there were to be a Council of India, and a responsible Minister—a Secretary of State for India—through whom and by whom all business was to be transacted. The Company, which had endured so long, and had been so mighty, ceased to have any political power, and continued to exist solely because its machinery was required to look after certain pecuniary interests, and distribute dividends upon East India stock. As a matter of course, the local European army was absorbed into and amalgamated with the Queen's army, and the civil and military servants in India became servants of the Crown. This was an immense change, not only in name, but in principle; for thus India became virtually a part of England, and directly under the control of English Governments. On the passing of the Act, a proclamation by the Queen in Council was addressed to the princes, chiefs, and people of India, and sent to Lord Canning, who was appointed "first Viceroy and Governor-General," to administer the Government in the name and on behalf of Queen Victoria. This proclamation was received in the autumn of 1858, when Oude alone remained to be reconquered; and when Colin Campbell, then just raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Clyde, was preparing to overthrow the rebel hosts of the Begum and Nana Sahib. It was determined that before he marched into Oude the Queen's proclamation should be published; and Lord Clyde—all being in readiness on his part for action, went to Allahabad, at the end of October, to be present when the Governor-General solemnly published the proclamation. This was done on the 1st of November. A platform was erected near the fort. Lord Clyde and General Mansfield accompanied Lord Canning to this appointed spot, and there the first Viceroy read the document which created a revolution in the fundamental principles of Indian government. The ceremony, we are told, was tame and spiritless; but the fact behind it was one of the most solid and substantial in India. The pith of the proclamation was the transfer of power—the extinction of the Company Bahadoor. But it also went on to describe the spirit in which the Queen, through her Viceroy, would rule in the land.

"We hereby announce," said the Queen, "to the native princes of India, that all treaties and engagements made with them by or under the authority of the Honourable East India Company are by us accepted, and will be scrupulously maintained; and we look for the like observance on their part.

"We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions; and while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment on those of others. We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own, and we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government.

"We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil.

"Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none be molested or disquieted, by reason of their religious faith or observances; but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure.

"And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of

which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge.

"We know and respect the feelings of attachment with which the natives of India regard the lands inherited by them from their ancestors; and we desire to protect them in all rights connected therewith, subject to the equitable demands of the state; and we will that generally, in framing and administering the law, due regard be paid to the ancient rights, usages, and customs of India.

"We deeply lament the evils and misery which have been brought upon India by the acts of ambitious men, who have deceived their countrymen by false reports, and led them into open rebellion. Our power has been shown by the suppression of that rebellion in the field; we desire to show our mercy by pardoning the offences of those who desire to return to the path of duty.

"Already in our province, with a view to stop the further effusion of blood, and to hasten the pacification of our Indian dominions, our Viceroy and Governor-General has held out the expectation of pardon on certain terms to the great majority of those who in the late unhappy disturbances have been guilty of offences against our Government, and has declared the punishment which will be inflicted on those whose crimes place them beyond the reach of forgiveness.

"We approve and confirm the said act of our Viceroy and Governor-General, and do further announce and proclaim as follows:—

"Our clemency will be extended to all offenders, save and except those who have been, or shall be, convicted of having directly taken part in the murder of British subjects. With regard to such the demands of justice forbid the exercise of mercy.

"To those who have willingly given asylum to murderers, knowing them to be such, or who may have acted as leaders or instigators in revolt, their lives alone can be guaranteed; but, in apportioning the penalty due to such persons, full consideration will be given to the circumstances under which they have been induced to throw off their allegiance, and large indulgence will be shown to those whose crimes may appear to have originated in too credulous acceptance of the false reports circulated by designing men.

"To all others in arms against the Government, we hereby promise unconditional pardon, amnesty, and oblivion of all offence against ourselves, our crown and dignity, on their return to their homes and peaceful pursuits. It is our royal pleasure that these terms of grace and amnesty should be extended to all those who comply with their conditions before the first day of January next.

"When, by the blessing of Providence, internal tranquillity shall be restored, it is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer its Government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all power grant to us and to those in authority under us strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of our people."

Such are the principles upon which the future government of India was to rest. Armed with this proclamation, and one issued in his own name, in which he promised protection to all who submitted, Lord Clyde, that same night, crossed the Ganges and entered Oude to enforce the law, and reduce the last remaining rebels to obedience. We have already stated that one great body of rebels, led by Bainie Madho, held the forts and jungles between the Goomtee and the Ganges. It was against him that the Commander-in-Chief directed his first efforts. His own camp was near Pertabghur on the Sye, and his troops formed the main central column. On the right was Sir Hope Grant, near Sultanpore; on the left Colonel Wetherall, near the Ganges. These columns were to sweep the country before them, and concentrate on Amethie, a strong mud fort, held by the rajah of that ilk, and garrisened by 20,000 men of all sorts, with thirty guns. These forts abounded in the country. There were upwards of a thousand. They were mud entrenchments, having deep ditches all around, with more or less flanking bastions, and gateways so placed in re-entering angles as to be under flanking fires. They usually stood in the midst of dense jungle, and were hidden from view until you came close upon them.

Amethie stands in one of these jungles between the Sye and the Goomtee. The army marched up the left bank of the Sye, and the roads were so bad that the column was frequently obliged to go straight over the corn-fields. On the 9th Lord Clyde arrived within sight of the fort, and as he came up in front Sir Hope Grant marched in on the right, and Wetherall's column joined the main body on the left. The latter in his progress had met with a small fort which he had taken by storm, but with the loss of a hundred men. It was what is called a brilliant exploit, but Lord Clyde did not quite approve of that mode of proceeding. He always preferred using guns, and pounding the enemy out of his strong places. The movement of these three columns was so well timed that, as we have said, they all came together at the appointed time and place. Here then was the force for the work. Guns to batter; infantry, if need were, to storm; cavalry in considerable numbers to pursue; all eager to close with the enemy.

But the Rajah of Amethie thought discretion the better part of valour. He had seen the proclamation of the Queen, and that of Lord Clyde. He had long been parleying with Major Barrow, civil commissioner at head-quarters, with a view to submission. He wanted to make terms, whereas the Governor-General would not accept anything except unconditional surrender. Lord Clyde was ready to give him plenty of time, and he promised not to approach near to the fort until that time expired. It so happened that Sir Hope Grant, ignorant of the promise, went out to reconnoitre. The fort guns opened on him. The rajah was in a great fright. He immediately sent an agent to apologise. It

was the Sepoys who had fired, not the rajah; and over these he had no influence. If he could manage it, he said, he would surrender with all his guns and followers; but over the Sepoys he had no power. Lord Clyde, in reply, demanded the immediate surrender of the fort. The rajah was alarmed; and on the night of the 9th he stole out, and surrendered in the morning to Major Barrow. On the 10th nothing was done, and on the 11th it was found that, instead of surrendering like the rajah, the garrison had gone off through the jungle in the night. The troops went in, and found it full of stores, but the guns were nowhere visible. Lord Clyde rode in, accompanied by the rajah. The former was angry; the latter terrified at the countenance and language of the Lord Sahib, upon whom he had played a trick. The rajah was told to consider himself a prisoner, liable to any punishment, because he had not kept his word. After a strict search sixteen guns were discovered, leaving fourteen unaccounted for.

Dismantling the fort, Lord Clyde dispatched three columns in pursuit of the fugitives; and conjecturing rightly that they would in the main make for Shunkerpore, the stronghold of Bainie Madho, the columns marched towards that place, halting at Oodeypore. Here an agent from the rebel chief reached the camp. His object was to know what terms his master could obtain. The answer was, unconditional surrender. While the agent hurried back, the army moved onward, arriving on the 14th three miles from Shunkerpore. The troops were posted so that the escape of the garrison might be difficult. Pickets and patrols were supposed to encircle it; but the forts were numerous, and covered a great deal of ground, and, as as the event proved, could not be surrounded. Bainee Madho reopened negotiations, but unable to gain anything by it, he directed his son to adopt the device so often and successfully practised by the landowners in our own civil wars. The son of Bainie Madho informed Lord Clyde that he did not approve of his father's conduct; his father was for the Begum and her son, while *he* was for the British. If Lord Clyde would promise him the property, he would help to dispossess his father. No notice was taken of this, and the chief was preparing to attack Shunkerpore, when word came in from the outposts that the enemy had fled. So it was. They had gone off in the night, evading our pickets, and marching southwest, over the Sye, upon Poorwah.

Here was another disappointment; yet it had its consolations. It showed that the rebels had lost heart—a fact confirmed by the numerous submissions of petty chiefs. As the troops advanced, Oude police, newly raised, were placed in fortified posts, while here and there bodies of Europeans and Punjabees occupied small entrenched camps; so that, as the country was conquered, it was held down and order restored. Nothing in this great calamity and strife for empire is more remarkable than the ease with which we could, in any district, raise a native army. Here in Oude, as in the Punjab and in the Doab, our officers were enlisting men as fast as they wanted them; and these newly-raised men did good service against their countrymen.

From Shunkerpore Lord Clyde continued the pursuit of the enemy; but, as intelligence of the whereabouts of Bainie Madho was contradictory, he halted a few hours near Roy Bareilly, in order to obtain exact information. It did not come, but some information came, which warranted a move, and the army defiled through Roy Bareilly and went up the Sye. Colonel Evelegh, commanding a light column, was ordered to follow and not lose sight of Bainie Madho, while the army crossed the Sye above Roy Bareilly. Then in came a courier from Evelegh, with certain news that he had tracked the foe to Dhondiakera, on the Ganges. Here it was that Ram Bux had dwelt, and he it was whose name was infamous, for he had caught and massacred some of the fugitives from Cawnpore.

Lord Clyde immediately marched on the fort. A bridge was thrown over the Ganges below the rebel position, from the opposite bank, and a force crossed over, while cavalry and guns from Cawnpore patrolled the Doab shore. It was supposed that Bainie Madho had about 8,000 Oude Sepoys and many thousands of irregular levies; and the British brought up 6,000 men. There were great hopes that the rebel talookdar would be caught. The army advanced across country, through the crops, covered by a strong line of skirmishers and horsemen, and so disposed as to approach the fort on three sides. Between them and Dhondiakera lay an open plain full of crops, growing in fields enclosed by high walls and banks of earth, and studded with tumuli. Nothing of the fort was visible, except a ridge and the tops of two or three mosques. Lord Clyde rode just behind the skirmishers, and soon came under fire. For a brief space there was brisk exchange of musketry, then the enemy opened with cannon, and our guns were ordered up to the front, just as our line pushed on. From that time the British advance was continuous, Lord Clyde still leading with the eager skirmishers. After a brief but heavy cannonade, our "advance became a run. The men cheering, broke out into a double, at last into a regular race, Lord Clyde himself leading them on." The ridge was crowned, just in time to see the enemy in full flight up and down the banks of the Ganges. In a moment the cavalry and horse artillery and some of the foot went off in pursuit, while another body, with two guns, opened upon a host of fugitives who were trying to escape across the Ganges. But the rebel chief escaped with his treasure, and lost only some hundreds killed and his stronghold. Nevertheless the blow was, in one sense, effective. The rebel force was broken up; its leaders were convinced that there was no safe place for them south of the Goomtee, and they fled even beyond the Gogra.

Lord Clyde, directing his army upon Lucknow, encamped there a short time. More talookdars surrendered. Practically, Southern Oude was free from organised revolt, and it now only remained to deal with the Begum, reinforced by Bainie Madho, and with Nana Sahib, all of whom had been driven to seek refuge in

Beyratch, with their backs to a pestiferous belt of forest land, called the Terai, which skirts the foot of the Himalayas. The British forces were now widely distributed in posts all over the country, and when in December Lord Clyde heard that the rebels were assembling on the Gogra, not far from Nawabgunge, he had to collect a column wherewith to attack them. He marched north from Lucknow on the 4th of December. On the 6th, he heard that the enemy were in force at Beyram Ghat on the Gogra. Directing the infantry to follow, he made a forced march with the cavalry and four guns, hoping to surprise the enemy and drive them into the river before they could destroy their boats. But, although he rode at speed all the way, he reached the river only to find that the enemy had just fled.

The army was next marched to Fyzabad, and thence it crossed the Gogra into Beyratch. Maun Singh and his brother accompanied the force. Halting for some days in the town of Beyratch to receive and answer letters from the rebel leaders, some of whom were willing to come in on terms, Lord Clyde would not listen to anything but unconditional surrender, and finding it impossible to effect an arrangement, the army marched on Nanparah. A few miles beyond the troops came up with a body of the enemy in the jungle, but the latter would not stand an attack. They fled in all directions before the cavalry and the guns. Here it was that Lord Clyde met with a severe accident. Galloping over the fields, his horse put one foot in a hole, and coming down, threw the Commander-in-Chief with such force that his right shoulder was dislocated. This was soon remedied by the surgeons, but Lord Clyde was much shaken, and obliged to follow the troops in a litter.

The operations were now rapidly coming to an end. On the 27th of December, hearing that a body of the enemy had collected in the fort of Mejidiah, Lord Clyde marched upon them, drove them out with his guns, and then went in and took all their artillery. It was a very strong place, and its easy capture showed that the enemy had lost confidence. On the 30th Lord Clyde was informed that Nana Sahib and Bainie Madho were at Bankee, twenty miles north of Nanparah. He determined to march all night, and, if possible, surprise them. This was the last action of the war on this side. Brigadier Rowcroft had already defeated Bala Rao, brother of the Nana, at Toolsepore, and our forces were close to the Terai on all sides. In order to move his force rapidly Lord Clyde made use of 150 elephants. Upon these he placed half his infantry, mounting the other half at the halting places. An elephant bearing a huge lantern guided the column across country; and thus went on horse, elephants, and guns, traversing by night an Indian jungle. "About seven o'clock," says Dr. Russell, "when the force had got within a few miles of Bankee, a white clump was observed by our vedettes at the base of a thick topo of trees. It wavered to and fro, extended, and broke, resolving itself into a strong picket of Sowars, who rode away from our right front. About eight o'clock the enemy, mostly cavalry, were visible in our front; as we approached, it was ascertained that a long, deep swamp lay in their front, which was covered on each flank by a small village. Behind them and on their left, as far as the eye could reach, extended the jungle, a dense, high wall of green, apparently of immense thickness. The Commander-in-Chief, who was now mounted on an elephant, attended by Colonel Metcalfe, reconnoitred their positions. General Mansfield was entrusted with the general direction of the attack. A very few moments sufficed for the dispositions. The Hussars slipped after the infantry towards our left; the guns, Carabineers, and Punjabees on the right were received by the fire of three guns—one in the tope, and two from the village, near the angle of the two lines of jungle. They pushed on, the shot flying over their heads, the enemy running into the jungle; and in a few moments the three guns were ours. It was about half-past eight when the enemy opened fire on us. The belt of jungle was about half a mile broad. By half-past ten our cavalry and part of the guns suddenly emerged on a wide plain with an undulating surface, in front of which rose the Nepaulese Hills, with their base covered by the Terai. On the left of the cavalry, the belt of jungle ran on in a line down to a dip in the ground, where it abruptly ceased. In the plain appeared the enemy, flying in two disorderly bodies, one towards the left, where the jungle ceased, as I have described, the other towards a village on our right. Detaching a squadron of the 7th Hussars to the left, Sir William Russell led the remainder of his regiment and the Punjabees towards the large mass of the fugitives on the right. As they dashed onwards their course was unfortunately interrupted by a deep nullah filled with water, which stopped Fraser's guns, and detained the cavalry in their pursuit. The moment they were freed from this obstacle they charged on to the right, but the enemy had got a good start, and were close to the village, which was situated on a ford of the river Raptee. Here they rushed across in wild confusion. But the Hussars pressed close upon them. The Punjabees captured a gun on the brink of the river. Suddenly a heavy battery of six guns, from the other side of the river, opened on our cavalry, covering the ford, and ploughing up the opposite bank. The Begum's guns had been sent up, and Mehudi Hoosim was doing his best for his friends. Our guns were not up. The enemy on the right had got over, and were collecting on the other side of the rapid river, under cover of their guns. Meanwhile the squadron under Fraser on the left, having a greater space to go over, had not got so close to the river at the point where the jungle joined its course. The enemy, headed by the Rifles through the jungle, and cut off on the right, were all crowding in dismay towards the narrow point where there was a ford on the left. The Hussars and Punjabees on the right were at once wheeled round, and running the gauntlet of the enemy's guns all along the banks of the river, galloped as hard as they could to assist the squadron on the left. As Fraser's men saw they were gaining on the enemy, and that a river ran before them, they gave one ringing cheer, sat down in their saddles, and rushed along as fast, fierce, and strong as the Raptee itself. 'Steady, men

steady!' It is in vain; the thunder of horses' hoofs, the lightning of battle, roll and flash along. In a cascade of white the Sowars precipitate themselves into the waters of the Raptee. At the sight our Hussars give one more wild cry, and in an instant they are engaged with them in the river; not a man could be held, each went straight at an enemy. Their horses flounder amid the rocks; but the Hussars hold their own. They cut down the Sowars, as they are struggling in the whirling stream, and charge them in the ford. It is one of those wonderful spectacles only to be seen in actual war, and of which peace has no counterpart; here, men and horses swimming for their lives; there, fierce hand-to-hand conflicts between Sowars and Hussars in the foaming water. But the river was our most formidable foe. Poor Major Horne, a most kindhearted, excellent old soldier, overturned with his horse in the river, was rolled over, swept away, and drowned. Captain Stisted, carried away by the stream, was only saved by the activity and presence of mind of Major Fraser, his comrade, who pulled off his coat, and plunged into the river just in time to carry his friend, with a spark of life unextinguished, to the bank. The river was full of struggling men and horses, and some forty or fifty of the enemy were swimming for their lives; but the rest were beneath the waters, or were riding across the other bank. Our men had ridden thirty miles. They were exhausted, and so were the horses; and so at one o'clock the cavalry fell back, marched through the jungle, and joining the rest of the expedition, found their tents pitched and baggage up at Bankee, in their rear, at three o'clock on the 31st. We halted here for several days, in order to close up the pass, and keep the enemy at Nepaul; whilst Lord Clyde awaited the instructions of Lord Canning in reference to the course to be adopted with the rebels who had escaped into the territories of our ally."

Such was the last encounter on the Oude frontier. Nana Sahib, unhappily, got away. He was in a wood, two miles in rear of the position, when the guns opened. He gave orders for flight at once, and with elephants, bearing himself and his treasure, dashed over the Raptee into the Terai and Nepaul. Sir Hope Grant had followed his brother, Bala Rao, into the jungle beyond Toolsepore, and had dispersed his soldiery, taking fifteen guns. "Thus," says Lord Clyde, in his official report, "the contest in Oude has been brought to an end, and the resistance of 150,000 armed men subdued with a very moderate loss to Her Majesty's troops, and the most merciful forbearance towards the misguided enemy." One after another the chiefs surrendered, and Major Barrow held his court to receive these rebels, who acknowledged that they had lost the game. The rebels, with the Nana and the Begum, were held fast in the Terai, where they perished one by one. The Nana and the Begum have never since reappeared. Years have passed by, and we are still ignorant of their fate. It is assumed that they found safe shelter either in Nepaul or Thibet. All the other leaders, except Feroze Shah, of Delhi, were either captured, killed in action, or surrendering, were punished according to the nature of their crimes. Oude was disarmed, the forts of the talookdars were demolished; Lucknow was fortified, and the province was permanently occupied. Mr. Montgomery, and after him Mr. Wingfield, were left to reorganise the government. Lord Clyde went to Simla to restore his health, and Lord Canning returned to Calcutta to undertake the gigantic task of reorganising the whole Government of India on the new basis of Imperial rule, and as a fundamental step was obliged to take in hand the finances, which the mutiny had so greatly disordered. After the end of January, 1858, there were combats and skirmishes here and there with bodies of turbulent men, the dregs of the native armies raised by the rebellious chiefs; but they only measured the regular subsidence of the great tempest which had swept over the land, and could not be made interesting in detail to any reader. With one exception, we have now followed the track of every rebel leader to its close. That exception is the career of Tantia Topee, who, with Kour Singh, was the only able man thrown to the surface by these great events. His romantic course is worth following, at least in outline.

The reader will remember that it was Tantia Topee who directed the Gwalior Contingent upon Cawnpore when Windham was rudely handled; that it was Tantia Topee who devised the scheme of relieving Jhansi, and who fought the battle of Calpee so well, and who, when beaten, conceived the really great design of dethroning Scindia, and rousing all Central India against us. It was Tantia Topee who showed so much skill in the battles before Gwalior, that he extorted a compliment from Sir Hugh Rose. Had this remarkable man possessed as much personal courage as he did military ability, he would have been the most formidable antagonist, except the Sikh leaders, we had encountered in India since the days of Tippoo. Robust, active, of middle height, Tantia Topee was framed to bear fatigue. Cool and composed, with a keen eye and fertile brain, he was able to devise endless plans; and, although unable to risk the dangers of the battle field, he was never daunted or abashed by defeat. By sheer personal influence he drew armed men around him wherever he went, and is, perhaps, the only authentic instance of a really able soldier who inspired confidence without sharing the perils of his men. India is the only country in the world where such a phenomenon could be seen; because in India alone is cowardice not held in contempt.

Driven from Gwalior, Tantia rode off to the westward. Pursued and stricken by Robert Napier, turned aside by the appearance of Brigadier Showers with the Agra troops at Futtehpore Sikri, he made with all speed for Jeypore, seizing camels, horses, elephants, carts, provisions as he went. His object was to seize some large town and plunder it, taking arms, and cannon, and coin; and getting together as large a mass of mounted men as he could. The native ruler of Jeypore was on our side, and there was, therefore, a double motive for saving him. Accordingly, General Roberts, as soon as he learned that Tantia was marching on Jeypore, broke

up his camp at Nusseerabad, and, by rapid forced marches, interposed just in time between the rebel and his prey. Frustrated in his move upon Jeypore, Tantia turned abruptly southward, and rode straight for Tonk, a town and native principality on one of the affluents of the Chumbul. Roberts now followed, and other columns closed from different quarters towards the rebel line of march. Tantia was first at Tonk. The rajah shut himself up in his fort, and kept the enemy at bay; but he plundered the town, and carried off four guns. Colonel Holmes now took up the chase, but was soon stopped by want of carriage. Then Roberts went on, and by long marches overtook the enemy, forced him to an action, and routed him. The light-heeled rebels rushed away towards Odeypore. Roberts followed, and overtook them again, this time getting well among them with his horsemen, cutting them up, and retaking the Tonk guns. The enemy scattered to avoid the pursuing cavalry, and then crossing the Chumbul, and being reinforced by the desperadoes of the country side, laid siege to and took the important town of Julra Patun. Here they levied very heavy contributions, and obtained a large number of guns. This was Tantia's greatest triumph. He had sacked Julra Patun in the teeth of our troops.

But he dared not halt. Roberts was following. Smith's troops on the Agra trunk road were approaching him. The Mhow force, under General Michell, was preparing to strike. Tantia's object was now the Bhopal state; his ultimate design being to cross the Nerbudda and the Taptee, and breaking into the Deccan or Nagpore, raise a mighty insurrection, and gather the Rohillas to his flag. This was a great danger, and it was necessary to strain every nerve to ward it off. Smith detached Robertson, of the 25th Bombay Native Infantry, and Michell moved up from Mhow. Robertson overtook part of the rebel force at Bajapore, mostly Sepoys, many wearing medals. He came upon them as they were cooking, drove them into and over a river, and killed many hundreds. Michell had even better fortune, for he routed the main body on the 13th of September, and took nearly thirty guns, the spoil of Julra Patun. Thus, headed off from Bhopal, Tantia hastened to Seronge, on the Betwa, and halted to refit and recruit. But he dared not stay long. His spies told him that columns were a-foot, east, west, north, and south. So he broke up from Seronge a few hours before Captain Mayne rode in with part of Smith's force, and going northwards, attacked and captured Esanghur, a fortress belonging to Scindia. Smith and Mayne followed him, making a march on Esaughur in concert with troops from Jhansi and Gwalior. Again the rebel made a rapid retreat, striking in between the advancing troops, and making eastward for the Betwa. He crossed this river on the 9th of October, intending to seize and plunder the friendly native state of Tehree. Here he had the aid of an ally. The Nawab of Banda came up the river on the left bank to oppose Michell advancing from Seronge, while Tantia sacked Tehree. But on the very day when Tantia crossed the Betwa, Michell met the nawab, and fighting him at once with characteristic vigour, routed him with great loss. In the meantime Tantia had formed a column on the road to Tehree; and when, on the 11th, he was moving back to the Betwa, Michell, who had crossed that river at Mungrowlee, fell in with Tantia at Sindwah, and took four of his guns.

Thus frustrated and defeated, this persevering partisan fled first towards the north, but doubling back, stole away between his pursuers, and made for the Nerbudda, by way of Ratghur, which readers will remember as a fort west of Saugor, besieged and captured by Sir Hugh Rose at the opening of his campaign. He had not effected this movement without suffering one more defeat at the hands of the energetic and tireless Michell. In spite of these defeats Tantia was now apparently nearer than ever to the object of his endless manœuvres; for, at the end of October, he actually crossed the upper waters of the Nerbudda, east of Hoosingabad. Before him lay one line of posts, and he was in Nagpore, or the Deccan. This was the one moment of great peril for us. If Tantia, with even a broken force of 7,000 men, entered the Deccan, he would in a week have been at the head of 100,000 men. The Government was really alarmed; but as the danger was greater, so were the means of parrying it greater, since Lord Elphinstone had pushed up a large force of European and native cavalry to render the hunt after Tantia more effective; while, from Kamptee, in Nagpore, to the Gulf of Cambay, there was a great stir of troops, and a readiness to move at the shortest notice to guard the passes, and fords, and great roads southwards. And the measures adopted proved to be effective. Tantia found he could not get further than the hills of Sindwarra. Out of these he was forced by Lieutenant Kerr. Flying by devious routes, he sought the Nerbudda again; but, being headed, he turned westward, and traversed the hills between the Taptee and Nerbudda at racing speed. It is assumed that his aim was Candeish. Moving into Nimar, he actually prevailed on 1,000 men of Holkar's Horse to desert and join him, and with this reinforcement rode off to Burwanna, evading our troops. Finding it impossible to remain in the valley of the Nerbudda, or to break into Candeish, he once more crossed the great river, and hurried into Malwa; not, however, before he had been hit very hard by a new enemy—the Camel Corps; that is, infantry mounted on camels. It was this force which drove Tantia over the river. Brigadier Parke now came up. He formed a flying column, all horsemen, except 100 Highlanders. With these he crossed the river, and marched 241 miles in nine days; he caught Tantia near Chota Odeypore. Forced to fight, the rebel chief showed his usual judgment in the selection of a position on broken ground. Parke put his handful of Highlanders in the centre, and placed horse on the flanks, and formed a reserve wholly of cavalry. Then, although overlapped on both flanks, he charged in upon the foe, drove him from his strong ground, and pursued him for miles. He fled deeper into Malwa.

In the meantime Feroze Shah, who had been fighting

in Oude, found a gap in Lord Clyde's line, and crossing the Goomtee, made his way over the Ganges into the Doab. Here Brigadier Percy Herbert marched upon him, and, wresting from him his only gun, drove him over the Jumna. Feroze Shah made for the west. Robert Napier, hearing at Gwalior of the advent of this new foe, took with him 300 men, horse and foot, and marching 140 miles in four days, came up with the rebels at Runnode, smote them heavily, and forced them to turn towards Kotah. Met at various points, Feroze Shah wound in and out, and at length succeeded in crossing the Chumbul near Inderghur. Tantia Topee, smarting under the rough punishment inflicted by Parke, now sought to join the Delhi Shazadah. Starting from Saloomber, Tantia made for Pertaubghur. Major Roche, who had been watching for him, reached Pertaubghur first. A combat ensued, but the fire of our guns frightened Tantia away, and he fled, losing men. His next point was Mundisore, but he was again checked. Colonel Benson had come up from Indore, and Tantia Topee rushed away again, losing men and elephants. As he had no guns, he could move through the most difficult country, and distanced Benson, crossed the Chumbul, and marched to Zeeraporo, in Holkar's dominions. But there Colonel Benson, by a forced march, came up with him once more, killed more men, and took more elephants; but the rebel got away. Colonel Somerset next got on his track, marching diagonally upon his line of retreat, by forced marches, caught him at Burrode, about fifty miles north-east of Kotah. Colonel Somerset, however, could only bring about 300 men into the field, and therefore could only facilitate the retreat of the enemy by driving him onwards; and so it proved. Tantia Topee made for the Chumbul again, crossed it, and joined Feroze Shah somewhere in the Jeypore country. The whole of these operations were performed at racing speed between the 20th and 30th of December.

Brigadier Showers got wind of their whereabouts, and marching ninety-four miles in three days, overtook the two worthies on the 16th of January, and slew some of their followers, but failed to catch chiefs who were so prone to fly at the sound of the cannon.

Thus reduced to extremities, Feroze Shah disappeared, and was never captured. Tantia Topee, making a fruitless effort to break into Bikaneer, doubled back again to Central India, and, his fightings and flyings over, took to the jungle. His long and romantic career was now coming to an end. Beset on all sides, having made many enemies, he dared not venture abroad, and his very life now depended on the fidelity of those who knew his secret. In April a native betrayed him; he was captured in the jungle near Seronge, tried by court martial, and hanged at Sepree, having furnished for ten months ample occupation to all the troops in Central India.

With the capture and execution of Tantia Topee the war came to an end. Perfect tranquillity, like that which had been the normal state of India before the mutiny, was not restored. Bands of marauders still collected in the jungle, and committed depredations on a small scale until they were hunted down. The Sepoys in the Terai strove again and again with desperate force to break out of their pestiferous prison, but strove in vain. But, to all intents and purposes of a practical nature, the war of the rebellion was at an end.

The struggle was over then, and now a new one arose. The stupendous exertions required to suppress the mutiny had created great confusion. Order, in another sense, had to be restored. The mutinous Sepoys the rebellious rajahs and their followers, had been exterminated or quelled. Now it became of the last consequence to revive public confidence, to bring back order and solidity to the finances of the country, to re-establish the principles of government, and to reorganise the army. This gigantic task Lord Canning, aided by the Home Government, had to undertake and accomplish; a task not so exciting as that of suppressing a mutiny backed by an insurrection, but perhaps even more laborious and exhausting, because more tedious.

A very few figures will serve to show the magnitude of the financial undertaking. Just before the mutiny the Indian budget showed a small surplus—contrary to the rule, which was that it should show a deficit. But the mutiny, as a matter of course, rapidly restored, in an aggravated form, the normal state of the finances. With a revenue of nearly £32,000,000, the budget of 1857-8 showed a deficit of nearly £9,000,000, which in the next year rose at a bound to nearly £15,000,000, making a total deficit in two years of £24,000,000. The revenue, by dint of taxation, had actually increased during the first year of the mutiny; a fact which testified to the wonderful elasticity of the resources of India. The great deficit was provided for by loans, nearly one-half of which were raised in India itself, showing that public confidence in British power and good fortune had not been impaired, although the debt rose in two years to £81,500,000, and in three to £95,000,000. The question for Lord Canning and the Home Government to solve was, how to balance revenue and expenditure. In order to effect this, Sir Charles Wood determined to present India with a Chancellor of the Exchequer. In England, as all know, the Chancellor who has to meet the expenditure has also to provide the ways and means, and has, of course, considerable power and influence in the Government which decides on the policy, and, as a consequence, the expenses to be incurred. But in India the department which provided the money had no connection with the department which spent it. There was consequently carelessness, extravagance, and confused accounts. The first remedy, then, was to send out Mr. James Wilson, the well-known economist, a statesman familiar with our mode of keeping accounts, to take charge of the Indian department, with power and authority sufficient to combat and overcome the tendency to delay and obstruct but too common among the servants of both the great branches of the Government. Mr. Wilson went, restored order to the finances, and died in his duty; a great loss to India and to England. In addition to the gain we looked for by the

adoption of a sound system worked out with vigilant superintendence, the Indian Government was obliged to have recourse to extra taxation. These labours began as soon as the insurrection was suppressed; and within five years of the end of these great troubles not only had the revenue increased, but the expenditure was appreciably diminished, and the Government of India was even able to reduce taxation, and secure a small surplus.

The army presented difficulties as great as the finances. No sooner was one mutiny at an end, than the Government was threatened with another. We have already recorded the transfer of authority from the Company to the Crown. Under that Act the army became, of course, the Queen's army. Here, however, arose a serious difficulty. There were nearly 20,000 European soldiers who had enlisted to serve, not the Queen, but the Company. Technically, no doubt, they had all along been servants of the Queen, whose agent the Company was. But soldiers do not understand these refined distinctions; and when the men were simply told that they would in future be Queen's soldiers, they first murmured, and then mutinied. The act of mutiny is always indefensible. In this case, however, it admits of some excuse; for, as the men said, the Government had no right to transfer them from one service to another, "like cattle." It was true: they had no moral and only a barely legal right. If, instead of dealing with the soldiers as if they were cattle, the Government had told them of the transfer, and given them a small bounty, the men would have been pleased with the consideration displayed; as it was, every one sympathised with the men who were punished, and even the Queen's troops betrayed a strong inclination to take their part, and gave unmistakable signs of their anger. And, after all, the Government had to do with an ill grace what it should have done at first with a good grace. And at great cost: for a bounty of £2 sterling per man would have amounted to only £40,000; whereas the course adopted—that of giving every man the option of taking his discharge—cost nearly a million; and many of the men, when brought home, re-enlisted!

This European mutiny had a very important political consequence. At first, after the abolition of the Company, the Home Government seemed disposed to increase rather than diminish, much less abolish, the army raised for local service in India. Many were of opinion that we should have a separate army for service in India, China, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, and the islands we hold in the Indian Ocean. The mutiny of the Company's Europeans, mild though it was, turned the scale in favour of abolishing them altogether. The consequence was an Act which amalgamated the Company's European troops with the Queen's army, and thus the European infantry became regiments of the line. In order to prevent that abstraction of officers from their regiments to do staff duty, civil as well as military, so common under the Company's *régime*, a Staff Corps was organised, admission to which was obtained by undergoing an examination. For a long time, of course, it was difficult to pronounce any opinion on the working of these extensive changes, but on the whole it was thought that they worked well.

The result of the mutiny was to bring about an enormous increase in the number of European troops in India. The number of Europeans, including officers of native regiments, was, before the mutiny, only 45,522; the number of native troops was 249,153, giving a total of 294,675. But at the end of 1859 there were in India no fewer than 110,320 Europeans—an enormous drain upon our resources in men. There were of native troops 207,765, one-half of whom were new levies, enlisted during the fight. So that of regular soldiers there were 318,085, and if we add to these the Military Police, a thoroughly military body, there was a total of 407,914.

Here, then, was the field for reduction, and a fine rich field it was. By dint of great resolution and an unsparing pen, in 1864 there were 30,000 fewer European, and, perhaps, 100,000 fewer native troops. Still it was a subject of serious reflection to statesmen, that India should require and receive from us 70,000 or 80,000 British soldiers to hold a land, which we once held with 50,000 at the outside. It was obvious that from this point of view our Indian empire weakened our force and diminished our weight in Europe; and that so long as we felt it needful to keep 80,000 soldiers in India, we could not again take that part in European questions which we had taken up to that time. As to the native army, which, after all, we could not do without, it was composed mainly of Sikhs and Punjabees, and it was believed to be organised on sounder principles than the rotten Bengal machine which exploded in 1857. But there were not wanting those who anticipated a Sikh mutiny.

One other great change must not be forgotten. In 1858-9 Lord Canning made a royal progress throughout the north-west, even into the farthest Punjab. He held durbars, and rewarded the faithful native princes, some with gifts of honour, some with fair speeches, others with more solid gifts of territory. During this progress he hinted here and there the coming change of policy—the concession of the right of adoption to all the princes of India. At a later period this momentous concession was made in a formal shape. What did it mean? It meant the renunciation of the policy of annexation, nothing more nor less, and it gave assurance that the native states would in future be maintained as a part of our internal policy. Lord Dalhousie had made annexation a system. He had annexed four kingdoms and five territories. It is assumed that, had he remained to carry out his policy, India would have been one homogeneous military monarchy. This is doubtful; but it is not doubtful, it is certain, that when he retired the whole fabric fell with a crash. The mutiny and insurrection rooted up the fundamental principle of the Dalhousie system of foreign policy. The native states allowed to survive broke the force of the revolt. The Cis-Sutlej states enabled Sir John Lawrence to retake Delhi. Bikaneer and Bhawulpore and Joypore were stumbling-blocks in the way of the enemy. The loyalty of Scindia, Holkar, and the Nizam saved Bombay and Madras from the fate of the north-west. Rewah served

to curb Kour Singh. The minor rajahs and ranees, in many places, furnished material support and aid. "It is to Lord Canning's credit," says an able writer, "that he perceived not only the changed position of affairs, but the mode in which that change might tend to consolidate the supremacy of the Crown. A diplomatist of less acumen would have guaranteed the states as independent powers. Lord Canning took from them the last vestige of independence; called them openly feudatory princes; compelled the proudest to retire backwards from the chair of the Viceroy, and *then* guaranteed their rights as barons of the empire. The concession was accepted with delight." The concession was the right to adopt an heir, when they had no issue, a privilege which secured the continuance of the state as an entity. Thus we have gone back to the period before Lord Dalhousie ruled, or rather we have adopted, with considerable emphasis, a new principle—that native states are desirable. The working of this principle is the more easy in India because there the princes have never claimed independence in the European sense. They have always been taught to look up to a paramount power, and the British Viceroy, far more effectually than the Great Mogul ever played that part, is, indeed, a paramount lord. And now, having glanced at some of the larger results of the mutiny, it may be useful to the reader that we should wind up our narrative by a review of the series of wonderful events which have been described.

No true Englishman can read the story of the Indian Mutiny without a feeling of chastened exultation, and of pride in his kindred. There were not, all told, women and children included, a hundred thousand Europeans in the land, and this handful was taken by surprise. There were fewer soldiers of the dominant race than usual in the country. There was a new ruler. There was the greatest confidence in the natives. Men were looking forward to a new era of material wealth—of increased trade, of internal improvements such as would surpass the boasted works of the greatest of native rulers—canals, railways, roads, telegraphs, steamships. The native army had succeeded in inspiring its officers with a trust in its loyalty which the worst symptoms could not shake. It is true that for many years the more sagacious observers, and the more profound statesmen—a Jacob, a Thomasson, a Metcalfe, a Lawrence, a Napier—had spied out the danger, and had discerned in the pampered Sepoy, in the rotten Hindostanee army, our greatest, our only real enemy in India. But the warnings of these men were unheeded by the multitude; and those who recognised their truth thought it better to shut their eyes to the facts—to make believe that danger there was none, rather than grapple with it, vast as it was, and effect a radical cure. The Bengal Sepoy was outwardly obedient. He came clean and smart to parade, and looked every inch a soldier; he mounted guard after his slovenly fashion; he escorted treasure; he moved hither and thither at the word of command—what more could be required at his hands? The surface was as smooth as glass. Underneath there were at work the elements of a general overthrow. The Europeans in India were literally living on a thin crust, which barely covered a sea of raging fire.

But even when little tongues of flame broke here and there through the crust, when the Berhampore and Barrackpore Sepoys defied authority and attempted murder, those were few indeed who believed in the portents as indications of a hidden lava flood. Nor did they awake when, night after night, the flames of cantonments lighted up the midnight sky. On went the routine of existence: the magistrate sat in his court, the collector went his rounds, the railway contractor was busy with his plate-layers; there was feasting and dancing and sporting among the hills and jungles. Not a letter went to England asking for succour; not a steamer dashed forth to collect soldiers. The civilians at Calcutta did not believe in the existence of widely-spread disaffection in an army whose fundamental military virtues they had destroyed. Lord Canning, misled by their statements, was made to share their blindness. Hence it was that the fiery symptoms were disregarded, and that their eyes were not opened until the crust broke under their feet, and the liquid fire boiled forth, flooding the land from Calcutta to Peshawur from the mountains of Central India to the spurs of the mighty Himalayas.

Yet, although the scattered groups of Europeans were surprised, almost in their sleep, there was no faltering or paltering so far as individuals were concerned. In the whole north-west there was only one General Hewitt; and he erred from want of brains, not want of courage. Challenged to fight for existence, although they were outnumbered often by thousands to one, surrounded, smitten treacherously, surprised and astounded by the revolt of a subject race, the Anglo-Saxons sprang to the contest with a promptitude, and maintained it with a resolution, never surpassed in the annals of any people. For a month there was a riot of blood in the land. Wherever there were Bengal Sepoys there murder stalked abroad, there treachery unmasked its hideous face. The Meerut massacre was the signal to a whole army, long prepared to revolt, that the hour had struck. From the depths of Rajpootana, from the plains of Bundelcund, from the northern slopes of the Vindaya ranges, from the great cities on the Lower Ganges, from the fertile plains watered by the rivers of Oude, in rapid succession came the dread responses. A puppet Emperor of India was set up in the Palace of Delhi, and a debauched Mahratta dreamed of the restoration of the glories of Sivajee. The mutiny of the army gave an opportunity to every intriguer and pretender. In that short month British authority was swept away from the face of the land between Allahabad and Delhi, and those who had a few weeks before obeyed a white man without a murmur had now slain the men, and insulted the women, and butchered the children, and hunted the fugitives without mercy. Yet, it must be acknowledged that many natives befriended the fugitives, and that many more were eager to serve their European rulers. It was not the artisans and the peasantry who committed the atrocities we have described—it was, first, the

Sepoys, then the budmashes; that is, the criminal classes of India. So for a month a soldiery false to its oaths, and a scoundrel population, revelled in the novel sensation of lordship and mastery, and power to gratify the thirst for blood which seizes on all mobs, and especially Asiatic mobs, suddenly freed from the iron grip of authority.

But not for a month, not for a day, were treachery and mutiny allowed to go unchecked in one Indian Government. The men of the Punjab took the initiative. Instead of allowing themselves to be disarmed, they disarmed the Sepoys. There are few greater instances in history of the triumph of moral courage. By force of character they overcame. By clear, prompt decisions, invincible will, unfaltering effort, and a vigilance that took no rest, they rose up masters from the very beginning; and when terror reigned in Bengal; when the revolters submerged the whole of Oude, except Lucknow Residency; when Wheeler was helpless in Cawnpore; when the Government of the north-west took shelter in the fort of Akbar at Agra; when no Englishman could stir outside a fort and live, from the deserts of Bikaneer and Guzerat to the frontiers of Behar, the leaders of the Punjab were not only masters in their own land, but they had an army in the field, to overawe, and disarm, and destroy, and their energy it was which pushed on the Commander-in-Chief to the ridge in front of Delhi.

And the mastery they had won they retained. Reducing a rotten old army to impotence was not their only exploit—they raised another, and raised it from among the people so recently conquered, and among the tribes whose turbulence it was their duty to curb. We have seen how they acted. Serene, cheerful, incessantly active, indomitable—they coerced the bad, convinced the doubtful, encouraged the timid, struck down the hostile, and upheld the whole fabric of British power. Well might Lord Canning say that Sir John Lawrence was the saviour of India. Upon him fell suddenly a vast responsibility, and he proved equal to the burden. But how heartily and ably he was assisted by a Montgomery, a Nicholson, an Edwardes, a Corbett, a Cotton, a Hodson, with what unflinching pluck Ricketts and Spankie, and Dunlop, and Cooper, and a host of others, wrought in and sometimes beyond their several spheres of duty, the reader of these pages has seen for himself. It was these Punjab heroes, and the troops they flung into the contest before Delhi, who inflicted the first, and, as it proved, the deadly blow to the mutiny and the revolt; for they not only took Delhi, captured the old king, and slew his sons, but a force from the victorious Punjab army actually saved Agra, and marching to Cawnpore, took part in the relief of Lucknow.

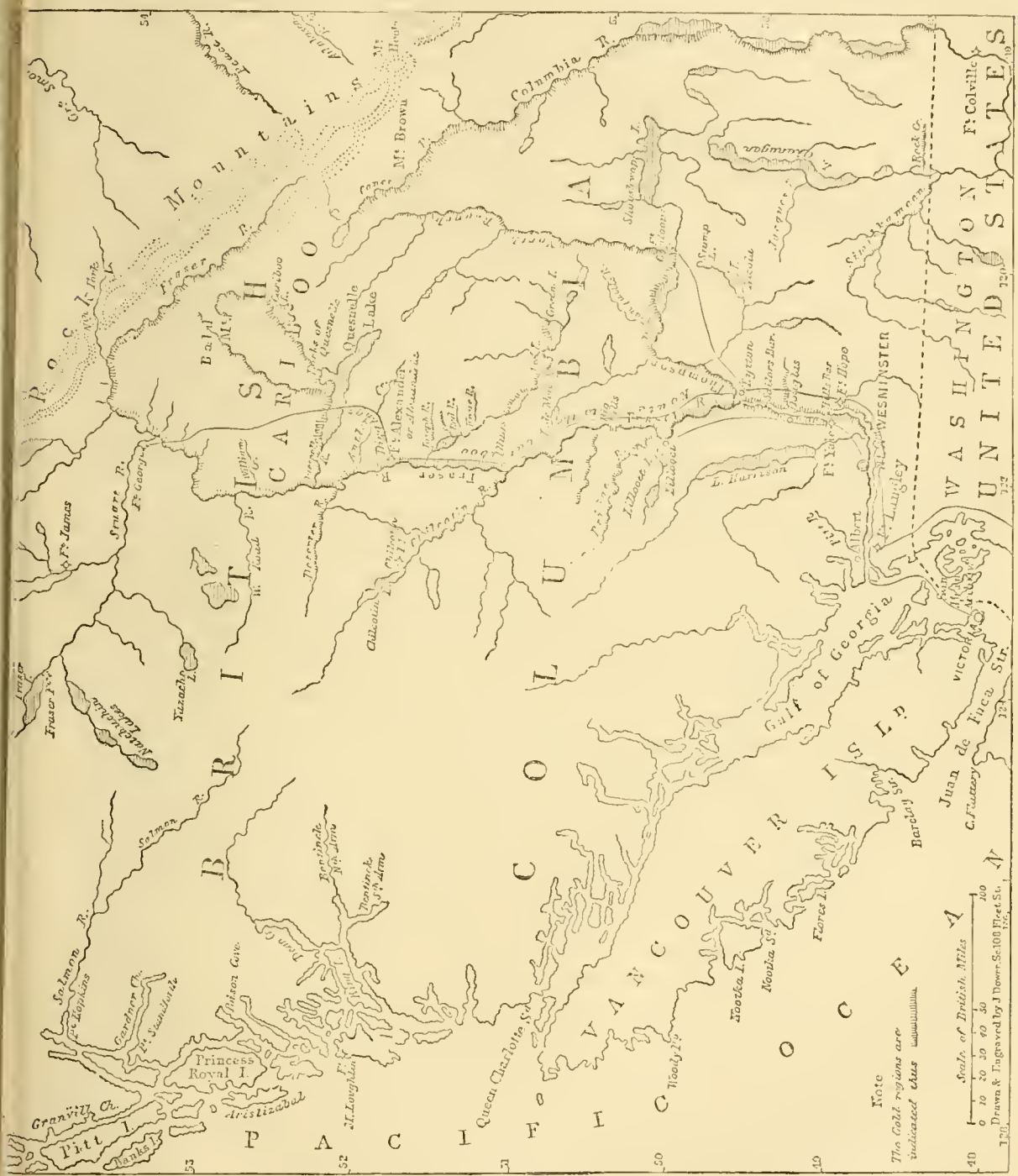
The great achievements of the Punjab rulers were not at first appreciated. July and August were periods of gloom so intense, the British had suffered such agonies in Oude, in the Doab, in Central India, such insults in Benares and Allahabad, there had been so many massacres, such a flood of calamity, that the really great successes of Lawrence, and Wilson, and Barnard seemed small. The public mind was overpowered by the horrors of Jhansi and Cawnpore, and the steam arising from those bloody orgies hid the bright and steady flame of steadfast heroism burning in the Punjab and around Delhi. In the midst of the darkness there appeared a new light. Heralded by the stern and daring Neill, Henry Havelock shot out, like a meteor, from Allahabad, and his deeds filled the public with astonishment and exultation. None who remember their arrival will forget how the heart of England bounded with delight when telegram after telegram came in, telling of battle after battle and victory after victory, and how a little column of Englishmen, raked together from Persia and Madras, worked its fiery way under a July sun from Allahabad to Cawnpore, guided by a skilful soldier. The defeats of Nana Sahib gave more real satisfaction than the fall of Delhi, because the crimes of the depraved Lord of Bithoor were at once the lowest and most heinous which man can commit. But Havelock was arrested in his brilliant career, not because he could not beat his foes, but because his gallant soldiers—each of whom had wrought as if he were conscious that the honour of his country, and the safety of his countrymen, with their wives and children, depended on him—wasted away before the double scourge of battle and disease.

The war seemed to languish. The Calcutta Government had put forth all its strength. There were no more soldiers at hand. The strife went on before Delhi; the garrison of Lucknow resisted its tens of thousands of foes; the British flag floated there and at Agra, Saugor, Neemuch—tiny rocks amid a turbulent and circumambient sea. These little bands were surrounded by enemies thirsting for their blood. Help, except in themselves and in the God they worshipped, there seemed to be none.

Yet help came. The Governors of Ceylon and the Mauritius spared their troops; while Sir George Grey, at the Cape of Good Hope, acting with his usual selfishness, would spare none. England had sent out soldiers to coerce China, and these, arrested in mid ocean, were turned aside and directed to India. Lord Elgin, going to Canton, gave up his men and his ships, and soon the red-coats and blue-jackets were toiling and fighting under the burning sun of India, with a heartiness and a personal interest in the cause never surpassed in history. Sir Colin Campbell, who had started from home at a moment's notice, arrived in Calcutta. The soldiers and sailors were hurried up the Ganges. Obstructed for a moment, in consequence of the folly of General Lloyd at Dinapore, they at length reached the camp of Havelock. Havelock, superseded by Outram, was, by the chivalrous self-denial of the Bayard of India, allowed to retain command. He crossed the Ganges, and broke the forces of the enemy in the field; but plunging into Lucknow and storming on to the Residency, he arrived and saved his comrades, their wives and little ones, yet only to find the waves of insurrection close upon his track, and hold him fast.

Help from England now began to arrive; nor a moment before it was needed. As the battalions landed they were sent up to Cawnpore, and thrown forward on

the road to Lucknow. Sir Colin went himself to take command. At this time the main object was to rescue the heroic garrison once for all, and, having left no European post without succour, to devise in comparative leisure those plans required for the complete reconquest of the country. So Sir Colin went forward, and did his work so effectually that all men gave him cheerfully the admiration he had deserved. But he had been obliged to leave at Cawnpore a weak force under a commander whose talents as a soldier never went beyond the narrow limits of mediocrity; and who was a Windham, a Guardsman, and for a moment the bepuffed favourite of a few. This officer had to deal with the powerful Gwalior Contingent, and he so dealt with them that they took his camp, and drove him to his entrenchments. Here, then, was the whole of the


Mountains
Columbia R.
Fraser R.
Thompson R.
Harrison L.
Lillooet L.
Pemberton
Douglas
Ft Yale
Ft Hope
WESTMINSTER
Ft Langley
Albert
Victoria
Gulf of Georgia
Juan de Fuca Str.
C. Flattery
Barclay Sd
Nootka Sd
Woody Pt
Queen Charlotte Sd
Fitzhugh Sd
Millbank Sd
Gardner Ch.
Princess Royal I.
Grenville Ch.
Pitt I.
Banks I.
Salmon R.
Ft Langley
Ft Colville
Ft Hall
Ft Boise
Ft Walla Walla
Ft Vancouver
Ft Simpson
Ft Yukon
Ft Alexander or Alexandria
Ft James
Ft George
Stuart R.
Quesnelle Lake
Kamloops
Okanagan L.
Shuswap L.
Stuart L.
Babine L.
Connee
Mt Brown
Mt Hooker
Mt Baker
Mt Olympus
Mt Rainier
Mt Hood
Mt St Helens
Mt Jefferson
Mt Shasta
Mt Pitt
Mt Sumner
Mt Stuart
Mt Longfellow
Mt Lincoln
Mt Dalton
Mt Fairweather
Mt St Elias
Mt Logan
Mt Wrangell
Mt Edgecumbe
Mt Fairweather
Mt Crillon
Mt Cook
Mt Elias
Mt Vancouver
Mt Hayden
Mt Brooks
Mt Sir James
Mt Sir Alexander
Mt Sir Sandford
Mt Sir Donald
Mt Sir Charles Hood
Mt Sir Charles Tupper
Mt Sir Wilfrid Laurier
Mt Sir Richard McBride
Mt Sir Robert Borden
Mt Sir Arthur Currie
Mt Sir Arthur Meighen
Mt Sir Mackenzie Bowell
Mt Sir Charles Fitzpatrick
Mt Sir Lomer Gouin
Mt Sir Thomas White
Mt Sir Allen Aylesworth
Mt Sir Rodmond Roblin
Mt Sir James Whitney
Mt Sir Adam Beck
Mt Sir Henry Pellatt
Mt Sir Edmund Walker
Mt Sir William Mulock
Mt Sir Joseph Flavelle
Mt Sir Byron Edmund Walker
Mt Sir Clifford Sifton
Mt Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Doab, and, what was more, the bridge over the Ganges, in danger. Had the Gwalior Contingent been well led it might have won. As it was, it was worse led than the British; and Sir Colin, by a forced march, drawn along by the sound of the cannon, came up in the nick of time, preserved the bridge, saved Windham, provided for the safety of his own convoy, and then utterly routed the enemy. At no period had greater danger been warded off. From that time we were masters of the situation. The corner had been completely turned. In seven months we had passed triumphantly through the terrible ordeal. In seven months we had beaten every body of mutineers that dared to show themselves either in the field or in their strong places. For, like Sir Colin, Brigadier Stuart had by this time fought his way through Malwa, and rescued the garrison of Neemuch. Into seven months had been crowded a hundred victories over innumerable foes, and at the end of 1857 there was no longer any question of the maintenance of British rule in India: it was secured.

The business of our troops was now the re-conquest of Oude, Rohilcund, and Central India; but this was not a struggle for existence, like the conflict of the past seven months; it was a mere matter of ordinary warfare. England, rising to the level of the occasion, sent 50,000 British soldiers to India, and raised 70,000 more to show Europe how imprudent it would be of any power to dream of meddling with her even in her hour of misfortune. The re-conquest of territory we have described. It was preceded by the proclamation of the Queen's authority, and the end of 1857 saw alike the destruction of the Bengal Native Army and of the East India Company. How Sir Hugh Rose rescued the garrison of Saugor, and swept through Central India; how his men marched and fought, and suffered cheerfully and undauntedly; how they captured Jhansi, triumphed at Koonch and Gowlowlee, and with what vigour they sprang upon the astute leader who, dethroning Scindia, had set up his standard at Gwalior; and how Sir Colin Campbell captured Lucknow and cleared out Rohilcund, who can forget? It is a story of heroism, and endurance, and perseverance only equalled by the earlier conflicts, when, with slight means but much skill, the soldiers and statesmen of India stood up so bravely against raging thousands, and overcame. Finally, we have seen how Lord Clyde and his able lieutenants drove the wreck of the Oude rebels into the jungles of the Himalaya; and with what indefatigable energy the keen soldiers in Central India hunted Tantia Topee to his last refuge.

It would be unjust to overlook the conduct of the natives. Had they been wholly against us, had they been universally dissatisfied with our rule, we could not have held India an hour when the army proved untrue. But India is not a nation; it is only a geographical expression. The people do not love us, but they recognise the fact that our Government, with all its defects, is the justest Government that ever existed in India. Our very faults sprung from good intentions. So, when the soldiery were guilty of the high crime of mutiny, they were supported only by that fraction of the people which followed ambitious chiefs into the field to strike for their assumed "rights." The bulk of the natives were not hostile: they furnished servants, they furnished soldiers, they supplied provisions and carriage. In one field there might be seen fierce battle; in the next the peasant tilling his land. The native soldiers of Bombay and Madras fought as well as our own. Sir John Lawrence raised 50,000 men from a race which a few years before were our enemies. Police could be got anywhere for money. Though many fugitives from Sepoy foes were maltreated or slain, many also were saved by the chiefs and peasantry. Looking back on the events of the period we have traversed, we are struck with the immense aid given, often cheerfully, by the natives of India. How much we owed to Salar Jung, the minister of the Nizam, and to Dinkur Rao, the minister of Scindia, only those deep in state secrets could adequately tell. Lord Canning was not the man to forget those who had befriended us, and the fruits of native help in the crisis of the strife were seen in the radical changes effected in Indian policy, in the resolve to preserve native states instead of absorbing them, and in the recognition of the highly-prized right of adoption as a means of preserving a dynasty and a state.

Such is the story of the abortive attempt of the Prætorians of Bengal to give rulers to India, and of ambitious native princes to obtain or recover possession of principalities for themselves. They were frustrated, but at great cost. The grave of John Nicholson, under the walls of Delhi, is the monument of a national loss; for when he fell mortally wounded, England lost the man who of all others had given evidence of the highest military genius. And there are four graves at Lucknow, each of which holds the remains of men far above the rank and file even of able men. Henry Lawrence—gentle, wise, resolute, far-seeing—lies in the old Residency lines. Neill found a bed of honour in the streets of the polluted city. Under a tree in the Alumbagh they laid Henry Havelock's corpse, and a nation's tears watered his grave. Not far off, in the Delkoosha Park, Hodson—brave, accomplished, gifted, who in so short a time had done so much—sleeps the sleep of the just. William Peel, who might have been the Nelson of our day, was cut off in his prime at Cawnpore. And though they were less gifted than these, yet, as they did their duty with matchless resolution, and died in the work, we must not forget the hundreds of gallant officers and men who perished, some by treachery, most in fair fight, who were struck down by the fierce sun, or who sank under excessive exertion.

Lord Canning and Lord Elphinstone, worn out by the labours, and anxieties, and excitements of these dreadful years, came home exhausted to die. But the work was done, and done well. When five years had passed, the symbol of the great change effected by this memorable mutiny was, that Sir John Lawrence, the saviour of the Punjab, was the Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

CHAPTER LIII.

The Hudson's Bay Company—Termination of its Monopoly—Discovery of Gold Mines in its Territory—The Colony of British Columbia founded—Vancouver's Island—Speech of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—The Atlantic and the Pacific—Proposed Anglo-American Confederation—Mr. Locke King's Act for Abolishing the Property Qualification of Members of Parliament—Evils of the old System—Abortive Attempt to abolish the Privilege of Freedom from Arrest for Debt enjoyed by Members of Parliament—Parliamentary Reform—Agitation by Mr. Bright—The Reform Bill of Lord Derby's Cabinet—Speech of Mr. Disraeli—Novel Features of the Measure—Objections to the Bill—Its Exclusion of the Working Classes—Secession of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley from the Ministry—Their reasons for this Step—A Uniform Franchise—Electoral Districts—Resolution of Lord J. Russell—Seven Nights' Debate on the Second Reading—Speeches of Lord J. Russell, Lord Stanley, Mr. Horsman, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Sir Hugh Cairns, Mr. Bright, Mr. Cardwell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Whiteside, Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Disraeli—Defeat of the Government—Dissolution of Parliament—General Election—Debate on the Address—An Amendment carried against the Government—Resignation of the Cabinet of Lord Derby—His Complaint of Unfair Treatment—Lord Palmerston's Administration.

The vast territory of the Hudson's Bay Company was converted into a British colony in 1857. For nearly half a century the varied productions of this territory had enriched that Company—fur and skins of various kinds, fish, timber, all of excellent quality. Agriculture was discouraged, and the land was preserved as well as possible for the use of fur-bearing animals, although the soil was in many places extremely rich; it was watered by magnificent rivers, and abounded in minerals. Several attempts had been made to open this region for the purposes of colonisation, and thus to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, the whole intervening country being the property of the British Crown. The monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, however, effectually resisted those attempts until its licence expired, contemporaneously with the discovery of gold, in 1857. This discovery attracted an immense number of adventurers from California and other parts of the United States, and from China, as well as Great Britain, its dependencies, and the American colonies. The aborigines, too, abandoned their hunting and fishing in the pursuit of gold, and, owing to intemperance, disease, and famine, perished in great numbers. The influx of so much heterogeneous population taxed the energies of Mr. Douglas, the Governor of Vancouver's Island, who of necessity united in his own person both legislative and executive functions, subject to the *ex post facto* approval of the Colonial Secretary. During the year 1859 the export of gold was at the rate of £14,000 a month. The number of gold-diggers was reckoned at above 50,000.

The time was therefore come when a regular government for the whole territory should be provided, and in the session of 1858 Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, then Colonial Secretary in Lord Derby's Government, brought in a bill for the purpose. He stated that the Government intended the following year to resume possession of Vancouver's Island, and to include it within the new colony, which was first called "New Caledonia," but the name was subsequently changed to British Columbia. The territory lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, bounded on the south by the American frontier line, 49 deg. lat., settled with the Government of the United States in 1859. Its average length is about 420 miles, and its average breadth about 300 miles; but taken from corner to corner it is nearly double those numbers, and the territory has been estimated at 120,000 square miles, exclusive of Vancouver's Island, which is estimated at 18,000 square miles. This island abounds in the most valuable fisheries, salmon, herrings, and oysters being found to an extent almost unknown elsewhere. It also produces coals and timber in large quantities. Mr. Douglas, a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, then Governor of the island, was appointed the first Governor of British Columbia. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, at the conclusion of his speech, remarked—"I do believe that the day will come, and that many now present will live to see it, when a portion at least of the lands on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, being also brought into colonisation, and guarded by free institutions, one direct line of railway communication will unite the Pacific with the Atlantic. Be that as it may, of one thing I am sure, that though at present it is the desire of gold which attracts to this colony its eager and impetuous founders, still if it be reserved, as I hope, to add a permanent and flourishing race to the great family of nations, it must be, not by the gold which the diggers may bring to light, but by the more gradual process of patient industry in the culture of the soil, and in the exchange of commerce. It must be by respect for the equal laws which secure to every man the power to retain what he may honestly acquire; it must be in those social virtues by which the fierce impulse of force is turned into habitual energy; and avarice itself, amidst the strife of competition, finds its object best realised by steadfast emulation and prudent thrift. I conclude, sir, with a humble trust that the Divine Disposer of all human events may afford the safeguard of his blessing to our attempt to add another community of Christian freemen to those by which Great Britain confides the records of her empire, not to pyramids and obelisks, but to states and commonwealths, whose history will be written in her language."

In the Queen's speech at the close of the session, Her Majesty expressed a hope that this new colony on the Pacific might be but one step in the career of steady progress, by which her dominions in North America might be ultimately peopled, in an unbroken chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by a loyal and industrious population of the subjects of the British Crown. This hope is likely to be realised sooner than even sanguine minds anticipated, by the rapid progress of colonisation and the proposed establishment of a great Anglo-American confederation, stretching across the Continent from ocean to ocean.

Mr. Locke King has been honourably distinguished by his persevering efforts to extend the franchise in counties; but he was more successful in his endeavours to remove a great blot from the system of parliamentary representation, by abolishing the property qualification of members. This was always regarded as a highly conservative feature of the constitution; and at the time

the Reform Bill was passed, it would perhaps have been impossible to carry its abolition. It had, however, so notoriously become a sham, and involved so much that was discreditable, false, and immoral in the efforts to evade the law, that although the Conservatives were now in power, the bill of Mr. Locke King encountered no serious opposition in either House. A member for a county was obliged to swear that he had a clear estate in perpetuity worth £500, or for a borough £300 a year. But it was well known that the oath was not true, but merely conventional, and that the qualification was often created by fictitious conveyances, which if obtained for any other purpose would have been regarded as positively fraudulent. Consequently, the theory that the property qualification secured the respectability and social weight which landed estates confer, was altogether delusive. Adventurers and men of straw entered the House without any difficulty when returned by English and Irish constituencies; while in Scotland, where there was no property qualification, men of standing and worth were almost invariably selected as representatives. Besides, the existing system was rendered still more obnoxious by the fact that the sons of peers were exempt from the operation of the law, and could enter the House of Commons without any property qualification. The law, therefore, was universally understood to be an unreality, a sham, and a snare; while, as Lord Fortescue remarked in the Upper House, it limited the freedom of choice among the electors, and was an infringement on the rights of the people. Earl Grey, indeed, considered the measure to be only one of a series put forward by a party that desired to effect a total change in the representative system—a change that would bring it closer to a democracy, which they hoped to effect by degrees and in detail. But the Earl of Derby met this objection fully: it did not follow that because the House of Commons passed this measure, it would also pass those which Earl Grey deprecated; the £10 franchise in counties, for example. He did not believe the abolition of the qualification would make any substantial difference in the condition of the representation. The argument that the abolition would encourage men of straw to set up as candidates at elections, was met by the fact that this did not happen in Scotland, where no qualification was required; and that the present law was constantly, and almost with connivance, evaded. The Duke of Newcastle also argued that they might safely remove all restrictions, and added the sensible remark, "that if some poor men did get into Parliament, they were likely to be more honest than those speculative politicians who supported any government for the advantages they could obtain for themselves and their friends." The bill passed without much further opposition.

The success of the measure encouraged an attempt to abolish the privilege of freedom from arrest for debt; but it was defended on the ground that it protected the independence of members, and was shared in by barristers attending the courts or on circuit, justices of the peace at sessions, suitors and witnesses, the Queen's servants, and foreign ambassadors with their servants; and on the ground that the Bill drew a distinction between peers and members of the House of Commons. It was read a second time by a considerable majority on the 30th of June; but it was allowed to drop.

One of the most singular anomalies connected with the relations of political parties in this country, occurred in the session of 1859. The defects of the Reform Act had occupied the attention of politicians from time to time, and fruitless attempts had been made by Lord John Russell and others to remedy those defects, and supplement the great measure of 1831. Mr. Bright agitated the subject in the North with his usual eloquence and power of argument, and not without considerable effect on the public mind in the manufacturing districts; but the nation at large could not be induced to take much interest in the subject. No urgent need was generally felt for a reform in the representation, the prevalent conviction being, that the House of Commons as it stood was quite competent to perform all its duties as a representative body; but if any attempt were made to give fuller effect in the Commons to the will of the people, nothing could be more unlikely than that it should be made by a Conservative Government, supported by men who had strenuously resisted reform at a time when it was imperatively demanded by the nation. Yet, in the Royal speech, at the opening of the session, the Queen was made to say—"Your attention will be called to the state of the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, and I cannot doubt but that you will give to this great subject a degree of calm and impartial consideration proportioned to the magnitude of the interests involved in the result of your deliberations."

In pursuance of this announcement, Mr. Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the Commons, introduced a Reform Bill, on the 28th of February, in a crowded House, full of interest and curiosity to learn what might be the nature of a measure of the kind proceeding from a Conservative Cabinet. The right honourable gentleman spoke in a manner worthy of an occasion so remarkable and a position so equivocal. The question as he viewed it was more important than one of peace or war. It was beset with difficulties, but they were mitigated by the absence of passion and the advantage of experience. There was a general wish to settle the question, and the Government offered a solution, not based upon any mean concession or temporary compromise, but consistent with the spirit and principles of the constitution. Since the great measure of 1831 the progress of the nation had been extremely rapid, there being no instance in history of such an increase of population and accumulation of capital as had taken place within that period. Hence parliamentary reform had become successively a public question, a parliamentary question, and a ministerial question. Lord John Russell in 1852, and Lord Aberdeen in 1854, counselled Her Majesty to announce from the throne a measure of parliamentary reform, nor was the House reluctant to deal with the question. What, under these circumstances, was Lord Derby's duty? It might have

been practicable, by evasion, to stave off the difficulty; but was it to be left in abeyance as a means for re-organising an opposition, as a desperate resource of faction? Lord Derby's Cabinet were unanimous in thinking that the question should be dealt with in a sincere and earnest spirit, nor was there anything in the antecedents or position of the Premier—whom Lord Grey had summoned to his cabinet in 1832—to preclude him from dealing with it, or to justify the taunts so freely used against the present ministry for undertaking the task. Mr. Disraeli argued against the principle of basing representation upon population. If the House of Commons were re-constructed according to that principle, it would find itself in the ignominious position from which it had been emancipated more than two centuries ago. His plan would combine population with property, adding the new principle of representing property in the funds; a new kind of franchise, founded upon personal property; and another founded upon education. He would give a vote, therefore, to persons having property to the amount of £10 a year in the funds, Bank stock, and East India stock; to persons having £60 in a savings bank; to pensioners in the naval, military, and civil services receiving £20 a year. He would also give the vote to lodgers, or persons occupying a portion of a house, whose aggregate rent was £20 a year. He would give the franchise to graduates of the universities, clergymen of all denominations, members of the legal profession, of the medical body, and to a certain class of schoolmasters. He proposed an identity of suffrage between counties and boroughs, in order to bring about general content and sympathy between the different portions of the constituency. Thus a £10 franchise would be given to counties, which would add 200,000 to the county constituency. Commissioners were to be appointed to adjust the borough boundaries to the altered circumstances of the country, so as to embrace the population that had sprung up. Discarding the principle of population, and accepting as a truth that the function of the House was to represent, not the voice of a numerical majority, or the predominant influence of property, but the various interests of the country, the Government proposed to add four members to the West Riding of Yorkshire, two to South Lancashire, and two to Middlesex; and also to give members to Hartlepool, Birkenhead, West Bromwich, Wednesbury, Burnley, Staleybridge, Croydon, and Gravesend, for which purpose one member was to be taken from each of a number of small places then represented by two.

Strong objections were made to this measure by members representing various classes of reformers. Mr. Baxter complained that it excluded Scotland, and moved as an amendment that "it is expedient to consider the laws relating to the representation of the people in England, Scotland, and Ireland, not separately, but in one measure." Mr. Fox said that the bill did nothing for the working classes. Lord John Russell condemned the clause which would take away from freeholders in towns the right of voting in counties. Mr. Roebuck denounced it as a measure of disenfranchisement, leading to a worse state, and not giving one iota of power to the working classes. Mr. Bright also strongly censured the measure for excluding the working classes from power. The new franchises were absurd, and seemed intended merely to make it appear that something was given. He thought that a Government, representing a party which had always opposed the extension of political power to the people, ought not to have undertaken to settle this question. It would have been better if it had adopted a measure of its opponents, than to introduce a bill which must create anger and disgust throughout the country—which would disturb everything and settle nothing.

But one of the greatest blows to the measure was the secession of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley, two of the ablest members of the Cabinet. On the evening after the introduction of the bill, the former rose and read a letter to the Premier, stating the grounds of his resignation. He said that he found it utterly impossible to sanction or countenance the policy which the Government had determined to adopt on the important subject of parliamentary reform. He regarded the reduction of the county occupation franchise to a level with that which existed in boroughs as utterly contrary to every principle which the Conservatives, as a party, had always maintained—as a complete destruction of the main distinction that had hitherto been recognised and wisely established between the borough and the county constituencies. It was to his mind a most dangerous innovation, giving to temporary and fluctuating occupations a preponderating influence over property and intelligence; while it would throw large masses into the constituencies who were almost exempt from direct taxation, and therefore interested in forcing their representatives to fix that taxation permanently on others. He could not help saying that the measure that the Cabinet had recommended was one which the Conservatives would all have stoutly opposed if either Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell had ventured to bring it forward. Mr. Henley also explained, stating that he had taken as his guide the principles laid down by Lord Derby in 1854, and he believed that identity of suffrage, which was the principle of the Government bill, would be fatal to the constitution of the country. If they took a paint-brush to draw a line across the country, and say that all the people upon one side were to have the franchise, and all the people upon the other were not to have it, as sure as the sun was in heaven, they would find the people upon the outside of the line, some day or other, making a very ugly rush to break over it, and when they did break over it, it would not be easy to maintain the constitution. "Ever since the Act of 1832," said Mr. Henley, "the working people have had a less and less share in the representation. Before 1832 they had considerable power through the scot and lot voters and freemen. To draw a hard line, and leave the working people behind it, is to lay the foundation of a revolution. If there be an identity of franchise, the whole electoral power would then be placed in one class, and whether it

were a £10, £15, or £5 class, it would, in my judgment, be equally dangerous. Our safety—the permanence of this constitution—has depended on the great variety of the constituency. You never have all classes at one time for one thing. If anything is proposed it gets well ventilated and well considered; then the truth is found out, and the country accepts it. I believe that, under an identity of franchise, you would lose that great and invaluable safeguard."

A few days after the introduction of the measure, Lord John Russell prepared the battle ground by giving notice of the following resolution, on which issue was taken:—"That this House is of opinion that it is neither just nor politic to interfere in the manner proposed by this bill with the freehold franchise as hitherto exercised in counties in England and Wales; and that no re-adjustment of the franchise will satisfy this House or the country, which does not provide for a greater extension of the suffrage in cities and boroughs than is contemplated in the present measure." There never, perhaps, was a ministerial proposal of reform of any kind so badly supported by the country. Notwithstanding the influence of Government—generally great, no matter what party is in power—only three petitions had been presented in favour of the bill when it came on for the second reading on the 20th of March, while an immense number was presented against it. The debate on the second reading occupied seven nights, and was sustained throughout with remarkable ability and animation. The first speech was delivered by Lord John Russell, on moving his amendment to the motion of Mr.

MR. LOCKE KING, M.P.

Disraeli, which was made without any remarks. The noble lord argued that the bill would completely change the constitution of the country, destroy rights that had existed since the Conquest, deprive men of their country votes who had not shown themselves unworthy of the trust, and enable persons of landed property to flood small boroughs with fagot votes, and make them wha they were before 1832—nomination boroughs; while in counties the measure would lead to the formation o electoral districts, which Lord Derby five years before had said would destroy one of the main balances of the

Constitution. After referring to his own connection with the reform question, which began in 1819, Lord John Russell described the effects of the Reform Act of 1832, which had not been productive of those calamitous consequences that had been predicted by its opponents, but of great benefits—benefits obtained not through bloodshed, not through civil war, but by peaceable and tranquil discussion, and by the legitimate influence of public opinion. "Since that time," he said, "slavery has been abolished; we have had the question of tithes amicably arranged; we have had free municipal corporations established; a great reduction in the duties on customs and excise, which pressed heavily on the masses; protection was given up, and free trade sanctioned by Parliament. These and many other benefits have flowed from the Reformed Parliament, which, we were told, would be so fruitful in calamity and disaster, and which was to take the crown off the king's head, and shake the balance of the State." He concluded in these words:—"With regard to this great question of reform, I may say that I defended it while I was young, and I will not desert it now that I am old."

Lord Stanley replied to Lord John Russell, and taunted him with having allowed the question to fall in abeyance, and with having brought forward his motion as virtually a vote of censure, and as such it was met on the part of his colleagues, who declared that the noble lord's motion would be fatal to the bill. Mr. Horsman delivered a strong speech against Lord John Russell. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, then Secretary for the Colonies, delivered one of his most elaborate and splendid orations in defence of the measure, arguing that the effect of the amendment would be to transfer political power from the middle class to those below them, and place "capital and knowledge at the command of impatient poverty and uninstructed numbers. Sir Hugh Cairns, the Solicitor-General, also shone in this debate. Referring to an alleged compact between Lord John Russell and Mr. Bright, he said, "We all know and admit the noble lord's attachment to this question; but we also know that there is a form of the tender passion which sometimes develops itself in jealousy of any attention to the object of its affection from any other quarter. I think the noble lord exposes himself to some misconstruction on this point. The English people," he continued, "do not like a 'a dodge.' They do not like it in business, they do not like it in politics; but least of all do they admire it in a man who,

SIR HUGH CAIRNS, Q.C., M.P. (AFTERWARDS LORD CAIRNS.)

at a time when the best interests of his country at home, and our most peaceful hopes abroad, demand all the patriotism, all the candour, and all the forbearance of a statesman, approaches the consideration of a great national question like this, not fairly to criticise, not boldly to reject, but with a crafty and catching device to confuse, and, if it may be, to dislocate parties, and on that confusion and dislocation to secure his own political aggrandisement and private advantage." Mr. Bright ably exposed the main defects of the bill. The people out-of-doors understood by a Reform Bill a large enfranchisement, and larger, freer constituencies. The bill did not meet that demand; it got rid of the most independent electors from counties, and insidiously proposed to alter the boundaries of boroughs to complete the work. The object was to make the representation of counties more exclusively territorial, and to gratify the hundred and fifty gentlemen who sat behind Mr. Disraeli elected by the territorial interest. As to small boroughs, which were only a refuge for the politically destitute, he knew no limit whatever to the amount of corruption in them that would be occasioned by the bill. It would, at the same time, exclude the working classes, telling them that they were dangerous, notwithstanding their improved mental, moral, and physical condition. "I have," he said, "endeavoured to stand on the rules of political economy, and to be guided by the higher rules of true morality; and when advocating a measure of reform larger than some are prepared to grant, I appear in that character; for I believe a substantial measure of reform would elevate and strengthen the character of our population, and, in the language of the beautiful prayer read here every day, it would tend to knit together the hearts of all persons and estates within this realm. I believe it would add to the authority of the decisions of Parliament; and I feel satisfied it would confer a lustre time could never dim on that benignant reign under which we have the happiness to live."

Mr. Cardwell regarded the present bill as calculated to increase instead of reducing undue influence, and to diminish instead of augmenting the power of public opinion in that House. He contended that variety of franchise was the rule of the constitution, and that, in order not to unsettle ancient prescription, a reform bill should deal with the county franchise according to the history of that franchise. Unlike the Continental nations, freedom, not equality, had always been the desire of the British people, and the principle of uniformity was wholly foreign to our constitution. Lord Palmerston supported the amendment of Lord John Russell. On the other hand, Mr. Whitesido denounced it as "an inscrutable resolution to stifle truth and prevent discussion—a crafty contrivance to defeat the bill, and, if possible, the Ministry." Sir J. Pakington complained strongly of the speech of Lord Palmerston, stating that he had adopted a tone of arrogance altogether unusual between gentlemen who sat opposite to each other in that House, and that his language could be looked on in no other light than as wanting in due respect to the Crown. Mr. Gladstone remarked upon the singular coincidence of opinion on all sides with respect to the great question of parliamentary reform. There was no controversy traceable to differences between political parties, and he thought it was to be regretted that the House was now in hostile conflict, with a division before them, which would estrange those by whose united efforts alone a satisfactory settlement could be come to. The resolution was unprecedented in form, being an amendment on the second reading of a bill, referring to a portion of a measure that might be dealt with in committee. Pleading for consideration to the Government, he described the failures of their predecessors who had engaged in a similar task. Reform had been promised by Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston, none of whom had been able to redeem the pledges that had been given to the people from the mouth of the sovereign on the throne. In 1855 Lord Palmerston escaped all responsibility for a reform bill on account of the war; in 1856 he escaped all responsibility for reform on account of the peace; in 1857 he escaped by the dissolution of Parliament; in 1858 he escaped by the dissolution of his Government. This series of events strengthened the misgivings of the people that the House was reluctant to deal with the question, and made it more hazardous to interpose obstacles. Mr. Gladstone defended small boroughs. He regarded them as a means of supplying a race of men who were trained to carry on the government of the country; the masters of civil wisdom, like Burke, Mackintosh, Pelham, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Canning, and Peel, all of whom first sat for small boroughs. If there was to be no ingress to the House but one, and that one the suffrages of a large mass of voters, there would be a dead level of mediocrity. The extension, the durability of our liberty, were to be attributed under Providence to distinguished statesmen introduced to the House at an early age. But large constituencies would not return boys, and therefore he hoped the small boroughs would be retained. Those facts formed a reason for going into committee, where Lord John Russell could carry his views. Mr. Gladstone earnestly deprecated the postponement of the question. It was a golden opportunity which they should not let slip.

Sir Robert Peel followed in an effective speech. After this bill had been dissected and disembowelled, he should enter into no long disquisition upon its merits. He asked the House the simple question, Where were they? He had listened to the debate from the first, and had been bewildered by the confused conflict of opinions. The bill pretended to amend the representation; but while it unsettled the existing system, it did not admit to the franchise any portion of the industrious classes. It disfranchised the borough freeholders, it retained the small boroughs, and it introduced the objectionable scheme of voting papers. He called upon the House, if it desired a measure of reform founded on true principles, to confide the task to other and abler hands. Mr. Disraeli, in replying, defended his measure with vehemence, and not without personal acrimony towards Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, whom he charged with living in

an atmosphere of combinations and cunning resolutions when out of office. By bringing forward this untoward motion, and by sneering at Lord Malmesbury at a moment when negotiations were pending, when an awful responsibility rested on the Minister, Lord John had not only embarrassed the Government, but injured the public service. The Government, he said, had been sustained in all its arduous struggles by a conviction of the justice of the people of England, and were sustained by it at that moment, amid all the manœuvres of parliamentary intrigue and all the machinations of party warfare. The House then proceeded to a division, in the midst of a scene of extraordinary excitement, the issue being rather uncertain till the last moment. It was, however, decisive against the Government, the numbers being—for the second reading, 291; against it, 330; majority, 39. The division took place on the 1st of April.

Next day Lord Derby had an audience of the Queen; on the same evening, in the Lords, he stated that the majority against him left him but one alternative, either to resign or dissolve Parliament. He regarded the vote as equivalent to a vote of want of confidence, and he thought the Government would have laid themselves open to a charge of indifference if they took no notice of such a division. The distracted state of parties in the House of Commons, he said, rendered it almost impossible to administer the affairs of the nation. He excepted from this censure the Conservative party, whose support had been unwavering, cordial, and generous. According to his lordship's view, the chief mischief-maker was Lord John Russell, who, from the restless energy of his disposition, had the peculiar fortune to overthrow many Governments, not only of his opponents but also of his friends; the consequence of which conduct was, that hardly a year now passed without a ministerial crisis, and if the system were persevered in, it would put an end to all government; for it inflicted injury at home, and damaged the influence of the country abroad. In accepting office he had endeavoured to carry on the Government, not by embittering, but by conciliating all parties, until a party should be formed capable of carrying out a fixed and definite policy. One of the questions bequeathed to him by the late Government was the *damnosa hæreditas* of parliamentary reform. He had, in consequence, introduced a bill to meet that question. Their lordships knew how it had been received. It had not been suffered to be read a second time, and to be amended in committee; but had been met by a resolution which, according to some authorities, was contrary to parliamentary practice, and had been swamped without discussion. Had it been otherwise, he and his colleagues were prepared to vindicate its principles, and to consider proposed alterations, which, had they been admissible, no false pride would have prevented him from accepting. An opportunity had thus been given to the House of Commons to settle this question, but the Opposition preferred the interests of party to the interests of the country. Lord Palmerston had said that "the Ministers should be condemned to keep their places and do *our* bidding." But Lord Derby begged to tell him that he would do no one's bidding but that of the Queen, so long as he retained her confidence. But whose bidding were they to do? Was it that of the motley and heterogeneous Liberal party? He then announced that, considering the grave condition of European affairs and the domestic interests of the country, he had deemed it his duty to recommend to Her Majesty an early dissolution of Parliament, stating that he looked with confidence to the result of the appeal about to be made to the country. Lord Granville vindicated Lord John Russell from the severe reflections cast on him by the Premier. He wanted to know what the Cabinet were going to the country for? to confirm their policy? They had no policy, but wanted the country to provide one.

Mr. Disraeli gave a somewhat similar explanation in the Lower House. Lord Palmerston acknowledged the courtesy and fairness of his statement. He did not consider the late vote as one of censure; as such he would not have supported it. He thought the advice given to Her Majesty was very unwise. If he were to attempt to prophesy the result, he would say that the new Parliament would be far more likely than the present to decide that power should be transferred to other hands. After some more discussion on the dissolution, the House hastened to wind up the session by disposing of the necessary business, which was interrupted only by a short debate on the affairs of Italy. On the 9th of April, therefore, Parliament was prorogued by commission. The royal speech was a mere formal production, except the concluding paragraph, which stated that the appeal which Her Majesty was about to make to her people had been rendered necessary by the difficulties experienced in carrying on the public business of the country, as indicated by the fact that within little more than a year two successive administrations had failed to retain the confidence of the House of Commons; and she prayed that the step she was about to take would have the effect of facilitating the discharge of her high functions, and of enabling her to conduct the government of the country under the advice of a Ministry possessed of the confidence of her Parliament and her people.

The results of the general election, at which the Government, as might be expected, put forth all its influence to secure a working majority, fully verified the predictions of Lord Palmerston, for the new Parliament was not even disposed to give the Derby Cabinet a fair trial. The members were summoned for the 31st of May. The late Speaker, Mr. Denison, was re-elected unanimously. The session was opened on the 7th of June, the process of swearing having been then completed. The Queen delivered the royal speech in person. It contained nothing remarkable, except a suggestion that the subject of parliamentary reform should be postponed till next session. The debates on the address in both the Houses were unusually animated. Lord Granville expressed regret that, in spite of the result of the elections, the Ministry had determined to carry on the government in a minority. Lord Ellenborough stated that what the country required was a strong government; and he ex-

pressed his conviction that this result had not been obtained by the general election. Lord Derby defended the conduct of his Government, and in reference to some of the Irish elections, denied that any compact existed between him and Cardinal Wiseman. If he saw any chance of a strong government, he would gladly lay down the responsibility he had assumed; but considering the state of foreign affairs, he thought it his duty to his sovereign to remain at his post. The address in the Lords was agreed to without a division; not so in the Commons, where an amendment was moved by the Marquis of Hartington, leading to a debate which lasted for three nights. He admitted that it was a party move, in order that power should not be left in the hands of a party antagonistic to all progress. In the course of this debate great distrust in the foreign policy of the Government was betrayed; and the Italian question had much more to do with the premature dissolution of the Cabinet than the Reform question. The nation sympathised warmly with the cause of freedom in Italy, and had a decided conviction that a Conservative Government was not a fitting medium through which that sympathy might be conveyed. Upon a division, therefore, the numbers were as follows:—For the amendment, 323; against it, 310; majority against the Government, 13.

In consequence of this adverse division, Lord Derby announced the resignation of his Cabinet on the 19th of June. On the same evening Mr. Disraeli made a similar announcement in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston was then called upon her by Her Majesty to form an Administration, the Queen having at first applied to Earl Granville. The New Ministers were all returned for the constituencies which they had represented previous to the resignation of Lord Derby. The following are the names of the members who comprised the new Cabinet:—Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister; Lord Campbell, Chancellor; Lord Granville, President of the Council; the Duke of Argyll, Privy Seal; Sir George C. Lewis, Home Secretary; Lord J. Russell, Foreign Secretary; the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Sidney Herbert, Secretary for War; Sir Charles Wood, Secretary for India; Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Elgin, Postmaster-General; Sir George Grey, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. Milner Gibson, Chief Poor-law Commissioner; Mr. Cardwell, Chief Secretary for Ireland; the Earl of Carlisle, Viceroy. The other members of the Irish Government were the Right Hon. Maziere Brady, Chancellor; Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, Attorney-General; Mr. Richard Deasy, Solicitor-General.

CHAPTER LIV.

The Italian Question—Its influence on English Parties—Views of Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and Lord J. Russell—The Dream of Italian Unity—Difficulties—Austria and the Italian Princes—The Emperor Napoleon—Rumours of War—Speech of Victor Emmanuel—Secret Alliance between France and Piedmont—Marriage of the Princess Clothilde with Prince Napoleon—The Austrian Manifesto—Appeal to Germany—Counter Manifesto of Piedmont—Count Cavour on England—Austrian Ultimatum—Preparations for War—Anxiety in England about the Policy and Aims of the French Emperor—His Explanation of his Views—Antagonism between France and Austria—Congress proposed by Russia, and urged by England, in vain—Austrian Threat against Piedmont—Defiance of Victor Emmanuel—Effect produced in England by the News of the Austrian Invasion—Lord Malmesbury remonstrates—Manifesto of the Emperor of Austria.

BEFORE commencing the deeply interesting narrative of the last Italian war, which resulted in the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, it is desirable to dispose of the Italian question, in its international aspects, and in its relations to the state of political parties in this country. The influence of that question on the fortunes of the Conservative leaders was certainly very great. Nothing militated so strongly against Lord Derby, or contributed so much to alienate from him the confidence of the mass of the English people, as his apparent want of sympathy with the Italians in their struggles for independence; while the well-known sentiments of Lord Palmerston upon this subject tended in a very high degree to strengthen his influence, and extend his popularity. In the debate on the address at the opening of the session of 1859, Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, betrayed his distrust with regard to the policy of the French Emperor, and his relations with Victor Emmanuel, by contrasting it with the policy of England. She had no separate interest to subserve, no revenge to gratify, no rankling ambition to urge her on. Above all, and he said it emphatically, "she had no secret engagement with any power whatsoever, which would interfere with, fetter, or hamper her free action. He described the state of Italy as one of constant danger to the peace of Europe; but in his view it was not in Lombardy or in Naples the greatest danger existed. Whether the Lombard provinces were a source of strength to Austria or not, he thought that we had nothing to do with their internal government. The Italian provinces were Austrian by inheritance, possession, and treaty; and no other nation, under any plea or upon any pretext, had a right to deprive her of them. The government of Naples, it was true, was repugnant and abhorrent to all English notions, but the king did not require foreign troops to put down discontent. The Premier, forgetting the feelings of his Ultramontane friends in Ireland, then proceeded to point out what he thought to be the real source of danger to the peace of Europe. "The real plague-spot in Italy is the Papal States. The presence of two armies there, not placed to uphold liberty, is the real danger. It would be idle for a Protestant Government to interfere, but their best endeavours would not be wanting to second the efforts of France and Austria for the amelioration of the internal administration of the Papal States."

This language made it abundantly plain that the heart of Lord Derby was with Austria, and he proceeded to show how little moral support the constitutional King of Sardinia had reason to expect from his Cabinet. He declared his conviction that Sardinia would forfeit the sympathy of Europe, by affording proof that constitu-

tional liberty might encourage the warlike propensities of a monarch, and lead him to acts of aggression. The attitude assumed towards Austria was inconsistent with her interest and her duty, and he trusted it was not too late to re-consider the course upon which she seemed about to enter. She would be most ill-advised to offer provocations. To no country could she look for aid but to France, and he could not believe that the French ruler would sanction, even by moral support, still less by military means, an unjustifiable and aggressive war, undertaken by Sardinia against Austria. He earnestly trusted that the Emperor of the French would persist in that wise, prudent, and loyal course he had hitherto pursued. That these views should be expressed by the leader of the Conservative party, was not so strange as that Lord Brougham should regard the Italian cause in the same light, and should have had an equally dim perception of the magnificent results of the war which was then impending—a war which, he believed, would inevitably become European. In the House of Commons Lord Palmerston noticed the gloomy anticipations of the Government with respect to the threatened war in Italy. "Judging from what we are told," he said, "there is a probability of a great European war, beginning by a conflict in Italy between France and Sardinia on the one hand, and Austria on the other, with the object of the expulsion of the Austrian power in that country." This, he thought, would be no great evil even to Austria, for her rule in Italy made her hateful without contributing to her strength. Lord John Russell, on the same occasion, spoke out strongly on the Italian question, describing the Austrian government in Italy from 1815 down as one unbroken system of oppression, of which he gave some of the most flagrant instances. The Austrian and French armies had imposed upon the Papal States about the worst government that ever afflicted any country. There was no need for a bloody war. All that was required was to let the Roman people, as well as the Sardinian people, frame laws for themselves. This would be an easy solution of the Italian question, and would speedily bring about peace and contentment; the Catholic powers of Europe providing for the personal security of the Pope.

These might be regarded as merely incidental statements upon a question which at this time, to a large extent, occupied the attention of the public. But at a later period in the session it became the subject of special notice in both Houses. On the 18th of April it was introduced by Lord Malmesbury in the Upper House. He admitted that the people of this country were alienated from Austria on account of her Italian policy; but he said that no statesman would for a minute deny her rights—"rights which had been acquired by conquest, inheritance, and treaty, precisely in the same way as this country held many of its own possessions." There was, however, in his opinion, a true cause of complaint against Austria, arising from her interference with other Italian states besides Lombardy. He alluded to a proposed congress for settling the Italian question, to Lord Cowley's fruitless mission to Vienna, and lamented that the Government had in vain used every effort "to avert a war which would be no common one, but would be a theatre for the dreams of the wildest theorists and the most unprincipled adventurers." The Government had urged a mutual disarmament; but none of the parties would consent. On the contrary, the most formidable preparations were being made for war. In France everything denoted an approaching campaign. Sardinia was devoting nearly all her resources to the formation of a great army; while the war-spirit of Germany was excited to the highest pitch. Lord Clarendon, commenting upon the state of affairs—notwithstanding his great experience—strangely miscalculated the forces that were at work in Italy. "The bubble of Italian unity," he said, "had at length burst, and the detestable party of Mazzini and his accomplices was almost extinct. Supposing that Austria was driven out, and Lombardy was annexed to Piedmont, the people of Milan and Venice would never agree with those of Sardinia, but would be even more discontented than they are now. Piedmont was nothing more than the advanced guard of France, and he considered that the defeat of Austria would only substitute one master for another." The Premier, like other statesmen, failed to forecast the future in the event of a war. "It would not," he said, "be localised in Italy; it would be impossible to confine it to that country. It would extend itself, and involve the world in universal conflagration." It would bring the whole of Germany into the field. England, which could not look unmoved at the occupation of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, would be drawn into the vortex. But the chance of peace, he thought, would be immeasurably strengthened if it were known that this country would not remain an unmoved spectator of any event in which her honour was concerned.

On the same evening Mr. Disraeli also made a statement about the affairs of Italy, in which he expressed a similar opinion—that the Italian war would probably be a European war; and that England might be drawn into it by imperial considerations of the most urgent character, as well as in the interests of civilisation. There had been much talk of a congress and of a previous disarmament, in the principle of which Austria and France professed to agree, but Sardinia very properly refused unless she were admitted to the congress, and to this Austria would not consent. The discussion led to no result in either House, and it was immediately followed by the dissolution of Parliament. When the new Parliament assembled the question again came up, having in the meantime assumed a new aspect. The King of Naples had died, and was succeeded by his son; in consequence of which England and France renewed their diplomatic intercourse with that court. This matter was referred to in the Queen's speech. The war in Italy, so much dreaded, had already commenced, and shortly after the Derby Cabinet ceased to exist. Lord Malmesbury, the late Foreign Secretary, took the earliest opportunity to defend the course which he had adopted, denying the assertion of Lord Palmerston, that he had

patronised Austria, or that he had passed the bounds of neutrality.

The long-cherished dream of Italian unity, which Lord Clarendon treated with so much scorn, was as little likely as any other political dream to be realised. The difficulties lying in the way seemed to be absolutely insuperable. The country was cut up into sections called principalities. It was the policy of their numerous sovereigns, while cultivating a fraternal feeling among themselves, to foster animosities between their respective populations, lest by any chance they should unite for their own deliverance. The shadow of Austrian power, like an immense poison-tree, shed a blighting influence over the whole land, and under its shelter the petty princes exercised their despotic arts according to their own capricious wills. There were the duchies of Tuscany, Modena, Reggio, Mirandola, Massa, Este, Parma, Placentia, Lucca, the Legations of Ravenna, Ferrara, and Bologna, and the States of the Church—some of the fairest regions in the world, inhabited by a noble race, all of which were held in miserable bondage. It seemed impossible that their bonds should ever be broken. In 1815, a defensive alliance was concluded between the Emperor of Austria and the Duke of Tuscany for the defence of their respective states, Austria engaging to furnish 80,000 men of all arms, and the Grand Duke 6,000. In 1847, the Emperor made a similar treaty, called a special convention, with the Duke of Modena, by which the Emperor of Austria was bound, as soon as applied to, to give immediately all the military support necessary to put down any insurrectionary movement. Had the population been left to deal with the small princes who trampled upon them, they would have had little difficulty in asserting their rights, and securing for themselves the blessings of freedom. But wherever the least outbreak occurred, though the people were tortured to madness, the tremendous military power of Austria was precipitated upon them with the overwhelming force of an avalanche. It is, however, a singular and encouraging fact in the arrangements of Providence, that the means adopted to extinguish all hope in the hearts of the people, and to render deliverance impossible, should have been the very means by which that deliverance was effected. Had Austria confined herself to her own possessions secured to her by treaty, it would have been difficult for Victor Emmanuel, or Louis Napoleon, to find a cause of quarrel sufficient to justify a war. But she had usurped the virtual sovereignty of the duchies of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma; and her troops occupied the Legations, while the King of Naples and the Pope were little more than her creatures. It was this crushing domination of a foreign power that warranted foreign intervention, and excused even the ambition of France and Piedmont.

Such was the state of things at the close of the year 1858, when, save this one dark spot in the political horizon, everything indicated profound peace. On New Year's Day the French Emperor is accustomed to receive the foreign ambassadors at the Tuileries. On the 1st of January, 1859, he turned to M. Hubner, the Austrian minister, and abruptly said to him, "I regret that our relations with your government are not so good as they have been hitherto; but I beg you to assure the Emperor that my personal feelings towards him are not changed." A portentous meaning was generally ascribed to this remark, and in order to allay the apprehensions it excited, the *Moniteur* was instructed to declare that there was nothing in the diplomatic relations of the two courts to warrant the prevailing rumours of war. But this pacific assurance was more than counteracted by the speech of Victor Emmanuel in opening the Sardinian Chambers on the 10th of the same month. "The horizon," he said, "was not entirely serene, but encouraged by the experience of the past, he was prepared resolutely to encounter the eventualities of the future. His country, small in territory, had acquired credit in the councils of Europe, because it was great through the ideas it represented and the sympathies it inspired. This position," said the King, "is not exempt from perils, since, while we respect treaties, we are not insensible to the cry of suffering which reaches us from so many parts of Italy. Strong by our concord, confiding in our good right, we await, prudent and decided, the decrees of Divine Providence."

It was generally believed at this time that a secret alliance had been formed between the Emperor and the King, though its exact nature could not be conjectured. That it implied much to the advantage of France, or to the family of the Emperor, as the price of his armed intervention, was inferred from the marriage of Prince Napoleon to the Princess Clothilde, eldest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, then only sixteen years of age. Her hand was demanded by General Niel on the 23rd of January, and the marriage took place a week after. These and other indications of the designs of the French Emperor, warned the Austrian Government to make energetic preparations for the defence of its possessions in Italy; and a manifesto on the subject was issued on the 5th of February in the form of an address from the Prime Minister, Count Buol, to the representatives of Austria at foreign courts. This was an appeal to the German Confederation to act as a united power, if Austria, by an attack on her possessions in Italy, should be called upon to take up arms against one of the greatest military states in Europe. With common consent, it was remarked, public opinion had declared that, if the rupture of the public law of Europe should threaten a German power, even should it only be at first in her non-German possessions, all her allies ought to make common cause with her, so as to preserve the peace by the moral force of so powerful a union; and in case, against all expectations, that result should not be obtained, to protect the sanctity of treaties, and thus shield at the same time the honour, the dignity, the safety, and the power of United Germany. While thus appealing for support to the other German governments, Austria was pushing forward extraordinary armaments along the frontier of the Po and Ticino. Strong masses of troops were quartered at Cremona, Piacenza, and

A STREET IN NAPLES.

Pavia, assuming an aggressive aspect towards Piedmont. Orders had been given to hold military stores and quarters in readiness in many places. A decree was issued forbidding the exportation of horses into Piedmont. As another indication of war, Austria had contracted a loan of 150,000,000 francs. These facts were alluded to in the Sardinian Chamber, as warranting that government in contracting a loan of 50,000,000 francs. This was carried in the chamber by a majority of 116 to 35. The Prime Minister, Count Cavour, also issued a counter-manifesto to the Sardinian agents at foreign courts, vindicating his policy, as being rendered necessary by the hostile manifestations on the part of Austria. He delivered a speech to the same effect, in which he alluded to the opinions that had been expressed about Italy and the British Parliament. No one in that chamber, he remarked, gave greater weight than he did to the opinions of English statesmen. From infancy he had been accustomed to respect that country as the one from which he had acquired the greater part of the political knowledge which had guided him in his career. He proceeded: "I esteem and respect England, which I regard as one of the first powers in the world: I venerate it, because I consider it as the rock where liberty has found, and might again find, an impregnable refuge. I have always preferred, as far as was possible, the English alliance. I have done it, as a writer and as a minister, to such a point, that I have been reproached as an Anglo-manian." He referred to various acts of the Sardinian Government in proof of this—their commercial provisions, the part they took in the Eastern question, and the Congress of Paris—and observed that, although England, through Lord Derby and other English statesmen, had passed upon the Italian question a judgment which he held to be in great part erroneous, yet she expressed it in a manner which still denoted her sympathy and friendship. Unfortunately, after 1856 England thought it necessary for the interests of her policy to draw towards Austria, thinking to find in that power, which had given her no support on the battle-field, but had assisted her in the field of diplomacy, a sure ally on the Eastern question. She judged the Neapolitan and Roman Governments now as she did three years before, but fancied that transformation on the left of the Po which those who were nearer to it could not discover. "The cry of suffering," said Count Cavour, "which arises from Naples and Bologna, still reaches with the same intensity the banks of the Thames; while, unfortunately, to the tears and lamentations that burst forth from Milan and Venice, an inexorable barrier is opposed by the Austrian Alps. This is grave, gentlemen, I do not deny it, but it does not wholly dishearten me. I have faith in the right sense and generous sentiments of the English nation; I know by experience that with the English public the cause of justice and truth always triumphs in the end; I know that the principles of liberty, that just and noble causes, find in that generous people ardent and eloquent defenders, and that when one succeeds in detaching a question from the shackles of sophistry, and in placing it clearly and plainly before that great nation, the probabilities of success are on the side of right, of progress, and of civilisation. I am not disheartened, gentlemen, because, although I have not attained the extreme limit of age, I remember to have seen repeatedly triumph in England causes that were defended in the name of justice and liberty, although opposed by prejudices and by individual interests, and by the sentiments of caste. The contests may be long, but success is certain. I remember the great struggle which gave rise to the emancipation of Ireland, and I also recollect the triumph. I still recollect the longer and more obstinate contests for the emancipation of the negro race, that great cause which was opposed by the most powerful interests of the colonies, and by the prejudices of almost all the commercial classes of England. The cause of Italy, gentlemen, is not less sacred, not less worthy to move generous minds than that of the Irish or that of the black race; it also will triumph before the tribunal of English public opinion. I cannot believe that the illustrious statesman at the head of the counsels of the Crown in England, and who had the great good fortune of associating the distinguished name transmitted to him by history with the great cause of negro emancipation, will be willing to terminate his brilliant career by rendering himself the accomplice of those who would condemn the Italians to an eternal servitude."

The attitude of France towards Austria and Italy was the subject of much discussion and great difference of opinion previous to the commencement of the war. Notwithstanding the emphatic declaration of Louis Napoleon, that the Empire meant peace, there was a strong suspicion, especially in Conservative quarters, that the Imperial policy would be guided by a spirit of war and conquest. The Emperor took great pains to remove this impression, especially from the minds of English statesmen. In a conversation with Lord Cowley, he remarked—"What I said to M. de Cavour I repeat now. My sympathies always have been, and still are, with Italy. I regret that Lombardy should be in the possession of Austria; but I cannot and do not dispute the right of the latter. I respect existing treaties, because they are the only landmarks we have; so long as Austria remains within her own frontier, she is, of course, mistress to do as she pleases. With regard to Sardinia, if she provokes hostilities unjustly, and places herself in the wrong, she must expect no support from me."

Lord Malmesbury, our Foreign Secretary, exerted himself with each of the parties as a zealous peace-maker. Lord A. Loftus, our representative at the Court of Vienna, pleading for peace with Count Buol, received the following answer:—"If you wish to preach peace and to prevent war, address yourselves with firmness to France and Piedmont. We are not meditating war; we shall not be the aggressors. Tell the Emperor Louis Napoleon that Great Britain will not passively look on if His Majesty should commence hostilities. Say to him that should he take such a course, it will be at his own risk and peril. On the other hand, warn King Victor Emmanuel that England will not sanction any act of

wilful aggression, undertaken in full peace by Piedmont against Austria. If Great Britain is prepared to hold this language, no war will arise." Lord A. Loftus did not seem satisfied with the statement that Austria did not mean to be the aggressor, and he therefore demanded from Count Buol an assurance that in no case would Austria move a single soldier across her frontier in Italy, without previous concert with France. Then he would consider that war might be averted. But Count Buol could not give that assurance. "It would be a surrender," he said, "of the sovereign power of Austria;" but he asked, "What will you say to Piedmont if she were to attack us?" To which the English minister replied, "I cannot imagine such an eventuality. It would be a mouse attacking the lion." Count Buol then went on to say that they could never come to an understanding with France on Italian affairs, because France sympathised with and protected the cause of nationalities; while Austria supported sovereigns, governments, and established order. Besides, he said, it was a great mistake to suppose that Italy required change. All she wanted was quiet—that agitation should be put down, and the hopes of interested agitators extinguished. In the month of February Lord Cowley was sent on a special mission to Vienna, which resulted only in an elaborate defence of the Austrian policy in Italy from Count Buol, in reply to objections and proposals made by Count Walewski. Lord Cowley had to encounter in the Austrian Government the fixed idea that France was determined on war, and that to make concessions was only to put off the evil day; and also a bitter feeling of hostility against Sardinia.

In the meantime Russia proposed the assembling of a congress, with a view to prevent the complications to which the state of Italy might give rise. This proposal seemed to meet with general acquiescence. Sardinia naturally claimed the right of being represented in it. To this Austria decidedly objected, and demanded, moreover, that before it assembled Sardinia should be required to disarm, which was subsequently modified into a proposal that there should be a simultaneous disarming of the great powers. This was one of a series of proposals made by the British Cabinet, as a last effort to preserve the peace of Europe. But all efforts at conciliation proved unavailing. Each of the three powers seemed animated by the conviction that the questions at issue could only be settled by an appeal to the sword, for which they had all made ample preparations. Each, in fact, was impatient for the commencement of hostilities; and strange as it may seem, it was the patience of the phlegmatic German that first gave way.

On the 23rd of April an aide-de-camp of the General Gyulai, who commanded the army in Lombardy, then massed along the Austrian frontier, was the bearer of a peremptory demand that Sardinia should disarm within three days, and that in the event of refusal war would immediately commence. To this insolent demand Count Cavour returned an answer, which, like all the documents that issued from his pen, was a conclusive argument that the great adversary of Piedmont was in the wrong, and had sent a threatening summons instead of compliance with the propositions which the great powers had deemed reasonable. To the King himself was reserved the task of answering the challenge with a defiance worthy of the martial race from which he sprung, and the gallant nation in whose heart he reigned. Next day he issued a proclamation to his troops, in which he said, "Soldiers! Austria, who is increasing her armies on our frontier, threatens to invade our territory, because here liberty reigns with order; because not might, but concord and affection between the people and the sovereign, here govern the state; because the groans of oppressed Italy here find an echo. Austria dares to ask us, who are only armed in self-defence, to lay down our arms and submit to her clemency. That insulting demand received the reply it deserved. I rejected it with contempt. Soldiers! I tell it to you, convinced that you will take an insult to your King and to your nation as an insult to yourselves. The announcement I make to you is an announcement of war. Soldiers! to arms!—I will lead you. We have made each other's acquaintance before this; on more than one occasion, in the heat of battle, when fighting by the side of my magnanimous father, I had opportunity to admire your courage. You will have for companions those intrepid soldiers of France; conquerors in so many noted battles; who were your brethren in arms on the Tchernaya, and whom Napoleon III., who is always to be found where there is a just cause to defend or civilisation to promote, sends generously to our assistance in numerous battalions. March, then, confident in victory, and twine new laurels round your flag—that tricolor under the folds of which the *élite* of the youth of Italy is collected, and which indicates that the task before you is the independence of Italy; that just and holy work which will be your battle cry."

Victor Emmanuel at the same time addressed a manifesto to the Italians, in which Count Cavour sketched, in his masterly style, the character of the Austrian policy; he showed that, while Austria boasted of her love of peace, she refused to submit to a European congress, that she violated her promises made to England, that she demanded the abandonment of the brave volunteers, who had thronged from every part of Italy to defend the sacred flag of Italian independence. "Austria," said the King, "attacks Piedmont for maintaining the cause of our common country in the councils of Europe, and was not insensible to her groans of agony. Austria now publicly tears to pieces treaties which she never respected; thenceforth, by right, the Italian nation is free, and I may conscientiously fulfil the oath I took upon my father's grave. Let us place confidence in Providence, in our union, in the bravery of Italian soldiers, in the alliance of the noble French nation. Let us trust in public opinion. I have no other ambition than to be the first soldier of Italian independence. Long live Italy!"

The rashness of Austria in commencing the war by an invasion of Piedmont alienated even her most

ardent friends. On the 22nd of April Lord Malmesbury, in writing to Lord A. Loftus, referred to the strong feeling of indignation against her which prevailed in England, and told him that his language could not be too strong with regard to the course adopted by that power, and requesting that he would give Count Buol clearly to understand that the refusal of Austria to stop the march of her armies would enlist against her the feelings of the Government and of all classes in this country. He was instructed to inform Count Buol that Her Majesty's Government felt it due to themselves and to the great interests of humanity, which they had so earnestly striven to uphold, solemnly to record their protest against the course that Austria—regardless of the terrible consequences to Europe, and indifferent to the public opinion of the world—had so rashly and so unjustly adopted. He said, "They assign to Austria and fix upon her the last responsibility for all the miseries and calamities inevitably consequent on a conflict which was on the eve of being averted, but which, once begun, will infallibly produce a more than ordinary amount of social suffering and political convulsion."

The Emperor of Austria, however, had something to say in defence of the course he had thought proper to pursue; and according to his view of the subject, he had serious grounds of complaint against those who could not see the perfect justice of his policy. In an address to his Italian army, announcing the commencement of the war, he spoke of this act as a necessity forced upon him after fruitless attempts to secure peace for his empire without compromising its dignity. He therefore appealed to the "soldiers of the second army" to secure victory to the "spotless flag of Austria," bidding them take with them into battle the blessing of God and the confidence of their Emperor. He also addressed a manifesto to "my people," in which he set forth the grievances for which he was about to seek redress by the sword. This manifesto, "given at my residence and metropolis of Vienna," was signed by Francis Joseph, and not countersigned by any of his ministers. In it he stated that he had ordered his faithful and gallant army to put a stop to the hostile acts which, for a series of years, had been committed by Sardinia against the indisputable rights of his crown. His conscience being at rest, he could look up to an Omnipotent God, and patiently await his reward. He could also, with confidence, leave his decision to the impartial judgment of contemporaneous and future nations. He had shown unexampled forbearance to Piedmont, and the result was an immediate continuation of enmity, which increased from year to year, and perfidious agitation against the peace and welfare of his Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; he had, therefore, ordered his army to enter Sardinia. He was aware of the vast importance of the measure; he admitted that war is the scourge of mankind; and he saw with sorrow that the lives and property of thousands of his subjects were imperilled. But Providence had frequently used the sword of Austria to dispel the shadows when the greatest good of humanity was in danger.

They were again on the eve of such a period. "The overthrow of the things that be," said His Majesty, "is not only aimed at by factions, but by thrones. The sword which I have been forced to draw is sanctified, inasmuch as it is a defence for the honour and rights of all peoples and states, and for all that is held most dear by humanity." In a similar strain, Count Buol, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, appealed through his diplomatic agents to foreign courts. According to him, Austria had tranquilly supported a long series of offences from an enemy weaker than herself. Twice beaten in war, which had been caused by her own mad pretensions—which had been cruelly punished—Piedmont still maintained her former views with a deplorable tenacity. The son of Charles Albert appeared passionately to desire the day when the inheritance of his house—which had been restored to him in its integrity by the moderation and magnanimity of Austria—should be for the third time made the stake of a game disastrous to the world. He proceeded to declaim against the ambition of a dynasty with vain pretensions, which had formed an unnatural alliance with revolution, which had surrounded itself with the malcontents of all Italy, whose national feeling had been criminally abused—hypocritically deploring the state of the country, and assuming in the eyes of senseless people the part of a liberator. In order to obtain support from abroad, Piedmont took part in a war, in which she had no concern, against a foreign power. She was also seen at the conferences of Paris, with a presumption quite new in the annals of diplomacy, to criticise with effrontery the Government of Italy, her own country. Defending the rights of Austria, as resting on the solid ground of treaties, Count Buol proceeded to delineate her government as not only legitimate in Italy, but just and benevolent. The Italian provinces were prospering under her benignant sway, the mass of the people were content, and there would be no agitations at all without the incessant excitations of Piedmont. And why, he asked, in conclusion, were the legitimate hopes of the friends of peace in Europe thus to be annihilated by a single blow? "Because the time had arrived at which projects long meditated in silence have arrived at maturity; at which the second French Empire desires to give substance to its ideas; at which the political state of Europe, based on right, is to be sacrificed to illegitimate pretensions; at which the treaties which form the bases of public European power, are to be replaced by the political wisdom that the power which rules at Paris has announced to the astonished world. The traditions of the First Napoleon are resumed. Such is the signification of the struggle on the eve of which Europe is placed."

The bitter *animus* against the French Emperor betrayed in the foregoing manifesto was not likely to cause him to hesitate in his policy. On the contrary, it must have stung him into greater determination to humble the pride of the power which thus sneered at the illegitimacy of his pretensions. Count Walowski, in a despatch to the French Minister in London, re-

taliated with great force. Referring to the congress proposed by Russia, he asked—"Who could now doubt that the rock on which the work of conciliation split, was the pretension put forward by the Court of Vienna on the subject of a disarmament?" In the course of an elaborate argument, he demonstrates that Austria was in the wrong, and vindicates the policy of his Government in entering into the contest.

CHAPTER LV.

Napoleon appeals to the Corps Legislatif—Garibaldi; his views; interview with Victor Emmanuel—Austrians cross the Ticino—Excitement in Italy—The Army of Victor Emmanuel—Napoleon joins the Army—Ovation at Genoa—Battle at Genestrello—Montebello—Triumph of the Allied Armies—Victory at Palestro—Gallantry of Victor Emmanuel and the Zouaves—Battle of Magenta—Triumphal Entry into Milan—Proclamation of the King—Popularity of Cavour—Fight at Malegnano—Great Victory at Solferino—Garibaldi in Lombardy—Battle-field of Solferino after the Engagement—The Quadrilateral—Count Cavour and Napoleon—Truce at Villafranca; opposed by Cavour; his resignation—Basis of a Treaty of Peace—United Italy—Napoleon's Proclamation.

On the 26th of April the French Foreign Minister made a statement in the Chamber of Deputies, explaining the course the Government had adopted. The mission of Lord Cowley to Vienna having failed, the proposal of a congress, and all other efforts to settle the differences existing between Austria and Sardinia having proved abortive through the obstinacy of that power, and Piedmont being threatened with invasion, France, he said, could not hesitate to respond to the appeal of a nation, her ally, to which she was bound by common interests and traditional sympathies, regenerated by a recent confraternity in arms, and by the union contracted between the two reigning houses.

Again, on the 3rd of May, the Emperor caused a communication to be made to the Corps Legislatif, in which he said that Austria "had brought matters to this extremity, that she must rule up to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic; for in this country every corner of territory which remains independent endangers her power. Hitherto," he said, "moderation has been the rule of my conduct; now energy becomes my first duty. Let France arm, and resolutely tell Europe, I desire not conquest, but I desire firmly to maintain my national and traditional policy. I observe the treaties on condition that no one shall violate them against me. I respect the territories and the rights of neutral powers; but I boldly avow my sympathies for a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who groan under foreign oppression." The Emperor proceeded to explain the object of the war in which he was about to engage. It was to restore Italy to herself—not to impose on her a change of masters; and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people, who will owe to us their independence. "We do not," he said, "go into Italy to foment disorder, or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced upon his throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure, which weighs upon the whole peninsula, and to help to establish there order, based upon pure, legitimate, satisfied interests. We are going, then, to seek upon this classic ground, illustrious by so many victories, the footsteps of our fathers. God grant that we may be worthy of them! I am going soon to place myself at the head of the army. I leave in France the Empress and my son. Seconded by the experience and enlightenment of the last surviving brother of the Emperor, she will understand how to show herself equal to the grandeur of her mission. I confide them to the valour of the army, which remains in France to watch our frontiers and to protect our homes. I confide them to the patriotism of the National Guard; I confide them, in a word, to the entire people, who will encircle them with that affection and devotion of which I daily receive so many proofs. Courage, then, and union! Our country is again about to show the world that she has not degenerated. Providence will bless our efforts. That cause is holy in the eyes of God which rests on justice, humanity, love of country, and independence."

In this spirit the Emperor set out on his mission for the liberation of Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic." His subjects responded with enthusiasm to the appeal to arm in the cause of oppressed nationalities.

Instead of obeying the order of the Austrian despot, Victor Emmanuel summoned Garibaldi to take the command of the little army of Volunteers, which included in its ranks members of the noblest families in Italy. Towards the middle of April the General appeared, at five o'clock in the morning, at the palace of Piazzo Cantillo, where he was ushered into the presence of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Farini. "Well, General," said the Prime Minister, "the long-expected day is near at hand. We want you. The patience of Count Buol is nearly exhausted, and we are only waiting the moment when he will have lost it altogether."

"I am always ready to serve my country," replied Garibaldi, "and you know that I shall put all my heart into the work. Here, in the presence of our Re Galantuomo, I must, however, be permitted to speak my mind freely. Am I to understand that you are going to summon all the forces of the country, and, declaring war against Austria, to attack her with the irresistible power of a national insurrection?"

"That is not precisely our plan," answered the Count; "I have not illimitable faith in the power of the insurrectionary element against the well-drilled legions of Austria. I think, moreover, our regular army too small to match the 200,000 men our enemy has massed on the frontier. We must, therefore, have the assistance of a powerful ally, and this is already offered. You will now fully understand the meaning of the words addressed by the French Emperor to the Austrian ambassador on the 1st of January."

"Although my principles are known both to you and to the King," Garibaldi is reported to have answered, "I feel that my first duty is to offer my sword to my country. My war-cry shall therefore be—'Italian unity under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel.' Mind,

however, what you are about; and do not forget that the aid of foreign arms must be paid for dearly. As for the man who has promised to help us, I ardently wish he may redeem himself in the eyes of posterity by achieving the noble task of Italian liberation."

At this moment the King took Garibaldi by the hand, and assured him that Louis Napoleon had always desired to see Italy free and happy, stating that it was his conviction of the good intentions of the Emperor that induced him to give his daughter to Prince Napoleon.*

The Volunteers had got the general whom of all others they preferred, and whose name had magic power with all Italian patriots. Piedmont stood prepared for the threatened invasion by Austria. That false step was taken on the 27th of April, 1859, when the Austrian commander-in-chief, Gyulai, ordered two columns of his army to cross the Ticino at Granillane. The news of this event produced a great sensation in Paris. After some days of painful suspense, during which the Emperor was silent, the capital was thrown into a delirium of joy by the appearance of a proclamation, in which he said—"Austria, in causing her army to enter the territory of the King of Sardinia, our ally, declares war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and invades our frontiers." All was now excitement and bustle throughout France. On the roads to Italy, soldiers of all arms, and officers of all ranks, were seen promiscuously crowding the wayside inns, embracing one another, and shouting "*Vive l'Italie!*" "*Mort aux Autrichiens!*" Piedmont was in a blaze of enthusiasm. The proud capital of the future kingdom of Italy resounded with the clanging of arms and the din of horsemen. Crowds gathered to see the war-trains drawn by three or four locomotives, or the commissariat carriages under the windows of the barracks. "I shall never forget," says Count Arribavene, "a scene which touched me exceedingly as I was crossing the Piazzo San Carlo. It was Sunday. A company of Lombard Voluntoers was coming from church—a company of boys and grey-headed men banded together for the defence of their country. As the patriot troop was passing, the crowd dashed along through the piazzo shouting with joy; the ladies at the windows threw sweet bunches of May flowers upon them, and the air was filled with a glad yet solemn tumult. Above those sounds of rejoicing, one name seemed to be borne aloft in a manner which showed that the happy people of Turin know well to whom they were indebted for their rising fortunes. Above the sublime monotony of the popular acclamations, I could distinctly hear the words—"Long live Cavour! Long live Cavour!"

On the 2nd of May the King called the nation to arms. He was himself commander-in-chief. The infantry were in five divisions, under Generals Durando, Fanti, Mollard, Cialdini, and Cuchiarri. The division of cavalry was commanded by General Lamburg. In the meantime three Austrian *corps d'armée* were encamped on the plains of Piedmont, on both banks of the Po; and it was expected that an attempt would be made to take Turin by a *coup de main* before the arrival of the French. But these were hurrying to the field of battle from the slopes of Mont Cenis and Mont Genevre. This was the direction taken by the third and fourth corps. The first and second, with the Imperial Guard and the war material, had started from Toulon to Genoa; and having crossed the Apennines, they occupied the valley of the Scrivia. The Imperial Guard was commanded by General Regnault de Sant Jean d'Angley, and the other divisions by Generals M'Mahon, Canrobert, Niel, and Prince Napoleon. The French Emperor enjoyed an ovation at Genoa, where he passed under triumphal arches, and amidst floral decorations, prepared by the hands of beautiful and delighted women. At Alessandria a still more glorious reception awaited the liberator of Italy. At the gate of Porta Marengo, leading to the field of battle made famous by the First Consul, an arch was erected, adorned with flowers and flags, on one of which was emblazoned the words, "To the Heir of the Conqueror of Marengo!" The Emperor had been met and conducted to the royal palace by the King, mounted on a bay charger, with a martial bearing worthy of one who aspired to be the sovereign of United Italy. Most interesting and picturesque were the scenes, whose wild gaiety contrasted with the stern grandeur of the old city, with its half-ruined palaces and decaying mediæval churches. Groups of Zouaves, bands of Hussars and Lancers, mingled with the lovely women and admiring girls of the city, singing and embracing each other with uncontrollable effusions of patriotic joy. Ladies of rank took the arms of young officers of the Imperial Guard, and whispered to them tender words of welcome and gratitude. "Priests and soldiers talked together, ate together, and sang together, under the glowing impulse of the nation's re-awakened life."*

It is recorded that on arriving at the royal palace, the Emperor was greatly moved at finding on his table the very maps on which the First Napoleon had traced the movements of his army before the battle of Marengo. In the joy of victory the map was forgotten, and it became the treasure of the family of the Marquis del Garofalo.

Space forbids any attempt to give the details of the battles between the two mighty armies, furnished with all the terrible appliances of modern warfare. The Austrians had taken up their ground at leisure, and occupied strong positions. The allied army was drawn up in a large crescent, which extended, without interruption, from Vercelli to Voghera. The first engagement with the enemy began on the 20th of May, at Genestrello, from which, after some hours' hard fighting, the Austrians were driven out. They then took up a fresh position at Montebello. There they were attacked—though 20,000 strong—by a body of about 6,000 infantry and six squadrons of Sardinian cavalry, by

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel." By Count Charles Arribavene. Vol. i., p. 7.

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. i., p. 21.

which they were routed in a few hours. General Forey was the commander of the French troops in this battle, and was the chief hero of the first victory over the Austrians. The Austrian general was completely outmanœuvred by the Emperor and the King. Unknown to the enemy, the allied army changed its line of battle, turning on its left wing from the right bank of the Po to the left. Thus this army of 200,000 men extended its undulating lines like an immense serpent, which had

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its head at Cameriano, its tail at Casale, and its centre at Palestro, on the other side of the Sesia. By this means the allied generals were enabled to effect movements which compelled the enemy to retreat to the left bank of the Sesia. This river was crossed on the 30th by General Cialdini. The King, followed by his whole army, also crossed on a bridge of boats. The Austrians were strongly fortified at Vinzaglio, on elevated ground, with ten field guns and two howitzers. The position was boldly attacked by General Cialdini. As soon as his men got within twenty paces of the entrenched camp, they rushed on and carried the position at the point of the bayonet, after showers of bullets had thinned their lines. As the Austrians were supported by reserves pouring in from the roads leading to the camp, the contest assumed a deadly character, and Cialdini would have been compelled to retire had not a second brigade been despatched to support him. In less than an hour, however, the victory was his—the enemy retreating towards Novara, leaving 300 muskets, with a considerable number of prisoners and wounded. A similar fate attended the Austrians posted at Casalino. The Sardinians won a still more brilliant victory at the village of Palestro, which caused the enemy to retreat on Robbio.

On the 30th of May the King issued the following address to his army:—"Soldiers!—Our first battle has been our first victory. Your heroic courage, the admirable order of your ranks, and the valour and sagacity of your chiefs, have this day triumphed at Palestro, Vinzaglio, and Casalino. The enemy, re-

peatedly attacked, has, after an obstinate defence, left his strong positions in your hands. This campaign could not commence under more favourable auspices. The triumph of this day is a sure pledge that you have other victories in reserve for the glory of your king and the fame of the brave Piedmontese army. Soldiers! the country exultingly expresses its gratitude to you, through me, and already points out to history the names of its heroic sons, who for the second time have bravely fought for it on the memorable 30th of May."

Victor Emmanuel is silent about his own part in these victories; but the French accounts did justice to his heroism. A telegram published in the *Moniteur* stated that on the 30th the Austrians in great force energetically attacked the King of Sardinia, and tried to hinder the French troops from passing the river; but the Sardinians, supported by the division of Trochu—which, however, took little part in the engagement—valiantly repulsed the Austrians. The 3rd Regiment of Zouaves, which was attached to the Sardinian division, performed wonders. Although unsupported, and in front of an Austrian battery of eight guns, which was served by the infantry, the Zouaves crossed the canal, ascended the heights, which were very steep, and charged the Austrians with the bayonet. More than 400 of the enemy were drowned in the canal, and five pieces of cannon were taken by the Zouaves, and three by the Austrians. General Cialdini was at the head of this gallant regiment, the King commanding the division in person. He pressed forward where the fight was most furious, the Zouaves vainly striving to restrain him.

The actions of the war followed one another with astounding rapidity. Bulletin after bulletin, telegraphed "from the Emperor to the Empress," announced a succession of signal triumphs for the French arms. One of the greatest of these victories was won on the 4th of June, at Magenta, when 5,000 Austrians were taken prisoners, and 15,000 killed or wounded. The loss of the French was about 2,000 placed *hors de combat*. The routed Austrians transferred their head-quarters to Abbiate Grasso, while the allies marched on Milan. That city had risen against the Austrian garrison, which evacuated the place precipitately, leaving their cannon and the treasure of the army behind them. On the 8th of June the Emperor and the King made their triumphal entry into the city, where they were received with unbounded joy. Victor Emmanuel immediately assumed the authority of sovereign by universal acclamation. He appointed a governor and issued ordinances for the regulation of its affairs. Louis Napoleon, on his part, hastened to explain to the Italians the object he had in view in breaking the chains of Austrian domination in Italy. He accordingly issued the following proclamation:—"Italians! the fortune of war having brought us into the capital of Lombardy, I am about to tell you why I am here. When Austria unjustly attacked Piedmont, I resolved to support my ally, the King of Sardinia, the honour and the interest of France making it a duty for me to do so. Your enemies, who are also mine, endeavoured to diminish the sympathy which was felt in Europe for your cause, by making it be believed that I only made war from personal ambition, or to aggrandise the territory of France. If there are men who do not comprehend this epoch, I am not of the number. In the enlightened state of public opinion there is more grandeur to be acquired by the moral influence which is exercised, than by fruitless conquests; and that moral influence I seek, with pride, in contributing to restore to freedom one of the finest parts of Europe. Your reception has already proved to me that you have understood me. I do not come here with the preconceived design of dispossessing the sovereign, nor to impose my will on you. My army will only occupy itself with two things—to combat your enemies and maintain internal order. It will not throw any obstacle in the way of the legitimate manifestation of your wishes. Providence sometimes favours nations as well as individuals, by giving them a sudden opportunity for greatness; but it is on condition that they know how to profit by it. Profit, then, by the fortune which is offered to you to obtain your independence. Organise yourselves militarily. Fly to the standard of King Victor Emmanuel, who has already so nobly shown you the path of honour. Remember, that without discipline there can be no army. Be to-day only soldiers, and to-morrow you will be the free citizens of a great country!"

What followed at Milan is described by the author previously quoted. When the Emperor and Victor Emmanuel appeared together in the streets, their progress was, in truth, a triumphal march. The King did not try to conceal the deep emotion which his face betrayed; and the Emperor himself, notwithstanding his phlegmatic temperament, could not control the joy he felt. During the stay of the two Sovereigns at Milan, there was a continuous succession of feasts and illuminations. Bright days and glorious moonlit nights added to the effect of these heartfelt rejoicings. After dark, the palaces, the Corsi, the piazzas, and the churches were ablaze with thousands of coloured lamps, with myriads of tricolour flames; and a multitude in procession, bearing torches, streaming slowly like a river of fire, with a perpetual surge, and the ceaseless sound of voices. The glorious names of Montebello, Frassinetto, Palestro, and Magenta were everywhere woven in the festoons of flowers with those of Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon, Italy, and France. It is stated that such was the public excitement in those days, that many persons actually went mad. But in the midst of these tumultuous scenes of delirious joy, the Milanese were not so dazzled by the splendour of majesty as to forget the man whose great mind had conceived the thoughts which the two Sovereigns had embodied in action—the architect of a national structure, of which they were now laying the foundations. Count Cavour was also at Milan, and his portrait, which only a few days before it would have been treason to exhibit, was now displayed in every shop, and at every window, surrounded by a large laurel crown. The count could scarcely drive through

the streets, or show himself at the theatre, without rousing the enthusiasm of the crowd. To escape from such continued ovations, he sometimes went through the city on foot. On one of these occasions he was recognised by two young ladies, who ran up and embraced him, and took from his coat the ribands of his order, as a souvenir of their great countryman. The aristocracy were not less enthusiastic; while the priests themselves were led away by the general excitement. A *Te Deum* was sung in the magnificent cathedral, the shrine of St. Carlo was opened, and the blessing of God invoked upon the heads of the liberators.

The Austrians, who had abandoned Milan in so much haste, had halted at Malegnano, half way between Milan and Lodi, where they remained for the purpose of protecting the main army in its retreat, after the defeat at Magenta. The French, aware of their object, hastened to attack them, and on the 8th of June, three divisions, under Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, arrived at that town, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The order to advance was immediately given. No resistance was met until they came to a cemetery on the left of the road, just before the entrance to the town. This cemetery was occupied by the enemy in great force. It was surrounded by a wall from fifteen to eighteen feet high, and covered outside with tombstones of black marble embedded in it, the only entrance being a large, massive, iron gate. Benches from a little chapel which is enclosed by the wall, and ladders, were placed against the enclosure to serve as a banquette to the defenders. There was a river crossing the main road, the bridge over which had been broken, and immediately behind the cemetery there was a large farmhouse, which was loopholed. The windows in the streets were occupied by riflemen. Notwithstanding the strength of these positions, one after another was rapidly carried at the point of the bayonet, the Zouaves, as usual, leading the way. After this there was a desperate and protracted street fight, every house being strongly occupied and obstinately defended. "Concealed behind the windows," wrote the *Times'* correspondent, "the enemy, sufficiently protected, directed a murderous fire on the attacking columns. They never showed themselves for an instant openly; but loading behind the walls, ran out and fired. In spite of this disadvantage, which occasioned a good deal of loss, one house after another was cleared of the Austrians, and in two hours they were driven out of the town with considerable loss. The French loss amounted to 50 officers and 800 men killed and wounded."

The Emperor and the King did not rest long upon their laurels at Milan; they followed the retreating Austrians across the plain of Milan, meeting no check till they reached the Mincio on the 23rd of June. The line of the two armies was formed, and extended from the shores of the Lago di Garda, at Desenzano, along the western edge of the hilly country, till, bending back, it touched the Chiese at Carpenedolo. The Emperor, with the guards as a reserve, took up his position at Montechiaro; and the King, with his staff, at Sonato. Contrary to expectation, the Austrians crossed the Mincio, and assumed the offensive. The whole Austrian army formed the line of battle, which extended five leagues in length, from Peschiera—on which they leant their extreme right—down into the plain of the Mincio, intersecting the great road to Goito. The Emperor of Austria was present, having chosen for his head-quarters Cavriana, a place in the centre of the line, the village of Solferino being the key of the whole position. Each of the armies had mistaken the movements of the other, though the French had sent up a man to reconnoitre in a balloon; it consequently happened that they came unexpectedly into collision. This occurred on Friday, the 25th of June. To a spectator, who could take in a view of the whole of those embattled hosts, the spectacle must have been awful. The forces of two of the greatest empires in the world were marshalled on that ground under the command of their respective sovereigns—empires which had often come into collision before, whose policy had almost constantly clashed, and whose people were inspired by hereditary animosity. The battle-field was classic ground; the prize contended for, the most beautiful country in Europe; the political and moral interests at stake, of the most momentous character; and the issues of the conflict destined to affect the condition and history of Europe for many an age. No less than 400,000 men stood armed and ready for the encounter. All the terrific appliances of modern warfare, all the machinery that had been recently invented for destroying human life with greater rapidity, were there, under the guidance of science and skill. A picture more sublimely terrific was perhaps never presented in the history of war. The moral interest of the scene was enhanced by the object of the impending battle. Victor Emmanuel, the constitutional sovereign of a small state, was aided by a despotic Emperor in his long-meditated mission to liberate and unite Italy, which had been for ages divided and oppressed by a foreign power. If he failed—if the battle-field should prove another Novara, he had before him the fate of his father, which he had sworn to avenge. If he succeeded, the most glorious destiny awaited him; he would be the king of free, united Italy, and would realise a state of things of which poets had dreamed, but which none but enthusiastic patriots like Mazzini and Garibaldi had hoped to see accomplished.

The Emperor of the French having issued his orders to Marshal Mac Mahon (whom he had created Duke of Magenta), to Marshal Canrobert, General Niel, and the rest, he took up his position on the heights in the centre of the line of battle. Meantime, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers had arrived at the foot of the steep hill on which the village of Solferino was built. This village was defended by considerable forces, which were entrenched in an old castle and a large cemetery, both surrounded by thick and crenellated walls. Several other generals had been ordered to concentrate their forces on the same point. The Austrian Emperor was posted on the hill behind Solferino, and in front of the village of Cavriana, from which, however, he was soon compelled

to retire by the shells, which fell thick around him when the battle began to rage. The fighting went on simultaneously along the whole line, so that, in fact, there was a series of battles being fought at the same time at different points of the immensely-extended lines; the horrors of the scene being increased by a tremendous thunder-storm which burst over the battle-field, darkening the air, and deluging the combatants with rain. The *Times'* correspondent, stationed on the heights above Solferino, thus described the progress of the stupendous struggle:—"The small puffs of the muskets exploding were lost in the immensity of the landscape. It was only when volleys of artillery followed each other in rapid succession, that the smoke took a distinct form. It was soon lost, however, in the general haze, and only broken again by the white parabola of rockets, of which the Austrians were making considerable use. The forms of the men were lost to the eye in the vast proportions of the fight; and it was only when heavy masses lay together, and they assumed an aggregate shape, that any conception could be obtained of their presence. With a telescope, one could see, as it were, myriads of men on each side fighting at all points; dead bodies of men and horses strewn on the ground, with the wreck of uniforms and arms; but, to the naked eye, it seemed as if a vast ant-hill were in motion, men becoming pigmies, as they doubtless are in encounters of such magnitude."

The result was given in a telegram from the Emperor. The battle lasted from four o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening. The Austrians were compelled to abandon all their positions, and they withdrew during the night, having blown up the bridge of Goito. The allies took thirty cannon, three flags, and 7,000 prisoners. "General Niel," said the Emperor, "and his corps have covered themselves with glory, as well as the whole army. The Sardinians inflicted considerable loss on the enemy, after contending with great fury against superior force." According to the Austrian account, the collision of the two armies took place at 10 a.m. "In the afternoon a concentrated assault of the enemy was made upon the heroically-defended town of Solferino. Our right wing repulsed the Piedmontese; but, on the other hand, the order of our centre could not be restored. Losses extraordinarily heavy, a violent thunder-storm, the development of powerful masses of the enemy against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Volta, caused our retreat, which began late in the evening." Francis Joseph, as already stated, was compelled to abandon his position at Cavriana; and Louis Napoleon proudly announced to the Empress that he had passed the night in the room occupied on the morning of the battle by the Emperor of Austria.

Garibaldi, as we have already seen, obtained the command of the Chasseurs of the Alps. In his interview with Victor Emmanuel, previous to the commencement of hostilities, after talking over maps and discussing plans, the general requested the King to leave him free to act according to circumstances; to which he replied—"Go where you like; do what you like! I feel only one regret: that I am not able to follow you." In five hours the general was at the head of his volunteers. On the 9th of May he arrived at Verona, after a long and tiresome day's march; thence he proceeded to Vercelli, where he repulsed the enemy; and on to Biella, continually skirmishing with the Austrian outposts, night and day; now up in the mountains, now down on the plains, until at length, with the whole of his small army, he arrived in Lombardy. "After a lapse of eleven years of misery and anxious expectation, the Italian volunteers had again passed the rubicon of Italian freedom and regeneration. But this time they were not to cope alone with the forces of Austria." The policy of the general was, by rapid movements, and by showing his forces in different and remote places at the same time, to give the enemy the idea that he had the command of a large army, and so to operate as a diversion in favour of the allied armies. On entering Lombardy he issued the following proclamation:—"Lombards! you are called to a new life, and you will respond to the appeal as your fathers did of yore at Ponsiela and Legnano. The enemy is the same as ever: pitiless, a black assassin, and a robber. Your brethren of every province have sworn to conquer or to die with you. It is our task to avenge the insults, the outrages, and the servitude of twenty generations. It is for us to leave our children a patrimony freed from the pollution of a foreign domination. Victor Emmanuel, chosen by the national will for our supreme chief, sends me to organise you for this patriotic fight. I deeply feel the sanctity of this mission, and I am proud to command you. To arms, then! bondage must cease. He who can seize an arm and does not is a traitor! Italy, with her children united and freed from foreign domination, will know how to reconquer the rank which Providence has assigned her among nations."

The battle-field of Solferino, as it appeared to a visitor on the following morning, exhibited in more than the ordinary measure the horrors of war. The smoke of the artillery no longer blackened the air; the sky was clear; the clash of arms, the beating of drums, the explosions of musketry and cannon had ceased; and to the excitement and tumult of the conflict had succeeded a mournful tranquillity, the awfulness of which no pen can describe. The cemetery had been the scene of one of the bloodiest struggles. There parties of French soldiers were still occupied in burying their dead. A broad, deep ditch had been excavated at the entrance of an adjoining convent, and into this ditch were thrown, without distinction, friends and foes. The silence was now and then broken by the piercing cries of the wounded who were calling for help. The ambulances were full, and train after train passed along the bye-roads, carrying wounded soldiers to Castiglioni and Brescia. Occasionally a discussion would break out among the men concerning the identification of a dead body just picked up in the cemetery, or amidst the trampled vineyards of the slopes. Farther back, through the lanes and streets of Solferino, up to the narrow

platform where the square tower rears its massive walls, the same sad scenes were to be witnessed. In the distant fields the peasantry were taking advantage of the confusion which never fails to characterise the day after a great battle, and were busy rifling the dead. The road towards Cavriana presented the same scenes of desolation as the cemetery. The farms scattered right and left, and the solitary chapel peeping out from a grove of cypresses at the turn of the road, or on the hillside, had each its heap of dead. The small walls which divide the farms were half thrown down by the explosion of the shells or the concussion of round shot. Groups of children and women were walking to and fro with baskets on their shoulders, carrying provisions to the different bivouacs. This picture of human misery was relieved by the gay hum of the camps, and the music of the military bands playing in the roadside fields. Death and life were there fantastically mingled. At some distance the fields around the cypress mount and the declivity of the hill were literally covered with dead bodies. The corpses were heaped together without any clothing, for they had been stripped by the neighbouring peasants, some of whom were dressed in French and Austrian uniforms. One appeared clad in a lancer's green vest; another in a Zouave jacket of the Imperial Guard; while children strutted in the short white tunics of the Bohemian soldiers. At San Martino, the field which the Italian troops had bravely held for many hours against overwhelming odds, the scenes were still more appalling. The ground was heaped with corpses, and almost every farm had been turned into a hospital. In spite of the horrible effluvia which polluted the air, the gallant army of Victor Emmanuel was still encamped on that fatal spot, preparing their dinners or cleaning their muskets, while large numbers of workmen were busy digging graves and burying the dead. Amidst those scenes of havoc civilians were sometimes met, and even ladies, anxiously inquiring about their relatives.*

In the meantime the Austrians had retreated to the Quadrilateral, and taken their position behind the lines of those celebrated fortifications, which were believed to be impregnable. The allies had crossed the Mincio in pursuit. The French head-quarters were established at Valeggio, in the villa of the Marchioness Maffei, which had been previously occupied by the Austrian Emperor. There Louis Napoleon was surrounded by eleven generals and fourteen orderly officers, besides secretaries, medical attendants, and a host of servants. His camp life was very simple. He might have been seen in his shirt sleeves writing at his desk, occasionally smoking a cigar, but always at work, attended by the chief of his staff, Marshal Vaillant. In spite, however, of the freedom which seemed to exist at the Imperial head-quarters, the strictest vigilance was kept up by the camp police. The Imperial body-guard, dressed in plain clothes, was formed of Corsicans and Italians—the latter being fully acquainted with almost all the emigrants of London and Brussels, so that any stranger who made his appearance went through the keenest scrutiny without knowing it. But Victor Emmanuel, whose head-quarters were at Monz Albano, took no such precautions. He had no body-guard, either in plain clothes or in uniform; living in the simplest way in a small house upon a hill, with two or three of his most intimate generals, of whom La Marmora was one. He dined every day, with the royal staff, at a large house in the vicinity, Count Cavour, five generals, ten orderly officers, and some other attendants, completing the royal circle. These simple habits of Victor Emmanuel, with his good-humoured countenance and affable manners, almost banished etiquette; the evenings being spent most pleasantly by the officers lounging, smoking, and talking over the anticipated fortunate end of the campaign. "How often," exclaims one of the number—Count Arrivabene—"was our conversation suddenly interrupted by the joyful face of that great man whom all Italians mourn—the matchless statesman Cavour! How his sharp, quick, lightning-like manner of speaking brightened up the discussion, or gave it the most serious and interesting turn. When Count Cavour appeared amongst the party, all mouths were silent; all ears were intent to hear what the great man had to say. But, alas! those delightful meetings of Monz Albano were destined to be abruptly and unexpectedly broken up. The terrible 6th of July was not long in coming. That sad day will remain a black spot on the history of France, until the Queen of the Adriatic shores shall be finally delivered from the Austrian yoke." *

Two days after the battle of Solferino, Count Cavour, with his friend and secretary, Nigra, had a long interview with the French Emperor. They found him exceedingly disgusted with the quarrels of his generals, deeply impressed by the horrible scenes of war he had just witnessed for the first time in his life; but, above all, proud and delighted that the military glory of France, and the superiority of her army over the Austrians, had been once more splendidly asserted. The count returned to the camp in high spirits and full of hope, under the impression that the Emperor was determined to prosecute the war with vigour to its conclusion, and that, in case it should be necessary for the accomplishment of that object, he would not scruple to appeal to the Hungarians. In the course of a day or two after, however, mysterious rumours were afloat in the camp, that a French general had been sent to Verona on some inexplicable mission to the Austrian Emperor. These rumours proved to be well founded. When both armies were fully marshalled, prepared for action at any moment, when there was some apprehension that their lines would be attacked by the enemy, or that they would be ordered to march on Verona, General Fleury was despatched with a proposal for an armistice. This step was taken without any communication with Victor Emmanuel, and without the knowledge of any human being except the bearer of the message. At seven

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. i., p. 220.

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. i., p. 254.

o'clock next morning he returned with a letter to his Imperial master, announcing the success of the mission. The result was the conclusion of an armistice for one month. The announcement, it need scarcely be said, spread consternation through the Sardinian camp, and excited the deepest disappointment and indignation throughout Italy. Coming upon the Italians, while still in the flush of victory and full of hope, they felt it not only as a terrible shock, but as a betrayal of their cause, and a national humiliation.

The two Emperors met at Villafranca, each accompanied by a brilliant staff, and they were closeted alone for an hour. Of what passed between them there is no record. "When they left the house and appeared in the street, to present to each other the officers of their staffs, the younger looked pale and embarrassed, the elder gay and at ease. The proud descendant of the Hapsburgs doubtless felt bitterly the humiliation of that moment. Louis Napoleon, on the contrary, had satisfied what was thought to be one of his greatest desires —the dealing in person with a legitimate Emperor. Nothing was written by the two monarchs at that meeting. The inkstand and paper which had been placed on the table were not touched, and they may still be seen exactly where they were set down."*

Prince Napoleon was sent as a plenipotentiary to Verona to arrange preliminaries of peace, and it was on the evening of that day that the Emperor announced to Victor Emmanuel that if the preliminaries could be arranged, peace would be concluded. It is said that the King, with extreme coldness of manner, replied, "Whatever may be the decision of your Majesty, I shall feel eternal gratitude for what you have done for the independence of Italy; and I beg you to believe that, under all circumstances, you may reckon on my complete fidelity." The moment Cavour heard the disastrous news, he jumped into a vettura, and, driving with all speed to head-quarters, immediately repaired to the King's apartments. We are told that he was greatly excited. "His face was scarlet, and his manner, ordinarily simple and easy, was now marked by violent gesticulations, showing that he had completely lost his usual self-control." He had an interview of two hours with the King, to whom he spoke in the most disrespectful terms of the French Emperor. He advised his master to reject the terms of peace, to withdraw his army from Lombardy, and even to abdicate—or do anything to vindicate his dignity. The King, calm and gracious, laboured to soothe the irritation of his almost frantic minister, but in vain. When he came forth from the royal presence his excitement had by no means abated. "I shall never," says Count Arrivabene, "forget that heartrending scene. Leaning against a wall, Cavour was violently talking with Nigra, his secretary. Broken words of indignation were now and then uttered by him, and his sunburnt face flashed forth anger in every expression. It was a singular and terrible sight."

The great statesman had just resigned, rather than endorse a peace concluded without his Sovereign or himself being consulted, and Ratazzi had received orders to form a cabinet. The ex-premier had scarcely departed in his carriage, amidst shouts of "Long live Cavour!" when the Emperor and Prince Napoleon drove up to dine with the King. It is said to have been a sad party, during which little was spoken by the royal host. On the 12th of July the Emperor returned to Paris, passing through Milan and Turin, where he had been so recently received with enthusiastic acclamations. He must have painfully felt the contrast, when the victor of Magenta and Solferino was permitted to return from the scenes of his military glory without a cheer from the people whose country he had promised to free from the Alps to the Adriatic; but which he seemed now to abandon, leaving his "mission" but half accomplished.

Before his departure, he issued a proclamation in the following terms:—"Soldiers,—An armistice has been concluded on the 8th instant between the belligerent parties, to extend to the 15th of August next. This truce will permit you to rest after your glorious labours, and, if necessary, to continue the work which you have so gloriously inaugurated by your courage and your devotion. I am about to return to Paris, and shall leave the provisional command of my army to Marshal Vaillant; but, as soon as the hour of combat shall have struck, you will see me again in your midst to partake of your dangers."

The armistice was immediately followed by the basis of a treaty of peace, the terms of which were arranged; and the treaty itself was provisionally signed, on the 11th of July, at Villafranca by the two Emperors. Its conditions were these:—

"The two Sovereigns will favour the creation of an Italian Confederation. That Confederation will be under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father. The Emperor of Austria cedes to the Emperor of the French his right over Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, so that the frontier of the Austrian possessions shall start from the extreme range of the fortress of Peschiera, and shall extend in a direct line along the Mincio, as far as Grazio; thence to Scorzarolo and Suzana to the Po, whence the actual frontiers shall continue to form the limits of Austria.

"The Emperor of the French will hand over the ceded territory to the King of Sardinia. Venetia shall form part of the Italian Confederation, though remaining under the crown of the Emperor of Austria. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena return to their states, granting a general amnesty.

"The two Emperors will ask the Holy Father to introduce indispensable reforms into his states. A full and complete amnesty is granted on both sides to persons compromised in the late events in the territories of the belligerent parties."

The French Emperor announced the treaty of Villafranca to his army by a proclamation, in which he said:—"Soldiers,—The basis of a peace has been

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. i., p. 267.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

agreed on with the Emperor of Austria. The principal object of the war is attained; Italy will for the first time become a nation. A Confederation of all the States of Italy, under the honorary presidency of the Pope, will re-unite in one group the members of the same family. Venice, it is true, will remain under the sceptre of Austria; but it will be, nevertheless, an Italian province forming part of the Confederation. The union of Lombardy to Piedmont creates for us on this side of the Alps a powerful ally, who will owe to us his independence. The governments that have taken no part in this movement, or are recalled to their territories, will comprehend the necessity of salutary reforms. A general amnesty will remove all traces of civil discord. Italy, henceforth the mistress of her own destinies, can only blame herself if she does not progress in order and liberty."

The Emperor then tells his army that a grateful country will receive with joy the soldiers who have carried to so high a point the glory of their arms at Montebello, Palestro, Turbigo, Magenta, Melignano, and Solferino; who in two months have liberated Piedmont and Lombardy, and have only stopped because the conflict was assuming a magnitude no longer in proportion to the interest that France had in this formidable war.

"Be proud, then," he concludes, "of your success; proud of the results obtained; proud, above all, of being the beloved sons of France, which will always be a great nation as long as she has the heart to comprehend noble causes, and men like you to defend them."

The Emperor of Austria soon after published an address to his people, in which he spoke of having exhausted all efforts to preserve peace without sacrificing his rights or his dignity, stating that he was consequently under the painful necessity of requiring from his people new and heavy sacrifices to enable him to take the field in defence of their most sacred rights. He acknowledges the alacrity with which they responded to his summons, which inspired him with confidence that the cause in which his gallant army was prepared to do battle would triumph.

But the fortune of war was not favourable, although the enemy, who made tremendous sacrifices, did not obtain a decisive victory. They had acquired advantages, however, of which they could not be deprived without new sacrifices, on the part of Austria, not less bloody than those which had already filled the heart with sorrow, nor without further and greater demands upon the faithful provinces of the empire for additional supplies of men and money.

Then the Emperor adds—"The result of renewed exertions would, besides, have been doubtful, as I was bitterly deceived in my well-founded hope that I should not stand alone in a war which was not undertaken for the rights of Austria exclusively. Notwithstanding the warm and gratefully to be acknowledged sympathy felt for our just cause in the greater part of Germany, by the governments as well as by the people, our oldest and most natural allies obstinately refused to take cognisance of the high importance of the great question of the day." The Emperor laments the unavoidable loss of Lombardy, but still it gives him heartfelt pleasure to restore to his beloved people the blessings of peace; and he says he will now direct his whole and uninterrupted attention to the development of the rich moral and material strength of Austria, and to the making of such improvements in legislation and administration as are in accordance with the spirit of the age. He concluded by thanking his people for the heroism of their sons, "who went to battle for God, their Emperor, and their country."

CHAPTER LVI.

Meeting of Zurich Conference — The Restoration of Grand Dukes proposed — Strong feeling at Florence — Address from the Provisional Government—Grand Reception at St. Cloud—Napoleon's Explanation of the Peace—The Pope's views upon Italy—Entry of the Piedmontese into the Pontifical States — Condition of Rome — Deputation of Romanese to the King of Sardinia—Letter to the Emperor from the Pope—His Answer—State of Parties at Home—Prorogation of Parliament.

PLENIPOTENTIARIES were appointed to arrange the terms of a definitive treaty of peace at Zurich, where they met on the 6th of August, and it was signed on the 11th of November following. The document consisted of three parts, which might be regarded as three distinct treaties, the first containing a conveyance of Lombardy to France, the second a conveyance of the same province from France to Sardinia, and the third re-establishing peace between the three powers.

The Venetian territory was still in the possession of Austria, with the right of entering into the proposed Italian confederation, under the presidency of the Pope. It was the height of absurdity to suppose that the Pope would ever consent to be the president of any confederation of the kind, or that Venice could derive advantage from the nominal concession of any rights so long as she was subject to the foreign domination of Austria. One of the most unsatisfactory portions of the treaty was the stipulation for the restoration of the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena to their dominions, from which they had fled in consternation, their subjects having revolted, almost to a man, against them. According to the treaty of Villafranca, and the state of things which it recognised, the whole gain to Italy resulting from the war was the rescuing of Lombardy from Austria, and annexing it to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. This was no doubt a great advantage—an important accession to the cause of constitutional government; but as the fortresses of Austria still menaced the independence of Piedmont, the whole results were in the highest degree disappointing, not only to the people of North Italy, but to the provinces which had thrown off the yoke of their petty princes, and had already established provisional governments. At Florence the feeling was so strong, that the French colours were torn down, and trampled under foot by the citizens. The provisional government hastened to publish an address, in which they said, "Tuscany will never consent to be again placed under the yoke, and subjected to the influence of Austria, contrary to its own wishes and rights."

On the 19th of July the Emperor received at St. Cloud the great bodies of the State, who went to congratulate him upon his triumphs. Their presidents were his own creatures, the men who had planned with him the *coup d'état*, and who had enjoyed with him the fruits of that bloody revolution. His most devoted friend and ablest assistant, the Count de Morny, addressed him in terms of adulation strong enough for the First Napoleon, saying—"The noblest victory of all is the victory you have obtained over yourself. In the burst of triumph, you have shown yourself a generous enemy, as well as a faithful and disinterested ally; surrounded by victorious and ardent warriors, you only thought of sparing their precious blood; you have given true liberty to Italy; delivering her from despotism, and forbidding revolutionary proceedings; finally, with that wonderful tact which characterises you, you have gone as far as the honour of France exacted, and not beyond her interests."

The reply of the Emperor to these addresses was really an apology to the French, the Italians, and the English, for what he felt to be a very imperfect fulfilment of the task he had undertaken. His reasons for stopping short, it must be confessed, are very forcible in themselves, and admirably expressed. But they are susceptible of this complete answer: that they should all have been foreseen, and should have entered into his calculations when he published his programme. Yet it appears that even when, at Milan, he addressed the Italians as a conqueror, the new light had not broken in upon him, which revealed the strength of the Quadrilateral, and the cost of expelling the Austrians from Venetia. That new light seems to have flashed from the Austrian ranks at Solferino. The Emperor said—"Gentlemen, Finding myself again in the midst of you, who during my absence have shown so much devotion to the Empress and to my son, I feel first of all the desire to thank you, and then to explain to you the motives of my conduct. When, after a successful campaign of two months, the French and Sardinian armies pitched their camp before the walls of Verona, the struggle was evidently on the point of undergoing a change in a military as well as in a political point of view. I was fatally obliged to attack in front an enemy intrenched behind great fortresses, protected against any diversion on his flanks by the neutrality of the territories which surrounded him; and in commencing the long and sterile war of sieges, I found in presence of me Europe in arms, ready either to dispute our success or to aggravate our reverses.

"Nevertheless, the difficulty of the enterprise would neither have shaken my resolution nor stopped the enthusiasm of my army, had not the means been out of proportion with the results to be expected. It was necessary to resolve boldly to break through the barriers raised by neutral territories, and then to accept the struggle on the Rhine as well as on the Adige. It came to this: to accept everywhere the support of revolution. More precious blood must have been shed, and enough has been shed already. In a word, to succeed, it was necessary to stake what no sovereign ought to stake, unless the independence of his country is in danger. If, then, I stopped short, it was not from weariness or exhaustion, nor from abandonment of the noble cause I wished to serve, but because a louder voice spoke within my heart—'the interests of France.'

"Do you imagine it cost me nothing to put a break upon the ardour of my soldiers, who, excited by victory, wished to advance? Do you suppose that it cost me nothing publicly, in the face of Europe, to curtail from my programme the territory which extends from the Mincio to the Adriatic? Do you imagine that it cost me nothing to behold noble illusions destroyed in honest hearts—patriotic hopes extinguished? To serve Italian independence, I waged war against the grain of Europe. As soon as the destinies of my country were imperilled, I concluded peace. And can it now be said that our efforts and sacrifices are a pure loss? No. As I said in my farewell address to my soldiers, we have a right to be proud of this short campaign. In four combats and two battles, a powerful army, inferior to none in organisation and bravery, has been defeated. The King of Piedmont, once styled the Guardian of the Alps, has seen his country delivered from invasion, and the frontier line of his states extended from the Ticino to the Mincio. The idea of Italian nationality is admitted by its warmest opponents. All the Sovereigns of the Italian peninsula understand, at last, the imperious necessity of salutary reforms.

"Thus, after having given a new proof of the military power of France, the peace which I have just concluded will be fruitful of happy results; the future will reveal them daily more and more, for the happiness of Italy, the influence of France, the quiet of Europe."

In his reply to the diplomatic body, the Emperor gives an additional reason for the abrupt and unexpected conclusion of peace: "Europe," he said, "was in general so unjust towards me at the commencement of the war, that I was happy to be able to conclude peace as soon as the honour and interests of France were satisfied, and to prove that it could not enter into my intentions to subvert Europe and provoke a general war. I hope that now all causes of dissent will vanish, and that peace will be of long duration."

The Pope was quite as much dissatisfied with the work accomplished by the Emperor in Italy as any of the people, whose hopes he had raised and disappointed. On the 12th of July Cardinal Antonelli addressed a circular to the representatives of the Papal Government at foreign courts, in which he described the war as deplorable, and complained that in spite of all the assurances given by the Emperor of the French and the King of Piedmont, facts occurred every day showing that it was intended to strip the Holy See of a part of its temporal dominions. Thousands of muskets had been brought to Rome, wherewith to arm insurgents and volunteers; cannon also had been imported "to aggravate the troubles of the revolted provinces, and to encourage the audacity of the disturbers of order." Another fact, which, he said, added to the flagrant violation of neutrality, was the appointment of the Marquis D'Azeglio as an extraordinary commissioner in Romagna, to direct the

movement of the Legations during the war. This step, under the specious pretext of preventing the national movement from leading to any disorder, he regarded as a manifest usurpation of power, which affected the rights of the territorial sovereign of those states.

The Piedmontese troops had even entered the Pontifical States, occupying Terre Urbano and Castel Franco, the sole object of this movement being to join the rebels in opposing an energetic resistance to the Pontifical troops, which had been sent to restore legitimate power in the revolted provinces. As a final proof of the complete usurpation of the legitimate sovereignty of the Pope, two officers of engineers had been sent to Ferrara, to mine and destroy the fortress. "Such odious proceedings," he continued, "in the perpetration of which a flagrant violation of the law of nations is manifest in more than one point of view, cannot but fill the soul of the Holy Father with bitterness, and provoke in him a lively and just indignation, which is rendered more poignant still by the surprise with which he sees such enormities proceed from the government of the Catholic King."

The afflictions of the Pope accumulated from day to day, as the spirit of revolt took deeper root among his subjects, whom he had been accustomed to address as his beloved children, and who continued to express in every form their determination to submit no more to his paternal authority. On the 3rd of September the Assembly of Romagna adopted an address, in which they formally cast off their allegiance, stating that the temporal government of the Pope was substantially and historically distinct from the spiritual government of the Church, which they would always respect. But they called God to witness the rectitude of their intentions, while they declared that the people of Romagna refused to live any longer under the temporal sway of the Pontiff. On the 24th of September a deputation from Romagna waited on the King of Sardinia, begging that the Legations might be annexed to Piedmont, and tendering him allegiance as their sovereign. A similar offer was made to him on behalf of Tuscany. While expressing his gratitude to both, the King returned an evasive answer, finding himself tied up by the treaty of Villafranca, and fearing to give offence to the Emperor of the French. But he said—"I receive your wishes, and, strong by the rights conferred upon me, I will support your cause before the great powers. You may rely on their sense of justice. You may rely upon the generous love of our country felt by the French Emperor, who will accomplish the great work of reparation he has so powerfully begun, and who, assured of the gratitude of Italy, and seeing the moderation which has characterised your resolution during the late moments of incertitude, will recognise the fact that in the Romagna the mere hope of a national government suffices to put an end to civil disorders."

The Papal Government was so deeply offended at the reception given to the Romagnese deputation, and the hopes held out to them, that the Pope immediately sent his passports to the Sardinian *chargé d'affaires* at Rome, and ordered him to quit the city. During this transition state of things the various provincial assemblies of Central Italy united to offer the regency of their states to Prince de Carignan, cousin of Victor Emmanuel; but this honour was declined by him under the pressure of French influence, and it was consequently conferred upon Buon Compagni, who had been acting as extraordinary commissioner of Victor Emmanuel in Tuscany.

All these measures led to a strong remonstrance, which was addressed by the Pope to the French Emperor, and to which the latter sent an elaborate reply, explaining and vindicating his own conduct. The letter of the Pope was dated the 2nd of December, but the answer was not dispatched till the 31st of the same month. He reminds the Pope that he had written to him immediately after the war, and that among the most potent reasons which induced him to conclude peace so promptly was the fear of seeing the revolution assume daily increasing dimensions in the states of the Church. "Facts," he said, "have an inexorable logic; and, despite my devotion to the Holy See, despite the presence of my troops at Rome, I could not avoid a certain amount of connection with the results of the national movement caused in Italy by the struggle against Austria. . . . . I found myself powerless to prevent the establishment of the new government. My endeavours only succeeded in preventing a spread of the insurrection, and the resignation of Garibaldi preserved the Marches of Ancona from certain invasion." The Emperor admits the right of the Holy See to the Legations; but if their subjection were to be obtained by the aid of foreign troops, it would imply their military occupation for a long time. "This occupation," he added, "would keep alive the hatred and resentments of a great portion of the Italian people, as also the jealousy of the great powers. This would be, then, to perpetuate a state of irritation, distrust, and fear."

The Emperor then announced, with sincere regret, that he was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that the solution which appeared most conformable to the true interests of the Holy See was the surrender of the revolted provinces. He pointed out what he conceived to be the effects of that concession—the restoration of tranquillity, the assurance of peace to grateful Italy, and the undisturbed possession of the States of the Church. He at the same time delicately reminded the Pope of the difficulties of his own position, and of what he had already done for the Church and its head; hoped he would give a kind interpretation to his frank language, assured him of his unalterable attachment, thanked him for the apostolic blessing which he had sent to the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and himself, and concluded by signing himself the devoted son of his Holiness.

It was while the war in Italy was in progress that Lord Palmerston assumed the reins of government, which Lord Derby had been compelled to relinquish after the general election. In the statement made by the Premier regarding the principles by which he would be guided in his foreign policy, he expressed his confidence

that nothing would occur which would involve this country in hostilities. They would, of course, be ready to use the good offices of England, when an opportunity occurred, to restore to Europe the blessings of peace. "But," he said, "a great country like this ought not to tender advice or interpose offices until it sees that the march of events renders it likely that those good offices, or that advice, will be acceptable to those to whom they are tendered. Lightly, and without sufficient consideration, to commit the country to steps of that sort would be derogatory to the dignity of the nation, and useless with regard to any good which might be anticipated from the adoption of such a course." Parliament, however, were soon relieved from any perplexity on the subject by the startling news of the sudden conclusion of peace, which arrived by telegraph on the 12th of July. In consequence of this intelligence Lord Malmesbury and Lord Normanby postponed motions, of which they had given notice, on the Italian question; and, in the imperfect state of information which then existed, little was said in either House upon the subject. But on the 28th of July, it was formally taken up by Lord John Russell. He remarked that the reasons assigned for establishing peace had a certain validity; but he believed that there was a reason not assigned in any state papers, which had a considerable weight with the two Emperors—namely, the numbers that had fallen upon the field of battle; and it was no disparagement of either to suppose them influenced by such a terrible spectacle. England had been invited by the French Emperor to enter into a conference, but before doing so, they should know something more about the treaty of Villafranca. It did not say that the Italian confederation was formed, or should be formed, but only that the two sovereigns would favour its formation. Lord John thought that such a confederation would be wise; but he doubted if it was practicable at that time, and whether a confederation with the Pope as chief, and the Emperor of Austria as one of its members, would be desirable. How could such a body assent to a religious toleration or liberty of conscience? How could the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had forfeited his rights by abdication, be forced back upon his subjects, who had asserted their independence? Then how could the difficulty about the Pope be got over? The Emperors recommended to him indispensable reforms, but he declined to take their advice. It would never do for a minister of the crown of Great Britain to say that this country, which has taken part in all the great concerns of Europe since 1815—in the formation of the kingdom of Greece and in the formation of the kingdom of Belgium—should now, suddenly and without any reason, withdraw from a meeting of the powers of Europe, if there were any chance that the situation of Italy might be improved, that peace might be confirmed, and the independence of the Italian states secured by our taking part in the Congress.

Mr. Disraeli assailed the policy of the Government, and argued against going into the congress. He was answered by Lord Palmerston; and several other gentlemen having taken part in the discussion, particularly Mr. Whiteside, Mr. Maguire, Lord C. Hamilton, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Kinglake, the subject was allowed to drop. It was taken up again on the 8th of August, by the Marquis of Normanby, who complained of the mystery observed about the treaty of Villafranca. He feared that Lord Palmerston took a one-sided view of the question, misled by enthusiasts, and overborne by the Mazzini party. On the same evening, in the Commons, Lord Elcho moved for an address to the Queen on Italian affairs, which gave rise to a debate, in the course of which Mr. Gladstone gave a true description of Austrian rule. During a period of forty-five years, whenever liberty raised its head in Italy, it was crushed by the iron hand of Austria, and abuses were re-established in all their rigour. The position of Sardinia, with her improved institutions, became of necessity a standing danger to that power. But might not Austria be stronger out of Italy than in it? He could not understand why we should refuse to assist the Emperor of the French, but leave him to struggle alone with the difficulty of the question. On the other hand, it was contended that England was asked merely to lend her sanction to arrangements made without consulting her, and to settle the details of a new state of things which she had nothing to do in bringing about, and in which she had no direct concern. The motion of Lord Elcho was ultimately withdrawn, and Parliament was prorogued by commission on the 13th of August. In the Royal speech the following allusion was made to the Italian question: "The war which has broken out in Northern Italy having been brought to a close by the peace of Villafranca, various overtures have been made to Her Majesty, with a view to ascertain whether, if conferences should be held by the great powers of Europe for the purpose of settling arrangements connected with the present and future condition of Italy, a plenipotentiary would be sent by Her Majesty to assist at such conferences; but Her Majesty has not yet received the information necessary to enable Her Majesty to decide whether she may think fit to take part in any such negotiation."

CHAPTER LVII.

Garibaldi—His views on the Peace—Interview with Victor Emmanuel—The Ratazzi Ministry—Garibaldi and Italian Unity—His Operations in Central Italy—He issues a Proclamation to the Volunteers—Jealousy regarding him—Resignation of Ratazzi—Cavour again in Office—Nice—Sacrifice of Savoy—Rome and Venetia—Garibaldi and his Army—View of Cavour on this Expedition—They start for Sicily—Their Campaign.

AMIDST all that was doubtful, ambiguous, or perplexing in the Italian revolution, which resulted so happily in the establishment of the Kingdom of United Italy under the constitutional government of Victor Emmanuel, there was, at least, one character which always appeared without a shadow—which shone with unclouded lustre to the end. Garibaldi was the real hero of the Italian war. He was the man of action, who realised the great thoughts of Mazzini. If the latter was the first to conceive the idea of Italian unity, it was the former that

made it a fact. "If," as an eloquent writer has said, "it was Mazzini's thought that leaped into Garibaldi's deed," and "that the great deed was set shining in the dazzle of a great renown,"* it should be recollected that the man of action must be capable of conceiving and appreciating the thought, and must at the same time possess the courage and capacity of seizing the opportunity of giving it effect. The grandest and truest thoughts avail little in carrying out a mission of national regeneration and independence, without a courageous heart to brave the power of tyranny, and a strong arm to wield the sword of the liberator. No doubt the one character is necessary to the other in a work of the kind; and it is true, as the writer just quoted remarks, that the man of thought spends himself in giving rootage to that new life which is destined to burst into full flower in the victories of a man of action like Garibaldi; and that the many can appreciate the glory of the flower, while only the few think of the rootage taken in the dark.

We have already referred to Garibaldi's preliminary operations as General of the Cacciatari, and to his successful skirmishing with the Austrians, till he reached the soil of Lombardy, after encountering difficulties almost insurmountable, which were greatly aggravated by the want of due support from his own Government. It is stated by one of his officers that the Sardinian minister had promised him 10,000 men, well armed, with a battery and a squadron of cavalry; but he broke his promise, closed the enrolment as soon as 4,500 had enlisted, and there left him without cannon or horses, with the exception of a few Guides.† Yet so admirable were his tactics, that the Austrian General Urban, at the head of 10,000 excellent troops, never succeeded in isolating and surrounding the 3,000 Cacciatari. In a proclamation to the inhabitants of Brescia, the General said—"The joyous demonstrations with which you have received the Chassours of the Alps give new proofs of your patriotic enthusiasm. You have shown that, as zealous guardians of your recovered independence you are resolved to defend it with your lives, and to consecrate it with your blood. The enemy leave, wherever they go, traces of their barbarity and their execrable domination, now finally overthrown. Then, unfurl the tri-coloured banner, the idol of our hearts, and you will command the love and the courage of your country! Let the glorious Italo-French armies, in delivering you from your enemies, find you worthy of your liberators."

The campaign of Garibaldi in the Valtelino displayed uniformly the qualities of a great general, and extorted the admiration of the enemy. The Austrian officers encamped on the Stelvio spoke of him in the highest terms of praise, and thought him a truly wonderful man; as for the Croats, they firmly believed that he was the son of the devil. Garibaldi, it may well be supposed, felt as deeply as Cavour the blow inflicted on the hitherto triumphant cause of his country by the French Emperor in the treaty of Villafranca. When Cavour resigned, the General went to the King to give up his commission, with all the officers of his corps; but Victor Emmanuel said—"No; Italy still requires the legions you command, and you must remain." Garibaldi consented. Then followed in Italian affairs a period of uncertainty, perplexity, confusion, and mystery. The "Ratazzi Ministry had no settled plans, and not knowing what was best to do, did nothing." The Sardinian envoys were recalled from the duchies and the Romagna; Garibaldi was requested to resign the command of the Æmilian army; the vote of the different provincial parliaments for annexation to Sardinia was neither refused nor accepted; the nomination of Prince Carignano to the regency of the provinces was declined, and Buon Campagni, who had not been asked for, was sent in his stead. The organisation of the Sardinian army also was neglected, and the incorporation of the Lombard provinces with Piedmont was conducted so inefficiently as to cause great discontent. The policy of Napoleon towards Italy had indeed been treacherous. In nothing that he had achieved had he gained the confidence of the Italians. His words were deemed enigmas; his deeds regarded with suspicion; his most solemn promises bore no weight with a people who felt that they were betrayed at the very hour when deliverance was within their grasp. Unfortunately, since the luckless day when the treaty of Villafranca was signed, the conduct of Napoleon had been dark: a more inauspicious affair than that transaction had never been recorded by history. It left nothing complete, and everything to be settled. All those manifestations of sympathy which were exhibited towards him, when it was supposed that the French came as liberators, ceased on his second appearance at Milan; no more bouquets, no more ovations, no more crowns. His troops were looked upon then as the obedient janissaries of a capricious sultan; there was silence accordingly; there was vacancy. In vain the French regiments entered the cities, trumpets sounding and drums beating; the windows remained closed, and the inhabitants kept silence; or perhaps a single form was seen—that of a beautiful woman in deep mourning: at once a satire and a protest against the cowardly and treacherous peace. The two Emperors disposed of Lombardy exactly as if the King of Sardinia had no existence. Francis Joseph yielded it to Napoleon, who passed it on to Victor Emmanuel. Was it for this that the Piedmontese Sovereign gained the battle of San Martino? that Garibaldi cleared the mountain tracks of Lombardy of the Austrians? that two Sardinian divisions covered the left wing of the French army, and contributed to the victory of Solferino? Was it for this that the Piedmontese army was upon the point of taking Peschiera, and that Garibaldi cut off the enemy's communications with Germany by the Stelvio? It is now almost universally supposed that wherever the French went they did everything; the ally was only an accomplice. As in the Crimea, so in Italy, the French contrived to throw their allies into the

* *Athenæum*, Sept. 10, 1864.
† "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. i., p. 103.

shade, and to monopolise to themselves the attention of the world.*

Garibaldi, however, did not lose heart under these discouraging circumstances; on the contrary, he issued an order of the day, in which he said: Whatever may be the march of existing circumstances, Italians must neither lay aside their arms nor be discouraged. They ought, on the contrary, to increase in number in the ranks, to testify to Europe that, guided by their King, Victor Emmanuel, they are ready to face again the vicissitudes of war, whatever they may be. Perhaps at the moment we least expect it the signal of alarm may again be sounded." It happened as he wished. At the suggestion of Count Cavour, he was sent to Florence as commander-in-chief of the army of Central Italy. On his arrival in that city he issued a proclamation, in which he said: "Italians of the Centre!—It is only a few months since we said to the Lombards, 'Your brothers of all the provinces have sworn to conquer or die with us.' And the Austrians know whether we have kept our word. To-morrow we shall say to you what we then said to the Lombards; and the noble cause of your country will find you drawn up on the first field of battle. Returned to your homes, forget not, amidst the embraces of those who are dear to you, the gratitude which you owe to Napoleon and to the heroic French nation, whose sons, wounded and mutilated, still suffer

THE QUEEN OF NAPLES (1860).

* "Garibaldi and Italian Unity," by Lieut.-Colonel Chambers, VI, 12–14.

on the bed of pain for the cause of Italy." Wherever Garibaldi went through Tuscany, in his tour of inspection, the inhabitants received him with unbounded joy. He accepted all the demonstrations gladly, as inspired by devotion to their country and loyalty to Victor Emmanuel; but this did not save him from the jealousy of the generals of the regular army, particularly Della Marmora, who refused to recognise Garibaldi's nominations, and gave orders to dismiss all the volunteers from Central Italy, that they might serve in their own province. It is stated that as many as 18,000 or 20,000 of these passed through Modena; but not one could be induced to enter the regular army, so sickened were they of their Piedmontese experience; but all were ready to follow Garibaldi. General Fanti, who had resigned the chief command of the army, became Minister of War at Modena, and thwarted Garibaldi in every possible manner; going so far as even to send confidential messages to his officers, warning them not to execute his orders. These studied annoyances were designed to cause the high-spirited General to give up his command, in compliance, it is believed, with the desire of the French Emperor. In consequence of these intrigues Garibaldi retired. This event caused a profound sensation of regret throughout Italy, and was regarded as a heavy discouragement to the national cause. Garibaldi was the idol of the Italian troops. "No man in our day," says Colonel Chambers, "has been so universally adored. The women love him for his chivalry; the great mass of the people for his intrepidity and simplicity of character; and to follow him was to follow honour and virtue. In Central Italy he was the most splendid personification of the national sentiment; a separation from him was for all a sad misfortune, inasmuch as many believed the national cause was abandoned and lost for ever. It was to check such a belief, and to prevent it from gaining ground, that Garibaldi issued the following proclamation to his companions in arms in Central Italy: 'Let not my temporary absence cool your ardour for the holy cause that we defend. In separating myself from you, whom I love as the representatives of the idea of the Italian deliverance, I am downcast and sad; but consolation comes in the certainty that I shall very soon be amongst you again, to aid you in finishing the work so gloriously begun. For you, as for me, the greatest of all possible misfortunes would be not to be present whenever there is fighting for Italy. Young men, you who have sworn to Italy and the chief who will lead you to victory, lay not down your arms; remain firm at your post; continue your exercises, and persevere in the soldier's discipline. We desire to invade no foreign soil; let us remain unmolested in our own. Whosoever attempts to gainsay this, our determination, will find that we will never be slaves, unless they succeed in crushing by force an entire people ready to die for liberty. I say again, do not lay down your arms; rally more closely than ever to your chiefs, and maintain the strictest discipline. Fellow-citizens, let not a man in Italy omit to contribute his mite to the national subscription, and let no one fail to clean his rifle, so as to be ready, perhaps to-morrow, when we may obtain by force that which, to-day, they hesitate to grant to our just rights.'"

Garibaldi had set on foot a subscription for a million of rifles to arm the volunteers; his demand was liberally responded to in England and elsewhere. His resignation did not check this movement. Scarcely a day passed on which he did not receive numbers of letters from Italy, as well as from abroad, announcing new subscriptions. The Garibaldi subscription had become more and more a demonstration in favour of Italian unity, as well as a practical means of arming the people. Even the Venetians took part in it, in spite of the espionage of the Austrian police. The position of the General became extremely difficult, in consequence of the intrigues with which he was surrounded, in order to get him out of the way. It was generally understood to be the desire of the Emperor of the French to form a kingdom in Central Italy, of which Prince Napoleon would be the sovereign; and the great obstacle to this design was the boundless influence of Garibaldi, and his well-known determination to frustrate all such schemes. One fact is mentioned, which would seem to implicate the King, or some of his Ministers, in a plot to put Garibaldi *hors de combat* by treachery. In the course of the campaign on the lakes, he received instructions from the King to attack the Austrians from a certain point, being informed that the manœuvre was necessary to the plan of the campaign, and receiving a promise that he would be supported by the Piedmontese army. The promised support did not come—a result which he feared, and, therefore, advanced cautiously. Colonel Chambers states that had he attacked in earnest his little army must have been entirely destroyed. Colonel Exalbion expresses a similar opinion. "For three or four days," he writes, "Garibaldi was supposed to be lost—either cut to pieces or forced to fly into Switzerland. It was asserted that he had been betrayed into that false position by a promise to send him reinforcements, and that the promise was purposely broken, in order to get rid of a man who had it in his power to become dangerous; and to destroy the reputation of the volunteers, and take away from the people all idea of conquering by their own efforts, leaving them no hope save in the regular army."

In January, 1860, the Ratazzi Cabinet resigned, and Count Cavour was charged with the formation of a new ministry. At the general election, Garibaldi was returned as a member of the chamber for Nice, his native city, the authorities, at the same time, presenting him with a sword of honour. Soon after the conclusion of peace, rumours were rife that Nice and Savoy were to be surrendered to France, as a reward for her services. This was deemed incredible, for the French Emperor had emphatically disclaimed any interested motives or any desire for the acquisition of territory, and it could not be supposed that Victor Emmanuel would ever consent to alienate the cradle of his dynasty. When Cavour was questioned on the subject by Garibaldi, he distinctly denied that he had ever dreamt of such a thing. This denial was often repeated; but when the fact of a secret

compact to this effect became notorious, the Emperor authorised Lord John Russell to assure the House of Commons that, however, confident in the justice of his claim, he would not take any step to carry it into effect without first consulting the great powers of Europe. Yet he shortly afterwards quietly entered into possession, without troubling them on the subject. As all civil and military functionaries in the ceded provinces were to retain their respective ranks, Garibaldi would have become a general of division in the French army; but he at once and decidedly declared that his choice was Italy, and that he intended to remain a subject of King Victor Emmanuel. The *Times'* correspondent stated that "the only plausible defence of the Sardinian Government was in these pithy words, 'needs must, where the—(Emperor) drives.'" Not a word of discussion on the subject was permitted by Cavour in the Sardinian Chamber; and without any appeal to his Parliament, the King withdrew his governors and his troops; whereupon Savoy and Nice were immediately occupied by French soldiers. On the 12th of April, Garibaldi, in his place in the chamber, made an attempt to defeat the scheme by showing that the transfer of territory without the consent of Parliament was unconstitutional and illegal. He showed also that the moral pressure put upon Nice rendered the appeal to universal suffrage a mockery; that bribery and threats had been freely used to secure the majority of votes. He moved, therefore, that the voting be put off till the Piedmontese Parliament had fully deliberated on the subject. His motion was lost; but his effort to save the fair city—which was an Italian city, which had fought for the common cause—won for him an enthusiastic reception from the people outside, by whom he was actually carried away in triumph. The first act of the Italian Parliament was to ratify the sale of the people of Nice. This transaction caused an irreconcilable breach between Garibaldi and Cavour. The General was obliged to content himself with "protesting against the act of fraud and of violence just committed." It was, however, asserted in some quarters that Cavour sacrificed his own popularity to save that of the King. It is difficult, in any view of the subject, to acquit Victor Emmanuel of some duplicity. When the deputation from Nice were received at the palace, they were assured that all rumours of the cession were groundless, and that their King would be the first to protest against such a measure. The *Times'* correspondent, alluding to these transactions between Piedmont and France, threw much of the blame upon the Prime Minister, and at the same time cast a shadow upon the lustre of his character. "Cavour," he remarked, "accustomed as he was to the exercise of a very absolute power within the cabinet, in which he frequently took two or even three portfolios upon his own shoulders; to rouse and to lull at his pleasure, to browbeat, and sometimes even to bully the Parliament—Cavour never stopped to consider the nature of a promise which bound him to the sale or barter of rational beings, and gave himself as little concern about it as if they were dumb cattle." The best apology that can be offered for both Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour is, that in order to accomplish the great object they had in view, they felt it necessary to dissimulate. They had come to the conclusion that it was utterly impossible to drive the legions of Austria out of Italy without the aid of France; and by secret conference with Louis Napoleon, they had learned that this aid could not be obtained without the surrender of Savoy and Nice. The King avowed that the sacrifice of Savoy was one of the most painful that could be demanded; but if not made, the cause of Italian independence was lost. On the other hand, if the Italian people, full of the spirit of enthusiasm with which Garibaldi had inspired them, had been aware of the bargain made with the professedly disinterested liberator, the King would have lost all his influence, and, in all probability, the states of Central Italy would not have voted as they did, almost unanimously, for annexation with Piedmont. The principle that the end justifies the means, does not seem so repugnant to morality in the minds of the subtle Italians as in those of the northern races. Besides, it must be remembered that the moment Cavour felt the Italian cause was strong enough to assert its independence of the French Emperor, he did not hesitate to advise that course. Accordingly, when that Minister came into office, undeterred by the threat of France to withdraw from the contest, and to leave Sardinia to contend alone against Austria and Naples, he, on the part of his country, boldly accepted the position, and declared himself ready to risk all the consequences of annexation. This measure was voted unanimously in the provinces of Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna, the population almost to a man rejecting the claims of their hereditary sovereigns and the pretensions of Prince Napoleon. Thus, so far, the idea of United Italy was realised; and, however mortified the Emperor might be at having his darling scheme frustrated, he could not attempt to undo his own work, to reimpose the yoke he had broken, or to disregard a state of things resulting from universal suffrage.

The Romans and Venetians were still in bondage, and there seemed as yet no way opened for their liberation. The former were kept down by a powerful French garrison, which could be increased to any extent at the shortest notice; the latter dwelt under the shadows of the Quadrilateral, the strongest fortresses in the world, and Austria was determined to hold that province with its seaboard at any cost. But it occurred to Garibaldi and his friends that something might be done to overthrow the feeble government of the King of Naples in Sicily. Mazzini had sent an agent there, who reported that it would be dangerous to attempt anything in that quarter. Still, there was a chance that if Garibaldi placed himself at the head of an expedition to that island, the immense prestige of his character, and the magic of his name, might work wonders amongst the people. Mazzini took this view, and promised the support of the secret societies, with all the funds he could collect in England and other countries. "It is but common justice," says Colonel Chambers, "to state that nothing could be more straightforward and open than the conduct of Mazzini in this matter. He accepted

Garibaldi's own programme, gave him all the information in his power, and unconditionally supported him."* The General had resigned his commission in the Piedmontese service, and was therefore free to act independently. Dr. Bertani held for him at Genoa a sum of £40,000, collected in the different towns of Italy, subscriptions being at the same time raised in England by the Italian Unity Committee which had been formed in London. Efforts had been made to alienate the King from Garibaldi, and to make him jealous of the unbounded confidence and enthusiasm which the hero of the Italian cause everywhere excited; while, on the other hand, the revolutionary parties did not miss opportunities for rousing in his bosom an indignant sense of the injustice with which he had been treated. But nothing could shake his loyalty to the King, or his purpose to accomplish the liberation of his country, persuaded that when that was done, all misunderstandings could be easily removed. To all suggestions from his friends, dissuading him from the undertaking to revolutionise the South of Italy, he answered, "I go to conquer fresh thrones for Victor Emmanuel, or to perish in the attempt."

We must assume that the Government of Victor Emmanuel considered this attempt of Garibaldi extremely rash and hopeless. Perhaps they suspected him—or, at all events, the party of action which had now placed him at its head—of a design to establish a republic in the South of Italy; perhaps they feared that his enterprise would furnish a pretext to the French Emperor to interfere again, and, in case of a revolution, to place one of his family on the vacant throne of Naples; or they might have apprehended a renewal of the war on the part of Austria. Whatever might be their motives, they did all in their power to prevent the enterprise. They accordingly seized upon the funds and the arms which had been deposited at Genoa and Milan, and neither the arms nor the money were ever after restored to Garibaldi. This was a great discouragement, as the supplies which had been collected were far too scanty. There was, however, a thorough conviction on the mind of Cavour that the venture would be an utter failure, for La Farina, his intimate friend, telegraphed to a gentleman who was about to join the expedition, that it would terminate nowhere but at the bottom of the sea. And, in truth, it would be difficult to find in all history an enterprise which, at the outset, appeared so Utopian. Garibaldi had only 1,000 volunteers, while the military force with which his expedition would have to contend consisted of twelve times as many well-appointed and regular troops. With his small army, numbering not more than a single regiment, he started from a country house near Genoa on the night of the 5th of May, 1860, to make war against the King of Naples, with whom his own sovereign was at peace. If he and his companions failed, as in all human probability they seemed likely to do, they might have to spend the remainder of their days in the loathsome dungeons of Naples, if they did not perish ignominiously on the scaffold. The slightest reflection upon these facts is sufficient to fill the mind with wonder at the faith and courage with which this band of adventurers was inspired. Two steamers, with appropriate names—the Piedmonte and Lombardo—were seized by the volunteers in the roadstead at Genoa, and steaming along the coast, they picked up their comrades at the points previously fixed upon. The Sardinian Government, hearing of the embarkation, immediately sent out the fast screw frigate Maria Adelaide, under the orders of Admiral Persano, in pursuit of the expedition. The *Times'* correspondent, writing on the 12th of May, described this enterprise as beyond the limits of either praise or blame. "The man, the cause, and the circumstances were so extraordinary, that they must be judged by themselves. Success would stamp Garibaldi as a general and a statesman of the highest rank; defeat, ruin, and death would cause him to be remembered as a Quixotic adventurer, of dauntless courage but of feeble judgment. The expedition to Sicily would in future be ranked either with the landing of William of Orange in England, or with Murat's landing in Calabria: all that was certain was the heroic courage of the man by whom the attempt was made." It was possible that, if the communications with the mainland were cut off, the insurgents would have been able to hold their own against the troops already in the island; but in case the King was at liberty to use the whole strength of the State in coercing the refractory province, the *Times* thought the cause which Garibaldi had espoused was a desperate one; but added, "what would be mere rashness and stark madness in another, is no more in Garibaldi than faith in his own good star. In him mere impulse in action is better than other men's caution and forethought. The tone in which Garibaldi spoke to those who urged upon him the desperate character of his enterprise, touched upon that sublimity which may seem akin to madness. To those who called attention to the chances of meeting with the Neapolitan cruisers, he talked about the feasibility of boarding the Neapolitan frigates, and taking possession of them one after the other; he also remarked that a navy was the very thing he should want the most, and that they would be very useful. To those who, well knowing his devoted love and affection for his eldest son, implored him almost on their knees to spare the youthful Menotti, and not to cast a blight on a life which he had given, and to remember how little was to be hoped from the tender mercy of a King of Naples, so closely allied with Austria; the response he gave was, 'I only wish I had ten Menottis, in order that I might risk them all.'"

Before his departure from Genoa, Garibaldi wrote a letter to his friend Dr. Bertani, in which he told him that he was once more about to take a share in the events which were to decide the destinies of a country, requesting him to collect all the means he could obtain in aid of the enterprise—to give the Italians to understand that if he received proper assistance, Italy would be consolidated in a short time with little cost. The part of Italy that was free, he said, should have 500,000

* "Garibaldi and Italian Unity," p. 48.

men under arms, a proportion attained even by states which had not their independence to secure by conquest. If Italy had such an army she would have no need of foreign masters, sure to eat her up piecemeal, under the pretence of giving her freedom. He added, "I never advised this Sicilian movement; but since these brethren of ours are fighting, I deemed it my duty to go to the rescue. Our war-cry will always be, 'Italy, and Victor Emmanuel!' I hope even out of this crisis the banner of Italy will be borne without dishonour." He also wrote a letter, before starting, to the King, stating that the cry of Sicily had touched his heart; that he knew he was embarking in a dangerous undertaking; but he trusted in God, and in the courage and devotion of his companions. Their war-cry would always be, "Long live the unity of Italy! Long live Victor Emmanuel, her first and bravest soldier!" Should they fall in the enterprise, he trusted that Italy and liberal Europe would not forget that it had been determined by the most unselfish sentiments of patriotism. If they succeeded, he would be proud to adorn the crown of His Majesty with, perhaps, its brightest jewel, on the sole condition that he would not allow his advisers to hand it over to foreigners. He had not ventured to communicate his project to the King, lest he should be persuaded by him to abandon the enterprise.

Victor Emmanuel was already deeply indebted to Garibaldi for the new jewels which had been already set in his crown. It was owing to him, above all men, that the royal progress through Central Italy was one unbroken triumphal march, from Leghorn to Piacenza. In the chief cities were festivities and illuminations. In every town and village, castles, towers, churches—the whole extent of streets and piazzas—were adorned with flowers, with coloured lights, and with rich hangings of every sort, while flags were waving by thousands. The tribunes were thronged with applauding women, and in the theatre at Bologna more than one hundred ladies of rank sang the national anthem. Even *Te Deums* and high masses were not wanting to the sovereign who had despoiled the Papacy; for in every city there were liberal-minded priests, who sang them in spite of excommunications and interdicts! It was in the midst of this triumphal progress that the news came of Garibaldi's expedition. Count Arrivabene, who was with the King at the time, states that Count Cavour did all he could to prevent the expedition which he thought to be mere madness; but he did not dare to advise his master to stop it by means of a Sardinian squadron; for had he done so, such was the popular excitement throughout Italy, he would have risked his crown.* Consequently, nothing remained but to wish God speed to the thousand heroes and their illustrious leader, and to accept the inevitable results. God did speed their efforts, and crowned the most daring of enterprises with a success to which there is no parallel in history. The night on which they put out to sea was brilliant, and a gentle breeze blowing from the north seemed sent on purpose to expedite their voyage. The two steamers next morning entered the harbour of Talimone, on the Tuscan coast. There, on board the Piedmonte, the General addressed his soldiers—the brave Cacciatori—who had already served their country with a stainless conscience. "No rank," he said, "no honour, no recompense, is held out to my brave companions. When the danger is past, they will return to a quiet domestic life; but now the hour of battle has struck. Italy sees them again in the front rank, cheerfully volunteering to shed their blood for her. The war-cry of the Cacciatori delle Alpi is the same that resounded a year since on the banks of the Ticino—'Italy and Victor Emmanuel!'—and this cry will strike terror into the hearts of the enemies of Italy!"

He then organised his little force, and appointed officers to the several companies. Among these was the Hungarian, Colonel Turr. Steaming out of Talimone Harbour, both vessels laboured heavily in a rough sea, while Garibaldi, with his friend Castiglia, pored over the map of Sicily, and the volunteers laughed and sang patriotic songs. They steered their course to the harbour of Marsala, where the men had just time to land, and get their guns and stores on shore, before two Neapolitan ships, which were pursuing at full speed, could come within reach. Some broadsides were fired at the Garibaldians, but without effect. Sicily had been prepared for the advent of the deliverer. Some partial attempts to effect a revolution had been crushed with great brutality by the Neapolitan troops, but the effect was to extend throughout the island the spirit of revolt. Consequently, the moment Garibaldi entered the town of Marsala, he was hailed as a liberator. He immediately issued the following proclamations:—

"Sicilians!—I have brought you a body of brave men, who have hastened to reply to the heroic cry of Sicily. We, the remains of the battles of Lombardy, are with you. All we ask is the freedom of our land. United, the work will be easy and short. To arms, then! He who does not snatch up a weapon is a coward and a traitor to his country! Want of arms is no excuse. We shall get muskets, but for the present any weapon will do in the hands of a brave man. The municipalities will provide for the children, women, and old men deprived of their support. To arms, all of you! Sicily shall once more teach the world how a country can be freed from its oppressors by the powerful will of a united people.

"G. GARIBALDI."

"To the Neapolitan army.—Foreign insolence reigns over Italian ground in consequence of Italian discord. But on the day that the sons of the Samnites and Martii, united with their brethren of Sicily, shall join the Italians of the North, on that day our nation, of which you are the finest part, shall resume its place, as in former times, amongst the first nations of Europe. I, an Italian soldier, only aspire to see you drawn up side by side with these soldiers of Varese and San Martino, in order jointly to fight against the enemies of Italy.

"G. GARIBALDI."

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. ii. pp. 26, 27.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Battle of Marsala—Fall of Palermo—Treachery of the Neapolitan Generals—Atrocities committed by their Troops—Garibaldi assumes the Dictatorship of Sicily—Garibaldi on board the British Ship Hannibal—His Convention with the Neapolitan Generals—His Address to the People of Palmero—Italian Enthusiasm—Garibaldi's Exhortation to the Sicilian Priests—Ugo Bassi—Public Thanksgiving to the God of Battles—His Marvellous Success—Arrival of La Farina to conduct the Administration—His Attempt to usurp the Dictatorship—He is shipped off by Garibaldi—Departure of the Neapolitan Garrison—Services of the British Admiral Mundy—Garibaldi's Gratitude—His Letters to the Queen and Lady Shaftesbury.

THE army which Garibaldi was enabled to muster at Marsala on the 11th of May, 1860, consisted of 1,002 Italians and five Hungarians, with only six small pieces of cannon, a few stand of arms, and a moderate amount of ammunition. An auxiliary body of 1,200 peasants was hastily organised, and with this force he was about to wage war against 50,000 troops with numerous artillery posted in strong fortresses, having a fleet with 900 guns to support them. The Neapolitan army was commanded by General Lanza, who, in an order of the day, proclaimed his intention to extinguish the firebrand of Italy, the outlawed filibuster of South America. Nothing daunted by this bravado, Garibaldi, on the 15th of May, attacked the enemy in their strong positions. "His military genius and unequalled quickness in manœuvring staggered the Bourbon general; while the bayonets of the Cacciatori and the fire of the *squadre*, who had outflanked the enemy, decided the first fight on Sicilian ground in favour of the soldiers of liberty. But

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the band of heroes paid dearly for the victory of Calatafimi. The battle lasted three hours; Garibaldi had 200 men *hors de combat*, while his son Menotti, and the son of the great Manin, and Baron Stocco were amongst the wounded. From Calatafimi to Palermo, the liberators marched on, fighting and conquering, and carrying out, under the guidance of Garibaldi, the most admirable strategical plans." * He crossed the mountains, following the goat tracks, causing his guns to be carried on the men's shoulders; and then suddenly appeared on the opposite plains, surprising the Neapolitans, who fell back at his approach. But being reinforced next morning, they advanced to attack him. The General then feigned a hasty retreat, which so completely deceived the Neapolitan generals in that quarter, that they telegraphed to Lanza at Palermo, stating that Garibaldi had fled, and that his troops were being utterly demoralised. But on the morning of the 27th, the Commander-in-Chief received, while yet in bed, the startling intelligence that the despised "fillibuster" was encamped in the vicinity of that city. It was defended by 12,000 troops. In less than four hours they were dislodged from their positions. St. Antonio and Quattro Canteni, the houses of the suburb, were carried; and Garibaldi, forcing his way through the Piazza Bologni, occupied the Piazza del Pretorio, where he established his head-quarters. Before night his troops were in possession of the whole of the town, with the exception of the royal palace, its immediate vicinity, and the forts, from which, as well as from the Neapolitan ships hard by, a shower of projectiles fell upon the Italians, for they had opened fire upon the city in spite of the energetic protest of the English rear-admiral Mundy. The result of this marvellous success was a conference with Garibaldi, which was held on board the English flag-ship Hannibal on the 30th of May, in presence of the French, American, and Sardinian naval commanders. An armistice was agreed to, and ultimately a convention signed on the 6th of June, by which the Neapolitans were to evacuate Palermo, and the whole of Sicily, except Messina, Melazza, and some other less important fortresses.

GENERAL GARIBALDI AT PALERMO.

Admiral Mundy, in his "Palermo and Naples," gives a remarkable letter from General Lanza to His Excellency General Garibaldi in the following terms:—"Since the English admiral has let me know that he would receive with pleasure on board his vessel two of my generals to

* Italy under Victor Emmanuel, vol. ii., p. 45.

open a conference with you, at which the admiral would be mediator, provided you would grant them a passage through your lines, I therefore beg you to let me know if you will consent thereto; and if so (supposing hostilities to be suspended on both sides), I beg you to let me know the hour when the said conference shall begin. It would likewise be advantageous that you would give an escort to the above mentioned generals from the royal palace to the Sanita, where they would embark to go on board." On this communication the admiral remarks:—"What must have been the distress of the royal army before the *alter ego* of the sovereign could have condescended to pen so humble a letter as this! The man who up to the present hour had been stigmatised by epithets degrading to human nature, and denounced in proclamations as a pirate, rebel, and fillibuster, now elevated to the title and rank of 'His Excellency' and 'General.' It was equivalent to the recognition of his character as an equal, and an acknowledgment of his own inability to subdue him by force." The hour was appointed, and at the moment fire was opened from the guns of the Neapolitan ships, the whole affair being planned to surprise and capture Garibaldi.

The Italians paid a just tribute to the humanity, energy, and diplomatic skill of Admiral Mundy, but for whose exertions the city would have been almost totally destroyed by the bombardment. One of their historians writes, "Both Italy and civilised Europe owe Admiral Mundy a debt of gratitude—a debt which I am happy to acknowledge in these pages, and which will never be effaced from Italian hearts. The reader will better appreciate the noble conduct of the British commander when he has been made acquainted with the misfortunes which had already fallen upon the town during the bombardment. A whole quarter of Palermo was in ashes, families had been burned alive in their dwellings, and the atrocities perpetrated by the Bavarian and Neapolitan troops were frightful. In a house near the royal palace, an old man was burned in his bed, not by accident, but deliberately. In another house, near the burning palace of Prince Carini, a whole family was bayoneted. Nuns, monks, and citizens were massacred without even the shadow of a pretext. In various parts of the city, convents, churches and other edifices were demolished by the shells, continually thrown into them from the fort and the ships of war. For many nights the flames of the conflagration, mixed with clouds of grey smoke, rose to the blue sky of that enchanting region. For many nights a red glare was thrown upon the picturesque bay, colouring with its light the summits of the mountains, and touching even the distant waves of the sea as with golden threads." *

Garibaldi soon showed that he was not great merely in guerilla warfare, but that he was also a great statesman; that he had a faculty of organising, and knew how to turn all his available resources to the best possible account. Master of Palermo, he immediately set about preparing the means for future conquests. He had written to Genoa for reinforcements. He hired steamers, bought arms and ammunition, and urged the people of Sicily to come forth and aid him in working out their deliverance. Stern and terrible in war, this wonderful man had for suffering humanity feelings as tender as those of a woman. Amidst all the bustle and labour connected with his military operations, he made the following touching appeal to the ladies of Palermo:—"I present myself in confidence to you, noble ladies of Palermo, to confess an act of weakness. I, an old soldier of two worlds, shed tears and am distressed in mind. I weep not at the sight of the misery and misfortunes to which this unhappy city has been condemned—not with indignation at the recent butchery, nor for bodies mutilated by the bombardment, but at the sight of victims and orphans exposed to die of hunger. At the Orphan Asylum eighty per cent. of the inmates perish for want of nourishment; and yet a very little would suffice to feed those beings created in the image of God. But here I stop. I leave the rest to be understood by your generous hearts, already palpitating with emotion at the spectacle of such misfortune."

Soon after this Garibaldi issued a proclamation, in which he stated that he considered it necessary that the civil and military powers should be concentrated in one person; and, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, he assumed the Dictatorship of Sicily. Colonel Chambers states, that up to this time the people of Sicily had heard little, and cared less, about the King of Piedmont; but they would have accepted any government that Garibaldi, their liberator and idol, recommended to them, so certain were they that he would in every way consult their best interests. There is no fact, he says, in connection with the expedition more insisted upon in the letters from Sicily of the learned Hungarian, Francis Pulsky, than the absence of all mention, or even thought, of Victor Emmanuel, on the part of the Sicilians at this time. He was nearly unknown in Sicily; and it was Garibaldi's prestige which lent a ray of popularity to the King. *

An incident is related in connection with the interview between Garibaldi and the Neapolitan generals on board the Hannibal, which presents the Liberator in a new light. The fifth article of the convention was to the effect that the municipality should address an humble petition to the King, laying before him the real wishes of the town, and that this petition should be submitted to His Majesty. The response of the Dictator was a peremptory "No!" Then drawing himself up, he added, "The time for humble petitions, either to the King or to any other person, is past; besides, there is no longer any municipality. *La municipalité c'est moi!* Pass on to the sixth and last proposition." On hearing these words, astonishment and indignation were depicted on the countenance of General Letizia, who exclaimed, "Then, sir, unless this article is agreed to, all communication between us must cease!" Garibaldi, who had hitherto been apparently phlegmatic, now de-

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. ii., p. 49.

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. ii., p. 59.

nounced in unmeasured terms the bad faith, the infamy of the royal authorities in allowing the Italian troops to be attacked while a flag of truce was flying. By this treacherous manœuvre they had severely wounded one of his bravest officers, and acquired a position in advance which they still retained, in defiance of every principle of military honour. But perfidy such as this could not succeed. Eventually it would recoil with terrific effect on the heads of its authors. Admiral Mundy also gave expression to the mortification he had felt at the unaccountable conduct of the royal troops in advancing upon the insurgents after a truce had been proclaimed. On second thoughts the Neapolitans agreed to expunge the fifth article. The convention was agreed to, and Garibaldi accepted the invitation of the generals to accompany them on the way to his quarters in the vice-regal barouche. On arriving at the great square of the Quatre Fontani, he delivered a soul-stirring address to the assembled multitude, pointing out to them what the crisis of their country demanded. The whole population must work during the night; the barricades must be enlarged, multiplied, and strengthened; every able-bodied man must be armed and at his post, ready to do battle at the expiration of the armistice; and their first act must be to drive the foreign mercenaries from the advanced position they had treacherously gained under cover of a flag of truce. At night the city was splendidly illuminated. Next day Letigia proceeded to the head-quarters of the Dictator, to ask that the truce might be extended for three days more, in order to get information from Naples. On his way he saw with astonishment the efforts made by the people during the night. He saw priests, women, and children, working energetically at the defences, while monks were carrying the crucifix before them, everywhere exhorting the people to fight in the sacred cause of liberty. On the 1st of June, in pursuance of the convention, the royal treasury, which contained more than £1,000,000, was delivered to the insurgents. This enabled Garibaldi to pay off arrears, leaving an ample surplus for the purchase of arms and ammunition. In the afternoon of the same day he went through the town, walking among the inhabitants, who thronged around him, cheering, laughing, and crying with joy. They rushed forward frantically to touch his clothes. Mothers knelt down before him, and presented their children for his blessing. The General looked on calmly, smiling, taking up the children and kissing them, and speaking words of encouragement to all as he passed along. He took possession of the Jesuits' College, and turned it into a ragged-school, which in a short time wrought a wonderful improvement in the little outcasts, who were cleaned, clothed, and instructed. He also founded schools for girls in different parts of the island. He instituted a national militia, and established a free press, and named the first paper the *Independent*, remarking, that he hoped it would be the first to attack him if ever he proved false to the principles he then advocated. He sent for Gavazzi, who had been his chaplain at Rome, and said,—"Go preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and proclaim salvation to the people through the merits of our Redeemer alone." He issued a proclamation to all good priests, begging that they would prove by their conduct that the true religion of Christ was not entirely lost in Sicily, recalling to them the venerated name and example of the martyr Ugo Bassi. Bassi accompanied the Italian Legion in all its wanderings. He was an excellent horseman, and was constantly at the side of the General. His powerful voice fascinated the people. "If ever Italy comes to be united," exclaimed Garibaldi, "may God restore her the voice of a Ugo Bassi! When Rome had fallen—when nothing was left me but exile, hunger, and misery, Ugo Bassi did not hesitate a moment to accompany me." When it was necessary that they should part, the General said, grasping the priest's hand, "Heaven preserve you! we shall meet again." "Yes, in Italy or heaven!" was the answer. Then, after a pause, he said, "We shall not meet again on earth. I feel a conviction that I shall soon seal with my blood my devotion to our cause." The conviction was too well founded. He was arrested by the Austrians, handed over to the Inquisition to be tortured, stripped of his priestly garments, and executed as a heretic and a rebel. Standing calmly on the side of the grave they had dug for him, he exclaimed, "I die without remorse! I die for God and my country!" A nobler example, therefore, could not have been set before the liberated Sicilians. The first religious ceremony Garibaldi attended in that country was a service of thanksgiving to the God of battles for his first victory. Cushions were placed for him to kneel upon, but he knelt on the outer step of the church, before the assembled army, and immense multitudes of all ranks of the people; and as he did so, the officiating priest said aloud, "Let all behold how the victor humbleth himself before Him who alone giveth victory."*

The marvellous success of Garibaldi in his "madman's freak," astounded the Italians. Since the day of his arrival at Marsala, he had never received from the mainland more than 100 recruits; yet, in a few days, he made himself master of Sicily. Even Cavour was convinced by accomplished facts; but, as if he still distrusted the loyalty of the General, and feared that ambition might lead him astray, he hastened to adopt measures for the annexation of the newly-conquered kingdom. Garibaldi, however, had no idea of relinquishing the power he had so nobly won till he could make it subservient to the accomplishment of his mission for the liberation of Naples. He was determined to organise the government of Sicily, and to use its resources for that object; and he hoped at no distant day to place upon the head of Victor Emmanuel the crown of the Two Sicilies. In the meantime, Admiral Persano had orders to receive the General officially on the part of the Sardinian Government, as the *de facto* viceroy of the island. Shortly after, however, La Farina was sent to conduct the government.

* "Garibaldi and Italian Unity," p. 66.

Garibaldi installed him, telling him at the same time that he must confine himself to financial and commercial matters. This did not suit his idea, or accord with his instructions. He wanted to grasp the power which the Dictator himself wielded, and consequently became refractory and rebellious. The General was not a man to stand such impertinent assumption. He, therefore, ordered him to be seized by a body of soldiers in the dead of night, and had him conveyed to the flag-ship of Admiral Persano, with a recommendation to quit the country with all convenient speed. While the walls of Palermo were covered with blue placards imported from Turin, with the words—"Vote for immediate annexation under the constitutional rule of Victor Emmanuel," Garibaldi discovered that Farina was spending large sums of money on agents from Turin, whom he had employed to intrigue with a view to deprive him of the dictatorship. Such being the state of things, the sooner the Turin intermeddler was got rid of the better.

The convention which Garibaldi had signed declared the royal troops should be sent away from the city, with their arms, baggage, and material, receiving all the honours of war, as soon as a sufficient number of transports could be procured. On the 7th of June, therefore, 15,000 Neapolitan troops, infantry and cavalry, marched towards the Molo, to be in readiness for embarkation. The eldest son of Garibaldi, mounted on a black charger, took up a position in front of the principal barricade, and these vanquished hosts of disciplined men defiled before him. General Lanza and Garibaldi both cordially thanked Admiral Mundy for the services he had rendered. The latter was profuse in his expressions of gratitude for the magnanimous conduct of the admiral, which had been acknowledged and felt by all parties, and could never be forgotten. He repeated the expression of his feelings subsequently in a most affectionate letter, and concluded with a prayer that Providence might ever protect that noble vessel, her gallant crew, and the generous seaman who was her commander. On the 22nd of July he wrote a letter to the Queen of England, by an envoy, in the following terms:—

"Your Majesty,—Called, by my duty to my Italian fatherland, to defend its cause in Sicily, I have assumed the dictatorship of a generous people, who, after a long-continued struggle, wish for nothing but to participate in the national life and freedom under the sceptre of the magnanimous prince in whom Italy trusts. The envoy, who presents himself to your Majesty in the name of the Provisional Government which now rules the country, does not pretend to represent a special and distinct state; but he comes as the interpreter of the thoughts and sentiments of two millions and a half of Italians. By this title I beg your Majesty to deign to receive him, granting a kind audience and attention to what he may respectfully urge upon your Majesty in behalf of this most beautiful and noble part of Italy."

Garibaldi also wrote the following letter to the Countess of Shaftesbury:—"Dear and most gracious Lady,—Amongst the greatest fortunes of my life, the most surpassing assuredly is that of having secured for my country the sympathy of the most generous ladies of England. May I beg of you, most kind and courteous lady, to be the interpreter of my gratitude with those most valued and dear friends, to whom Italy owes so much? With all the feeling of my heart, I am, your most devoted servant, "G. GARIBALDI."

CHAPTER LIX.

The Battle of Milazzo—Imminent Danger of Garibaldi—Saved by Colonel Missori—Capitulation of the Garrison—The Victor washing his Shirt—Messina surrenders to the Garibaldians—Syracuse and Augusta evacuated—Garibaldi Master of Sicily—Alarm and Concessions of Francis II.—Letter of Victor Emmanuel to the General, dissuading him from the Invasion of Naples—He refuses Compliance—His Magical Influence over the Sicilians—The Civil Administration—The Dictator's Wardrobe—Picture of his Army—The Albion Club—Invasion of Naples—Precursory Descent on the Calabrian Shore—Its Wanderings among the Mountains—Attempt of the King of Naples to bribe Garibaldi, and to have him assassinated—Garibaldi lands with his Army in Calabria—Capitulation of Reggio—A romantic Scene—Enthusiasm of the Calabrians—Demoralised State of the Neapolitan Army—Surrender of Scylla—Joy of the Population—Progress of the Invaders—Tiriolo and Savonia evacuated—The Liberator at Salerno—Intrigues of Count Cavour—The Committee of Order—Annexation of Naples and Piedmont—Garibaldi resists, but professes unbounded Loyalty to Victor Emmanuel—Alexandre Dumas, a Revolutionary Agent at Naples—Don Liberio Romano—Departure of the King—His parting Proclamation—Invitation to the Dictator—His Triumphal Entry into the City—His Proclamation to the People—Rejoicings at Naples—Garibaldi's Reforms—His Interview with the English Ambassador on board the Hannibal—Lamoricière and the Volunteers—Invasion of the Papal States by Victor Emmanuel—Its Result—Skirmishing between the Royal Troops and the Garibaldians—Battle of the Volturno—Treatment of the Garibaldian Prisoners—Victor Emmanuel's Progress through Southern Italy—Garibaldi's Address to the People—Meeting between Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi at Teano—Surrender of Capua—Garibaldi's Address to the Volunteers—Triumphal Entry of the King into Naples—Garibaldi's Reception at the Royal Palace—His Farewell Address to the Volunteers—His Departure for Caprera.

THE next step in Garibaldi's liberating progress was to dislodge the enemy from Milazzo. The garrison was commanded by General Bosco, who had under him four regiments of rifles, numbering 4,800 men; the 15th Regiment of the line, 1,000 strong; two squadrons of dragoons, five pieces of artillery, and twelve field pieces, all remarkably well mounted. He had, besides, every advantage in point of position. Garibaldi's forces were greatly inferior in point of numbers, amounting to only about 4,400 men, with three guns, two of them old ship twelve-pounders, and a six-pounder, cast in the seventeenth century. But his little army was enthusiastic and daring, having unbounded confidence in its chivalrous leader. The town is situated on a promontory, forming a peninsula, and was commanded by a strong castle. In this castle, and in the gardens and houses, Bosco had posted his forces. On the 20th of July, at seven o'clock in the morning, Garibaldi commenced the attack along the whole line. The fighting continued for two hours without any marked result. The Neapolitan sharpshooters, screened by the hedges and shrubs, stood their ground well. Garibaldi had brought up all his reserves, and the issue still seemed doubtful. The day would probably have been lost, but for the extraordinary resources of Garibaldi's military genius. Taking with him two of his aides-de-camp,

Captains Missori and Statella, with about fifty Sicilians, he turned the right of Bosco's line, passing along the road which skirts the sea in the direction of Messina. This movement was near proving fatal to him and to the Italian cause. At the turning of a garden wall he met a troop of Neapolitan horsemen, who at once fell upon his small band. Relying on the magic of his name, he drew his sword, and seizing the bridle of the commanding officer, cried—"Surrender! I am Garibaldi." "It is for you to surrender," replied the other, aiming a blow with his sabre at the General's head. Evading the blow, Garibaldi struck his adversary on the face, and caused him to fall from his horse. He was then attacked by two dragoons, who would, no doubt, have killed him, but for Missori, who rushed forward at the critical moment, and shot both the assailants with his revolver. The Neapolitans, seeing the fate of their officer, turned and fled. Garibaldi's forces succeeded in getting possession of a bridge which connected the town with the mainland. He then went on board the Veloce, a man-of-war which had passed over to the national cause, and ordered the gunners to throw some shells into the town and the fortress. This had the desired effect. The Neapolitan troops became demoralised, and Bosco was compelled to retire into the fortress, where he capitulated the next day. He was allowed to embark with his troops for Naples, having given his word of honour, not to take up arms against the national forces for three months. Thus the general who had boasted that he would annihilate Garibaldi, was seen on the 22nd of July, walking through a double row of those ragged volunteers he had so often despised, leaving to the conqueror forty-four guns, half a field battery, large quantities of ammunition, ninety-four mules, and forty-five horses. The victory, however, was dearly bought. Such was the heroism of Garibaldi's soldiers, that the extraordinary proportion of twenty-five per cent., or more than 800 of the men engaged, were put *hors de combat.** "More than once during the fight," says Colonel Chambers, "the fate of Italy hung in the balance, and it was without doubt Garibaldi's hardest fought battle in Sicily. For it was universally allowed that Bosco's troops made a more determined resistance, and fought with greater resolution, than the Austrians had ever displayed in Lombardy against the Cacciatori." "Garibaldi being requested after the battle to write a bulletin, answered, 'No, if I write an account, I shall be compelled to say that some did better than others. You are at liberty to write if you please; but the best thing you can say is, that the action commenced at daylight, and in the evening we had possession of the town.' During the action the General had been slightly wounded; and finding his red shirt soiled, he took it off, and washed it himself in a neighbouring brook, and hung it upon the bushes to dry, while he partook of his frugal repast of bread, fruit, and water. Then sitting down on the ground, barebacked, he smoked his cigar, and, wrapt in thought, contemplated the drying of his garment. Thus in war and in repose did he share alike danger and hardship with the humblest of his followers."*

The Dictator had now learned, from an intercepted letter, that the King of Naples, despairing of Sicily, had ordered his troops to evacuate the island. He therefore resolved to prevent the departure of the troops, and to force the garrison of Messina to come to terms, to which the general agreed without difficulty, signing a convention, by which he surrendered the town and all the forts, except the citadel. Messina and the harbour were to be respected, and no bombardment was to take place without provocation on the part of the Garibaldians; the towns of Syracuse and Augusta were also to be evacuated by the royal troops; thus Garibaldi became master of Sicily, and had obtained from the enemy large supplies of war material to enable him to effect the liberation of Naples.

In the meantime the King, alarmed at the progress of revolution, and fearing the loss of his throne, supplicated the interposition of the French Emperor, promising a constitution and all sorts of reforms. Napoleon, therefore, wrote in very urgent terms to Victor Emmanuel, deprecating the invasion of Naples. In consequence of this interposition, Count Litta was sent with the following letter to Garibaldi:—

"General,—You know that I did not approve of your expedition, and that I was entirely foreign to it; but to-day the very grave circumstances in which Italy is placed, make it a duty to enter into direct communication with you. In the event of the King of Naples consenting to evacuate the whole of Sicily, voluntarily abandoning all sort of action, and formally pledging himself to exercise no pressure whatsoever upon the Sicilians, so that the latter may freely pronounce their will, and choose the mode of government which they may prefer, I believe it will be wise in you to renounce altogether any further enterprise against the kingdom of Naples. In the contrary event, I expressly reserve my entire liberty of action, and relieve myself from making any comment in regard to your projects. Your affectionate, "VICTOR EMMANUEL."

Garibaldi, well aware of the pressure under which this letter was written, resolved to disobey the royal injunctions. He wrote a reply full of devotion and affection, in which he declared nothing on earth should influence him to swerve from his mission till it was accomplished—until he made His Majesty King of United Italy. It was observed by all the officers about Garibaldi that he exercised a magnetic influence over the people, which made them regard him as a kind of link connecting them with the Deity—as a being with a nature almost divine. When the inhabitants of Messina found the Liberator in possession of the royal palace, which he had quietly entered, they thronged round to do him homage with an idolatrous devotion. This continued during the day, and he was obliged to rise several times from his dinner, and show himself at the window, in answer to the incessant cheering that rose from the

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. ii., p. 55.

* "Garibaldi and Italian Unity," pp. 75, 76.

street beneath, which was so densely thronged, that it seemed paved with human heads instead of stones, "Resting his elbows on the balcony, his noble weather-beaten countenance radiant with goodness, he realised the idea of an apostle of old, half human, half divine."* He was now at the head of 25,000 regular troops, whose *morale* was excellent, and whose faith in their General was unbounded. They were supplied with 40,000 Enfield rifles, and seventeen mountain howitzers and field guns. He had appointed a pro-dictator for the administration of the civil affairs of Sicily, whom he caused, with all the other officers, to take the oath of allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. The taxes were well paid, property was respected, and law and order fully maintained. In the royal palaces Garibaldi retained all the servants of the old viceroy's, but reduced the expenditure to the lowest possible standard compatible with his dignity as Dictator. All that he allowed himself out of the public treasury was eight francs a day. Colonel Chambers gives the following description of his wardrobe at this time:—"One old Piedmontese general's uniform—a relic of his campaign in the lakes—two pairs of grey trousers, an old felt hat, two red shirts, a few pocket-handkerchiefs, and two neckties; his arms consisted of a sabre and a revolver—a kit which his daily allowance of eight francs did not do much to improve, owing to the simple fact that, after an early hour in the morning there was never by any chance a single carlino to be found in the pocket of His Excellency." Count Arrivabene presents a graphic picture of the army destined to conquer the kingdom of Naples:—"How strange a spectacle did that army present! What a variety of uniforms did it exhibit! flannel shirts of every colour, white tournouses, and feathered puritan hats! Here comes by a well-known countess in a half huzzar, half amazonian dress; there the sharpshooters of Colonel Peard are parading in their brown blouses. Down below, several of Danne's regiment are being drilled by their English officers, the elegance of whose red jackets contrasts with the rougher costume of their commander. On the left of a dirty road, towards the beach, a hut has been constructed, and a large inscription tells the passer-by that the 'Albion Club' has been established there. British activity is never at fault; where there are ten Englishmen there must be a club. It is true that the Albion Club at Faro was only a poor hut, the floor of which was covered with a mat, while two rough wooden benches served for divans. But there was always a glass of wine to be had there, and a sausage and a crust of bread were never wanting." As to the General himself, Alexandre Dumas states that he found him, after the battle, slumbering with his staff in the porch of a church, exhausted with fatigue, his head upon his saddle. Near him lay his scanty supper, a small loaf of bread and a jug of water.

The hour for the invasion of Naples had now arrived. On the 8th of August the Dictator dispatched a body of 200 men to the Calabrian shore, with instructions to surprise and capture, if possible, a strong fort stationed upon the coast, directly opposite to Capo Faro. Majors Missori and Nullo were entrusted with the command of this perilous expedition. Owing to the darkness, or the force of a current, the boats were unable to approach the coast at the point intended. The men then marched along the rocky paths, where they met a patrol of Neapolitans, who at once opened fire, and put the garrison on the alert. The expedition then retired, and spent many days wandering through the mountains, rousing the disaffected population, and preparing the way for the triumphant march of Garibaldi through Calabria. For this the General was energetically preparing day and night. An infamous attempt was made by the ministers of Francis II. to buy him off by the offer of a bribe of 50,000,000 francs, and the use of the Neapolitan navy for the liberation of Venice, if he would consent not to cross the Straits. Attempts still more infamous were made for the same object by hiring persons to assassinate the Liberator. Happily, all those schemes proved abortive, and on the 18th of August he embarked, with an expedition of 4,000 men, for the conquest of a kingdom defended by a well-organised army of at least 80,000. One of the two ships which bore his troops, the Farrino, was run upon a sandbank, and abandoned to the Neapolitans, who subsequently boarded and burnt her. The other ship, the Franklin, being an American vessel, was allowed to retire unmolested to Messina. Garibaldi was the first to land. All means of retreat being cut off, the General had to trust Providence for the issue. He surprised Reggio, whose garrison capitulated, and was placed on board the Neapolitan ships. The spoils consisted of twenty-six heavy guns and field pieces, 500 stand of arms, and a large quantity of coals, ammunition, provisions, horses, and mules. The inhabitants of Reggio hailed their deliverers with rapture, and vied with one another in affording hospitality to the officers and men. As the liberating army advanced, Garibaldi and his officers everywhere out-manœuvred the Neapolitans, giving them to understand that a small reconnoitring band was but the advanced guard of a powerful army, and inducing them to retire or surrender. The scenery through which they passed was wild and picturesque. Captain Forbes, on one occasion, had left Garibaldi sleeping in the stubble of a cornfield, wrapt in his blanket, and had gone to procure a bed and some food, with the intention of returning before dawn. "A more romantic scene," he said, "than that I left behind it would be difficult to conceive; and as I rode through the cordon of Calabrians, clustering round their watch-fires, in their quaint velveteen breeches and jackets, their jaunty and fantastic sugarloaf hats, with a superabundance of riband, their weapons of every shape and make—numerous priests, too, mingling with them, like ghosts stalking abroad in the night—the dark sea murmuring in the abyss—formed a picture more like a fairy tale than an incident of real life."

If the mainspring of Garibaldi's life had been personal ambition, the uninterrupted series of splendid victories,

* Chambers, p. 47.

and the sudden acquisition of unlimited power and popularity, might have turned his head. But it has been truly remarked that with him the thought of glory always comes after that of duty. He, therefore, did not stop to enjoy the illumination of Reggio and of the opposite Sicilian coast, which from Messina to Faro was one uninterrupted line of coloured lights. He was always marching on the heels of the enemy to whom he allowed no respite. It must be confessed that in the Neapolitan troops he did not encounter very formidable enemies. Count Arrivabene has remarked that, during the Southern Italian campaign, he scarcely met with a Neapolitan general whose appearance conveyed the idea of a soldier. "The greater number were fat, heavy, embarrassed, and looked more like priests or monks who had assumed the military uniform than followers of the profession of arms. Arrogant and overbearing towards the people, they were humble as slaves when brought into contact with their superiors, or when they thought themselves in danger." The Neapolitan soldiers were worthy of their officers. When General Melendes, at the head of a brigade, surrendered to Garibaldi on his peremptory summons, after being allowed four hours for deliberation, the announcement of the fact was the signal for the breaking up of his ranks. The Neapolitans at once threw down their arms, and ran up to the Italian lines to fraternise with the soldiers of liberty, impelled it was supposed by fear rather than love. But the Garibaldians did not inquire too curiously about motives. It was enough for them that 2,500 men had been forced to lay down their arms before a corps of the so-called filibusters. "Kissing, screeching, and hugging then began, with the usual obbligata of excellenza and signorino." After witnessing this disgraceful scene, continues Count Arrivabene, "I could understand how, with soldiers who had not the slightest notion of the dignity of men, it was impossible to maintain a position against the impetuous onslaughts of Garibaldi. Not only did the soldiers try to kiss our hands, but even some of the officers did so too; there was, in truth, no humiliation they would not have undergone. Had our excellencies, as they called us, desired to have our shoes kissed, they would have satisfied such a wish without much difficulty. No doubt their servile habits will disappear with the progress of education, and the influence of liberal institutions; but it will take years before the lower classes of the Neapolitan provinces will be brought up to the level of their more manly brethren of

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the North. In Southern Italy, the children generally receive, at a very early age, the impression of numberless superstitious stories, which fill them with a sort of mysterious fear. They contract the habit of trembling at the least manifestation of authority, till pusillanimity and fear become the fixed condition of their minds."* While the Neapolitan troops which had held Villa San Giovanni were embarking, amidst the enthusiasm of the townspeople, news arrived that the garrison stationed at the fort of Pezzo had also capitulated. At ten o'clock the next day, the town of Scylla was in the power of the invaders, a part of the garrison having disbanded, and the rest having embarked for Naples. Although this was a formidable stronghold, it was surrendered without firing a shot. "The wonders Garibaldi had achieved in so short a time, had excited such dread amongst the mercenary and demoralised instruments of Francis II., that generals and soldiers forgot all military rules except those which are laid down in the treatises on capitulation." While the victors were breakfasting next morning, groups of beautiful girls were standing at the fountain opposite, singing hymns of liberty, or shouting out their *vivas* with wild enthusiasm; the only disappointment they felt was, that their oppressors had been permitted to depart in peace, instead of being all killed.

Garibaldi pursued his conquering march with the utmost rapidity. On arriving at Monteleone, he found that the Neapolitan corps under General Ghio had decamped the evening before. Hastening on to Tiriolo, he was joyfully greeted by the National Guards. At Savoria a sudden attack spread terror amongst the royal troops, though the town contained 7,000 infantry, with cavalry and artillery. Colonel Peard was sent forward to General Ghio to demand that he should capitulate, to which he assented without any difficulty. When the Garibaldians entered the town, they found the soldiers utterly disorganised, screaming, shouting, and cursing. Loose horses wandered about, kicking furiously right and left while the conquerors endeavoured to catch them; the horses thus showing more spirit than their masters. Ghio and his officers were spectators of that scene, and they seemed as unconcerned as if it were a Chinese army that was breaking up. They were so mean as to beg from Garibaldi some arrears of pay, and the expenses of their journey to Naples.

At length the Liberator arrived at Salerno, which was his last resting-place before entering the capital. It is stated that here he had again to encounter the intrigues of Cavour, who, observing that success was about to crown his enterprise, and that Naples was on the point of being freed, organised a committee for maintaining order, and had sent a Dr. Tomassi to present an address to the General, announcing that he was going to organise a provisional government, and to annex Naples to Piedmont. This impertinence was properly rebuked by Garibaldi; and, to counteract such discreditable intrigues, another committee was organised by Dr. Bertani, by which the ascendancy of the Liberator was secured throughout the whole Neapolitan kingdom. Before departing for the capital, he said, "I shall be loyal to Victor Emmanuel; I love him as my life. I have served him without an oath. I shall do all in my power to procure the annexation of Naples to Sardinia, under the government of the King; but this I must do in my own manner. I must also endeavour to obtain for this measure the entire support of the people."

Garibaldi showed his consummate tact in managing people by winning their love and confidence. As an example of this, he exchanged his wide-awake for one of the peculiar sugarloaf hats worn by the people of Calabria. All his staff followed his example—a measure which not only identified them with the population, but proved an infallible claim on their hospitality. Alexandre Dumas took up a position in the Bay of Naples in his own yacht, where he exerted himself as an active agent of Garibaldi, distributing his proclamations and manifestoes, in order to excite the spirit of revolt against the King of Naples, persisting in this course in spite of remonstrances and threats. He also distributed arms and ammunition, and converted his yacht into a factory for making Garibaldian shirts. Instead, however, of his being arrested, he was visited in his yacht by Don Liberio Romano, Home Secretary of Francis II., who seeing that the revolution would be irresistible, declared himself to be an ardent Garibaldian, and offered his co-operation to the revolutionary cause for his country's good. On the 5th of September it was decided that the King and Queen, with their court, should quit Naples, and retire to Gaeta, leaving their loyal ministers and generals to defend the capital and throne as well as they could. The royal proclamation, in which the King took leave of his subjects for a time, was written by this same Don Liberio Romano. In this proclamation the young sovereign recited his grievances. He complained of an unjust war, carried on in contravention to the law of nations, the enemy invading his states, though he was at peace with all the European powers. He had changed the order of government; he had given his adhesion to the great principles of Italian nationality; yet all were not sufficient to avert the war which was now approaching the walls of the city; and, with unutterable grief, he had to depart with a portion of his army—to betake himself whither the defence of his rights called him. He departed with a view of securing that illustrious city from ruin and war—of saving her inhabitants and all their property, her sacred churches, her monuments and public buildings, her collections of art—all that formed the patrimony of her civilisation and of her greatness. He called upon the honour and the civic feeling of the Mayor of Naples, and of the Commandant of the National Guard, to spare his beloved city the horrors of internal discord, and the disasters of civil war, for which purpose he conceded to them the widest powers they might require. He concluded as follows:—

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. II., p. 128.

"As the descendant of a dynasty which has reigned upon this continent for one hundred and twenty-six years, after having preserved it from the horrors of a long viceroyalty, the affections of my heart are here I am a Neapolitan, and could not, without bitter grief, address words of farewell to my most dearly beloved people—to my fellow citizens. Whatever may be my destiny, be it prosperous or adverse, I shall always preserve for them a passionate and affectionate remembrance. I recommend to them concord, peace, and strict observance of their civic duties. Let not an excessive zeal for my dynasty be made a pretext for disturbance. Whether from the fortunes of the present war I return shortly among you, or whatever be the time at which it may please the justice of God to restore me to the throne of my ancestors—a throne made all the more splendid by the free institutions with which I have irrevocably surrounded it, all that I pray from this time forth is, to behold again my people united, strong, and happy.

"FRANCIS II."

On the same day that this was issued, three hours before the departure of his royal master, Liberio Romano dispatched the following telegram to Garibaldi:—

"To the invincible Dictator of the two Sicilies,—Naples expects you with anxiety, to confide to you her future destinies." At six o'clock on the evening of the 7th of September, the King and Queen, accompanied by the gentlemen of the royal household, and the ambassadors of Spain, Austria, and Bavaria, steamed along the bay to Gaeta. It is stated that not a man of the populous city was seen to mourn—not one to bid a last farewell to the departing royal family. Except the ministers and courtiers, there was no one beneath the deserted porticoes of the palace. Among these were the Prince Torrela, who could not conceal his emotion, though he had been persecuted by the Government. The King and Queen, when about to embark, noticed his tears; stepping forward, the former offered his hand to his faithful subject, and turning to his wife, said—"You see, Maria, who are our true friends in misfortune, they are those who would have a right to remember that in other times they have been wronged by my Government. Thanks, prince," he added, "I shall never forget the kindness you have shown to me on this trying day." Thus mournfully, without any royal honours, without even the recognition of their rank by the Neapolitan vessels in the harbour, the last of the Bourbons passed away from Naples—from the last throne which a member of that infatuated race was permitted to occupy.

Immediately after the departure of the King, an address to the inhabitants was issued by the authorities, which commenced as follows:—"Citizens!—The King is leaving. In the presence of a great misfortune, and of another principle which triumphs, your conduct cannot be doubtful. The former imposes on you reserve in the presence of fallen majesty; the other demands of you self-denial, prudence, and civil courage. No one of you will disturb the development of the heroic destinies of Italy; no one will think of lacerating the country with flagitious or vindictive hands. Thus acting, citizens, you will not render useless the magnanimous sacrifices of those who, whilst confronting the cruel uncertainties of the position, have sacrificed themselves for the public good."

As soon as the King had departed, the ministers who had been left to preserve order held a meeting, and decided that a deputation should proceed at once to Salerno, and make arrangements for the public entry of Garibaldi into the capital. Aware of these proceedings, he issued a proclamation to the people of Naples, stating that as soon as the Syndic, and the commander of the National Guard at Naples, whom he expected, should arrive, he would promptly appear among them. To this proclamation Liborio Romano replied:—

"To the invincible Garibaldi, Dictator of the Two Sicilies,—The people of Naples are awaiting your arrival with the utmost impatience, to hail you as the Redeemer of Italy, and to place in your hands their own destinies and the guidance of the commonwealth. Subject to your authority, I shall remain responsible for order and public tranquillity. Your own words, which I have made known to the people, give the securest pledge for the success of my undertaking. Awaiting your further orders, I remain, with profound respect,

"LIBORIO ROMANO."

The deputation to Garibaldi arrived at Salerno on the 6th of September. Everywhere along the line from Naples to that town there was an interminable scene of movement and gaiety, with incessant cheering, and shouting, "*Viva Garibaldi!*" "*Viva l'Italia!*" In front, behind, everywhere, arose the same deafening cry, uttered in the most discordant tones. "The warrior of Freedom" made his entrance into Naples, accompanied only by a few followers. He passed unguarded under the guns of Castel Nuovo and St. Elmo, still garrisoned by the troops of the departed King. One account states that at his approach some of the artillerymen made a sort of hostile display, upon perceiving which the General stood up in the carriage with his arms crossed, and looked steadfastly at them. The artillerymen then gave him the usual military salute. When they came up to the grand guard, the officer there ordered the soldiers to fire, but they refused to obey. Another account, still more theatrical, states that when Garibaldi entered the city, without a single file of his own troops to back him, and saw the artillerymen beside their guns, "lighted match in hand," waiting but the word of command to fire, he turned his eyes with a long gaze towards the royal palace, that stronghold of secular tyranny; and as the carriage in which he sat came fully within the range of the guns, "Drive slower, slower—more slowly still," was the order that he gave. And the hostile soldiery, amazed, almost terrified into admiring sympathy with the man they were there to crush, flung down their matches, and waved their caps in the air with shouts of "*Viva Garibaldi!*"*

It was, indeed, a wonderful revolution; accomplished, so far as Naples was concerned, without the shedding of

* Chambers, p. 93.

a drop of blood, or a single act of violence. Surrounded as Garibaldi was by the emancipated people, who almost adored him, he knew that not one of those soldiers would dare to molest their Liberator. As his carriage advanced with difficulty through the applauding multitude, the crowd grew thicker and thicker. At last the hero arrived at the Palace of Forestiera, where he was received by the National Guard and the Municipal Council. In compliance with the demand of the people, he immediately showed himself on the balcony, and delivered a brief address, in which he told them that they must prove to Italy that they were the worthy descendants of Massaniello. In the meantime, the Marquis Villa Marina, with the Sardinian Admiral Persano, had arrived at the palace to confer with the Dictator, and to explain to him the political situation of the country. As soon as he could extricate himself from a crowd of petitioners and beggars of every degree—military and civil, clerical and lay—all soliciting favours as martyrs to the cause of liberty, and victims of "Bourboni," all fawning upon the victor in the most slavish spirit, he wrote an address to the people of Naples, in which he said—

"It is with respect and love that I present myself to this noble and imposing centre of the Italian population, which many centuries of despotism have not been able to humiliate, nor induce to bow the knee at the sight of tyranny. The first necessity of Italy was harmony, in order to unite the great Italian family. To-day Providence has created that harmony through the sublime unanimity of all our provinces, for the constitution of the nation; and for unity, the same Providence has given to our country Victor Emmanuel, whom we from this moment may call the true father of our Italian land. Victor Emmanuel, the model of all sovereigns, will impress upon his descendants the duty that they owe to the prosperity of a people which has elected him for their chief with enthusiastic devotion. The Italian priests, who are conscious of their true mission, have, as a guarantee of the respect with which they will be treated, the ardour, the patriotism, and the truly Christian conduct of their numerous fellow ecclesiastics, who, from the highly praiseworthy monks of Lagrancia to the noble-hearted priests of the Neapolitan continent, one and all, in the sight, and at the head of our soldiers, defied the greatest dangers of battle. I repeat it, concord is the first want of Italy; so we will welcome as brothers those who once disagreed with us, but who now sincerely wish to bring their stone to raise up the monument of our country. Finally, respecting other people's houses, we are resolved to be masters in our own house, whether the powerful of the earth like it or not. "GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."

The Dictator, declining to take up his residence in a royal palace, was conducted, at his own request, to Palazzo D'Angri, having first gone to the cathedral to hear the *Te Deum* sung in honour of his victories. At night the city was illuminated. The people from the surrounding villages had flocked in, and with the multitude had mingled some of the Garibaldian troops, which had arrived from Salerno. From the Palazzo Reale to the top of the Toledo was one compact mass of men, women, and carriages, walking and driving in all directions, the people shouting with frantic joy; the ragged lazzaroni mixing in the crowd of gaily-dressed gentry, monks, priests, and soldiers. "Here a Garibaldian was carried in triumph upon the shoulders of two of the National Guard; there Father Pantalio was borne from one place to another by the eager crowd, who wanted to kiss him. Neapolitans do everything by means of pantomime; and when they were no longer able to shout '*Viva l'Italia Una*,' they held up the fourth finger of the right hand, and thus expressed their meaning. Women, beardless boys, old men with bowed figures and trembling steps, were there shouting and gesticulating. Here comes the carriage of the Duchess Bobino; it stops, and a travelled-worn, dust-covered Garibaldian is invited to take a seat near the lady. Other Garibaldians are rolling along in the elegant carriages of the aristocracy. Others, again, in the humble carrozzela. Nobody would have thought that so many vehicles could be found in Naples." The great point of interest was Garibaldi's hotel. It was late, and the wearied soldier had retired to rest. But how was it possible to sleep amidst the incessant cries that rent the air? His officers held a consultation. One of them appeared on the balcony, and, addressing the people, said—"The Dictator is gone to bed; please do not disturb him." From that moment, as if the whole multitude had been struck dumb, the noise ceased; not a cry was heard through the Toledo. "The crowd bent their heads on the palm of the right hand, thus expressing that the dweller in the Palazzo D'Angri is reposing. The sign makes its way from one end of Toledo to the other like an electric spark, and no one again ventures to break the silence."* All business was suspended in Naples for two days after Garibaldi's entrance, the entire population being in a state of excitement bordering on madness. This was heightened by the national festival of Piedgrotta, in honour of the Virgin Mary, who was believed by the populace to have taken the side of Garibaldi. "The manner in which order was maintained," says Admiral Mundy, "amid such a scene of wild fanaticism, was indeed a miracle, almost as great as the entry of the chieftain into the city; yet not a drunken person was to be seen, and upon its being made known to this impassioned throng that the Dictator was retiring to rest, the orgies were at once discontinued, and quietude restored. No words can express the frantic joy of the people."

The Neapolitan garrison, however, which still held the fortress of St. Elmo, overlooking and commanding the town, occasioned much anxiety, as the troops remained faithful to the King, and they might possibly bombard the city. But the alarm was set at rest by the capitulation of the garrison. The Dictator addressed to them a proclamation, stating that he wished to fight by their side against the enemies of their country.

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," pp. 197—199.

Italy, trampling upon the fragments of her chains, pointed to the north, and the path of honour lay towards the last lurking-place of tyrants. It was in the same conciliatory spirit he wished to deal with the civil administration. But here again he had to contend with the persevering intrigues of his enemies at Turin, among whom, it is to be regretted, that the great statesman Cavour must be numbered, influenced, no doubt, by his dread that the republican party should make Garibaldi the instrument of carrying out their designs, and so defeat his purpose of establishing a united kingdom of Italy under Victor Emmanuel. The Dictator had also to contend with the bitter rivalries of political parties and interested individuals. The difficulties of the situation were rendered still greater by the presence of Mazzini in Naples. Had the General maintained his dictatorship pure and absolute, he might have got on better; but, as in Sicily, he appointed a ministry, by whom he was thwarted and compromised. And besides, no sooner was the ministry created, than intrigues were hatched to destroy it. "The intriguers took advantage of his well-known patience, and, by their detestable conduct, rendered civil government, if not impossible, at least most difficult." His humanity also got him into trouble. He was soon at war with the whole tribe of drivers of public conveyances, whose brutal cruelty to animals was notorious. The state of the prisons also received his immediate attention. They were cleansed, ventilated, and rendered habitable by human beings, large windows being substituted for little slits in the thick walls. But the terrible dungeons of the Castle of St. Elmo were not allowed to be used at all. Garibaldi's intense love of justice, and abhorrence of all sorts of abuses, made him an energetic, practical reformer from the moment he got power. He was also an ardent lover of religious freedom, and accordingly one of his first acts as Dictator of Naples was to grant a piece of ground to the English Protestants for a church.

At this time Garibaldi exposed himself to much unmerited censure. Alexandre Dumas had rendered important services to the national cause, as we have seen, having risked both his yacht and his life as a propagandist in the Bay of Naples. As a reward for these services he was appointed Superintendent of Museums and Excavations, for which his only remuneration was the free use of a small palace for one year only. The other was the appointment of Colonel Peard to the command of the English Legion. Colonel Peard was an English gentleman of good family and fortune, who was so affected by Mr. Gladstone's picture of the Neapolitan prisons, that when the Italian war broke out, he volunteered as a private soldier in the Chasseurs of the Alps, and fought under Garibaldi throughout the Lombard campaign; he also accompanied the General in the Sicilian expedition, and rendered important services during the war for the liberation of Naples. His appointment was highly popular at first, though in the end his connection with the Legion did not prove altogether satisfactory; but for such unforeseen results the General could not be fairly held responsible.

The French ambassador and the Papal legate remained at Naples, and their presence was felt in the mysterious influence they exercised on the Bourbon party of the capital. The former took no pains to disguise his dislike of the new rulers, and one of the French naval officers publicly confessed that he considered Garibaldi the enemy of God. On the 9th of September, Mr. Elliot, the British Minister at Naples, received a telegram from Lord John Russell, desiring him to express to General Garibaldi the hope that no attack would be made upon Venetia. As ambassador to the fallen king, he could hold no direct communication with the conqueror; but he managed to be on board the Hannibal when the General came to return the visit of Admiral Mundy. When the admiral paid his visit, Garibaldi, being much fatigued, was lying on the bed with his slippers on, conversing with Lord Llanover and other friends. When his gallant visitor was announced, he said it would not do to receive him in his slippers, so he began to pull on his boots, and in this position the Dictator was suprised by the entrance of his friend. The latter observes, "We were both amused at this little disorder of dress, but immediately holding out his hand, he said, 'I am indeed glad to see you. I told you, admiral, when we parted at Palermo, that we should meet again at Naples.' On my saying I wished to speak to him privately, he requested Lord Llanover and his companions to leave us together. When alone, I informed him that Her Majesty's Minister had a communication to make to him from Lord John Russell. On hearing this name, before I could finish the sentence, he exclaimed, 'Lord Russell is an excellent man, and a true friend of Italy.' I proceeded to say that if he would come on board the Hannibal the following day, Mr. Elliot would meet him in my cabin, and would there make known to him the message from Her Majesty's Government. Garibaldi, in his usual quick way, replied, 'Certainly, anything you wish I am always ready to do. I will get a boat from Admiral Persano, and be on board the Hannibal at eleven o'clock, if that hour will suit. I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of Monsieur Elliot, who, I believe, is connected by marriage with Lord Russell.' I thought it strange that this circumstance, so entirely of a family nature, should have been known to the Dictator; and from whom could he have learned it?" The city was again illuminated at night, and the effect, when viewed from the sea, was very beautiful. On September 10th General Garibaldi and Mr. Elliot, met on board the Hannibal at eleven o'clock. "After I had made Her Majesty's Minister and the Dictator acquainted with each other, I requested the latter to desire his attendant staff to leave the cabin, as Mr. Elliot was desirous of a private conversation, and Captain Farquhar took them on the lower deck to watch the gunnery exercise. Mr. Elliot having expressed to General Garibaldi the astonishment with which, in common with all the world, he had witnessed the marvellous results he had accomplished with such trifling means, informed him that though he could have no official relations with him, he should

remain at Naples until he received further instructions from Her Majesty's Government. This information appeared to give great satisfaction to the Dictator, who said he fully understood that official intercourse was not practicable. Mr. Elliot then informed him that Lord John Russell had charged him to express the hope that no attack would be made on Venetia, as, in his lordship's opinion, it would be calculated to bring the greatest calamities upon Italy. Garibaldi replied by stating that he would make no concealment of his plans, which were plain and straightforward. He intended to push on at once to Rome, and there place the crown of United Italy on the head of King Victor Emmanuel, upon whom would devolve the task of the liberation of Venetia, and in which he would himself be but the lieutenant of His Majesty. If that liberation could be accomplished by purchase or by negotiation, so much the better. He added that he was sure that Lord John Russell, in counselling the abandonment of Venetia, did not fairly represent the generous feelings of the people of England towards the Italian nation, although he cheerfully recognised the obligation Italy was under to Her Majesty's Government for the sympathy they had exhibited with regard to Rome. 'Rome is an Italian city, and neither the Emperor nor any one else has a right to keep me out of it.' It will be remarked that Garibaldi made a difference between Rome and Venice. Rome is the capital of the country—that must be had at all risks. He will never abandon the Venetian cause, but was content to wait for it, and obtain it by purchase, if possible."

At sunset, on September 11th, the rest of the royal troops marched out of the city towards Capua, with a sullen determination and defiance in their looks and bearing, which plainly showed that they felt no goodwill to the cause of the Dictator. It was evident, from this and other facts, that the royal party was resolved to make an effort to recover the kingdom, and that there must still be some fighting before the work of independence was fully accomplished, and the kingdom that had been won permanently secured. The speedy annexation of Naples to Piedmont was, therefore, most desirable; and the main difficulty which stood in the way was the antagonism between Garibaldi and Cavour. The former wrote to the King requesting that the obnoxious minister might be removed from office; but Victor Emmanuel answered that he could not, as a constitutional sovereign, withdraw a minister who enjoyed the confidence of the majority of his subjects. Garibaldi, however, lost no time in making all necessary arrangements for the annexation, which was hastened by the march of events in another quarter. The celebrated French general, Lamoricière, had tendered his sword to the Pope, and had organised an army of volunteers which began to assume alarming proportions. Garibaldi would have marched to meet this new enemy, and would have attacked Rome. The French garrison of that city must then have interfered, and France would have been forced into actual war against the liberators of Italy. This complication of circumstances led the Emperor to consent to the invasion of the Papal States by Victor Emmanuel, which was the very thing that Cavour desired, and which was thought to be the master-stroke of his political genius. In his view, it had become imperatively necessary to stop Garibaldi's progress, to restore Sardinia to the position of leader of the Italian revolution, and to annex Naples without delay to Northern Italy. Besides, the growth of Lamoricière's army on the extended and defenceless frontier of Tuscany was dangerous to Sardinia. Consequently, with but a few days' notice, the Sardinian army crossed the Papal frontier, scattered Lamoricière's forces, compelling himself to fly for safety, and added some of the finest provinces in Italy to the new Italian kingdom. "Thus," says Colonel Chambers, "when at the head of his victorious army, Victor Emmanuel passed from the Papal States into the kingdom of Naples, Garibaldi could no longer claim alone the title of the Deliverer of Italy. The revolution was defeated by its own weapons, and again the policy of Cavour became the policy of Italy." Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., whose resignation of office in consequence of his friendship for Mazzini made his name so familiar to the public, thus wrote upon this subject:—"On the 10th of September, 1860, after the invasion by Garibaldi of the Neapolitan States, Cavour wrote to Baron Talleyrand, 'If we are not at the Cattolica before Garibaldi, we are lost; the revolution will invade Central Italy. We are forced to act.' Again, in a circular of M. Thouvenel, of October, 1860, I find these words, 'Signor Farini (sent by Cavour) has explained to the Emperor, at Chambery, the very embarrassing and dangerous position in which the triumph of the revolution, to a certain extent personified in Garibaldi, threatens to place the Government of His Sardinian Majesty. Garibaldi was on the point of freely traversing the Roman States, raising the population as he went; and had he once passed that frontier, it would have been utterly impossible to prevent an attack on Venice. The Government of Turin had one mode left open to it to prevent that eventuality, and that was to enter the Marches and Umbria as soon as the arrival of Garibaldi had produced disturbances, and re-establish order without infringing on the authority of the Pope; and if need were, to give battle to the revolution in the Neapolitan territory, and request a congress to immediately decide the destinies of Italy. Now, certainly," continued Mr. Stansfeld, "these professions of motive cannot be said to be very creditable to Cavour, and they look as unlike as possible to the arguments of a patriot having the accomplishment of his country's unity, above everything else, at heart." Garibaldi acted in a very different spirit, when, on the 27th of September, he announced to the people the success which had crowned the Sardinian arms. The General addressed the populace from a balcony of the palace in the following laconic speech:—"People of Naples,—Our brethren of the Italian army, commanded by the gallant General Cialdini, combat the enemies of Italy and conquer. The army of Lamoricière has been defeated by those valiant men. All the

AUSTRIAN TROOPS IN ITALY.

provinces enslaved by the Pope are free; Ancona is ours. The valiant soldiers of the army of the North have passed the frontier, and are on Neapolitan soil. We shall soon have the good fortune to clasp their victorious hands."

Towards the middle of September Garibaldi had permanently established his head-quarters in the magnificent palace of Caserta, the summer residence of the ex-royal family. He always rose at three in the morning, attended to the business of the State, consulted with the Ministry, and then received all visitors without distinction of rank. When business was disposed of, he would frequently climb up the steep rock of St. Angelo, and spend hours gazing upon the Neapolitan camp, the windings of the Volturno, and the ramparts of Capua, scarcely perceptible in the far distance. It was there he studied the field of his future military operations. The organisation of the army was his first care after his arrival in Naples. Volunteers were constantly pouring in from Genoa and Leghorn. The irregular forces of Calabria and Basilicata were drilled; the former making a division of 10,000 strong, under Baron Stoco; the latter, a brigade of 2,200 under Brigadier Corte. Altogether Garibaldi could muster an army of 37,000 men by the middle of September. He distributed his forces so as to be in a position to be able to repel any attack that might be made by the Royalists, and to be at the same time free to cross the Volturno, and assume the offensive. The armies of Francis II., which proved unexpectedly loyal, occupied two extreme points, one leaning towards the Mediterranean, the other towards the Apennines, and extending from point to point, a distance of about thirty miles; the rear being protected by the frontier of the Papal States, and strongly supported by the fortress of Gaeta; while its front was covered by the course of the Volturno—a deep, muddy river, very difficult to ford. Upon this river, and flanked by it on three sides, stood the ancient fortress of Capua, in which there was a strong garrison, supplied by provisions both by sea and land, and which the King had every reason to expect would hold out until his Austrian and Papal reinforcements should arrive. From this position he could threaten Naples at any moment. Garibaldi saw this advantage; and to guard against the danger, he occupied the towns of Maddaloni, Caserta, San Leucio, St. Angelo, and Santa Maria, leaving the National Guard to garrison the capital.

Up to September the 17th there had been no encounter between the two armies, but slight skirmishes, in which the Royalists were invariably worsted. On that day Garibaldi ordered a forward movement, which was conducted by Colonel Turr, and was followed by an attack upon Capua. In presence of the advancing column of Major Cattabene, the enemy abandoned the town of Cajazzo, a strong position which the Garibaldians were thus enabled to occupy. But they were only 600 in number, and separated by a river from their base of operations, which was four miles distant. Two days after they were attacked by an overwhelming force, which cut off half their number, and took the major prisoner to Capua. Among those who were thus sacrificed were nearly all the youths who formed the company of the Adolescenti. This company was composed of boys who had left the military schools, and joined Garibaldi in Southern Italy. The oldest of them had scarcely attained the age of fifteen. They defended a barricade, and fought like lions, for five hours. A retreat having been decided upon, they were ordered to form their ranks and march out of the town; but, on a sudden, a concealed battery opened fire upon them at a distance of 200 yards, and only a score of the brave little fellows escaped with their lives. This unfortunate affair, which occurred on the 19th, was only a preliminary encounter. The advance of the Piedmontese army through the Papal States, threatening the rear of the Neapolitans, compelled them to assume the offensive against Garibaldi, in order, if possible, to force their way to Naples, and get possession of the city; in which case, they hoped that diplomacy would arrest the march of the invaders. It was consequently determined by a council of war that, on the 1st October, the birthday of Francis II., the whole of his army should cross the Volturno at different points, and fall upon the Garibaldian lines. The plan might have been successful if the generals were capable officers. The principal attack was directed against Garibaldi's line, between Santa Maria and St. Angelo. It was vigorously conducted, and well supported by powerful artillery; but the military genius of Garibaldi, and the enthusiasm of his troops, prevailed, though the General barely escaped with his life. One of the horses of his carriage was shot dead, and he was obliged, with his staff, to cross the fields on foot. With that good fortune which seems to have made him "the man of fate," he succeeded in reaching the upper part of St. Angelo, which Colonel Medici was defending against an overpowering force. From that point he was able to comprehend in all its details the dangerous position of his army, which at one important point was outflanked and surrounded. To re-open his communications on that side was therefore his first object. This was not accomplished without a desperate fight of four hours, ending by a bayonet charge, led by Garibaldi himself, which compelled the Neapolitans to retire, and prevented their attaining the object of their main attack.

At the Volturno, Garibaldi won the day, with greatly inferior numbers, although he had to resist the combined attack of 30,000 Neapolitan troops, massed in the short line between San Famaro and St. Angelo. Count Arrivabene affirms that the story then current in Europe, that the Piedmontese army had arrived just in time to turn the fortune of war in their favour, is utterly destitute of foundation. It is true that one battalion of Bersaglieri, 200 strong only, was sent by the Piedmontese ambassador, but it did not reach the field till the day after the battle was fought. Captain Forbes states that by eight in the evening, all the wounded were in hospital, the General himself slept at St. Angelo, and returned to Caserta at two o'clock in the morning. He was unwilling to renew the attack, expecting that

the King, who had lost in this battle 3,000 men, would abandon such a hopeless contest. The remnant of the royal forces were withdrawn to Gaeta. Count Arrivabene was a prisoner in the hands of the Neapolitans, and in that capacity accompanied them in their retreat from Capua, with eighty-five Garibaldian soldiers. They marched the whole night, and at daybreak arrived at the village of St. Agatha. The people, savages in human form, were waiting for them. As the cortege approached, the prisoners were received with the most horrible howlings, and with a shower of stones. The second night they passed through the camp of the Garigliano, where 12,000 Neapolitan troops had been posted. About midnight a sudden turning of the road, revealed their bivouac fires, which cast a vivid glare over the surrounding objects. "Here and there groups of soldiers wrapt in their large white cloaks could be seen moving about the camp. The shining helmets of the dragoons, the picturesque caps of the lancers, and the shakoes of the infantry stood out distinct and full in the red glimmer of the flames; and the steady tread of feet, accompanied occasionally by the deep but quiet utterance of the watch-word, added to the solemnity of that wild and striking scene. A loud cry of, 'The Garibaldian prisoners!' with dreadful execrations, was suddenly raised throughout the camp, some of the soldiers rushing forward, and brandishing burning stakes about the heads of the prisoners, who all thought they were about to be burned alive. 'Let us die like Christians!' exclaimed the chaplain of a Milanese battalion, and he began to sing aloud the prayers for the dying. The pious summons of the minister of God was answered with the unanimous cry, 'Yes, let us die like Christians, and like the soldiers of liberty. Long live Italy! Long live Garibaldi!'" The guard, however, protected them from their bloodthirsty foes. At daybreak they arrived at Gaeta, and entered the castle, upon the gate of which they seemed to read the words of Dante—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

The officers were thrust into a square, ill-ventilated room, so damp that the walls were green and mouldy, and so dirty that the stench was sickening. Their loud remonstrances, however, obtained for them better quarters.

The advance of Victor Emmanuel's army on the Garigliano decided the fate of Southern Italy and of the Bourbon dynasty. It seemed rather a triumphal progress than a contest between two fighting armies. On the 4th of October the King had issued a proclamation to his soldiers, in which he told them that the mercenaries whom he had set free, would speak of them in foreign countries, after having learned that God recompenses those who serve him, and not those who oppress peoples, and despise the rights of the nations. "We must," he said, "establish a strong Italian monarchy on the liberty of the people, who will aid us with order and concord. The national army will increase more and more the glory, which, during eight centuries, has shone on the Cross of Savoy. Soldiers! I take the command. It would cost me too much not to be foremost wherever there may be danger." On the 10th of the same month, Garibaldi—having called upon the people of Southern Italy to vote by universal suffrage for or against annexation to the northern kingdom—addressed the citizens of Naples as follows:—

"To-morrow, Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy elect of the nation, will break down the frontier which has divided us for so many centuries from the rest of our country, and, listening to the unanimous voice of this brave people, will appear among us. Let us worthily receive the sent of Providence, and scatter in his path, as the pledge of our redemption and our affection, the flowers of concord—to him so grateful, to us so necessary. No more political colours, no more parties, no more discords. Italy one (as the people of this metropolis wisely determine), and the King *galantuomo*, are the eternal symbols of our regeneration, and of the grandeur and prosperity of the country.

"G. GARIBALDI."

A Sardinian division, under General de Sonaz, landed at Manfredonia on the 14th of October, and marched on Maddaloni; while the main body of the Sardinian army, under General Cialdini, was pushing on from the Abruzzi towards Capua, compelling the Neapolitans to fall back on Gaeta. Garibaldi had, meantime, concentrated his forces at Calvi, whence he sent Colonel Missori to convey his respects to Victor Emmanuel at Teana. The King received Missori most affectionately, evincing the liveliest interest in the army of Garibaldi, and complimenting the gallant envoy on his own exploits at Melazzo. It was agreed that the King should meet the Dictator next day at the foot of a hill called Santa Maria della Croce. At eight o'clock in the morning, accordingly, the Garibaldian soldiers were drawn up in good order, and, although in rags, did not make a bad show. When the King made his appearance, followed by his staff, Garibaldi advanced to meet him. The splendid uniforms of the Piedmontese officers contrasted strikingly with the coarse garb of the Garibaldians. The General wore his wide-awake, his red flannel shirt, his American grey cloak, and black trousers. At his side hung his famous English sword, "worth all the embroidered uniforms of the world." The two great leaders of Italian unity cordially shook hands, and showed by their faces that the action was the expression of a true sentiment of affection on Garibaldi's part, and of the greatest admiration on the part of the King. The respective staffs halted at a little distance, and listened, in breathless expectation, for the conversation of those warriors. The King complimented the General by saying, that without his daring expedition the unity of Italy would not be a reality for ten years to come. "It may be, sire," answered Garibaldi; "but I could not have attempted my expedition had not Victor Emmanuel been the most noble and generous of kings." Victor Emmanuel then reviewed Garibaldi's army, and when they both appeared in front of the patriot columns, they were saluted by the enthusiastic cries of 12,000 men. His Majesty seemed extremely gratified with his

reception, and when the soldiers shouted, "Long live the King of Italy!" he never failed to answer, "Long live Garibaldi! Long live his army!" The review being over, the King and the General rode together towards Bellona, conversing, the two staffs following at some distance. After parting, Garibaldi said to one of his generals, "I did not shrink from telling the King that he is surrounded by a set of men who are not the warmest friends of Italy. I tried to persuade him that what has been said about the influence which Mazzini and his friends exercised over me, is a mere calumny. 'How could I have insisted upon sending Mazzini into exile, when he has done so much for Italian unity?' said I to Victor Emmanuel, and His Majesty agreed that I was right." *

The triumphs of the Piedmontese army were rapid. The earthworks were stormed, the Garigliano was crossed, and the main body of the Neapolitan army was driven back to Gaeta. Capua having been bombarded for forty-eight hours, the garrison surrendered on the 2nd of November, yielding almost without conditions. The King, witnessing the bombardment, said, "This is a sad scene; it breaks my heart to think we are sending death and destruction into an Italian town. Let us trust that the cries of those helpless inhabitants will induce General de Carnet to surrender." He did surrender; and the populace who, a month before, were ready to murder the Garibaldian prisoners, now loudly cheered their liberators.

Meantime, universal suffrage had declared Victor Emmanuel King of the Two Sicilies; there being but about 10,000 votes for the Bourbon, against 1,300,000. The task of Garibaldi was now gloriously accomplished; his programme, as conqueror and Dictator, exactly fulfilled. On the 1st of November he distributed medals among the remnant of the 1,000 heroes who accompanied him to Sicily. In the speech which he made on that occasion, he said,—"This is a memorable day for us, for it cements the alliance of two nations, and establishes the fraternity of the people. To-day you have destroyed that principle of egotism which has kept the nations separated, and thus has facilitated the servitude of all. The people with whom you have fraternised to-day have the same enemies which threaten you. Your cause is theirs, and theirs is yours. But before fighting against this external enemy, you have internal enemies to beat down; and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you, it is that of telling you the truth, frankly and without a veil. In using this privilege, I tell you that your chief enemy is the Pope. I am a Christian as you are. Yes, I am of that religion—that which has broken the bonds of slavery, and has proclaimed the freedom of men! The Pope, who oppresses his subjects, and is an enemy of Italian independence, is no Christian. He denies the very principles of Christianity—he is Antichrist. This truth you must spread among those who are near you; for it is only when all Italians shall be thoroughly convinced of the fact, that Italy will be really free and united."

On the 7th of November Victor Emmanuel made his triumphant entry into Naples. Everything foreboded ill. The day was dark and stormy, and dense clouds that had long been gathering from every quarter, now burst in torrents of rain. Arriving at the station, the King entered the royal carriage, placing Garibaldi at his left, and the Marquis Pallavicini and Signor Mordini, the two pro-dictators of Southern Italy, in front. An immense crowd thronged the streets; a stranger, however, would probably have been led to inquire which of the two personages seated in that carriage was the King; not that *vivas* for the hero of Palestro were wanting, but those with which the Neapolitans greeted the name of Garibaldi were certainly more numerous. Had Victor Emmanuel been envious, he would have had reason to regret his first entry into Naples, by the side of so popular a companion. Fanti and Farini had both suggested to the General that it was quite possible that the Piedmontese rule might not meet with very general approbation in Naples, and that his volunteers might not be encouraged as much as he could wish. The General therefore asked three things of the King, in return for the two crowns he had given him, namely: first, to be appointed Governor of Southern Italy for three years; secondly, that the decrees he had signed during his dictatorship should be ratified, so far as they were in accordance with the constitutional laws of the country; and, thirdly, that the rank conferred by him, in virtue of his dictatorship of the Two Sicilies, on his companions in arms, should be recognised by the new Italian Government. A peremptory refusal was given to the first request. The two last the King's ministers were disposed to grant, but upon certain conditions to be named by themselves. In the end, the King renewed the royal promise he had previously made, that Garibaldi's volunteers should be incorporated with the regular army, and be subject to the scrutiny of a mixed commission—a promise which was afterwards broken by his ministers. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Garibaldi declined all the offers subsequently made to him. The King offered him apartments in any palace in the kingdom of Naples he liked to name. He also promised him that when his daughter should marry, he would give her a wedding portion. He proposed making his eldest son Menotti one of his aides-de-camp, offering him at the same time the grand cross of an Italian order. General Cialdini had endeavoured, it was said, to bring about a reconciliation between Garibaldi and Cavour; but it can never be supposed that in this Cavour was in earnest. For if he were, why was General Fanti permitted to accompany the King? The conduct of General Fanti at Florence, and General Garibaldi's resignation of the command of the army in Tuscany in consequence of that conduct, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. Yet now General Fanti was chosen to regulate the future destinies of the southern army, although he had always been the

* "Italy under Victor Emmanuel," vol. ii., pp. 291—293.

greatest adversary of the volunteers, and was believed to be the bitterest foe of Garibaldi himself. On the arrival of the King, his Majesty, as a devout Catholic, attended to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. Januarius; Garibaldi did not kneel, but remained standing apart a few paces behind. The King was in his handsome uniform; Garibaldi in the old red shirt in which he had gained two kingdoms for Victor Emmanuel. Mr. Brooke said of the scene—

"As the *vivas* of the populace rang through the damp air, I thought Garibaldi seemed by far the more popular personage of the two; and I rejoiced that it was so. What born king on earth is as great as he, in his sublime simplicity of character and spotless purity of intention? I asked myself that day, and found no answer. The visit to the relics was soon over. Then bold Victor Emmanuel strode down the middle aisle, his plain, bluff features set in iron rigidity, never moving a muscle, and as Garibaldi walked close to him, we had an excellent opportunity of comparison. Garibaldi, with his broad, thoughtful brow, deep-sunk, clear eyes, in whose depths no shade of dishonest purpose ever lurked, and calm self-possessed demeanour; and the King, with his dragoon's style and bold glance, with nothing beyond this noticeable about him. These two men—the born king and the kingly subject—were indeed contrasts. As Garibaldi walked down the aisle, the people rushed upon him, kissing him and clasping the very hem of his jacket, like devotees, and then set up once more a shout of long pent-up enthusiasm. The King afterwards presented himself at the balcony, with Garibaldi by his side."

At eleven o'clock on the 8th of November, the King, attended by his Ministers of State and superior officers of his staff, received the Dictator in the throne room of the royal palace. Signor Conforti, the Minister of the Interior under Garibaldi's government, then made the following address to the King, which was composed by the Dictator:—"Sire,—The Neapolitan people in public meeting assembled, have by an immense majority proclaimed you as their king. Nine millions of Italians are united to the other provinces, which have already been smiling under the happy rule of your Majesty; and by this unity has been verified your solemn promise that Italy shall belong to Italians alone." King Victor Emmanuel replied in his usual laconic style, and thus began the constitutional rule of Piedmont, and ended the dictatorial functions of Garibaldi in the peninsula. At the same time Garibaldi issued a long address to his companions in arms, from which the following is an extract:—

"To my companions in arms,—Providence has given Victor Emmanuel to Italy. Every Italian should unite himself to him. All should gather close around him. By the side of the *galantuomo* every strife should disappear, and every rancour be dissipated. Once again, I repeat my cry to you, to place arms in the hands of all! If the month of March, 1861, does not find a million of Italians under arms—oh, then, poor Liberty! Alas! for an Italian existence. Italians of Catalafami, of Palermo, of the Volturno, of Ancona, of Castelfidardo, and of Isernia, and every man of the land who is neither a slave nor a coward—come one and all, cluster closely around the hero of Palestro; and, under his ægis, will we hurl our united strength upon the crumbling ruins of tyranny! Receive, young volunteers, honourable survivors of ten battles, one farewell word. It comes, radiant with affection, from the depths of my soul. I leave you to-day, but for a short time only. The hour of battle will again see me among you, by the side of the soldiers of Italian liberty. We shall soon meet again to march towards the North, carrying thither freedom to our brethren who are still doomed to wear the chains of the stranger. Yes, brethren, we shall soon meet again, to march together to new fields of glory!

"Giuseppe Garibaldi."

The King, speaking to General Garibaldi, observed, "So you are resolved to return to Caprera?" "Yes, sire," was the answer. The King then continued, "But how do you intend to get there? There are no steamers running in that direction." "If any necessity occurred, I would ask my friend Admiral Mundy to give me a passage on board an English ship," answered Garibaldi. In the end, the Dictator returned to Caprera in an American merchant steamer, the Washington. The courtiers who came in the suite of Victor Emmanuel heaped a number of petty insults on the Dictator. Those to whom the General had granted apartments in the royal palaces, received immediate notice from the Piedmontese officials to quit. Orders signed by him were referred to the ministers for confirmation; and when he sent to the royal stables for a carriage to convey him to the station, the Master of the Horse sent him a message that he had none at his disposal, and recommended him to take a *fiacre*. It must be remembered that Garibaldi remained Dictator of the Two Sicilies until the day before he left; therefore, as a matter of right, the carriages of the ex-King of Naples belonged, for the time at least, to him. Count Arrivabene—one of the most devoted admirers of Cavour—is compelled to confess that that minister, under the evil influence of the so-called party of "order," had determined, from the very first, to humble the party of action in the dust. When Garibaldi became aware that the question was a mere struggle for power, he could not do otherwise than leave the country he had, with so much heroism, delivered from the iron grasp of its oppressors. Basso, his private secretary, was obliged to inform him that all the money which he had at his command—though only the day before Dictator of the richest province of Italy—was £30, saved by him with the greatest economy during the campaign. "Do not be anxious, Basso," answered Garibaldi, with a smile; "we have at Caprera plenty of wood and corn, which we will send to Maddelana for sale." Garibaldi returned to Caprera a much poorer man than he had left it; nearly as poor, indeed, as when he wandered in exile in the South American forests.*

* Chambers.

CHAPTER LX.

The Session of 1860—Italian Affairs—The Cession of Savoy and Nice—Central Italy—Lord Normanby—Mr. Gladstone's Financial Statement—Commercial Treaty with France—The Paper Duties: their Abolition resisted by the Lords—Question about their right to Reject a Money Bill—The Duties Abolished by Resolution of the Commons—Affairs of India—Mr. James Wilson sent out as Finance Minister—Sir Charles Trevelyan, Governor of Madras, recalled for Insubordination—Death of Mr. Wilson—Mr. Laing succeeds him—Success of his Financial Scheme—Re-organisation of the Indian Army—Close of the Session—Massacres in Syria—The French Expedition.

THE session of 1860 opened on the 24th of January, Her Majesty delivering the royal speech in person. In the debates on the address, the affairs in Italy became a prominent topic of discussion, especially the part that France had played after the war, in demanding the cession of Savoy and Nice. In the Upper House, Lord Brougham expressed his opinion that the Italians should be allowed to work out their own freedom, without the interference of foreigners, whether French, Sardinian, or Austrian. No doubt they would do it, if Austrian interference could be got rid of; but that was precisely the difficulty which rendered the interference of the other powers necessary. Lord Derby objected to England joining any conference on the subject at all. On the 7th of February the Marquis of Normanby brought forward a distinct motion upon the subject. The noble lord—who had been distinguished as a Whig, and something more, and whose ultra-Liberalism when Viceroy of Ireland had exposed him to much animadversion, was converted to ultra-Conservatism by his residence as ambassador in Italy—became during this session the zealous partisan of the despots whom the people had deposed. He moved an address to the Queen on the subject of the proposed annexation of Savoy. Lord Granville, in reply, stated that he had assurances from both France and Sardinia that no compact existed between those countries for the cession, exchange, or sale of Savoy and Nice to France. Earl Grey remarked that they were all unanimous in condemnation of the proposed annexation; and said that if it were really true that a secret treaty had been entered into between France and Sardinia for their mutual aggrandisement, it would be difficult to find language sufficiently strong to denounce the iniquity and immorality of such a compact, which could only be described as a great crime against the civilised world. The Earl of Shaftesbury also used very strong language on the subject. The Earl of Derby referred to a special reason why Piedmont should not cede Savoy. She was bound by a specific treaty to Switzerland never to alienate that province. The language of Piedmont to France ought to be that it was impossible—owing to a treaty with Switzerland—that she could yield on this question; in which case France would surely not be so unscrupulously violent as to take those provinces by force. "All confidence in the steady policy and peaceful character of the Emperor of the French would be lost; and it would be said that Austria had been expelled by France from Italy, not for Italian independence, but for the furtherance of her own selfish ends. The present was a great opportunity for the Emperor of the French to establish a character for peace and moderation, by declaring that he entertained no idea of extending the French frontier beyond its present limits, or of destroying the balance of power in Europe; but that, on the contrary, he would maintain a policy of non-interference in the affairs of other countries; by which declaration he would establish a moral power throughout Europe, as great as the material power now wielded by France." Lord Stratford de Redcliffe concurred in these views. The motion was withdrawn. But, on the 14th of the same month, Lord Normanby brought forward another motion in reference to the new Government of Central Italy, which he denounced in the strongest terms of reprobation. The Marquis of Clanricarde ably answered the vituperative speech of Lord Normanby, and contradicted his allegations from his own personal knowledge. The fiscal burdens under which, according to Lord Normanby, the people of Sardinia groaned, the noble marquis declared to be as nothing compared with the taxation endured by Venetia, which was, in fact, absolute confiscation. The motion was for the production of papers, and it was agreed to.

There had been similar discussions in the House of Commons, which led Lord John Russell, on the 12th of March, to make a formal statement about Italy, the object of which was to vindicate the course taken by the Government. But the discussions led to no practical result; inasmuch as, whatever might be the feeling about the extension of the French frontiers by the annexation of Savoy and Nice, the House was unanimously of opinion that it should not be made a ground of war with France.

Great interest was felt at the opening of this session about the forthcoming financial statement of Mr. Gladstone, and the Treaty of Commerce with France, which had been recently signed, but the terms of which had not been laid before Parliament. The 6th of February was fixed for the Budget, but the illness of Mr. Gladstone caused its postponement to the 10th. His speech on that occasion lasted four hours, and was distinguished by all his accustomed clearness, force, and eloquence. On the 21st of February, Mr. Du Cane moved a resolution against the Budget to the effect, that, while recognising the necessity of providing for the increased expenditure of the coming financial year, the House was of opinion that it was not expedient to add to the existing deficiency, by diminishing the ordinary revenue; and was not prepared to disappoint the just expectations of the country, by re-imposing the income tax at an unnecessarily high rate. A debate followed, which was continued by adjournment on the two following days; and the result was a division, which, in a very full House, gave to the Government a majority of 116; thus deciding the question of its financial policy and of the Treaty of Commerce with France. A more formal sanction, however, to this treaty was subsequently given on the motion of Mr. Byng, who proposed to present an address to Her Majesty, expressing the acknowledgment of the House for the treaty. The motion was seconded by Mr. Baines; but Mr. Horsman moved an amendment to the effect, that the treaty imposed unnecessary and

impolitic restrictions on the Crown and Legislature of this country, and prayed for the omission of the 11th article from the treaty. This amendment was rejected by a majority of 282 against 56.

The financial measures of the Government raised an important constitutional question as to the power of the House of Lords. When the Paper Duty Repeal Bill, which had passed the House of Commons, came for the first reading in the Upper House, Lord Monteagle gave notice that he should, at the proper time, move for its rejection. The second reading was moved by Lord Granville on the 21st of May. Having explained the measure, he asked, in conclusion, whether it was desirable that the House of Lords, now so popular, should furnish ground for declamation and agitation by introducing a new system, and making its hand seen and felt in every burden that pressed upon the people. The question was, whether the Lords had a right to reject a money bill which the Commons had adopted. Lord Lyndhurst argued this question fully, and went into an historical statement and vindication of the privileges of the House. There had been controversies on the point in former times, and the House had abandoned the claim to alter or originate money bills, but not the right to reject a money bill. Lord Monteagle spoke on the same side. Lord Dufferin and Lord Clanricarde urged upon the House the impolicy of undertaking to decide, in opposition to the Commons, what taxes should be retained or remitted. Lord Crauworth admitted that the House could reject a bill, whether for relief or burden, but denied that it had ever refused to concur in the repeal of a tax under such circumstances as the present. The Duke of Argyll vindicated the policy of the Government, remarking that Lord Lyndhurst's precedents were mere money bills, which were different from supply bills, and that there was no instance, since the Revolution, of a supply bill being rejected by the Lords, and contending that to do so was against the whole spirit of the constitution. On the other hand, Lord Derby contended that the Duke's argument involved an absurd limitation

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of the powers of the House. The result, after a long and able debate, was that the bill was rejected by a majority of 89, the numbers, including proxies, being for the bill, 104; against it, 193. This result was hailed as a great Conservative triumph; but among the Liberal party, both in the House of Commons and out of doors, it excited a strong feeling against the Lords, who were believed to have arrogated to themselves unconstitutional power in subjecting the nation to a continuance of financial burdens, not being representatives of the people. The feeling of hostility, however, was mitigated by the consideration that, though constitutionally wrong, the Lords were right in deeming it inexpedient, at that time, to forego the income derived from the paper duties. There was, of course, great irritation in a large section of the House of Commons; but any further collision was averted by Lord Palmerston, who moved the appointment of a committee of 21 to search for precedents on the subject. The report of the committee was purely historical. The Premier, however, made it the basis of a series of resolutions which he moved on the 6th of July, to the effect that the right of granting aids and supplies to the Crown is in the Commons alone, as an essential part of their constitution; and the limitation of all such grants as to the matter, manner, measure, and time is only in them. In moving this resolution, the noble lord noticed one fact which furnished an excuse for the course adopted by the Lords—namely, that during the interval between the second and third reading in the Commons, the majority had dwindled down from fifty-three to nine; a fact which could not be overlooked. He advised the House, therefore, as the most dignified course, to be satisfied with the declaration of its constitutional privileges. Three amendments were proposed; but as Mr. Disraeli offered to Lord Palmerston the sincere tribute of his adhesion to the patriotic speech with which he had introduced the motion, the amendments were withdrawn, and the resolution unanimously adopted. The second resolution was, "That although the Lords have exercised the power of rejecting bills of several descriptions, relating to taxation, by negativing the whole, yet the exercise of that power by them has not been frequent, and is justly regarded by this House with peculiar jealousy, as affecting the right of the Commons to grant the supplies, and to provide the ways and means for the service of the year." The third resolution affirmed that the House had in its own hands the right to impose and remit taxes, and to frame bills of supply; and that this right, as to matter, manner, measure, and time, should be maintained inviolate. These resolutions were not believed by the Liberal party to go as far as the case demanded. Accordingly, on the 17th of July, Lord Fermoy moved the following resolution:—"That the rejection by the House of Lords of the bill for the repeal of the paper duties is an encroachment on the rights and privileges of the House of Commons; and it is therefore incumbent on this House to adopt a practical measure for the vindication of its rights and privileges." He observed that out of doors there was a strong feeling of indignation upon this subject, indicated by the number of petitions and of public meetings in the principal towns of England, at which resolutions were adopted denouncing the aggression of the Lords. Sir John Trelawny, Mr. Osborne, and others, condemned the course of the House of Lords. Lord Palmerston, however, deprecated the renewal of the discussion, and moved the previous question. It was generally felt that Lord Fermoy's motion was ill-timed. It was accordingly negatived by a majority of 177 to 138.

The question of the paper duties, however, the abolition of which was assumed in the French Treaty, was yet to be settled; and Mr. Gladstone moved a resolution upon the subject, on the 6th of August, when he exposed and refuted the arguments of the paper manufacturers, showing that they were nothing better than the old fallacies of the Protectionists; and he argued, moreover, that the House was bound by the French Treaty to abandon the paper duty. So far as intention was concerned, the articles of the treaty showed, beyond the possibility of dispute, that our meaning was to part with every vestige of the protective policy. The House of Commons had given its consent to the treaty, and a specific pledge that it would take the necessary steps to give it effect. With regard to the absence of reciprocity, the protectionist interest in France was too strong for the Government. But Mr. Gladstone regarded the prohibition of the export of rags as utterly insignificant, because France was a dear country for rags, and was obliged to import them for its own use. Mr. Puller moved, as an amendment, "That without desiring to prejudice the question of a reduction, at a future period, of the duty on books and paper, this committee does not think fit at present to assent to such reduction." Sir H. Cairns stated the case of the paper-makers, and was answered by the Attorney-General. After speeches by Lord J. Russell, Mr. Disraeli, and Lord Palmerston, the amendment was rejected, and the resolutions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, abolishing the duties, adopted.

On the 1st of March, Lord John Russell experienced in his own person the wonderful changes in public sentiment which had passed over England in the course of a single generation. He still clung to the idea that it was necessary to do something to complete the great measure of Parliamentary reform, to supply its defects, and to adapt it to the altered condition of society produced by the marvellous development of manufacturing industry. Having been mainly instrumental in defeating the Reform Bill of the Conservative Administration, he felt it the more incumbent upon him to redeem the promises repeatedly made to complete the reform of the representation of the people. He did not find fault with his own great measure of 1832; on the contrary, with true paternal affection, he avowed his firm belief that no measure had so few faults. What he proposed to do was, in a simple manner, to supply its unavoidable omissions and remedy its necessary defects. He then went into details, to which it is unnecessary here to allude. The public took no interest whatever in the question. This undeniable fact suggested a topic in his

favour, the noble lord no doubt forgetting that he had relied on arguments and facts of an opposite kind thirty years before. He thought that the Legislature ought not to wait for an agitation that would force demands upon Parliament. The concession of just claims should not be delayed because they were not urged. Leave was given to bring in a bill for England; Mr. Cardwell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, brought in a similar bill the same evening for that country, as did the Lord Advocate for Scotland. The second reading took place on the 19th of March; but the report of the proceedings describes the debate as so utterly devoid of interest that it was difficult to keep the House together. It was protracted by repeated adjournments from the 19th of March till the 3rd of May, when the second reading was adopted without a division. The 4th of June was appointed for going into committee on the bill, when Lord John Russell explained the course which the Government meant to take. But Sir J. Fergusson moved an amendment, on the motion that the Speaker leave the chair, seconded by Colonel Dickson, that the debate should be adjourned until the Irish and Scotch bills were before the house, in order that the three might advance *pari passu*. After a debate on this motion, the House divided, when it was rejected by a majority of 21, the numbers being—For the adjournment, 248; against it, 269. But as the public seemed to care little what became of the measure, and as it was now quite evident that it could not pass during that session, its noble author, on the 11th of June, had to make the humiliating avowal that the Government had determined to withdraw the bill.

The affairs of India occupied considerable attention during the session of 1860. Its finances had got into a state of confusion, the public debt was increasing every year, and it was found impossible, by those charged with the administration, to equalise the income and the expenditure. Under these circumstances, the Home Government had, in the previous year, sent out Mr. James Wilson as financial member of the Legislative Council at Calcutta. This gentleman, the well-known proprietor and editor of the *Economist*, had established his reputation as one of the ablest financiers in England. In 1848 he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Control, and he subsequently became Financial Secretary to the Treasury; he was, therefore, specially qualified for the task he undertook. On his arrival in India, he devoted himself to the study of Indian finances; and when he had mastered the subject, he matured a plan for the reduction of expenditure, which, in connection with improvements in the system of taxation, would, he hoped, make matters right. He brought this plan before the Council in an able and elaborate speech. It was well received in India, and also most favourably in this country; but it did not meet the approbation of Sir Charles Trevelyan, who had been recently appointed Governor of Madras, and considered himself a very high authority on Indian affairs. He was betrayed into the indiscretion of publicly attacking Mr. Wilson's scheme. The conduct of a great public functionary in India, in thus openly assailing the measures of the Government under which he served, especially in the then critical state of Indian affairs, presented an example of imprudence so dangerous that it could not be tolerated; and, accordingly, the Home Government gave orders for the immediate recall of Sir Charles Trevelyan. In the House of Lords, however, Mr. Wilson's plan was rather severely criticised by the Earl of Ellenborough, who especially condemned the part of his speech that reflected on the Sepoy army, which had contributed to the political tranquillity of that empire, and still amounted to 200,000 men. The Duke of Argyll defended Mr. Wilson, and reminded the House that there was an existing deficit of £9,000,000, and a prospective one for the next year of £6,500,000; remarking that the strictures on the Sepoys applied only to the Bengal portion of the Indian army. In the House of Commons, the recall of Sir Charles Trevelyan became the subject of discussion. Sir Charles Wood, the Indian Secretary, explained that the step was taken quite independently of the merits of the questions at issue, and simply because of his most improper act of publishing his minute—a most valuable document, no doubt, but it was published without the concurrence or knowledge of the other members of the Madras Government, and even against their advice—an act which the ex-Governor had attempted to justify. Much, therefore, as he regretted the loss of so able a man, the Home Government would be wanting in their duty if they overlooked such an act of insubordination; "an act subversive of all authority—the mutiny of one governor against another." Mr. Bright objected to Mr. Wilson's scheme, because he proposed to balance income and expenditure by imposing new taxes. Sir Charles Trevelyan thought this unnecessary, believing that the balance might be effected by reducing expenditure. He wrote a most able minute, which, in Mr. Bright's opinion, showed him to be more of a statesman than the author of the Calcutta scheme. The publication, however, was another question; and as it was most unusual, and contrary to official etiquette, he could not blame Sir Charles Wood for the course adopted. Lord Palmerston, while acknowledging the ability and honesty of Sir Charles Trevelyan, stated, that in the case of such an act of insubordination, such a violation of official duty, attended with so much hazard, the Government had no option; and he could not understand how a man so versed in official duty, and so well aware of the consequences of such an act, could have been blind to its character. Subsequently, in a debate on Indian finance, which occurred on the 13th of August, the Secretary for India stated that the recall of Sir Charles was the most painful duty of his public life. He then went into a discussion of the rival schemes, and came to the conclusion that there must be new taxes. In fact, the classes best able to bear taxation had hitherto, in a great measure, escaped it; merchants and fund-holders could be reached only by means of an income-tax, and this measure was therefore adopted. The result of Mr. Wilson's scheme

realised the most sanguine expectations of its supporters. He was unfortunately removed by death in the midst of his labours, being cut off by cholera, at Calcutta, on the 11th of August, after a residence of about a year in India; but the system which he inaugurated was ably carried out by his successor, Mr. Laing; in consequence of which the resources of India were very rapidly developed, and the country entered upon a career of prosperity quite unprecedented in its history. Railways were constructed, irrigation works restored, private enterprise encouraged, and social progress promoted in every direction; a remarkable instance of the good that may be effected by sound economic principles, honestly carried out.

An act was passed this year for the re-organisation of the Indian army, which was one of the consequences of the transfer of the government from the East India Company to the Queen—a benefit to India of immense magnitude, resulting from the late mutiny. The Indian Council was opposed to the change in the army; but the Cabinet sustained Sir Charles Wood, and the Parliament sanctioned the measure. On the 12th of June Sir C. Wood brought in a bill to alter the regulation of Her Majesty's local European forces in India. The East India Company had maintained three armies, one at each presidency, part of which consisted of Europeans, enlisted in this country for local service in India, the proportion of which to the Company's troops was two to one. After the mutiny had been put down, there was much discontent among the European soldiers with reference to the new arrangements; in consequence of which many of them were discharged and sent home. It was resolved, after much consideration, that our military power in India should consist of a uniform force, instead of the anomaly of two European armies. The amalgamation of the two Indian armies in the manner proposed was objected to by Lord Stanley, Colonel Sykes, Sir De Lacy Evans, and others; and Mr. A. Mills moved that the bill be read a second time that day three months. The amendment was seconded by Sir E. Colebrooke, who contended that the Government had not shown sufficient grounds for so important a change. Sir J. Elphinstone also opposed the bill. Mr. Buxton argued against it upon financial and sanitary grounds, quoting the authority of Lord Ellenborough, Lord Canning, and Sir John Lawrence, and observing that both the late Government and the present had, until this year, been favourable to a distinct local army. Mr. Horsman was opposed to a measure that would transfer to the Horse Guards a large amount of patronage, and revolutionise the government of India. He charged Sir C. Wood with disingenuousness; he declared that he was ready to prove, from his own knowledge, that there were documents on the subject, produced as complete, which were only extracts, important passages having been taken out of them. He complained of details of the Government scheme which had been kept back, but which were of great constitutional importance. There was the question of the patronage, of the influence, the power, and authority that would be given to the military department; and there was the question of expense. These were points which involved the question whether there should be one supreme head or a double Government in India, and the House was simply asked to repeal an Act of Parliament, without any plan, and against the unanimous protest of the Council of India. Mr. Sidney Herbert denied those charges. The Government had not withheld information, and the Horse Guards would not obtain the vast amount of patronage supposed. After a lengthened debate, Sir Charles Wood replied to the objections which had been made to the bill, and the House divided, when the second reading was carried by a majority of 289 to 53. The bill also encountered some opposition in the Lords, but the second reading was carried *nem. con.*, and it quickly passed through the other stages and became law.

The session was brought to a close on the 28th of August. The Queen had gone to Scotland, and the royal speech was delivered by the Lord Chancellor. It referred to frightful atrocities which had been committed by the Druses on the Christian population of Syria, who had been massacred in great numbers in the most treacherous and barbarous manner. Those atrocities inspired the Queen with the deepest grief and indignation, and Her Majesty had cheerfully concurred with the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, the Prince Regent of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, in an engagement with the Sultan to send him military assistance, so long as it would be necessary, to re-establish order in that part of his dominions. The only one of the parties who fulfilled this engagement, however, was the Emperor of the French, whose Syrian expedition accomplished the mission assigned to it in a satisfactory manner. The speech also alluded to a joint expedition of French and English forces sent to the Chinese seas, which were to advance to the northern provinces of the empire, in order to support the just demands of the allied powers, and to give all possible weight to the diplomatic action of Lord Elgin, who had gone out as special ambassador for this service. It was he who had negotiated the Treaty of Tien-tsin, the faithful and full performance of which was now demanded from the Emperor of China.

The massacre of the Maronite Christians in Syria, referred to in the royal speech, was one of the most frightful occurrences of the kind on record. Lord Dufferin, who was appointed British Commissioner in Syria, describes some of those scenes in his despatches to Sir H. Bulwer, the English ambassador at Constantinople. He attributed the massacres, and all the wars, quarrels, and disturbances which had agitated the Lebanon for the last fifteen years, to the dissatisfaction of the Turkish authorities with the measure of self-government enjoyed by the Christians. Their policy was to prove the scheme adopted by the great powers in 1845 as impossible. With this object they stimulated, as occasion served, the chronic animosity existing between Maronites and Druses. In proportion as foreign influences exalted the arrogance and fanaticism of the Christians,

their independence became more insufferable to the Turks, and a determination was arrived at to inflict on them, through the instrumentality of the Druses, a severer chastisement than they had yet received. But he states also, that the Christians had been long meditating an onslaught on the Druses, which was to end in the overthrow of the Turkish authority in Lebanon. Early in May a monk was found murdered in a convent, and a Druse was killed by the Maronites in retaliation. This led to several assassinations on both sides. On the 28th of May a general attack was made on the Maronite villages in the neighbourhood of Beyrout and Lebanon and they were burned to the ground. Next day Hasbeya, a large town under Mount Hermon, was attacked by the Druses. The Turkish commander told the inhabitants that if they laid down their arms he would protect them. They did so, and were sent under a small escort towards Damascus, and were seized on the way by a body of Druses. Having got rid of the armed men, the treacherous commander abandoned the place; and, on the 5th of June, the Druses rushed in and murdered indiscriminately the whole male population under the most revolting circumstances, the Turkish soldiers assisting in the work of slaughter. Several other towns were treated in the same manner. At Deir el-Kammar the gates were treacherously thrown open, and in rushed the fiends, cutting down and slaughtering every male, the soldiers co-operating. The women who escaped told how, before their very eyes, they had seen husband, father, brothers, and children cut to pieces; how, in trying to save the life of a child, they had been knocked down, and the child torn from them and cut to pieces, and the pieces thrown in their face; how they had been insulted by the Turkish soldiery; and how, on their way down to the sea, the Druses robbed them of everything they possessed. And it must be remembered, that there were people at Deir el-Kammar who were very wealthy, and lived in well-built, comfortable houses—people who had been well-educated and used to luxury, and now had to beg their bread. The number of killed in this horrible massacre has been variously estimated; some say that 900, and some say that 1,800 persons were killed. Beyrout itself was threatened by the infuriated and victorious Druses; and the presence of an English pleasure-yacht in the harbour, with a single gun, is supposed to have had more effect in averting the danger than all the troops of the Turkish Pasha, whose conduct, in fact, showed that he connived at the massacres. On the 9th of July similar outrages began at Damascus. A mob consisting of the lowest order of Moslem fanatics assembled in the streets, and instead of being dispersed by the Turkish troops—of whom there were 700 in the town, under the command of Ahmed Pasha—they were allowed to increase until they began a general attack upon the houses in the Christian quarter, and committed many murders. The soldiers sent to quell the disturbance joined the mob, and next day the work of destruction was renewed with greater violence. On Monday there were about 18,000 or 20,000 Christian inhabitants in the city, and 7,000 or 8,000 poor refugees from other quarters. Between 11,000 and 12,000 were collected in the castle, and fed by the Government.

These deplorable events, of course, caused strong representations to be made to the Sultan by the ambassadors of the Christian powers, in consequence of which he sent Fuad Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, with a strong force, to Syria, to execute summary justice upon the guilty parties. He did so with a vengeance. At Beyrout he hanged and shot a great number of Moslems; and the following despatch, transmitted by him to Constantinople from Damascus, dated August 4th, will show the vigour with which he executed his task:—"Yesterday I arrested 330 persons guilty of having taken part in the massacres. To-day the number of arrests exceed 400. By the day after to-morrow, at the latest, the principal persons who are seriously compromised will have been apprehended." The French expedition was under the command of General Beaufort d'Hautpoul, and left Marseilles in the beginning of August. It was not to exceed 12,000 men. The Emperor addressed the soldiers on their departure, and told them that they were going to assist the Sultan in bringing back the obedience of his subjects, who were blinded by the fanaticism of a former century. "You do not," he said, "leave in great numbers; but your courage and your prestige will supply the deficiency, because, wherever the French flag is seen to pass, nations know that a great cause precedes it, and a great nation follows it." By a later convention between the great powers, the stay of the French troops was prolonged till the 25th of June, 1861, to enable a plan to be formed for the organisation of the government of the Lebanon, and to secure the tranquillity of Syria. At the end of July, Lord Dufferin was appointed to act as British commissioner, in conjunction with commissioners on the part of France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The object of the commission was to inquire into the origin of the disturbances and outbreak, to alleviate the sufferings and losses of the Christians, and make arrangements for the future administration of Syria, so as to prevent, as far as possible, a recurrence of similar calamities.

CHAPTER LXI.

Another War in China—The Treaty of Tien-tsin—Treachery of the Chinese—Repulse of the British Forces—Second Mission of Lord Elgin—He is joined by Baron Gros, the French Plenipotentiary—Both the Ambassadors shipwrecked—Ultimatum of the Plenipotentiaries—It is scouted by the Chinese Government—Capture of the Taku Forts—Occupation of Tien-tsin—More Chinese Treachery—Imprisonment and torture of a number of English Officers and the *Times* Correspondent—Defeat of the Chinese—The Allies march on Pekin—The Emperor's Summer Palace looted by the French, and burned by the English—Surrender of Pekin—Submission of the Chinese, and Ratification of the Treaty.

It would seem as if the difficulties with China were destined never to have an end. Our readers will recollect that the treaty of Tien-tsin provided for the appointment of ambassadors on the part of Great Britain and China to reside at their respective courts, and for the permanent establishment of the British

minister at the court of Pekin. The Honourable Mr. Bruce, brother of Lord Elgin, was accordingly sent out in March, 1859, with instructions from Lord Malmesbury as to the course he was to pursue. Sir John Bowring was to be superseded as Governor of Hong-Kong, and the British head-quarters were to be transferred thence to Shanghai, where Mr. Bruce was to fix his residence for the present. Anticipating the usual obstacles of Chinese diplomacy in the way of the plenipotentiary to the metropolis, he was required to do his duty firmly, and

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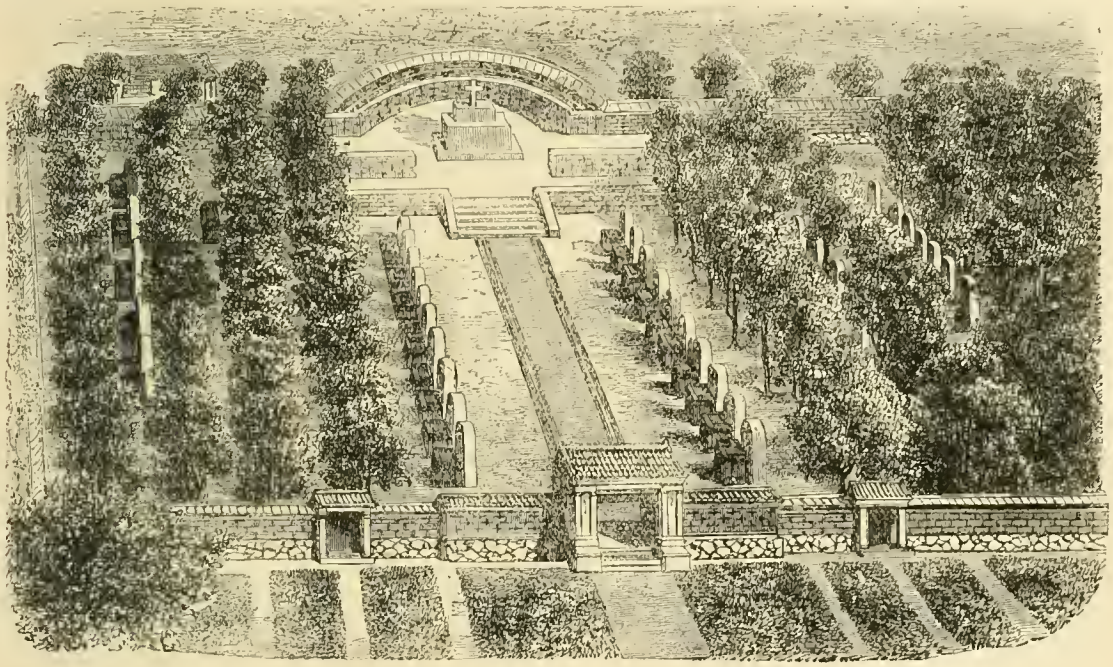
admit of no excuses; but insist on the right of presenting his credentials to the Emperor in person, and to require the literal fulfilment of the treaty with regard to the establishment of the mission permanently at Pekin. A sufficient naval force was to accompany him to the mouth of the Peiho. He arrived at Hong-Kong in the month of May, and was joined there by M. de Bourboulon, the French ambassador. When they reached Shanghai, it was proposed to them by the Chinese authorities that the ratification should be exchanged there, or that, if they must go to Pekin, it should be by land, a journey of two months, instead of ascending the river Peiho. They, however, insisted on the latter route, and were escorted by a squadron of gun-boats and some other vessels under the command of Admiral Hope. Proceeding in advance to reconnoitre the fortifications, he found those demolished last year now strengthened by additional ditches, with an increased number of more powerful booms. Few guns were visible, but there were numerous embrasures masked with matting. After waiting for some days, tantalised with false promises and evasive answers, Admiral Hope was resolved to force his way up the river. The first barrier was penetrated, when a tremendous fire suddenly opened from the forts, where guns of large calibre had been concealed. The Plover was disabled, the Kestrel sank in her position, and the admiral was severely wounded. He then determined to take the forts by *coups de main*. A landing was effected, in obedience to his orders, on the evening of the 21st of June. What followed is graphically described by an eye-witness:—

"A vertical fire of arrows, as well as a constant fusilade, was kept up on the select band who now crowded in the ditch, waiting, but in vain, for reinforcements; and that

any of them afterwards escaped alive was miraculous. Seeing what insurmountable difficulties presented themselves, the order was at last given to retire; the lion-hearted commander of the troops, Colonel Lemon, of the Royal Marines (who was one of the first into the farthest ditch), Captain Vansittart, of the Magicienne, and Captain Shadwell, of the Highflier, all having been severely wounded. The latter was badly shot through the foot shortly after landing, but nevertheless managed to struggle manfully forward even to the advanced trench. Poor Captain Vansittart had his leg shot off. Lieutenant Groves, of the Assistance, Lieutenant Clutterbuck, of the Coromandel, young Herbert, of the Chesapeake, and Lieutenants Inglis and Woolridge, of the Royal Marines, were all killed, while gallantly cheering on the men; and at least three-fourths of the officers who landed were more or less severely hit. In effecting the retreat even more lives were lost, perhaps, than in advancing, as the Chinese, by lighting blue lights, were enabled to discover the exact position of our then reeling and thoroughly exhausted men, and so to shoot them down like birds. Even on arriving at the water's edge, matters were not improved, as so many of the boats had been smashed to pieces by round shot that there were not enough remaining to take off the surviving men. Several were drowned in attempting to get off, while many had to remain for more than an hour up to their necks in water before they could get a place in a boat; and even then their dangers were not passed, as the fire from the forts continued so heavy that several boats full of wounded were struck and swamped while pulling off to the ships. The Coromandel was made the temporary hospital-ship, and the scene on her upper deck was truly horrible."

In consequence of this humiliating repulse, Lord Elgin was again sent out as British plenipotentiary, with a powerful expedition, to enforce the execution of the treaty of which he was the author. General Hope Grant, then in India, was appointed to the chief command, and several Sikh regiments volunteered their services. Baron Gros, the French plenipotentiary, accompanied Lord Elgin. They sailed together in the Malabar, which was driven upon a reef of sunken rocks in the Harbour of Point de Galle, in Ceylon, and became a total wreck. The lives of the ambassadors were saved with difficulty, and much valuable property and important papers were lost. They resumed their voyage, however, in the Pekin, and arrived at Hong-Kong on the 21st of June, 1860. On the 25th of July, the French



BURIAL-GROUND AT PEKIN.

expedition joined the British near the mouth of the Peiho river; disembarking at Pehtang, where they remained encamped to the 12th of August, in "a wilderness of mud and water, destitute of tree, plant, shrub, or grass, amidst a scene of utter misery and desolation." In the meantime an ultimatum had been sent to Pekin, demanding satisfaction for the treacherous attack on the British, the immediate ratification of the treaty at Pekin, permission to proceed in a British vessel to Tien-tsin, and an escort to conduct the British ambassador with due honour to Pekin. The French ambassador joined in these demands, which also included an indemnity for the losses sustained. The Great Council answered this despatch, stating that its contents had filled them with the greatest astonishment, and that they were altogether contrary to "decorum." The language of the British minister was described to be "too insubordinate and extravagant" for his propositions to be entertained or discussed more than super-

ficially; and he was told that, for the future, he must not be so wanting in decorum, nor adhere so obstinately to his own opinion.

Nothing now remained for the allies but to fight their way to the metropolis. They advanced along the banks of the Peiho, constructing bridges over the creeks and ditches, till, arriving within a mile of Taku, they encountered the enemy's batteries, which they carried by storm, routing the Chinese garrison, and capturing forty-five guns. They then advanced against the Taku forts, which they assailed with Armstrong guns at 2,000 yards' range, the Chinese firing upon the troops from all their forts within range so effectively that our sappers were unable to lay down the bridge, the men who carried it being knocked over, and the pontoon destroyed. A breach, however, was soon made, our men swarming across and entering single file in the most gallant manner. At the same time the French effected an entrance, the garrison was driven back step by step, and hurled pell-mell through the embrasures on the opposite sides. "Between the English and French," said the *Times'* correspondent, "there was nothing to choose. A Frenchman climbed to the top of the parapet, where for some time he stood alone; one rifle after another was handed to him, which he fired against the enemy, till he fell back speared through the eye." Another, pickaxe in hand, was shot while he attempted to cut away the top of the wall. Lieutenant Burslem seized the pick and continued the work. Lieutenant Leven forced the point of his sword into the wall, and from this Lieutenant Rogers leaped through the embrasure, and was the first Englishman in the place. After an hour's desperate fighting, the whole of the forts on both sides of the river hauled down their war banners, and hoisted flags of truce, but they refused to surrender. In the course of the evening, however, they abandoned all their positions, leaving 400 guns in the hands of the allies. Admiral Hope then advanced to Tien-tsin, which he occupied. There he found a placard posted on the walls, announcing that the barbarians were defeated, and were suing for peace, and that the inhabitants need not be alarmed. Negotiations were then opened by fresh commissioners of high rank, whom Messrs. Parkes and Wade were sent to meet at Tang-chow, twenty-five miles distant. On the 15th of September they returned, having made satisfactory arrangements for Lord Elgin's reception; and camping-ground had been assigned to the British forces. On arriving at the spot, however, they found it occupied by a large Chinese army; while batteries had been hastily thrown up and armed so as to flank the proposed site of the British camp. Mr. Parkes started back to Tang-chow to see the High Commissioners, and ask the reason of this move. He was accompanied by Mr. De Morgan, attaché to the British Legation, and by Mr. Bowlby, correspondent of the *Times*. Meantime, the Chinese cavalry, which were very numerous, had almost entirely surrounded the British forces. Sufficient time had elapsed for the party to arrive from Tang-chow. While anxiously waiting for them, a sudden attempt was made to assassinate Colonel Walters and others, including some French officers. Mr. Parkes and his companions, however, did not return. They were all taken prisoners by the Chinese, carried off into the interior, and treated with frightful cruelty; their hands and feet being so tightly bound with cords, that in some instances the flesh burst, and mortification ensued.

In consequence of the treachery of the Chinese, their camp was attacked by the allied forces, and the enemy was completely defeated. The authorities were now willing to negotiate once more; but Lord Elgin refused unless the prisoners were surrendered in three days, threatening that otherwise his army would advance to the assault on Pekin. Prince Kung, who now became the chief negotiator, persisting in the system of evasion, the allied armies marched forward, and on the 6th of October the French entered the Summer Palace of the Emperor, which an eye-witness thus described:—"The Summer Palace is about five miles, by a circuitous road, north-west of this camp, outside the earthwork. A description of it is given in Staunton's account of Lord Macartney's embassy, and other works on China; but no pen can describe correctly the scene which has taken place there the last two days. Indiscriminate loot has been allowed. The public reception-hall, the state and private bed-rooms, ante-rooms, boudoirs, and every other apartment, has been ransacked; articles of vertu, of native and foreign workmanship, taken, or broken if too large to be carried away; ornamental lattice-work screens, jade-stone ornaments, jars, clocks, watches, and other pieces of mechanism, curtains and furniture—none have escaped from destruction. There were extensive wardrobes of every article of dress; coats richly embroidered in silk and gold thread in the imperial dragon pattern, boots, head-dress, and fans, &c.—in fact, rooms all but filled with them; store-rooms of manufactured silk in rolls, such as may be bought in Canton at twenty to thirty dollars per piece." Two days afterwards Mr. Parkes and his companions were released, and permitted to join the camp. "At two o'clock, he (Hang-Ki) told us that all the prisoners had been assembled, and that we could take our departure. We were placed in covered carts, without being allowed to see each other, and were escorted by a large party of soldiers and mandarins through streets which were a deserted appearance, to the Se-che, or north-western gate of the city. We soon saw, with thankful hearts, as those great portals opened and then immediately closed behind us, that we were already free men, for our guard, not daring to follow us out of the city, had left to ourselves the pleasant task of finding our own way to the allied camp."

The siege guns were placed in position before the walls of the mysterious metropolis of the vast Chinese empire, and notice had been given to its defenders that unless it were surrendered before noon of the following day the attack would commence. The Emperor had departed, on the pretext that he was obliged to go on a hunting expedition, deputing his authority to Prince Kung and his ministers. The latter thought it the wisest

course to surrender unconditionally, in order to save the city from destruction. The gates were thrown open, and the flags of England and France were soon seen floating from the walls. It was the first time for thousands of years that the sanctity of the Imperial capital was thus violated. In the terms proposed Lord Elgin stipulated that, if the garrison surrendered, the city would be spared. He was then in ignorance of the fate of some of the English prisoners; but when he became acquainted with the horrifying details he resolved to inflict signal punishment for such barbarous outrages against humanity: he therefore proposed that the Summer Palace of the Emperor, the place in which some of the worst tortures had been inflicted upon the prisoners, should be burnt to the ground. Baron Gros declined to take part in this measure; but Lord Elgin determined to act in the matter on his own responsibility. He wrote to Prince Kung, reminding him that of the total number of twenty-six British subjects seized in defiance of honour and of the law of nations, thirteen only had been restored alive, all of whom carried on their persons evidence, more or less distinctly marked, of the indignities which they had suffered; while thirteen had been barbarously murdered. He declared that until this foul deed should be expiated peace between Great Britain and the existing dynasty of China was impossible. He announced that the Summer Palace must be forthwith levelled with the ground. He required that the sum of 300,000 taels should be at once paid down, to be appropriated, at the discretion of Her Majesty's Government, to those who had suffered, and to the families of the murdered men; and, lastly, that the whole of the indemnity stipulated in the treaty of Tien-tsin should be paid before the armies of England and France removed from the city, should the Governments of those countries see fit to adopt that course.

Notwithstanding the indiscriminate loot by which the Summer Palace had been stripped of all that was portable among its precious treasures, there yet remained much that was beautiful and gorgeous in that wonderful abode of Oriental pomp and luxury. It consisted of a series of elegant and picturesque buildings spread over an extensive park. Lord Elgin was determined that not a trace of this grandeur should remain, and that the spot on which the blood of British subjects had been so treacherously and cruelly shed should for ever remain a monument of British power and of retributive justice. Accordingly, the buildings were set on fire by a detachment of our troops, and totally destroyed. The Chinese authorities had now been brought to a sense of their real position. They no longer dared to talk of Lord Elgin's want of decorum, but humbly signed the convention on the 24th of October. In that treaty the Emperor expressed his deep regret at the breach of friendly relations which had occurred by the conduct of the garrison of Taku in obstructing Her Majesty's representative when on his way to Pekin; he conceded the right to her of having an ambassador resident in that city if she thought proper; he agreed to pay a sum of 8,000,000 taels, in certain fixed instalments, as indemnity for the cost of the war. It was also provided that British subjects were to be allowed to reside and trade at Tien-tsin, and that Chinese subjects should be at liberty to emigrate to British Colonies, and to ship themselves and their families on board British vessels; and the Queen was to have the option of retaining a force at Tien-tsin and at other specified places, until the indemnity should be paid. The ratifications were duly exchanged, and the allied armies retired from Pekin to Tien-tsin on the 5th of November, 1860.

CHAPTER LXII.

Opening of the Session—Visit of the Prince of Wales to America—Death of the Duchess of Kent—Italian Affairs—Siege and Fall of Gaeta—Death of Cavour—American Affairs in 1861 and previously—Causes of Disruption—Tariff—Slavery—John Brown—Election of Mr. Lincoln—Secession of South Carolina—The Two Inaugurals—Fort Sumter—More Secessions—England's Proclamation of Neutrality—Battle of Bull Run—State of the West—Affair of the Trent—Session of 1861—Repeal of the Paper Duty—Deaths of Lord Herbert and Sir James Graham—Founding of the Order of the Star of India—The Volunteers.

THE session of 1861 was opened on the 5th of February, by the Queen in person, who informed her Parliament, among other matters, that the operations of the allied forces in China had met with complete success; that, having become masters of Pekin, an honourable settlement had been obtained, and that the two plenipotentiaries had acted with the most friendly concert; and that her heartfelt wish was that the differences which had arisen between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union might be susceptible of a satisfactory adjustment, adding that the interest which she took in the well-being of the people of the United States could not but be increased by the kind and cordial reception given by them to the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the continent of America. She also was glad to take the opportunity of expressing her warm appreciation of the loyalty and attachment to her person manifested by the Canadians on the occasion of the residence of the Prince of Wales among them. The Prince arrived in America on the 24th of July, 1860, and remained there till the 20th of October. During his tour he was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm, the people of the United States vieing with the Queen's subjects in Canada in the honours paid to him in popular demonstrations, addresses, and ovations. If he were to be their own sovereign, and if they were royalists of the highest type, they could not have manifested greater ardour than they did wherever his Royal Highness went. Not the least interesting incident connected with this tour was his visit to the tomb of Washington. It was really a touching and suggestive scene—the great-grandson of George III., and heir apparent to the throne of England, thus paying honour to the memory of the illustrious champion of American independence, and standing in pensive reflection besides his monument.

The thanks of both Houses were voted to the troops

forming the Chinese expedition, for their "brilliant services, performed under circumstances of considerable difficulty, with the greatest skill, gallantry, and intrepidity." Having performed this grateful duty, Parliament was called upon to discharge another, of a more solemn kind. The Duchess of Kent died on the 16th of March, 1861, aged seventy-five years. She had throughout her life enjoyed the respect of the public, and won the gratitude of the empire, by the excellent manner in which she had educated and trained the Princess Victoria for her high destiny as Queen of England. The princess was the only child of her second marriage. In the twelfth year of her age her royal mother was unanimously chosen by Parliament as regent of the kingdom in the event of the sovereign's death while his successor was in her minority. Six years afterwards she saw her daughter, at the early age of eighteen, placed in the most difficult and responsible position that any one of her age and sex could possibly occupy, as the ruler of one of the greatest empires in the world. Soon after she saw the Queen freely contracting a marriage which had led to a degree of domestic happiness not to be surpassed in any sphere of life. She witnessed her daughter's reign for nearly a quarter of a century, during times of national glory and prosperity quite unexampled. She had seen her bring up a numerous family in a manner that gave promise of their emulating her own virtues. One of these, the Princess Royal, she saw married to the Crown Prince of Prussia, and becoming the mother of a son who will probably be the king of that country. She had seen the other children of the Queen visiting various parts of the world, and by their conduct strengthening the feelings of veneration and affection with which their royal mother was everywhere regarded. It is the usual lot of royal families that mothers and daughters are separated at an early period of the life of the children. But in the present case the mother and daughter had been constantly together, their daily intercourse being that of mutual affection and reciprocal confidence. It was natural, therefore, that Her Majesty, who had been so good a daughter, should severely feel the stroke which at length severed the happy connection. It was the first time that death had invaded her family circle, the duke, her father, having died when she was an infant. Addresses of condolence on this melancholy event were therefore unanimously adopted by both Houses—that of the Upper House being moved by Earl Granville, and seconded by the Earl of Derby; and that of the Lower House by Lord Palmerston, and seconded by Mr. Disraeli, who thus happily concluded his speech:—"For the great grief which has fallen on the Queen there is only one source of human consolation—the recollection of unbroken devotedness to the being whom we have loved and whom we have lost. This tranquil and sustaining memory is the inheritance of our Sovereign. It is generally supposed that the anguish of affection is scarcely compatible with the pomp of power; but that is not so in the present instance. She who reigns over us has elected, amid all the splendour of empire, to establish her life on the principle of domestic love. It is this—it is the remembrance and consciousness of this—which now sincerely saddens the public spirit, and permits a nation to bear its heartfelt sympathy to the foot of a bereaved throne, and whisper solace even to a royal heart."

In the debate on the Address in answer to the Queen's Speech, the affairs of Italy were discussed, and the conduct of the ministry canvassed or criticised. This opportunity may therefore serve for completing the history of the Neapolitan Revolution, which we brought down (Ch. LIX.) to the departure of Garibaldi from Naples, on the 9th of November, 1860.

Early in October the Sardinian Chambers met at Turin, and passed an act authorising the king to annex to his dominions any provinces of Central or Southern Italy the people of which should, by a plebiscite or other public declaration of their wishes, invite such annexation. Count Cavour read to the Chambers a ministerial statement, in which, after explaining and justifying the conduct of the Government with reference to late events, he advised that the question of the occupation of Rome itself should be suspended, and have time to mellow. "Ruin," he said, "would certainly befall Italy from any intention to combat the armies of France. So monstrous an ingratitude would inflict on the brow of our country a stain which long centuries of suffering would not efface." Now the "ingratitude" of Italy towards France could not surely consist in the mere fact of Piedmontese soldiers crossing swords with French; Cavour must have meant that it would be monstrous ingratitude if, after having been laid by France under incalculable obligations, the new kingdom were to attempt to gain an object which it lay deep at the heart of France to prevent her from gaining. When, therefore, disasters at home forced France in 1870 to withdraw her troops from Rome, gratitude and honour should, according to the judgment of Cavour himself, have withheld the Italian Government from choosing just the moment of the temporary weakness of their great benefactress to attack and annex the small remainder of the Papal States.

The King of Naples, as has been mentioned, retired within the walls of Gaeta, a fortress on the sea-coast, near the northern frontier of the Neapolitan States. Could the Piedmontese have invested the place simultaneously by land and sea, the siege would have been quickly over. But the Emperor Napoleon, whose projects for a confederation of Italian States had all been defeated by the masterly policy of Cavour and the rapid march of events, could not bring himself to allow the immediate consummation of the triumph of Piedmont. A French squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral de Tinan, lay at anchor in the bay off Gaeta, and the Sardinian fleet, under Admiral Persano, remained at a respectful distance. But as the Emperor had no intention of giving active aid to the King of Naples, but merely designed to break his fall, the position, from the first a false, soon became an impossible one; and on the 19th of January, 1861, the French fleet was withdrawn.

Admiral Persano then blockaded the place by sea; the defence, however, was gallantly maintained for some weeks longer, and it was not till the 13th of February that Gaeta capitulated to General Cialdini. The king and his dauntless consort, who had shared the alarms and dangers of the siege, embarked on board a French steamer, and took up their residence at Rome.

Thus, with the exception of Venetia, and that small portion of the Papal States known as the Patrimony of St. Peter, a territory measuring about a hundred and twenty miles by forty, the whole of Italy was united under the Sardinian crown. The new Italian Parliament met at Turin a few days after the surrender of Gaeta, and the first measure which it passed was a bill declaring Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. Instructed by the example of Napoleon in the advantages of submitting the question, what government they will live under, to the vote of the people, when a strong government manages the polls, and overawes the objectors, the Italian Government resorted to universal suffrage, and obtained an overwhelming majority of Neapolitan voices in favour of transferring the crown to Victor Emmanuel. Nevertheless, a large proportion of the population was dissatisfied with the change. The flame of resistance still burned strongly in the mountains of the Abruzzi, and was only gradually extinguished by the measures of sanguinary repression employed by the Piedmontese. That the system of government long pursued at Naples was radically bad is undeniable; that the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Pope had lost the confidence and affection of perhaps the majority of their subjects, by leaning upon the arm, and truckling to the despotic maxims of alien Austria, seems also indisputable. That the whole of Italy should be consolidated into one nation, under one government, may well be regarded as a great boon to the Italians, and a positive gain to foreign nations, although the terrible social disorganisation and wide-spread discontent at this day (1872) pervading the Peninsula compel us to regard the advantages of unification as still, in a great measure, future rather than actual. But no recognised standard of political or individual morality can be so applied to the proceedings of Victor Emmanuel and the Italian Government towards Francis II. as to clear them of the guilt of duplicity and treachery. The King of Sardinia, about the time when Garibaldi had set forth on his expedition, had assured his Neapolitan brother of his friendly sentiments, and repudiated all participation with the adventurer; yet when Garibaldi had done all that red shirts, contagious enthusiasm, and excitable southern temperaments, could effect, and stood powerless before armed bastions, and a disciplined resistance, Victor Emmanuel, in his zeal for the interests of peace and order, fraternises with Garibaldi, profits by all that he has done, though intending to dispense with him for the future, and suppresses by main force the efforts which Francis II. and the large section of the Neapolitans which still adhered to him were making to retrieve their fortunes. Such a policy may be suited to the countrymen of Machiavelli; its intrinsic character, from strong approval of its results, may be lightly passed over by the Liberal statesmen of other nations; but history, which has, or ought to have, no other interest but truth, will not hesitate to brand the treacherous annexation of Naples with a sentence of condemnation.

The great statesman to whose foresight and sagacity the Italians owed so much, was not long spared to preside over the councils of the united nation which he had formed. The reorganisation of the Neapolitan kingdom was the subject with him of deep thought and much painful anxiety all through the spring. He desired to govern it constitutionally, and he could find no Neapolitans to agree with him in the opinion that their country was ripe for such a government, or qualified to aid him in administering it. He was urged to declare the whole kingdom in a state of siege, as the only means of suppressing disorders, fomented, it was said, by priestly intrigues and the money of exiles. But he hesitated to take this advice, and in the tension of thought thus occasioned, the fatal disease which was to cut short his days found and struck him. On the 30th of May he was seized with a slight shivering, which he attributed to indigestion. He had long, however, been in dread of apoplexy, and, sending for his physician, he insisted on being bled; the operation was repeated on the following day. Several times subsequently, in the course of his short illness, he was let blood; a mode of treatment which modern medical science emphatically condemns, and which drew forth severe comments at the time; yet it is but fair to the Italian physicians to remember that Cavour himself insisted on being so treated, and would employ only such medical men as would comply with his wish. The fever never left him, and his strength gradually sank. On the 5th of June the last sacraments were administered to him by a Capuchin friar, Fra Giacomo. Several relatives and friends were about his bed, contemplating with a feeling of unutterable sorrow the calamity that was about to fall upon them and upon their country. "Cavour himself was calm and collected. Addressing Fra Giacomo, he said, in a strong voice, "The time for departure is come."* The last rites had been administered; the king had paid his last visit to the minister who had served him so loyally; and now Cavour's strong mind began to wander. Yet even in delirium his country still occupied his thoughts. "His last trial—that indeed which had probably hastened his death—the state of Naples, left the last impression upon his waning mind. 'No, no!' he repeatedly exclaimed, in the words which he had often used during the previous two months; 'I will have no state of siege. Any one can govern with a state of siege!' The last intelligible sentences which he is said to have uttered were, "State tranquilli; tutto è salvato' ('Be tranquil, all is saved'); and 'Oh! ma la cosa va; state sicuri che ormai la cosa va' ('The thing [the independence of Italy] is going on; be certain that now the thing is going on'). As he gradually sank, he was heard at intervals to mutter, 'Italy—Rome—Venice—

* "Quarterly Review," Vol. CX.

Napoleon.'"* At seven o'clock on the morning of the 7th June he died.

The office of Italian premier was now given to the Tuscan count, Ricasoli, a man of high and unblemished character, who declared, still more explicitly than Cavour had done, his unalterable adherence to the policy of an independent and united Italy, with Austria driven from Venetia, and the Pope dispossessed of Rome. However, the time for action had for the present passed away, and tranquillity prevailed for the rest of the year throughout the Peninsula, except where it was disturbed by the irregular warfare in the Abruzzi, which has been already referred to. Soon after the death of Cavour, the Emperor Napoleon consented to accord to the new Italian kingdom the long withheld recognition of France.

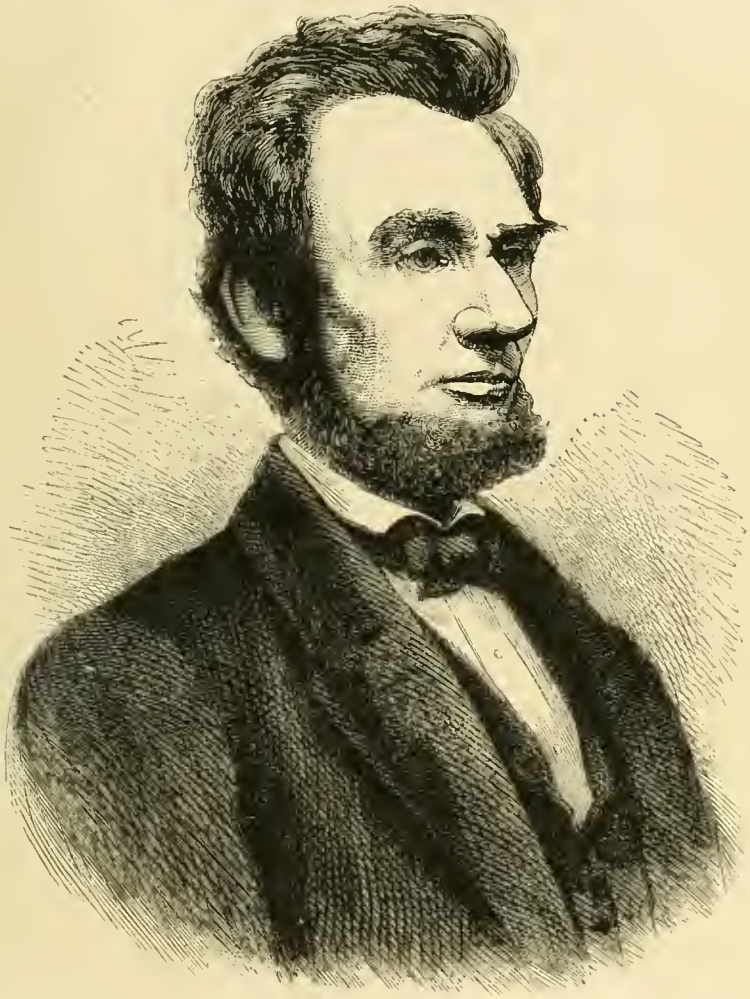
Since the beginning of the year, events in North America had assumed a more and more unhappy and alarming character, and the British Government had felt itself compelled to issue, on the 14th of May, its celebrated proclamation of neutrality. It is now time, therefore, to revert to the circumstances under which the great American Union was for a time broken up, and a war of colossal magnitude waged during nearly four years between the Northern and Southern States.

For many years a feeling of estrangement had been gradually growing up, grounded partly on differences of economic policy, partly on original want of sympathy between the inhabitants of either region, but most of all on the continual collisions to which the question of slavery gave rise. The national tariff had long been so adjusted as to protect the interests of New England manufacturers by excluding, with more or less rigidity, the manufactured products of Great Britain and other European countries; and the Morrill tariff, passed in March, 1861, carried this principle of exclusion to a still greater height. That this commercial policy was injurious to the interests of the South cannot be doubted, since, as they had no manufactures, they reaped no benefit from protection; while the tariff impeded that free interchange of their own teeming supplies of raw material with the products of the industry of other nations, which was necessary to the full development of

EXECUTION OF DRUSES NEAR DAMASCUS.

* "Quarterly Review," Vol. CX.

their material civilisation. Again, the original contrast between Virginia and New England—the one settled by men of aristocratic connections, ruled by territorial instincts, and disposed to Toryism in Church and State; the other by persons of the middle rank, predisposed to trade and industry, and clinging fast to the "dissidence of Dissent" as their great religious principle—this contrast was ever present to embitter any misunderstanding that might arise. But lastly, and chiefly, the relations between North and South were disturbed by quarrels arising out of slavery. At the time when the colonies achieved their independence, all the thirteen provinces held slaves, and legalised slavery. But in course of time natural causes—the labour of a slave not being comparable to that of a free labourer in a temperate climate—produced the diminution, and, finally, the extinction of slavery in the Northern States. Northern slaveholders sold their slaves to Southern planters, and trusted to the continuous and ever-increasing emigration from Europe, supplemented by a considerable number of free blacks, to supply the wants of the labour market. The time came when the citizens of States which but a short time before had harboured slavery themselves denounced slavery as a sin. The Abolitionists, among whom Garrison was the most prominent person, became a strong party at the North, especially in the New England States; associations were formed for obstructing the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law,* and facilitating the escape of slaves to Canada; and during the ten years that this law was in force, collisions of more or less magnitude between the Federal and State judicatures were continually taking place. But, on the other hand, the proceedings of the slaveholders and their partisans were, and had been for years, of a character so outrageous, that conscientious men might well begin to ask themselves whether, in yielding obedience to the Federal legislation, which, in order to preserve the Union, sanctioned such things, they were not breaking a law of higher and more sacred obligation. To make this matter more clear, we will, under various heads, briefly notice, (1) the peculiar features which the system of domestic



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

* Passed in 1850.

slavery, as practised in the Southern States, exhibited; (2) the object and working of the Fugitive Slave Law; (3) the struggle in Kansas; and (4) the singular history of John Brown, put to death for a Quixotic attempt to free the slave by force, in the very year before the disruption of the Union.

1. In no age and in no quarter of the world has the enslavement of man to man exhibited a type more virulent, and been theoretically more indefensible, than was the case in the Southern States. Under the laws of Spain and Portugal the slave was, and is, treated in many respects as a man and a Christian; he could purchase his freedom at a rate determined by law; he was allowed a certain number of hours in the week to work for himself; and the slave-mother could purchase the freedom of her infant child at the baptismal font. In the slavery of the South none of these humane alleviations were permitted; the institution appeared in its naked deformity. No slave could claim to purchase freedom as a right; and, as a rule, manumission was steadily discouraged by the public opinion of the white population. In some States free negroes were considered "offensive," and were not permitted to settle, or even to reside, within their borders; in others to teach a negro to read or write was a finable offence. In Virginia and North Carolina, as the land became deteriorated through the wasteful method of cultivation caused by slavery, and would no longer produce paying crops of cotton, a horrible system of breeding slaves for the Southern market grew up, under which the separation of husband from wife, parent from child, became a common occurrence; the more healthy and robust of the family being selected by speculative dealers, in order that, transported to Texas or Alabama, they might there be resold at a profit. It was gravely avowed by an American judge, that "the end of slavery is the profit of the master, his security, and the public safety;" and that—"the slave, to remain a slave, must be made sensible that there is no appeal from his master; that the master's power is in no instance usurped, but is conferred by the law of man at least, if not by the law of God." Nor were there wanting those, professing to try such things by the Christian standard, who boldly assured the slaveholder that his power was given him by the law of God also. The ministers of many flourishing denominations, especially, it is believed, the different branches of Methodism, were not ashamed to hold this language, and to justify the domestic despotism and cruelty of Christians, by reference to obscure precepts about Hebrew masters and servants in Leviticus.

2. The Fugitive Slave Law was one, and the most important, among several measures which grew out of a general compromise agreed to by Southern and Northern politicians in the year 1850. Even at that time threats of secession were not unfrequently heard at the South. "If you expect us," they said in effect, "to remain in the Union, you must consent to the passing of measures through Congress which will ensure to us the secure possession or recovery of our property throughout the territory of the Republic, in Free no less than in Slave States, at Boston as much as at Charleston. No State, however opposed to slavery, shall protect the slave who has escaped from bondage from the pursuit and claim of his master." The North, sooner than see the Union broken up, agreed to these terms, and the Fugitive Slave Law was the result. During ten years the miserable and heartrending incidents of slavery were brought home in a thousand ways to the men of the North; it was no longer rumour, they saw it all with their own eyes; yet they had tied their own hands, and were powerless to resist. In a Free State the escaped negro was no more safe from his pursuers than in a Slave State; in Canada only, where the power and the laws of England prevailed, could he draw breath and feel that he was free. Of the many dreadful effects of the operation of this law, one illustration shall here be given. Two negro families had escaped out of Kentucky into the neighbouring Free State of Ohio. They were pursued, and tracked to a house in Cincinnati. The door was broken in; and the officers (so-called) of justice entering, found the body of a beautiful girl of thirteen, nearly white, lying dead on the floor, with her throat cut from ear to ear. Screams issued from an adjoining room; here was found the negro mother with two younger children, whom she was assailing with a knife and had already wounded, shrieking with frantic vehemence that she would kill them and herself, as she had killed her eldest child, sooner than that they should return into bondage. This unhappy mother, with her wounded children, was taken back into slavery; of their subsequent fate nothing was ever known.

3. The struggle for Kansas arose also out of one of those compromises of 1850, by which it was hoped that a long peace between North and South would be secured. The Nebraska territory was an immense region, scarcely as yet at all occupied by white men, which lay to the west and north-west of the State of Missouri. It was agreed in 1850, and a law passed Congress to that effect, that as soon as there was a sufficient number of inhabitants in this region to constitute a territorial government, they should meet and elect a legislature in the usual manner, to which legislature should belong the right of determining the future institutions of the territory, in other words, whether it was to be ultimately a Free or a Slave State. About the year 1854 the district in question was divided; the portion immediately to the west of Missouri receiving the name of Kansas, while the country farther north retained the name of Nebraska. Gradually settlers from the Free States began to enter Kansas and erect homesteads; and it was foreseen by the slaveholders that, when the matter came to a vote, if it was left to the *bonâ fide* inhabitants of the territory, they would elect a legislature which would declare for free institutions. To prevent this, large numbers of persons from the Slave State of Missouri crossed the border into Kansas when the day of polling arrived, and with arms in their hands insisted, against all law and equity, upon their right to vote for the members of the new Kansas legislature. An assembly was thus elected, through the prepon-

derance of these "border-ruffians," which, in the expressive party slang of America, was termed a "bogus legislature." Meantime the real citizens of Kansas had protested against these outrageous acts, had met, and had elected a legislature really representing the territory. But the bogus legislature would not allow itself to be easily put down; it decreed that slavery should be introduced into the territory, and fulminated resolutions and proclamations against the free-soil party. Arms were soon appealed to; and a kind of civil war, in which some lives and a vast amount of property were sacrificed, raged for several months in 1855 and 1856. But the people of the Northern States, now thoroughly aroused, poured in free settlers into Kansas in such numbers in the course of the years 1857 and 1858, that the border-ruffians were foiled, and the State saved for freedom. It was these proceedings in Kansas which chiefly led to the formation, or at least the re-organisation, of the Republican party at the North, which took for its main political watchword the prohibition of the further extension of slavery in the territories of the Republic.

4. The strange and touching story of John Brown may be briefly told. Of Puritan ancestry, and a native of Connecticut, Brown had lived the greater part of his life in the West, and in the near proximity of the slave power. He and four of his sons, one of whom fell in the contest, migrated to Kansas during the heat of the struggle with the border-ruffians, and fought valiantly for freedom. His intense, deeply conscientious, nature was filled every year that he lived with a deeper and more burning conviction of the sinfulness of slavery, and he at last arrived at the belief that it was his duty to devote himself to the task of setting slaves free, whatever might be the danger, and whoever might oppose. He had succeeded in delivering many slaves, chiefly in Missouri, and in forwarding them safely through to Canada, before the final enterprise in which he lost his life. This was nothing less than the seizure of the Federal arsenal and public buildings at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, in order that by the possession of this stronghold he might the more readily accomplish the liberation of the slaves in the surrounding country. With less than thirty followers, Brown, in October, 1859, did actually enter and occupy Harper's Ferry, place a guard on the bridge over the Potomac, and during nearly twenty-four hours hold military possession of the place. But the Virginian militia poured in from various quarters in the course of the day, and after a stubborn resistance killed or captured the whole party. Brown, after receiving several wounds, was made prisoner, and within the briefest possible interval tried and hanged. The old man's ideas were noble, but they were not reasonable. In his defence he said that his sole aim had been to free the slaves; he never intended "to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection." But a man known to be going about in a country full of slaves, and helping them to gain their freedom—doing this too in the teeth of the laws, and by violence if he could not do it otherwise—was unquestionably, by the plain meaning and tendency of his acts, "exciting them to make insurrection." Nevertheless, the name of John Brown will be garnered up in the perpetual memory of mankind as one of those hero souls—rare in any age, and never rarer than in this—who in the light of the lofty idea that possesses them, and for the love of their brother man, have jeopardised their lives unto the death.

The time came for the election of a President to succeed Mr. Buchanan. The great Republican party at the North represented the feelings that were lacerated and the convictions that were outraged by the recent course of events, of which we have given an outline; and in November, 1860, this party carried its candidate, Abraham Lincoln, against the two Democratic candidates, Douglas and Breckinridge.

The meaning of this nomination was plain. It announced, "We will have no more compromises. We, the free North, have conceded enough, perhaps too much, to you slaveholders of the South, in order that we might preserve the Union. Now we mean to make a stand. Though we have no thought of interfering with slavery in the States where it exists, we will not consent to its extension to the territories; these, and the States into which they will grow, must be kept as free soil." But as, under the constitution of the United States, every State sends two members to the Senate, the members of which were at this time pretty evenly balanced, half from Free, and half from Slave States, the effect of the triumph of the Republican party, and of the foreseen application of the above policy in dealing with the territories, could only be that in a few years the balance of parties in the Senate would be destroyed, as more and more new, and, necessarily Free, States were admitted into the Union. Then, argued the slaveholders, the Abolitionists will become more intolerable than ever; if they give to our domestic institutions for a time an insulting toleration, it will only be while they gather their forces for an open assault; the Fugitive Slave Law will be repealed as soon as they obtain the requisite majority in Congress, and our negro property will be everywhere depreciated in value, while on the borders of Free States it will be utterly valueless.

Impelled by such motives as these, the people of South Carolina, which of all the States in the Union had for years been known to be the most restive under the Federal obligation, met in convention at Columbia, and on the 20th of December, 1860, voted the State out of the Union. The Declaration of Secession concluded as follows:—

"We, therefore, the people of South Carolina, by our delegates in convention assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, have solemnly declared that the Union heretofore existing between this State and the other States of North America is dissolved; and that the State of South Carolina has resumed her position among the nations of the world, as a separate and independent State, with full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do."

The South Carolina politicians had rightly calculated that the example thus set would soon be followed by other Slave States. Between this date and May, 1861, the following States adopted ordinances of secession, voting themselves out of the Union: Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina. The last four States seceded unwillingly from the Union, and only because, hostilities having broken out, it was practically impossible for them to remain neutral, and community of interest attracted them to the Slave States that had already seceded.

In the face of these astounding events the attitude of the Federal executive was for some time singularly weak and irresolute. Mr. Buchanan expressed his grave doubts whether the Constitution gave the President any power to coerce into submission any State attempting to withdraw, or which had actually withdrawn, from the confederacy. His Attorney-General, Mr. Black, held similar language. The Democratic party at the North were prepared to bewail the disruption of the Union as an accomplished fact. Mr. Buchanan's acts, however, were less complying than his words. He instructed the officer in command of the Federal fortress in Charleston harbour, Fort Sumter, to hold the post firmly, to maintain to the utmost of his power the *status quo*, but if attacked by the troops of South Carolina, to resist.

The first shot fired in anger in this civil war was aimed from a battery on Morris Island, on the 9th of January, 1861, at a vessel bringing reinforcements to Fort Sumter. South Carolina sent commissioners to Washington to negotiate with the President for the peaceful surrender to her of Federal forts and property within the limits of the State. Mr. Buchanan declined to recognise them in any other capacity but that of private citizens of South Carolina; however, a sort of informal understanding was arrived at, that so long as each side remained passive force should not be resorted to.

On the 18th of February the leading men in the seven States which had then seceded having by this time arranged the terms of a new Federation, to be called "The Confederate States of America"—Mr. Jefferson Davis and Mr. Stephens were inaugurated at Montgomery, Alabama, as President and Vice-President of the new confederacy. A Constitution was adopted nearly resembling that of the United States, the main difference being that the President was to be elected for six years instead of four, and could not be re-elected during his term of office. In his inaugural address, Mr. Jefferson Davis said, employing many of the very words of the original Declaration of Independence: "Our present condition . . . . illustrates the American idea that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that it is the right of the people to alter and abolish governments whenever they become destructive to the ends for which they were established."

On the day prescribed by the Constitution, March 4th, 1861, Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated President, and sent to Congress the usual inaugural address. In it he declared his intention, in accordance with the unvarying tenor of all his public utterances, to uphold slavery in those States where it existed. The Fugitive Slave Law was part of the Constitution; it was the law of the land; let none presume to violate it. Abiding by the law, all, whether at the North or the South, would be kept in the right way. The Union was perpetual, not temporary; perpetuity was implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of every national government. The minority must consent to be controlled by the majority. "It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances." A noble strain of simple natural eloquence characterised the conclusion of the address.

It may be worth while here briefly to inquire, while we have these two opposing manifestoes before us, what was the weak point (for nearly all Englishmen are now agreed that there was a weak point) in the political reasoning by which Mr. Jefferson Davis justified secession. That the theory of government and allegiance contained in the Declaration of Independence put forth by the founders of the Republic in 1776, contains anything in it which would condemn the action of the secessionists, it appears difficult to maintain. That instrument has much to say about the rights of peoples, but not one word about their duties. Whenever, it says, any form of Government becomes destructive of those ends which all men are entitled to enjoy—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—"it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it." By "the people" the framers of the Declaration of Independence could not have meant the majority of free citizens living under the particular form of government objected to; for, so understood, the clause would have condemned their own conduct, since the majority of free citizens living in 1776 under the British crown were decidedly opposed to the independence of the American colonies. They must have meant, therefore, by "people," the same thing that Jefferson Davis meant, namely, a mass of population, so far geographically and politically distinct from the remaining inhabitants of the State to which they belonged as to have, conceivably, different interests, and possessed of territory and other resources in a degree sufficient for the requirements of a new nation. Such a people, according to the Declaration of Independence, may "alter or abolish" the form of government under which it lives, if it deems* it prejudicial to these fundamental rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This, then, is the cardinal principle of American politics; and it is evident that the action of the Southern States, in seceding, was no violation of it. The continuance of the Federal form

* The framers of the Declaration must have meant that the people were the sole judges on this point, for, of course, no established government would ever admit that its rule was subversive of these ends.

of government was, for them, inconsistent with the "pursuit of happiness;" of that they were the sole judges. What harm, then, in "abolishing" that government, so far as they were concerned, and inaugurating a new one?

Tried, however, by reference to a sounder and older theory of political justice, the conduct of the South admitted of no adequate defence. Suppose we lay down the following formula: "It is the duty of every citizen to obey, and not attempt to subvert, the government of the State to which he belongs, so long as the interests of justice, freedom, and security are reasonably well upheld by that government." No such principle is contained, or even implied, in the Declaration of Independence; yet it is true; conscience approves it, Nature dictates it, history ratifies it; and, if accepted, it condemns the acts of the seceding States. Even a Southerner could not have seriously maintained that under the Federal Government at the time of secession justice was not administered between man and man, freedom of acting, speaking, and writing maintained, and security of person and property provided for, as fully and adequately as, in the chequered conditions of human life, man is entitled to expect. The South was, therefore not justified in subverting the government under which it lived; and that government, backed as it was by a great majority of the people subject to it, was justified in using its utmost efforts to maintain its authority unbroken. But the condemnation of the South and the justification of the North must be sought for in those principles of political morality which were known and upheld long before America became important—in the reasonings of Hooker, or Grotius, or Locke—not in the Declaration of Independence, or the writings of American publicists.

Mr. Lincoln, in his sincere anxiety to avoid bloodshed, did not attempt to reinforce the garrison of Fort Sumter; but he declared that he must re-provision it, and would use any force that might be required for the purpose. This was rendered necessary by the conduct of the South Carolinians, who had stopped the supply of provisions to the fort from the shore. A fleet was accordingly prepared and dispatched to Charleston. About the same time Major Anderson, the Federal commandant, removing his men from all the other posts and batteries which he had hitherto held in the harbour, concentrated his force in the island fort of Sumter. These measures were declared by the Carolinians a breach of the understanding which had hitherto subsisted, and their general was ordered to summon the fort. General Beauregard accordingly summoned Major Anderson to surrender; upon his refusal, fire was opened from batteries, the positions of which had been carefully selected so as to surround the fort with a girdle of fire; the Federals made what resistance they could; but after the barracks had been burned, and they were in imminent peril of the explosion of the magazine, they capitulated on honourable terms. In this the first conflict of the war, singular to relate, not a man was killed or mortally wounded on either side. Fort Sumter fell on the 13th of April, 1861.

The news fell like a thunder-clap on the feverishly expectant people of the North. The suspense of the last three months had seriously interfered with trade, and painfully affected all classes with a sense of uncertainty and insecurity. Now there must be no more parleying or coaxing; the flag of the Union had been fired at—had been lowered—it must be raised again at all hazards. Mr. Lincoln, justly interpreting the general sentiment, issued on the 15th of April a proclamation calling out the militia in all the loyal states of the Union, to the number of 75,000 men, in order to put down certain "combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings," which were obstructing the execution of the laws in the seven seceded States. The men of the Free States hastened to obey the call, and to send regiments of militia to Washington to defend the national capital. But upon the Slave States which had not yet seceded the effect of Mr. Lincoln's appeal was very different. The Governors of these States—Maryland, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, North Carolina, Virginia, and Kentucky—flatly, and in most cases indignantly, refused to call out troops for any such purpose as that indicated by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation. And, since neutrality for communities situated between the North and the seceded States became every day more difficult, and the common interest of slaveholding strongly impelled the leading men in the border States to throw in their lot with their seceded brethren, it was not long before all the States above-named, with the exception of Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky, adopted ordinances of secession, and voted themselves out of the Union. To this consummation the Virginians in particular were forcibly impelled by the passing of a law by the Confederate Congress, prohibiting the importation of persons of colour into the seceded States from any State which had not joined their confederacy. The great slave-breeding interest of Virginia, already hampered by pecuniary obligations to the North, thus found itself menaced with the loss of its market at the South; and the final result was that Virginia, though there was a large loyal minority, and though the German population of Western Virginia were firmly attached to the Union, joined herself, with all her historic prestige, her vast resources, and her gallant population, to the Confederate league. Maryland, not daring openly to join the Confederates, declared herself neutral. Missouri at a later period voted for secession, but in an irregular and informal manner, and by one of those "bogus" procedures with which her citizens were so conversant. The men of Kentucky were greatly divided in sentiment, but the military preponderance which the Federal forces obtained in the north-west at an early period of the war prevented the promoters of secession from ever succeeding in their attempt to take this fine State out of the Union.

Besides calling out 75,000 of the militia, Mr. Lincoln, by his proclamation of the 19th of April, declared the ports of all the seceding States to be in a state of blockade,

and that any vessel attempting, after being once warned, to violate such blockade, would be captured, and sent into a Federal port for adjudication before a prize court. By a supplementary proclamation of the 27th of April, the blockade was extended to the ports of Northern Virginia.

On the 29th of April Mr. Jefferson Davis sent down a lengthy message to the Confederate Congress, in reply to Mr. Lincoln's proclamations. After much specious argument, the object of which was to show that the slave-holding confederacy was the truest friend of freedom in the world, and was about to be sacrificed to the despotic impulses of a "tyrant majority," he informed Congress that he had called out volunteers, and had issued letters of marque and reprisal.

LORD HERBERT OF LEA.

These proceedings, as soon as they became known in Europe, formed the subject of anxious consideration with the English Government. It was evident that a state of war existed; the term "domestic insurrection" was no longer applicable to the movement of opinions and forces which was rapidly arraying one-half of the Union against the other half. It is true that Mr. Lincoln declared that any persons capturing any Federal merchant ship by virtue of letters of marque issued by the Confederate Government would be deemed guilty of piracy, thus withholding from the Confederacy the character of a belligerent power. But, on the other hand, to proclaim that neutral ships attempting to enter a Southern port were liable to capture and confiscation, was deemed to be tantamount to the admission that the Confederates *were* belligerents; for if the ports to which these vessels sailed still belonged to the Union, and if the persons to whom they brought supplies were still citizens of the Union, where was the offence for which they should be justly condemned? It might be replied, the offence consisted in aiding and abetting those who were merely rebels against their lawful Government. And here we touch the real ground of difference between England and America, which caused the famous proclamation of neutrality, presently to be described, to be so diversely regarded on the two sides of the Atlantic. The Federal Government and people, as may be seen by reference to the arguments of the American case prepared for the Geneva Court of Arbitration, in 1872, thought

that they had a right to expect that England should be, not only neutral, but *friendly*. In law and equity, they argued, our system of Government is still unbroken; though insurrection is rife, that system is still loyally supported by the vast majority of American citizens; why, instead of coldly looking on, should you not heartily sympathise with the efforts that we are making to preserve our national integrity? When mutiny and revolt spread over India in 1857, did we hasten to give to the insurgents the character of belligerents? did we not rather sorrow with you for the victims of Cawnpore, and rejoice with you at the avenging slaughter of Lucknow? If indeed, as time went on, our ability to suppress the rebellion became doubtful to all reasonable men, if we made no progress after having put forth all our strength, then you could not be blamed for interposing, whether to recognise the rebels as belligerents, or to tender your friendly offices as mediators. But the struggle is but just beginning; we are your old friends; why should you not treat us in a friendly spirit, and regard, at least provisionally, those as rebels and insurgents whom we so regard?

If we try to put ourselves in the place of the Northern Americans, we shall feel that these and similar considerations naturally had great weight with them: but Englishmen could not but view the subject from their own point of view: and, so regarded, the line of conduct proper to be followed was by no means so clear. In the first place, the conduct of the Southern States in seceding bore at first sight a considerable resemblance to the conduct of the colonies in the War of Independence; on American principles, at any rate, it was not easy to see how they could be condemned. If the latter were right in breaking up the British Empire, why were the former so grievously wrong in breaking up the Federal Union? The answer of course is, that there was a just or sufficient cause in the one case, and not in the other; but it was not so easy for Englishmen at that time, the rupture having occurred so suddenly, yet seeming so entire, to decide this question at once and absolutely against the South. Nor could this be compared to any ordinary outbreak of subjects against their government—to an insurrection in Cuba for instance, or a mutiny in India. The Southerners had not seceded as individuals, or as factions; entire States—"sovereign" States, as the Americans loved to call them—organised for, and long accustomed to, the performance of all the functions of government, except as to certain matters reserved to the Federal administration, had withdrawn from the Union, with an observance at least of the outward forms of law, and had coalesced again in a new confederacy. Whether this confederacy ought to be recognised as an independent nation, whether it would ultimately succeed in achieving its independence, these

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were questions on which Englishmen could not as yet make up their minds; nor were they called to do so. But in presence of the facts, of an organised government, an extensive territory, a considerable mass of population, and formidable power of offence and defence, all appertaining to the new confederacy, the English Government naturally considered that, without prejudging any important question, they would be helping to define more clearly the exact position of affairs, if they recognised the Confederates as a belligerent power, declared the neutrality of England as between the two belligerents, and warned all British subjects to observe strictly and impartially the duties of neutrals.

The proclamation of neutrality appeared in the *London Gazette* of the 14th of May. It began by taking notice that "hostilities had unhappily commenced between the Government of the United States of America, and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America;" announced the Queen's determination "to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality in the contest between the said contending parties," and commanded her subjects to observe a like neutrality. It recited at length various prohibitions of British criminal law contained in the Foreign Enlistment Act;* enjoined obedience to these prohibitions; and concluded by a warning, addressed to all Her Majesty's subjects, that, should they infringe the law of nations by any violation of neutral duties, they would incur under that law penal consequences against which they would receive no protection from the Crown. The substantial part of it was the public declaration that, in the judgment of the Executive, a state of war existed, with all those incidents which are attached to a state of war by the law of nations.† The "incident" most interesting to British subjects was the now recognised liability to capture and condemnation of any British vessel going to Charleston for cotton, or taking hardware to New Orleans.

A few days afterwards (June 1st) an Order in Council was adopted, interdicting the vessels of war or privateers of either belligerent from carrying prizes into any British port, at home or in the colonies. The operation of this order, the adoption or non-adoption of which was entirely optional with the British Government, was exclusively favourable to the Federals, since any prizes taken by their cruisers could be carried into their own ports; whereas a Confederate captain after taking a prize, his own ports being blockaded, and British ports not open to him, had no alternative between taking a bond from her master, the future liquidation of which was highly problematical, and destroying his prize at sea. France and the other maritime powers quickly followed the example of Great Britain, both as regarded neutrality and the disposal of prizes (except that France allowed a captor to bring his prize into a French port, but not to sell it there); so that the Confederates soon found out that privateering was unprofitable, and abandoned it. The captures and destructions of which we heard so much during the remainder of the war were all made by commissioned cruisers of the Confederate navy.

For the sake of continuity, a brief survey of the course of events in America, down to the close of the campaign of 1861, will here be attempted.

For some time after Mr. Lincoln's April proclamation, calling out 75,000 of the militia, Washington was in considerable peril. The district of Columbia, in which it stands, is hemmed in on all sides by the territory of Virginia or of Maryland, both Slave States, opposed to all attempts at coercion, and full of ardent sympathisers and co-plotters with the South. The Free States, especially Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, did indeed dispatch troops to Washington with all speed; but in passing through Baltimore a Massachusetts regiment was attacked by a furious mob, and several lives were lost; the telegraph lines communicating with Washington were cut, and the railways broken up; and Maryland was on the very brink of secession. The energy and decision of General Butler, commanding the Massachusetts contingent, soon changed the face of affairs. He first seized Annapolis, the political capital of Maryland, and, reconstructing the railway as he went on, brought his men safely to Washington, and relieved the anxious suspense of the Government; a few days after he marched upon Baltimore, and took military possession of the city on the 13th of May. The advocates of secession were silenced, and full communication between Washington and the north was restored.

Gradually a large army was concentrated round Washington, under the supreme direction of General Scott, commander-in-chief. On the 24th of May an advanced force of 10,000 Federals was thrown across the Potomac into Virginia. The army of invasion was placed under the command of General M'Dowell; the Confederate force that had been hastily drawn together to oppose him was led by General Beauregard. For several weeks M'Dowell remained inactive; his preparations being at length completed, he commenced his advance on the 16th of July. The Confederates in his front fell back till they had reached a strong position to the south of a small river called Bull Run, running down to the Potomac. On the eve of battle, at least one Federal regiment—the term (three months) for which they had enlisted under Mr. Lincoln's proclamation having just expired—faced about and marched homewards. This was not ominous of victory. On the 21st the Federals attacked in force the Confederates posted behind Bull Run. In the early part of the day, forced back by superior numbers, the Confederate troops slowly retired; it was believed that the victory was won, and tidings to that effect were flashed along the telegraph wires to all the cities of the North. But at the critical moment, 4,000 Confederates, under General Kirby Smith, detached to the assistance of Beauregard from General Johnston's army, posted at Winchester in the Shenandoah valley, were brought up in cars on the Manassas Gap Junction Railway, to a point near the scene of action; this fresh force turned

* 59 Geo. III., c. 69.

† Professor Bernard's "Neutrality of Great Britain," p. 213.

the scale against the exhausted Federals, who at first retired in good order, but soon were seized by a panic, and fled in the greatest confusion. Arms, ammunition, and military supplies of all kinds fell into the hands of the victorious Confederates. Had General Beauregard pursued vigorously, the consequences might have been disastrous; but his own troops had suffered severely, the weather was not favourable, nor did he know how complete was the disorganisation of the beaten army. The loss on the Federal side in killed and wounded was about 1,500; that on the Confederate side was probably not much less. But they had driven their enemies in ignominious rout from the soil of Virginia, and that with inferior numbers; the omen of the first battle was favourable to them; and an exaggerated opinion of their own valour, and an undue contempt for their enemy, were thus engendered, which became at a later period most injurious to their cause.

No further attempt to invade Virginia was made during the remainder of the year. Most of the "three months' men," the 75,000 first called out by Mr. Lincoln, were mustered out of the ranks, or else quitted them voluntarily, and the new levies that were continually arriving at Washington had to be properly drilled and organised. General M'Clellan was summoned from Western Virginia to take the command of the principal army of the Union, practically superseding General Scott, who resigned, in November, his office of commander-in-chief. By the middle of October M'Clellan had 150,000 men under his command. It was, therefore, no difficult matter to re-occupy so much of the country beyond the Potomac as had been held by the Federals before the disastrous advance on Bull Run. On one occasion, in August, an incautious advance exposed a body of Union troops to a bloody defeat at Ball's Bluff, a steep ridge bordering the Potomac near Leesburg; but, on the other hand, a slight advantage gained a few days afterwards at Dranesville over the Confederate horse revived in an extraordinary degree the drooping spirits of the Federals; it broke the spell of victory, and taught them to expect, under abler leaders, far different issues of battle from those which they had hitherto experienced.

In the border States, even in this, the first year of the war, the current of events was in the main favourable to the Federal cause. The Governor of Missouri, under the pretence of the confusion which reigned throughout the State, had the effrontery to declare that she had seceded, and applied on his own sole authority for permission (which was, of course, graciously conceded) that she might join the Confederacy. But the legislature, backed by the large free population of St. Louis and other towns in the eastern portion of the State, repudiated the acts of the governor, and civil war immediately broke out. General Lyon, a man of high character and great energy, took the command of the Union forces, and at first drove the opposite party to the western border of the State. In a rash attack, however, on the Confederate position at Wilson's Creek, near Springfield (August 10th), he was defeated and slain. General Fremont, appointed to command the western district, arrived at St. Louis at the end of July; to him belongs the merit of reinforcing, and thus securing for the Union, the important post of Cairo, the extreme southern point of Illinois, at the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi. But Fremont was too much of an Abolitionist, and interfered too much with slavery, to suit the then policy of the Washington Cabinet; he was accordingly superseded in November by General Halleck. On the whole, the tide of Union sentiment rose steadily, and the Confederate General Price could do no more at the end of the year than hang on to the extreme south-western corner of the State of Missouri, ready to cross into Arkansas at a moment's notice.

Similarly in Kentucky, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the friends of the South, the cause of secession retrograded. The military operations in this State bring before us two names destined before long to achieve a lasting celebrity. In October General Sherman took the command of the Federal forces in Kentucky, fixing his headquarters at Louisville; while in the course of the autumn, General Ulysses Grant, who now commanded at Cairo, seized and fortified the town of Paducah, near the junction of the Tennessee with the Ohio. The Southern sympathies of Governor Magoffin, like those of his brother governor in Missouri, proved powerless against the firm attitude of the Legislature. A Confederate army was assembled at Bowling Green, near the south-west corner of the State, and one or two of the south-eastern counties were overrun by the ill-disciplined troops of General Zollikoffer, who had crossed through Cumberland Gap out of Tennessee; but the bulk of Kentucky, at the end of 1861, stood firm for the Union. In Tennessee matters fell out differently. The population of the eastern or mountainous portion of the State was strongly Unionist; but the forward march of General Zollikoffer isolated them, and they were compelled for the time to cast in their lot with Secession.

In whichever direction one looked at the close of the year 1861 the tendency to disintegration had vanished, the distracting doubts and vacillations of its earlier portion were at an end. All had taken sides, and were ranged in opposing lines along a frontier of 1,500 miles, prepared to inflict or to suffer the worst. When, however, the immense preponderance of the North in population and wealth, the extreme vulnerability of the South on all sides—its border line inland being no deep and wide river or difficult mountain chain, but a mere conventional boundary marked out by surveyors, while by sea, through its want of a navy, its territory was assailable through every creek, inlet, and bay of its interminable coasts—when these things were taken into account, along with the evident exasperation of the North, the notorious tenacity of the race, and the manifest disposition of Europe to await the issue without interference, a calm and intelligent spectator might even then have predicted with tolerable confidence the ultimate ruin of the Confederacy and restoration of the Union.

Meantime, the prudence of the Federal Government averted a menacing peril, which, had it fallen upon them, might have been fatal to all their plans of conquest,

gigantic as they were. The Confederate Government, being desirous of sending accredited representatives to the principal nations of Europe, appointed Messrs. Mason and Slidell on a special mission to the Governments of Great Britain and France. The real object of this mission, it was well understood, was to obtain recognition for the new State, or, at least, to pave the way for recognition. To the Northern Americans and their Government the thought of this was intolerably exasperating. There is a well-known maxim of Sir William Scott's that "You may stop your enemy's ambassador on his passage." Fortifying themselves with this, and forgetting in their haste to inquire into the exact nature of the circumstances to which the dictum applied, the American Government gave orders to its naval commanders to seize Messrs. Mason and Slidell wherever they could catch them. Hence arose the famous incident of the TRENT.

The English mail-steamer Trent, Captain Muir, sailed from Havana for Southampton on the 7th of November, 1861, having on board a large quantity of specie and numerous passengers, among whom were the Confederate envoys already mentioned, with their respective secretaries, who, having run the blockade from New Orleans, had reached Havana. On the next day, as the Trent was passing through the Bahama Channel, a large steamer, having the appearance of a man-of-war, but showing no colours, was observed ahead, hove to; as the Trent approached, the stranger fired a shot across her bows, and hoisted American colours. The Trent slackened her speed, and was slowly approaching the frigate, when the latter fired a shell, which exploded a few yards ahead of her, and the Trent stopped. A boat strongly armed and manned boarded the packet, and it was found that the frigate was the United States steamship San Jacinto, 8 guns, Captain Wilks; and that the officer in command of the boat had orders to seize the persons of Messrs. Mason and Slidell and their secretaries, and transport them on board the San Jacinto. A scene of great excitement ensued on the packet's deck, under the bright tropical sky. The gallant officer in charge of the Trent's mails, Commander Williams, was not the man to let this high-handed act be transacted quietly, and, as it were, *sub rosa*; he protested loudly and forcibly against the whole proceeding, which he denounced as an illegal and piratical outrage; nor was it till another boatful of armed men had been signalled for from the San Jacinto, and Commander Williams and the envoys themselves were distinctly informed that Captain Wilks' orders were positive, and that any resistance would be overcome by main force, that the seizure and transfer of the four Confederates were effected.

The Trent pursued her way, first to the island of St. Thomas, and thence to Southampton. In this country, upon the arrival of the news of what had befallen her, the feeling of astonishment and indignation was universal. Could anything be more infatuated, it was argued, on the part of the Federal Government than to insult thus wantonly, to provoke thus recklessly, a power which it was of the utmost consequence to them to be on the best understanding with; and which, if their enemy, could brush away their blockading squadrons like so many flies, and supply herself at once, with full right and a clear conscience, with the cotton for want of which the population of Lancashire was in a state of semi-starvation? Anyhow, whatever came of it, the sacredness of the right of asylum must be maintained; the wrong that had been done must be undone; the guests that had been rudely torn from England's board must be given back again. Such feelings were, as nearly as possible, universal; nor did the Government, to do it justice, show itself a dull and inapt interpreter of the people's mind. A demand, but one made in terms of studied courtesy, for the restoration of the captured persons was immediately forwarded to the American Government. M. Thouvenel, in the name of the Emperor of the French, as well as the Governments of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, wrote friendly dispatches to Washington, reprehending the act of Captain Wilks, and counselling the dignified abandonment of an untenable ground. But as the issue seemed doubtful, particularly since the Northern press had, with scarcely an exception, approved the seizure, and the House of Representatives had actually passed a vote of thanks to Captain Wilks for the promptitude and vigour of his proceedings, it was thought advisable to prepare for the war which would have inevitably followed the refusal of our demand. The din of preparation resounded through all our arsenals and dockyards, and troops were hastily forwarded to Canada. The unexpected warmth and heartiness with which the Canadians met the appeal thus suddenly made on their loyalty, the zeal with which they called out their militia and volunteers, and prepared to strengthen the defences of their frontier, can never be forgotten by an Englishman who is worthy of the name, and formed the best and completest answer to the covert hints and whispered insinuations respecting a supposed desire of the province for annexation to the United States, which had been in circulation for many years. It was worth all the anxiety and peril brought on us by the Trent incident, to have obtained so genuine and indisputable a proof of the love of Canada for the old flag.

The language used by Mr. Seward in the dispatch announcing the intention of the American Government to surrender the captives, seemed to show that that Government was so strongly disposed to consider the seizure good and lawful, that it is fair to conjecture that a very little wavering, the least sign of a disposition to recede from the resolute attitude which England had taken up, would have turned the scale in America in favour of a rejection of our demand. In a dispatch of prodigious length, displaying great reach of thought and mastery of language, united to an extraordinary power of subtle distinction and analysis, Mr. Seward discussed the Trent incident in connection with the established principles of international law, and also with other principles not yet established, but which he thought might by parity of reasoning be deduced from those univer-

sally admitted, and without the definition of which a case that presented in many respects novel features could not easily be determined. The upshot was this—that the American Government justified the conduct of Captain Wilks in every point but one: he was right in stopping the Trent; he was right in searching her; he was right in seizing the persons of the Confederate envoys and their secretaries; but he was wrong in allowing the Trent to proceed quietly on her voyage after the seizure. What he ought to have done was, to put a prize crew on board the Trent, and send her to the nearest American port where there was a Court of Admiralty, in order that she might either have been condemned as a lawful prize, or else released. Thus the omission of an act, which to our obtuse understandings on this side of the Atlantic would have given to the whole incident a yet more aggravated and intolerable character than that which it already bore, was transcendentalised in the subtle apprehension of Mr. Seward into the one flaw in an otherwise perfect crystal, which vitiated the procedure of Captain Wilks, invalidated the else unimpeachable case of America, and which—for he had to come at last to the point—compelled the American Government to accede to the demands of England, and place the captured persons at the disposal of Her Majesty. They were accordingly transferred on board H.M.S. Rinaldo, a ship belonging to the squadron stationed at Halifax, whence they soon found their way to their respective destinations.

The despatch of Earl Russell in reply to that of Mr. Seward, though not to be compared with the latter in point of diplomatic finesse and argumentative subtlety, nevertheless fairly met and disposed of the chief arguments by which the American minister had endeavoured to establish that the captured persons were "contraband of war." Thus, with reference to the dictum of Sir William Scott, that "You may stop your enemy's ambassador on his passage," Earl Russell proved that the meaning of that great legist was, not that this might be done *anywhere*, on the territory or within the jurisdiction of a friendly neutral for instance, but that it might be done in any place of which you were yourself the master, or in which you had a right to exercise acts of hostility, that is, in any part of the enemy's country. But the American Government was not the master on board the Trent, nor had it a right to exercise acts of hostilility on board of her, England being a neutral power; it was, manifest, therefore, that this dictum of Sir W. Scott could not be adduced in support of the act of Captain Wilks.

The session of 1861 was not fruitful in important legislative enactments. A remission of excise duty in regard to paper was, perhaps, of all the measures agreed to by Parliament, the one which has been most prolific in results. This remission was proposed by Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his speech on the Budget, and though vigorously opposed, was at length carried. Cheap literature and journalism, and along with these the harmless entertainment of the people, have benefited enormously by the change. Doubtless the cheapness of the material on which his crude or vicious thoughts can be written has sometimes, in the hands of the socialist or the sensualist, led to the abuse of the benefit conferred. It is found, however, that the sale of corrupting works, even when not such as to incur the risk of suppression by the law, is essentially limited, and that the immense majority of the cheap newspapers and periodicals which the reduction of the paper duty has brought into existence are, though often dull and in bad taste, sufficiently respectable and moral in their tone. Whether this agreeable result is partly due to the general prosperity which the lower and middle classes have enjoyed since the reduction, and whether a severe check to this prosperity, if such should unfortunately happen, would seriously change the tone of the cheap literature for the worse; these are speculations which, in the absence of experience, it would be vain and unprofitable to indulge in.

The Government brought in a bill for the abolition of church rates, which passed the second reading by a considerable majority. This stimulated the Tory party to unwonted efforts; the third reading of the Bill, contrary to the usual practice of the House, was opposed, and on a division the numbers were found to be exactly equal—274 voting that the Bill do pass, and the same number supporting the amendment of Mr. Estcourt, that it be read a third time that day six months. The Speaker had to give his casting vote, and he gave it against the bill, justifying his vote in a short and statesmanlike speech, on the ground that the exact equipoise of parties seemed to indicate that the House itself felt that the Bill might be the better for revision.

The country sustained a grievous loss in the early death this year of Lord Herbert of Lea, better known as Sidney Herbert. Born to wealth, and to an ancient and honoured name, the son and father of Earls of Pembroke, Lord Herbert refused to join himself to the number of the few who revel in the possession of all the goods of this life, but deliberately, from the time that he attained to man's estate, threw in his lot with the toiling and struggling millions. The breakdown in our military departments which the Crimean War had witnessed, required unflagging diligence, strong sense, and uncommon strength of constitution, in the administrator who undertook the task of reparation. Of these requisites Sidney Herbert possessed the first two in an eminent degree; and the thorough efficiency of the expeditionary force which marched to Pekin in 1860 attested the improvement which the indefatigable labours of the Secretary at War had introduced into every branch of the service, and received due recognition from both sides of the House of Commons. The labours imposed upon the Minister for War at this particular period were almost more than human strength could grapple with. The Volunteer movement had to be promoted and watched; the Indian army was to be fused with that of the Queen, without detriment to individual rights and interests; the defences of our shores had to be readjusted, in conformity with the enlarged powers of the new rifled artillery. "It is remarkable that all these great labours

were successfully performed by a man dying by inches. Mr. Sidney Herbert was suffering from a disease of a peculiarly wasting character, of which the origin is to be found in the debility occasioned by close work and mental exhaustion." In the July of this year he resigned his secretariat, and went abroad; but the flame of life had burnt too low to be revived by healthier breezes or southern skies. He felt that it was too late, and returned home to Wilton to die.

Three months later another celebrated man passed away—Sir James Graham. The advance of age—he was sixty-nine when he died—had somewhat blunted the force and diminished the weight of that robust nature, so that for some years previously Sir James Graham had not been much heard of; but many keenly felt that when he died nearly the last of an earlier generation of statesmen had gone to his rest. It was impossible to look at the magnificent proportions of the stout borderer, the Knight of Netherby, the representative of so many generations of gallant Cumberland Grahams, without regarding him as a man cast in a different and more antique mould than the majority of the politicians who sat on the green benches beside him. He began life as an enthusiastic reformer, and battler with social abuses; less, it would seem, from any deeply-seated convictions, than from the general vigour of his intellect and the strenuousness of his character, which, when the great war was over, and no outlet given that way, impelled him to rush eagerly into the strife of parties, and moreover disposed him to take the aggressive rather than the defensive line in politics. But after the Reform Bill had been won, and Lord Grey with his old Roman nobleness and dignity was no more, and the mantle of power had fallen on weaker shoulders, the natural forces and tendencies which marshal men on this side or on that in the field of politics began to re-assort themselves; and Sir James Graham in 1834, along with Lord Stanley, on the question of the re-adjustment of the Irish Church and the famous Appropriation Clause, went over to the ranks of that "territorial" and Conservative party to which he by birth and interest belonged. The writer well remembers the bitter resentment which this act of "ratting" inspired, then and for years afterwards, in the breasts of the Whig party. However, Sir James Graham never got farther than the most advanced line of the Conservative party—the "Right Centre" as it would be called in France—and when in 1841 he joined the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, he threw himself with hearty sympathy into all the reforming projects of that great statesman; and after having helped him to carry the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, was along with him ejected from office by the adverse vote of the House of Commons on the Irish Coercion Bill. He was again at the head of the Admiralty during the Crimean War; but, though he showed much of his old administrative ability, the novelty and difficulty of the problems which had to be met, under the altered conditions of modern warfare, seemed to demand a greater elasticity of mind than he could bring to them. He was bold, yet without rancour, in his enmities, firm and faithful in his friendships; and Sir Robert Peel, as if by an instinct, daily sought the support of his arm as he passed after the debate from the House of Commons.

On the 6th of August Parliament was prorogued by commission. The royal speech expressed Her Majesty's deep gratification at the spirit of devoted patriotism which animated her volunteer forces, and the admiration with which she had observed their rapid progress in discipline and military efficiency. Among the measures to which she had given her assent, were the Act for Improving the Laws relating to Bankruptcy and Insolvency; the Acts for Consolidating and Assimilating the Criminal Law of England and Ireland, and for Promoting the Revision of the Statute Law; the Act for the Improvement of Harbours on the coast of the United Kingdom, and for relieving Merchant Shipping from Passing Tolls; and many other measures of public usefulness, the results of the labours of the session.

The National Volunteer Association, to which allusion was made in the Queen's speech, was formed on the 16th of November, 1859. In May of the same year the formation of volunteer corps of riflemen had commenced, under the auspices of the Government; and by the end of the year many thousands were enrolled in all parts of Great Britain. The association enjoyed the patronage of the Queen and the Prince Consort. The Secretary of War, Mr. Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea), was president; the Earl of Derby and several other noblemen being vice-presidents. On the 7th of March, 1860, 2,500 volunteer officers were presented to the Queen; after which they dined together, the Duke of Cambridge occupying the chair. On the 23rd of June following, there was a grand review in Hyde Park, when 18,450 volunteers defiled before the Queen in admirable order. A great national rifle shooting match was held at Wimbledon, from the 2nd to the 7th of July, when Captain Edward Ross obtained the Queen's prize of £250, and the gold medal of the association. Again, on the 7th of August, the Queen reviewed 20,000 volunteers at Edinburgh. In the beginning of 1861, the association had an annual income of £1,500, with a capital of £3,000; the volunteers in Great Britain then numbering at least 160,000. The sudden rise of this vast volunteer army, composed of the finest men in the world, was the answer which Great Britain gave to the threats of French invasion.

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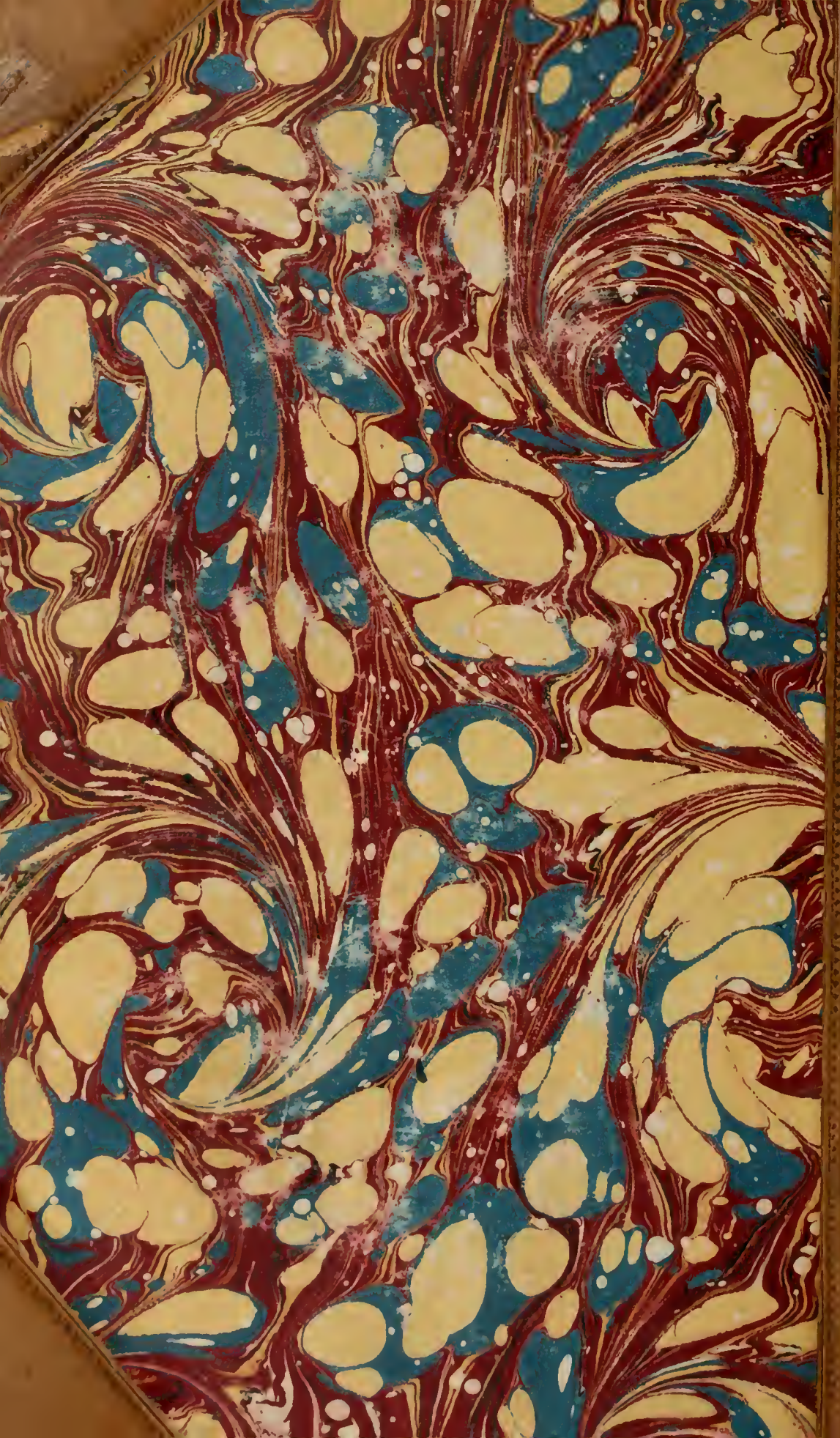
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